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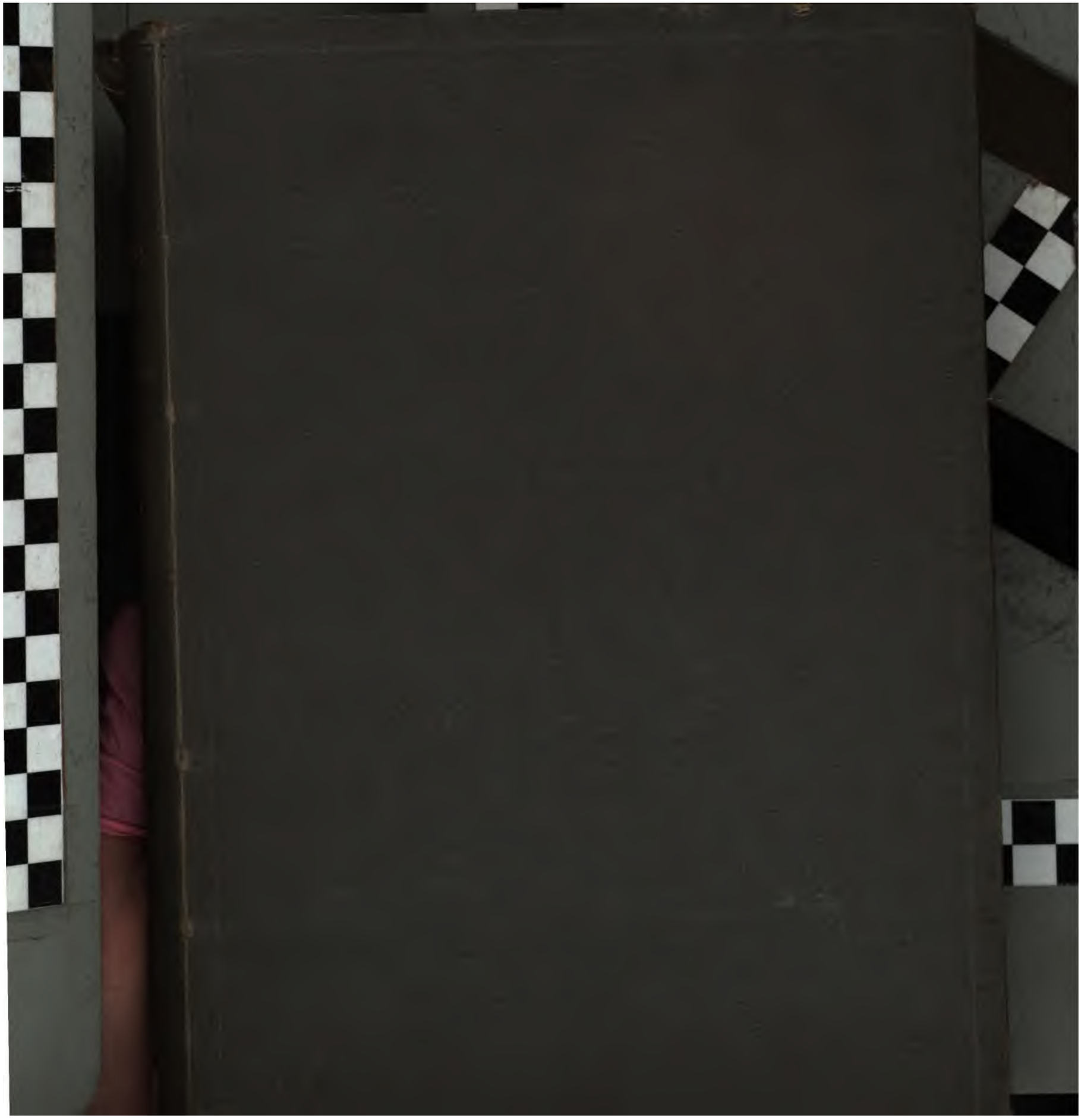

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(*From Drayton's "Polyolbion."*)

CASSELL'S LIBRARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.

ENGLAND'S place in the world has been earned by faithful thought and faithful work of many generations. "Through Wisdom is an house builded; and by Understanding it is established; and by Knowledge shall the chambers thereof be filled with all precious and pleasant riches." The Literature of each nation shows the form of thought within the outer body of its History; and only by coming fairly into contact with this inner life of our country can we know through what wisdom our house was built, approach to the understanding by which it was established, and in so doing acquire the knowledge that shall fill it with true riches. Attention is being now paid to that study of the outside world which is the province of Science. It is exalted in orations, subsidised by governments, because it adds material wealth to the state. Honour and help be to it, let us rather say, because it trains the minds of men to faithful observation and pure search for truth, because it sets them to increase wisdom and power by drawing light from the mind of God revealed in His creation. No man, no people, lives by bread alone; and it is no wise statecraft that seeks only to beget a commonwealth of bakers. The mistake of those who encourage a one-sided culture—no matter which the side—brings its revenges. Already we are suffering in many ways from our too long neglect of the fit means of strengthening all that is best in a nation's character which would be found in a right study of its Literature. I mean no mere learning by rote of dates and names and second-hand opinions; nor even cultivation of a fine sense of the beauty of detached thoughts, when a reader looks chiefly to these. Right study of our Literature is a firm endeavour to get from the soul of England in her writers an interpretation of her work among the nations, by generous apprehension of the best aims of the best of our forerunners; and it leads to the raising of our hearts, in national fellowship, by the desire to at least try how far we can aid the life of our own day with aim as high, with words as apt, with work as strenuous.

The purpose of this work is to provide a compact and comprehensive library of English thought, from the earliest times to our own day. The arrangement will be chronological. Characteristics of our Celtic and Teutonic forefathers; the days of transition, after the Conquest, through the time of Chaucer, with the rising spirit of the Reformation, to the England of Elizabeth; the conflicts of opinion by which England advanced from the days of her first Stuart king to the Revolution of 1688; and the course of thought and action by which we have been brought to the England of to-day—not without illustration of the character of our own time, by selections from the works of our chief living writers, where we have leave to introduce them;—all these should be found here represented in such order as to make this Library of use to the student of the History and Literature of our country. Each piece of prose or verse will be set in a brief narrative showing when and by whom it was written, as far as that can be told, with here and there such information as may serve to secure fuller enjoyment of some part of the mind of a people "not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to." So Milton described his countrymen, and the readers of these volumes will see that he spoke truth.

The work has been planned to contain in a few volumes—(1) A series selected from all the best and most characteristic of those poems which are short enough to be given in full; (2)—but fourth in order of issue—a corresponding series of the best of our prose works; (3) a series of pieces in prose and

verse illustrating from first to last the religious life of England; and (4) a series of plays by the best dramatists, from the time of the miracle-plays downward.

We propose also to supplement the plan already sketched by giving a section to our longer poems and another to our longer prose works. In reproducing these it will become unavoidable that parts should represent the whole; but each will be so described that whatever passages are given may be read with knowledge of their context and of their relation to the main design. These volumes will gain much by rigid avoidance of disconnected extracts. A mere book of cuttings out of finished pieces is handiwork like that of the degenerate courtiers of the days of Louis XV., who snipped single figures from engravings of the works of the best masters, and stuck them confusedly on screens. Every true work of art has its own point of unity, and blends its harmonies into a perfect round. No healthy sense of Literature can be acquired, and where any exists it can only be stupefied, by the use of "elegant extracts." A fair selection from its riches ought to bring a large and happy sense of the true meaning of our Literature home into many a room where books must needs be few, and ought to make the wit and wisdom of our country pleasant to young and old wherever English books are read. If sometimes a good work contains a word or passage that, through change of manners, could not now be read aloud in every household, I remove the stumbling-block. But wherever change is made, square brackets [ ] or notes show the extent of it.

In giving pieces of our early Literature, writers before the Conquest will be represented by translation. In what was written after that time, spelling of words still current will be brought into agreement with the present usage, whenever that can be done without injury to rhyme, metre, or sense; and many notes will help the interpretation of the words now obsolete. The notes may contain any kind of information or suggestion that will quicken the enjoyment of the work they illustrate. Now and then some short pieces of old English will be left just as we receive them from our forefathers, and this will be done at intervals frequent enough to make them serviceable to those who care to get what help they can to a closer knowledge of our language. The best use of the study of language is to develop our perception of the finer charms of thought, and if it should be the good fortune of this Library to be well thumbed in many homes, the quiet hours will come when one and another reader will be disposed to get all possible help from notes that were at first passed over.

The volumes will be freely illustrated with copies from trustworthy portraits, sketches of places, contemporary illustrations of manners and customs, or of incidents described or referred to in the pieces quoted.

Our LIBRARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE seeks to draw, for rich and poor, for young and old, the healthiest of pleasures from the highest human source. It will illustrate all forms of thought, from the lightest jest that has the true ring in it to the utmost reach of heavenward aspiration. It will put no true man under ban for his opinions, but fairly represent, as far as space permits, the various forms of that endeavour of the English people which is as old as England and alone keeps England young, the firm endeavour to find out the right, and do it for the love of God.

H. M.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
LONDON.

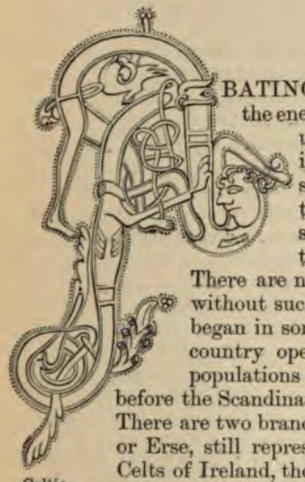
CASSELL'S LIBRARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

CELTIC ENGLISH BROOCH.[1]

I.—SHORTER POEMS.

CHAPTER I.

THE GAELS AND CYMRY.—A.D. 284 TO A.D. 547.



Celtic Initial.[2]

BATING cares and quickening the energies of life while giving utterance to its emotions, its desires, its best resolves, a strain of music that springs from the souls of men accompanies their actions in the world. There are no records of a humanity without such music. History itself began in song. The life of our own country opens among those Celtic populations who occupied the land before the Scandinavians and Teutons came. There are two branches of Celts: the Gaelic or Erse, still represented among us by the Celts of Ireland, the Scotch Highlands, and the Isle of Man; and the Cymric, called also Cambrian or British, represented among us by the Celts of Wales and Cornwall.

The Celts are by nature artists. Mr. Fergusson has felt this in his own art, and said in his "History of Architecture," "The true glory of the Celt in Europe is his artistic eminence. It is perhaps not too much to assert that without his intervention we should not have possessed in modern times a church worthy of admiration, or a picture or a statue we could look at without shame." It would be far too much to assert this of books; but certainly Teutonic England could not have risen to the full grandeur and beauty of that expression of all her life in all her literature, which these volumes will make some attempt to illustrate, without a wholesome blending of Teutonic with Celtic blood. The Celts are a vital part of our country, and theirs were the first songs in the land.

There are certain characteristic differences in the music of the two great branches of the Celtic race. Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald of Wales), who went to Ireland as secretary to Prince John, rightly expressed them when he praised, in 1187, the musical skill of the Irish Gaels, and said, "Their modulation on these instruments" (the harp and tabor), "unlike that of the Britons" (Cymry) "to which I am accustomed, is not slow and harsh, but lively and rapid, while the harmony is both sweet and gay." The musical instruments of the Cymry were the harp, the pipe, and the crowd, which was a three-stringed fiddle. In both Gael and Cymry there was bold play of imagination, frequent use of simile; but while the Gael poured out his song with great animation, was quick in suggestion, delighted in images bright with colour and the stir of life, the Cymry indulged rather in plaintive repetition, and their songs, more laden than those of the Gael with pathetic thought, wound their way often slowly onward in the minor key. The verse system of the Celts was founded not on quantity, and not on rhyme in the modern sense, but upon agreement in the sound of initial and final letters, alliteration and assonance, with frequently an exact correspondence of final syllables in several successive lines.

Each of the two branches of our Celtic population has an ancient literature, of which some fragments have come down to us by popular tradition. Each of these literatures was chiefly the utterance of feeling stirred by a great struggle for independence; and each has at the heart of it a battle disastrous to the men whose wrestle with an over-mastering power is the chief theme of their bards.

I. The earlier of these two literatures was that of the Gaels, and the battle at the heart of it is that of Gabhra (pronounced *Gavvhra* or *Gawra*), said to have been fought A.D. 284.

[1] Found in the Ardakillan Crannoge, near Strokestown, County Roscommon. From the figure, natural size, in the Catalogue of Antiquities in the Royal Irish Academy, by Sir W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A.

[2] From the Book of Kells, a Latin Vellum MS. of the Gospels, said to be as old as the sixth century. From the copy of it in the same Catalogue of Antiquities as preceding.

Fionn (called sometimes in Scotland, before the time of Macpherson's Ossian, Fingal—*gal* being a common final syllable in Gaelic proper names) was the son of Cumhaill, chief of one of the four Irish clans—that of Leinster, the Clanna Baoisgne. Cumhaill was killed in battle by Goll, of the Clanna Morna, the clan of Connaught. Fionn MacCumhaill thus began life with hereditary feud against Goll MacMorna, but afterwards made peace with him. Fionn's clan became so powerful that the other Irish forces, except that of the King of Munster, banded against it. The Clanna Baoisgne fought for its life against this over-mastering confederacy, and was crushed at the battle of Gabhra. Fionn ("Fair-haired"), the son of Cumhaill, had a cousin famous in song, Caeilte MacRonan; and two sons, Fergus Finnbheoil ("the Eloquent"), who was chief bard, and Oisín ("the Little Fawn"), who was bard and warrior. Oisín is among the Scotch Gaels, Ossun—or, as Macpherson wrote it, Ossian—a word of two syllables, having its accent usually in Irish Gaelic on the second syllable, and in Scotch Gaelic on the first. Oisín had a warrior son, Oscar. This grandson of Fionn MacCumhaill was killed at the battle of Gabhra by Cairbar, the son of Cormac MacArt, King of Ireland. The King of Ireland was attacked by Oscar in the battle, but defended by his son Cairbar, who gave Oscar his death-wound before he was himself slain by the dying warrior. The following piece is from a collection of old Gaelic poems made by Sir James M'Gregor, Dean of Lismore, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. His MS. was edited in 1862 as "The Dean of Lismore's Book," with a translation and notes by the Rev. Thomas M'Lauchlan, and an introduction and additional notes by Mr. William F. Skene. Mr. M'Lauchlan is not answerable for the attempt I have here made to represent the song of the chief bard to modern ears by a rude blending of rhyme and assonance. Fergus Finnbheoil is supposed to tell, in reply to questions from his father Fionn MacCumhaill, the slaughter of his Feinn, or Fenians, at the battle of Gabhra, and the death of Oscar, Oisín's son, the old man's grandson.[1] A Gaelic poem closes usually with repetition of its first word or phrase. That repetition here serves also to suggest the bard, who was the historian of ancient times, passing from tribe to tribe, and answering in each place the demand for full detail of the great deeds whereof it was he only who kept the record and maintained the fame,

THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

"Say, Bard of the Feinn of Erin,
How fared the fight, Fergus, my son,
In Gabhra's fierce battle-day? Say!"

"The fight fared not well, son of Cumhaill,
From Gabhra come tidings of ruin,
For Oscar the fearless is slain.
The sons of Cacilte were seven;
They fell with the Feinn of Alvin.
The youth of the Feinn are fallen,
Are dead in their battle array.
And dead on the field lies MacLuy,
With six of the sons of thy sire.
The young men of Alvin are fallen;
The Feinn of Britain are fallen.
And dead is the king's son of Lochlin,
Who hastened to war for our right—
The king's son with a heart ever open,
And arm ever strong in the fight."

"Now, O Bard—my son's son, my desire,
My Oscar, of him, Fergus, tell
How he hewed at the helms ere he fell."

"Hard were it, Fionn, to number,
Heavy for me were the labour,
To tell of the host that has fallen,
Slain by the valour of Oscar.
No rush of the waterfall swifter,
No pounce of the hawk on his prey,
No whirlpool more sweeping and deadly,
Than Oscar in battle that day.
And you who last saw him could see
How he throbbed in the roar of the fray,
As a storm-worried leaf on the tree
Whose fellows lie fallen below,
As an aspen will quiver and sway
While the axe deals it blow upon blow.
When he saw that MacArt, King of Erin,
Still lived in the midst of the roar,
Oscar gathered his force to roll on him
As waves roll to break on the shore.
The King's son, Cairbar, saw the danger,
He shook his great hungering spear,
Grief of griefs! drove its point through our Oscar,
Who braved the death-stroke without fear.
Rushing still on MacArt, King of Erin,
His weight on his weapon he threw,
And smote at MacArt, and again smote
Cairbar, whom that second blow slew.
So died Oscar, a king in his glory.
I, Fergus the Bard, grieve my way
Through all lands, saying how went the story
Of Gabhra's fierce battle-day." "Say!"

II. The later of our two old Celtic literatures was that of the Cymry, and the battle at the heart of it is that of Cattraeth, said to have been fought A.D. 570.

When the Celts of Britain were resisting the occupation of their lands by those Teutonic immigrants who gave to the country afterwards its name of England, a great northern chief called Urien became famous for his patriotic struggle. His contest was against those Angles who, first landing under Ida, in the year 547, battled their way inland from the coasts now known as those of Durham and Northumberland, and Scotland from the Tweed up to the Forth. The bards of Urien represented by their energy of song the fervour of this contest. The same struggle was maintained in other parts of

[1] These are the first lines of the poem as transferred by Mr. M'Lauchlan into the modern spelling of Scotch Gaelic from the dean's phonetic style:—

"Innis duinn a Fherguis, fhilidh Feinn Eirinn,
Cionnus tharladh dhuinn, an cath Ghabhra nam beuman,
Ni maith Mhic Cumhail, mo sgeul o chath Ghabhra,
Cha mhair Oscar ionmhuinn, thug mòr chosgar chalma,
Cha mhair seachd mhic Chaoilte, no gasraidh Fiann Almhuin,
No thuit oige na Feinn, ann an cideadh airich."

Britain by another chief, that Arthur who in after time became the great mythical hero of the British story. In the traces of old Cymric song which seem to have been left from a time earlier than the twelfth century, when Arthurian romance arose, it is Urien who appears as the great chief; and his bards were Llywarch Hen, prince and bard; Aneurin, warrior and bard; and Taliesin, a bard only; while Merddhin, or Merlin, seems to have been at the same time a bard in the service of Arthur.

In those days Mynyddawg, the Lord of Eiddin (Eiddin means, I suppose, not Edinburgh, but the region of the river Eden that flows through Westmoreland and Cumberland to the Solway Frith), formed a league of Cymric chiefs to contest the possession of their land by the Teutonic settlers, who had occupied the coasts of the Deivyr and Bryneich, known as the land of Ododin. The people of Deivyr and Bryneich had blended themselves with the immigrants, and were therefore branded as traitors by the other Celts. The words Deivyr and Bryneich were transformed by the Romans into Deira and Bernicia. This part of our coast, belonging to Durham and Northumberland, had a name common to both Deivyr and Bryneich, that was Latinised as the land of the Otadini; and Ododin (without the prefix of an unessential G, that makes the word Gododin) is the name given to the district whence marched the foemen with whom the leagued Cymry endeavoured to contest the occupation of their land. Among the British warriors were tribes gathered apparently from between the Clyde and Solway Frith. The Novantæ were from Wigtown, Kirkcudbright, and Ayr; Aeron probably stands for modern Ayr; Breatan has its name extant in Dumbarton by the Clyde. Assembling among the hills by the source of the river Eden, which is only two or three miles from the source of the Swale, the Cymry seem to have marched down Swaledale towards the advancing Teutons, whom they encountered at Cattraeth. A march of five-and-twenty miles along the valley of the Swale would bring the Cymry to Cattraeth, if that be Catterick, the Roman Cataractoneum. A tributary stream there flows into the Swale, and part of the fight is said to have been at the confluence of rivers. The churchyard of Catterick village is within an ancient camp, and near it are ancient burial-grounds. Cattraeth, then, we may perhaps identify with Catterick, about five miles from Richmond, in Yorkshire. The battle of Cattraeth began on a Tuesday, lasted for a week, and ended with great slaughter of the Britons, who fought desperately till they perished on the field. The warrior bard Aneurin was among the combatants, and a lament for the dead is ascribed to him that, under the name of *The Gododin*, is the most important fragment of what may represent the oldest Cymric literature.

The story of the battle runs in this fragment through a series of ninety-seven stanzas, each usually devoted to the celebration of some one of the many chiefs who fell. The ninety-seven stanzas record in various measures praise of ninety of the fallen Cymric chiefs. One of them was put into verse by Gray, who had found literal translations in Evans's "Specimens of Welsh Poetry." I have followed an edition of the Gododin, published in 1852, by the Rev. John Williams ab Ithel,[1] with a literal prose translation, in the following attempt to give metrical form to the successive stanzas as far as the twenty-first, which is the one known to modern readers, by Gray's version of it, as "The Death of Hoel." Here —since a version of the ninety-seven stanzas would still only represent a fragment—I break off, that my own ruder attempt in the rest of the piece to rhyme the Gododin may have the advantage of a poet's close.

THE GODODIN.

I.

A man in thought, a boy in form,
He stoutly fought, and sought the storm
Of flashing war that thundered far.
His courser lank and swift, thick-maned,
Bore on his flank, as on he strained,
The light brown shield—as on he sped,
With golden spur, in cloak of fur,
His blue sword gleaming. Be there said
No word of mine that does not hold thee dear!
Before thy youth had tasted bridal cheer
The red Death was thy bride! The ravens feed
On thee yet straining to the front, to lead.
Owain, the friend I loved, is dead!
Woe is it that on him the ravens feed!

II.

Wreathed, he led his rustic heroes;
In his home the friend of maidens,
Pouring out the mead before them.
When the shout of war rang out,
Spear-dints were large on the front of his targe;
He gave no quarter, chased for slaughter,
Swift to mow as grass the foe,
Unstained he disdained to return.
Of a hundred rustic heroes,
Homeward to his coast of Mordei,
To the wave-washed land that bore them,
Madog saw but one return.

III.

Wreathed, hard-toiling, strength of many,
Like an eagle swooping to us
When allured to join our band.
High upraised and brave his banner;
Higher, braver, mood and manner;
Eagle-mind that feared not any

[1] These are the first lines of the Cymric as given in the edition above cited:—

"Gredyf gwr oed gwas
Gwrhyt am dias
Meirch mwth myngvras
A dan vordwyt megyrwas
Ysgwyt ysgauyn lledan
Ar bedrein mein vuan
Kledyuawr glas glan
Ethy eur aphan
Ny bi ef a vi
Cas e rof a thi.
Gwell gwneif a thi
Ar wawt dy uoli," &c.

Of the warriors trooping to us,
Flocking from Gododin land.
Manawyd, thou swift and fearless,
By no foeman's spear delayed;
Foemen's tents through thee are cheerless,
None evade thy spearmen's raid.

IV.

Wreathed the leader wolf came forth;
Amber rings his temple twine,
Amber worth a feast of wine.
He quelled the strong of the hostile throng;
Though his shield was shattered he shunned no man.
Mine would have been Venedot and the North,
Said the heart of the son of Ysgyran.

V.

Wreathed was the leader who, armed for the bloody strife,
Went to the battle-field noted of all.
Chief in the foremost rank, fearlessly spending life,
Sweeping battalions down, groaning they fall.
Foemen of Deivyr and foemen of Bryneich slain,
Hundreds on hundreds in one little hour.
Ever his bride-feast untasted must now remain;
Him now the wolves and the ravens devour.
Mead in the hall, Hyveidd Hir, cost us high!
Praise shall yet live for thee till our song die!

VI.

To Gododin marched the heroes; Gognaw laughed.
Round their flags they fiercely battled; bore their smarts;
Few the fleeting years when pleasure's cup they quaffed:
Strokes of Gognaw, son of Botgad, shook men's hearts.
Better penance is than laughter on the breath,
When young and old, and strong and bold,
Heroes march to meet the fated stroke of Death.

VII.

To Gododin marched the heroes; Gwanar laughed,
As his shining troop went down adorned to kill.
Jest thou checkest with the gripe of thy sword-haft,—
When its blade, O Death, thou wavest, we are still!

VIII.

The warriors marched to Cattraeth, full of words;
Bright mead gave them pleasure, their bliss was their bane;
In serried array they rushed down on the swords
With joyous outcry,—then was silence again.
Better penance is than laughter on the breath,
When young and old, and strong and bold,
Heroes march to meet the fated stroke of Death.

IX.

The warriors marched to Cattraeth, full of mead;
Drunken, but firm in array; great the shame,
But greater the valour no bard can defame.
The war-dogs fought fiercely, red swords seemed to bleed.
Flesh and soul I had slain thee myself, had I thought,
Son of Cian, my friend, that thy faith had been bought
By a bride from the tribe of the Bryneich! But no;
He scorned to take dowry from hands of the foe,
And I, all unhurt, lost a friend in the fight,
Whom the wrath of a father felled down for the slight.[1]

X.

The warriors marched to Cattraeth with the dawn;
They feared them who met them with martial uproar;
A host on a handful to battle were drawn,
Broad mark for the lances that drenched them in gore.
The shock of the battle, before the brave band
Of the nobles who freekly obeyed his command,
Mynyddawg, Friend of Heroes, was bold to withstand.

XI.

The warriors marched to Cattraeth with the dawn;
The loved ones lamented in masterless tents;
A snare had the sweet yellow mead round them drawn.
That dark year full often the minstrel laments;
Red plumes, redder swords, broken blades, helmets cleft,
Even those of the band that obeyed thy command,
Mynyddawg, Friend of Heroes, of heroes bereft.

XII.

The warriors marched to Cattraeth with the day;
Base taunts shamed the greatest of battles. They cried,
As their blades slew the baptized Gelorwydd, "Away
With your kindred the homeless, the dead, to abide!
For the Gem of the Baptized behold we provide—
We, the host of Gododin—an unction of blood;
A last unction is due ere the last fight is fought."
Should the might of true chiefs not be mastered with thought?

XIII.

The warrior marched to Cattraeth with the day;
In the stillness of night he had quaffed the white mead.
He was wretched, though prophesied glory and sway
Had winged his ambition. Were none there to lead
To Cattraeth with a loftier hope in their speed.
Secure in his boast, he would scatter the host,
Bold standard in hand; no other such band
Went from Eiddin as his, that would rescue the land
From the troops of the ravagers. Far from the sight
Of home that was dear to him, ere he too perished,
Tudvwlch Hir slew the Saxons in seven days' fight.
He owed not the freedom of life to his might,
But dear is his memory where he was cherished.
When Tudvwlch amain came that post to maintain
By the son of Kilydd, the blood covered the plain.

XIV.

The warriors marched to Cattraeth with the dawn;
Their shields were no shelter; in shining array

---

[1] Upon this verse, and the general sense of its context, Gray founded the opening of his Ode from the Welsh, "The Death of Hoel:"—

"Had I but the torrent's might
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd
To rush and sweep them from the world.
Too, too secure in youthful pride
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely maid."

But the sense of the original is far more vigorous. The son of Cian had married the daughter of one of the Bryneich. His marriage did not stay his feud with his wife's tribe. He repudiated her family, disdained to take her dowry, and was sought and slain in the battle by her insulted father. The rest of Gray's Ode is a sufficiently close version of the twenty-first stanza of the Gododin. Gray closes it like the true poet that he is; but the "diction" of the eighteenth century is answerable for his inflation of the plain words "wine and mead" into

"Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's extatic juice."

They sought blood. On their front the war thundered,
its din
Crashed resounding from targets. When he would repay
The fickle and base for their fealty withdrawn,
The mailed chief of the Mordei his high hand could slay;
The homage they owed him his iron could win;
For a host before Erthai would flinch in dismay.

XV.

When the bards tell the tale of the fight at Cattraeth,
The bereaved ones will sigh, as they sighed through the years
Of the mourning for warriors gone to their death,
For lands left without leaders to ruin and tears.
The fair band of his sons on his bier bore afar
Godebog, whose sword ploughed the long furrows of war.
And shall Cyvwlch the Tall, and Tudvwlch, now no more
Quaff sweet mead under torches? Just fate we deplore:
For the sweetness of mead,
In the day of our need,
Is our bitterness; blunts all our arms for the strife;
Is a friend to the lip and a foe to the life.

XVI.

In other days he frowned on Eching fort,
To him the young and bold pressed ever near;
In other days on Bludwe he would sport,
While his glad horn for Mordei made good cheer.
In other days he blended mead and ale;
In other days purple and gold he wore;
In other days Gwarthlev—"the Voice of Blame"—
Hero deserving of a truer name—
Had stall-fed steeds, who safely, swiftly bore
Their master out of peril. These now fail.
In other days he turned the ebbing tide,
And bade the flood of war sweep high, spread wide.

XVII.

Light of lights—the sun,
Leader of the day,
First to rise and run
His appointed way,
Crowned with many a ray,
Seeks the British sky;
Sees the flight's dismay,
Sees the Briton fly.
The horn in Eiddin's hall
Had sparkled with the wine,
And thither, at the call
To drink and be divine,
He went, to share the feast
Of reapers, wine and mead;
He drank and so increased
His daring for wild deed.
The reapers sang of war
That lifts its shining wings,
Its shining wings of fire,
Its shields that flutter far.
The bards too sang of war,
Of plumed and crested war;
The song rose ever higher.
Not a shield
Escapes the shock,
To the field
They fiercely flock,
There to fall.
But of all
Who struck on giant Gwrveling,
Whom he would he struck again,
All he struck in grave were lain
Ere the bearers came to bring
To his grave stout Gwrveling.

XVIII.

These gathered from the lands around:
Three chiefs from the Novantine ground;
Five times five hundred men, embattled bands,
Three times three hundred levied from their lands;
Three hundred men of battle, armed in gold,
From Eiddin; then three cuirassed hosts enrolled
By three kings golden-chained; three chiefs beside
With whom three hundred marched in equal pride;
Three of like mark, and jealous each of each,
Fierce in attack and dreadful in the breach,
Would strike a lion dead; with gold they shone.
Three kings came from the Brython, Cynrig one,
And Cynon and Cynrain from Aeron,
To breast the darts the sullen Deivyr throw.
Better than Cynon came from Brython none,
He proved a deadly serpent to the foe.

XIX.

I drank the Mordei's wine and mead;
Spears were many, men prepared
For the banquet, sadly shared,
The solemn feast where eagles feed.
When Cydywal to battle sped,
In the green dawn, he raised a shout
Triumphant over many dead.
Upon the field were strown about
The shields he splintered, tearing spears
Hewn and cast down. His were no fears;
Son of the star-wise Syvno, he
Knew that his death that day should be
By spear or bow, not by sword-blade,
And not a sword his havoc stayed
Or could against his sword a strife sustain.
He gave his own life, took a host;
Blaen Gwynedd knew his ancient boast
Of the brave toilers piled whom he had slain.

XX.

I drank the Mordei's wine and mead,
I drank, and now for that I bleed,
And yield me to the stroke of pain
With yearning throb of high disdain,
That upward pants to strike again.
Thee too the sword that slays me slays.
When danger threatens us, the days
Of evil-doing quail the hand:
Had we withstood we could withstand.
Presynt was bold, through war's alarm
He thrust his way with doughty arm.

XXI.

To Cattraeth's vale in glittering row
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreathed in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's extatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,

And forth he passed then, and after followed I,
Into another world anon both we two fell,
Where many wondrous things and strange I did espy,
And people mo thereto than any man can tell.

And whiles I stood in doubt what all this folk might be,
Upon their foreheads all I cast mine eyne anon,
And there I found their names, which I might clearly see,
As it had been in lead, or else in hard flint stone.

Then saw I Priscian[1] first, beating his scholar's hand,
And Aristotle eke against the air did fight,
But Tullius his words with cunning smoothly scanned,
And Ptolemy upon the stars did set his sight.

Boetius was there, and did his number tell,
And Euclid measuréd the space of place hard by,
Pythagoras likewise his hammer handled well,
By sound whereof the notes of music he did try.

There saw I Lucan eke, of warlike writers chief,
And Virgil there did shape the small bees of the air,
And Ovid with his tales to many was relief,
Persius his taunts and satires did not spare.

By Statius he stood, to him, in other ways,
Whose labour painted life, unequal in renown;
There also Terence danced, who gave the people plays,
Hippocrates with wormwood dosed the country clown.

Whiles I of all this rout the gestures did espy
An angel came to me with countenance full clear,
And said to me, "Behold, and look into the sky,
And thou shalt see therein what shortly shall appear."

Upon the sky anon my sight I quickly bent,
And by and by I fell into a sudden trance,
And all along the air was marvellously hent,[2]
But yet at length I was set in the heaven's entrance.

But such a sudden flash of lightning did appear,
That it bereft from me the sight of both mine eyne,
Then did the angel say, that stood fast by me there,
"Stand still, and thou shalt see what John before hath seen."

And as I stood thus still, all in a doubt and fear,
One thundered in the air, and air methought it was,
Like to a thund'ring wheel right terrible to hear,
Or like a trumpet shrill of horn or else of brass.

And after that this sound had pierced the air saw I
A goodly personage, that held in his right hand
Seven candlesticks by tale,[3] and eke seven stars thereby;
And then the Angel said, "Mark well, and understand.

"These candlesticks thou seest are churches seven," said he,
"And Bishops ben the stars; but all the same this day,
The shining light of grace whereby all men should see,
Under a bushel hide and keep out of the way."

And when he had thus done, he did bring out a book,
Which book had titles seven, and seven seals sealed well,
And with a steadfast eye bade me therein to look,
And see thereby what I to all the world should tell.

Of Bishops' life and trade this book hath right good skill,
As by the seals thereof more plainly doth appear,
For in the inner part is hid all that is ill,
But to the outward shew all goodly things appear.

Anon a certain power there was that opened clear
The foremost chapter's seal, and then I did espy
Four beasts, whose shape each one unlike to other were,
But nothing yet at all in gesture contrary.

The first of these four beasts a Lion seemed to be,
The second like a Calf, the third an Eagle stout,
The fourth was like a Man; and they had wings to fly,
And full of eyne they were, and turned like wheels about.

And when uncloséd was the first seal's knot anon,
And I peruséd well the chapter thorough clear,
And after that I bent my whole sight thereupon,
Whereof the title was as here it may appear.

The Lion is the Pope that useth to devour,
And lay'th his books to pledge, and thirsteth after gold,
And doth regard the mark,[4] but Saint Mark dishonóur,
And while he sails aloft on coin takes anchor hold.

Also the Bishop is the Calf that we did see,
For he doth run before in pasture, field, and fen,
And gnaws and chews on that where he list best to be,
And thus he fills himself with goods of other men.

Th' Archdeacon is likewise the Eagle that doth fly,
A robber rightly called, and sees afar his prey,
And after it with speed doth follow by and by,
And so by theft and spoil he leads his life away.

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[1] The persons here named only personify human intelligence by representing the several parts of the Trivium and Quadrivium. Priscian stands for Grammar, with which his name was so well identified that talking bad grammar was called "breaking Priscian's head." Aristotle stands for Logic; Tully or Cicero for Rhetoric; Ptolemy for Astronomy; Boetius for Arithmetic; Euclid for Geometry; and Pythagoras for Music. Boetius, who stands for Arithmetic, was said to have constructed by his mathematical skill mechanical figures that blew trumpets, oxen that lowed, and birds that sang. He is praised for his skill in a letter to him among the epistles of Cassiodorus, who lived A.D. 468—568. When these seven representatives of human intellect have been named there is added a group of famous poets, among whom Virgil is associated with the traditions of him as an enchanter. Map says he saw "formantem æreas muscas Virgilium," Virgil making brazen flies. He was said to have fixed over a gate of Naples a brazen fly that kept all flies out of the city. The Elizabethan translator seems to have imagined a reference to Virgil's account of the management of bees in the fourth book of the Georgics. I have added a translation of the verse that included Statius, Terence, and Hippocrates, which the author of the above version accidentally passed over.

[2] *Hent*, taken. First English, "hentan," to pursue, seize, or take. So Spenser:—

> "Thus when Sir Guyon with his faithful guide
> Had with due rites and dolorous lament
> The end of their sad tragedy upty'd,
> The little babe up in his arms he hent."
>
> *Faërie Queene*, II. ii. 1.

[3] *Tale*, number; from First English "tal," which is derived from "tellan," to tell or count. There is another First English noun, "tál," meaning blame, derived from "tælan," to speak ill of. This yields the "tale" in the word "tell-tale;" while tale means number in the "tale of bricks" required by Pharaoh from the Israelites, and Milton's "every shepherd tells his tale" (*i.e.*, counts the number of his sheep) "under the hawthorn in the dale."

[4] *Mark*, a coin. The English noble was worth 6s. 8d., and two nobles made an English mark, which was worth, therefore, 13s. 4d. Satirists often punned on the Pope's greater regard for mark of the money-bag than for Mark the Apostle. The value of the Scottish mark was thirteen-pence halfpenny.

[illegible] with the face and shape of Man,
[illegible] and gode draught full as he may be;
[illegible] look the same as he best can,
[illegible] and show all plain simplicitie.

[illegible] each one of these said four,
[illegible] and be about affairs;
[illegible] because that every hour
[illegible] and all that may be theirs.

[illegible] with rolling wheel doth go,
[illegible] round on tickle axle-tree
[illegible] with strange thoughts to and fro,
[illegible] may all plainly see.

[illegible] this title I did read
[illegible] and as I there abode
[illegible] that caught the people lead,
[illegible] and let them stray abroad.

[illegible] of this poor mangled flock,
[illegible] and maim the same with arméd head,
[illegible] one of them a lock,
[illegible] but with their sheep are fed.

[illegible] on his poor silly sheep,
[illegible] and torn with brush and brere;
[illegible] of milk and fleece take keep:
[illegible] his lost sheep he doth bear.

[illegible] the people find,
[illegible] to say he will not spare,
[illegible] and fast there doth them bind
[illegible], and made their purses bare.

[illegible] flock doth follow their blind guide,
[illegible] as their shepherd goes;
[illegible] the fleece he leaves both flesh and hide
[illegible] the greedy crows.

[illegible] upon his finger touch,
[illegible] in his hand is laid,
[illegible] that returns in his purse:
[illegible] there I staid.

[illegible] was not the sky,
[illegible] after came a peal
[illegible] and there I did espy
[illegible] the second seal.

[illegible] and there did understand [all,
[illegible] whose course was, next of
[illegible] the Bishop's hand,
[illegible] and tear in pieces small.

[illegible] right,[2]
[illegible] wit,
[illegible] sight.

[illegible] for his own advantage.
[illegible] only one eye (like
[illegible] "simony" for traffic

And when he hears this pleas of persons at debate
In form of canon law he worketh subtletie,
For he the canon law can turn, even in like state
To Simon's court, which is th' Archdeacon's Mercurie.

And of the churches' right he maketh open sale,
But till he have sold more this may be pardoned well;
But that then not obtained, when all things else do fail,
He will not stick at length the church itself to sell.

[8 lines omitted.]

And suddenly the sun and moon did lose their light,
With dark and misty winds oppresséd was the sky,
The darkness was as thick as if it had been night,
And then the third seal was discloséd by and by.

The Angel bade me then to read what I should find,
And straight I read and found a man of wicked shifts,
That runs and roams about to hunt for Venus' kind,
A birder of reproach, and fisheth for all shifts.

This is the Dean, that hath the face and shape of man,
But is no man indeed, but poison rank and fell,
And rageth upon men with all the force he can,
Yet counterfeiteth man with face of man right well.

The Dean's th' Archdeacon's dog, that waiteth near and far,
But with the canon law his barking 'grees not well,
For he doth discord sing and from the rule doth jar,
And is to Simon like that did both buy and sell.

The Dean is like a hound that can the foot find out,
And by the scent can seek where he may lucre get,
And can by sleight bring in clerks' purses all about,
Whom he had caught before within his master's net.

He will thee promise help if thou wilt give him hire,
But when his burning heat, that all things swallows up,
With coin thou shalt have solved, and quenchéd his desire,
Yet thou shalt have no cause at length to praise the cup.[3]

He will you promise help if aught you to him bring,
But if y' anoint as well as any surgeon can
The itching of his hand with gift of any thing,
He go'th about your work much like a gouty man.

He keepeth down the just, and doth advance the bad,
And holdeth with the right if gain thereby do spring;
But if there be no hope of lucre to be had
He is a chieftain right to each ungodly thing.

And then appeared from high a hand of gold anon,
Which hand upon his book took hold with fingers three,
And did unclose the seal, and suddenly was gone;
And then the chapter fourth appearéd unto me.

Of officials I found the trade and customs there,
Their ravin and their rapes and swallowing excess,
Their fraud and their deceit too filthy for to hear,
Which pass the margins large of volumes to express.

---

[3] *Praise the cup* that is, praise for its efficacy the draught of coin you have administered.

These are they whom the world abhorreth for to hold,
And at the sight of whom the earth doth quake for fear,
Whose mindés aré whet on mischief to be bold
As bred in Rhodopé among the whetstones there.[1]

What mischief of themselves by nature's only gift,
Or else what harm they may by their office contrive,
What writer's pen can shew, though he be ne'er so swift,
What tongue, what voice express of any man alive?

Small faults, in other men, abroad are quickly blown;
But though these men do rage, and ever out of square,
None murmurs, all is hushed, their mischief is not known,
None, none there is of them once to complain that dare.

These ben the Bishop's hunt, and birdés at assay,
That wise men do deceive and fools from time to time;
At fools they shoot their shafts, for wise men nets they lay,
And for the unwary snares, and for the wily line.

The Bishop's chambers thus gain much both far and wide,
A thousand pence at once, which poor men understand;
But yet ten thousand moe do fall down by his side
The which do never come unto the Bishop's hand.

Ob signifieth against, and is against each thing,
And contrary to that that it is put unto;
And from this word their name th' officials do bring,
And office to offend, for they nought else can do.

Then boisterous winds arose, and earthquakes by and by,
And there was heard a voice of thunder from above,
That sounded Ephata, which word doth signify
An opening, and anon the fifth seal did remove.

When I the chapter saw I read the preface than,
And there the life and trade of priests I markéd well,
Which do dishonour God, that all things first began,
Whiles for one penny's gain the Trinity they sell.

Full filthily the priest doth service celebrate
With voice, and breathes on God his surfeit's belching cheer;
And hath two Latin names, but not both of one rate,
Sacerdos is the one, the other's Presbyter.

He cannot brook[2] so well Sacerdos name by right,
For by the other name men ought to call him more,
When he gives holy things then he Sacerdos hight,
But Presbyter when he hath drunk well thrice before.

He is more bold to sin because he hears in Lent
The people's grievous crimes and all their sins at large,
And all the faults for which they ought for to be shent,
And thus he counts his own to be of smallest charge.

[16 lines omitted.]

And then a lady fair from Heaven herself did shew,
With goodly countenance, as fresh as any rose;
And when she touched the book with hand as white as snow,
I might perceive right well the sixth seal did disclose.

This chapter was all writ with figures short and fine,
And eke with letters small couchéd as in a press,
Having a narrow gloss drawn between every line,
And therein was contained the Clergy's great excess.

For drowsy slothfulness and swelling pride likewise,
And all uncleanly lusts, and fervent vainglorie,
Unfitting pleasure eke and filthy acts arise
Out of the shameful rout of Clergy's companye.

The parson doth commit the souls of all our sheep
Into the vicar's hands, with spiritual power;
But to himself the rents and profits he doth keep,
Which boldly without fear he lets not to devour.

He doth his wand'ring soul in many parts divide,
And doth ten churches hold or moe within his hands;
And yet he cannot well in each of these abide,
Much like an accident, that in no case still stands.[3]

And higher is the roof advancéd of his hall
Than is Allhallows Church, made high with hands of men,
In value eke much more did cost his wench's pall
Than all th' attire is worth that covereth altars ten.

He maketh toils[4] and parks and buildings cunninglie,
And coins and other toys and rings to wear on hand,
And all this he doth make of God's patrimonie,
Whom he sees at his door, and lets him naked stand.

The vicar rules the souls committed to his charge,
Even as he doth his own, for to the end he may
More freely other lose, he lets his own at large
First to be lost, and thus to mischief leads the way.

Thus all enormity doth from the Clergy rise;
And when they ought on God to set their mind and care,
They meddle with affairs and forbidden merchandise,
And occupy themselves with much unhonest ware.

At bidding of his lord this priest the seas doth pass;
And that priest haunteth fairs, whom no man ought to trust;
Another go'th to plough as doth the ox or ass;
And thus their order break according to their lust.

---

[1] The Elizabethan translator has darkly interpreted the latter part of Map's verse:—

"Hi sunt quos retinens mundus inhorruit;
A quorum facie terra contremuit;
Quos, dum in cotibus Rhodope genuit,
Ad omnes scelerum motus exacuit."

In Virgil's eighth eclogue Damon says, "Now I know what love is. Ismarus, or Rhodope, or the remotest Garamantes, produced him on rugged cliffs, a boy not of our race nor of our blood. Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains. Savage love taught the mother [Medea] to imbrue her hands in the blood of her own children," &c. Ismarus and Rhodope were two wild mountains of Thrace; the Garamantes savage Libyans. So the officials are said to be bred like the savage love, among the cliffs of Rhodope, that sharpened them for all impulses to impious deeds. Missing Map's allusion, the translator seems to have thought that cliffs by which anything was sharpened must be whetstones.

[2] *Brook*, use; from First English "brúcan," to use, eat, enjoy, bear. In Shakespeare, the sense is generally "to bear or endure," as in Lucrece—"A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests." But there is more of the sense of use and enjoyment in the word as it occurs in Aumerle's question to Richard II. (Act iii. sc. 2):

"How brooks your grace the air
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?"

[3] It is as by accident that he is present or absent in any one of his places of duty—"dum adest et abest semper ut accidens."

[4] Enclosures for wild animals—"facit indagines et ædificia."—"God's patrimony," the poor.

And, like a gentleman, this priest will not be polled;
Another to be called a clerk doth take great shame;
The third doth children choose, when he his books hath sold:
Among the laymen thus the Clergy lose their name.

And after came, with wind, of Ethiops a rout,
And from a liny pit, full black and foul to see,
And in an order long they rangéd round about,
And seven times they cried, *Tu autem, Domine!*

Then at the fearful noise of this huge hideous cry,
My guide began to shake and tremble all for fear,
And like a mazéd corpse for fright nigh dead stood I,
Until I plainly saw the seventh seal to appear.

I saw the works and trade of Abbots there each one
Of whom their flock to lead to hell not one doth miss.
In cloister moving aye, in chamber still as stone,
But in the chapter housé much like ague is.

All worldly pomp these men do utterly despise,
Which may be provéd well by their still silent spirit,
And by their contrite heart, and water from their eyes,
And by their shaving vile, and habit like to it.

But where their garments ben both foul and also bare,
All idle sport in them with less suspect may be,
And though uncomely be the shaving of their beard,
Unto the drinking pot their face is much more free.

And though with contrite heart they use much for to weep,
Yet laugh they on the cup and smilingly they beck;
And though with silent breath they can their tongue in keep,
With finger they can point and speak reproach and check.

At dinner when they sit, to which they go apace,
Their jaws are very swift, their teeth much pain do take,
Their throat an open grave, their stomach in like case
A foaming whirlpool is, each finger is a cake.

And when the Abbot doth among his brethren sup,
Then tosséd are the cups with quaffing to and fro,
And then with both his hands the wine he holdeth up,
And with a thund'ring voice these words he doth outblow:

"O how much glorious is the Lordés lamp so bright,
The cup in strong man's hand that makes men drunk I mean!
O Bacchus, God of wine! Our convent guide aright,
With fruit of David's stock to wash us throughly clean!"

And after this the cup he taketh from the bread,
And cries aloud, "Ho! sirs, can you as well as I
Drink this cup in his kind that I lift to my head?"
They answer, "Yea, we can," then go to by-and-by.

And lest that any one should keep with him the cup
Till he had drunk but half, and so might rise thereby
Among them some debate and strife, they drink all up,
And thus they ply the pot, and quaffing quietly.

And then they make a law to which each one must stand,
That nothing shall be left within the cup to spill,
And thus, without the rest of belly or of hand,
They draw one vessel out and then one other fill.

Then of a monk a right demoniac is made,
And every monk doth chat and jangle with his brother
As popinjay or pie, the which are taught this trade
By filling of their gorge, to speak to one another.

Their order to transgress they have but small remorse
By fraud and perjury, by misreport and spite,
By greediness of mind, withholding things by force,
By filling of their paunches, and by fleshly foul del

Worse than a monk there is no fiend nor sprite in hel
Nothing so covetous nor more strange to be known
For if you give him aught, he may possess it well;
But if you ask him aught, then nothing is his own.

And if he dine, he must no words nor talking make
Lest that his tongue do let[1] his teeth to chew his m
And if he drink, he must needs sit his draught to take
Lest that his foot do fail, his belly is so great.

[4 lines omitted.]

And after this my guide fast with his hands me hent,
When I had all perused and seené things at full,
And with his fingers four my head in sunder rent,
Dissolving in four parts the compass of my skull.

And then he took a straw that was both hard and dry
Because I should not see those mysteries in vain,
And in my noddle fast he set it tenderly,
And all that I had seen he wrote it in my brain.

And then I was caught up even to the third sky,
Advancéd in the tops of clouds above man's sight,
Where I a secret saw, and wondrous mystery,
The which may not be told to any living wight.

Before the highest Judge in council brought was I,
Where many hundreds were, and many thousands
And there the secrets deep of God I did espy,
The which no mind of man is able out to seek.

When these sights seen had I, I waxed hungrie anon,
The nobles then that were come to that counsel gre
Brought me of poppy bread a loaf to feed upon,
And drink of Lethe's flood my bread therewith to

And when I had myself well fed with poppy bread,
And with my wretched lips this drink had tasted w
The council of the Gods was quite out of my head,
And of this secret sight not one whit could I tell.

Then like a Cato third down from the sky I fell,
No news to bring from thence, nor secrets to declar
But I can shew you all, and certainly can tell
What my fellow did write upon my noddle bare.

Oh! what tales could I tell, how strange to hear and
Of things that ben above, and heavenly state and t
If that subtilé supper the poppy made to me
The printings of my head had not so slippie made![2]

---

[1] Here *let* means hinder. From First English "lætan," suffer, hinder. The word has the same root as "late." To b delay is hindrance for the person who is late, but sufferance who by delay of opposition is left free to do as he will.

[2] These are the two last verses in the original:—

"De cœlo cecidi ut Cato tertius,
Nec summi venio secreti nuncius,
Sed meus mihi quod inscripsit socius,
Hoc vobis dicere possum fidelius.

"O quanta dicerem et quam mirifica
De rebus superis et sorte cœlica,
Nisi papaveris coena sophistica
Mentis vestigia fecisset lubrica!"

In the reign of King John we begin to have many poems written in the language of our country. In literature, the First English (or Anglo-Saxon) was, for about four centuries, a language nearly as fixed as the English of the present day. Modification of this by the introduction of new elements, decay of inflexions, &c., produced an English of literature, changing in its form, and reflecting diverse characters of provincial speech that arose from diverse mixture in different places of tribes that had joined to form a nation. In spoken English those various provincial forms must always have existed, and to some extent they still exist. In the First English of literature, while this was written by a cultivated class, there seems to have been, as there is now, what may be roughly called a fixed standard of English for the educated. In the time of transition from First English to Modern English, French was for generations the court language, Latin was the common language of the educated, and those who wrote in the mother tongue did so for the delight and instruction of the multitude, each using the homely English of the neighbourhood in which and for which he wrote. The poems written in Transition English thus pleasantly reflect not only the more strongly marked features of difference, but often also delicate shades of variation in the dialect of different parts of England. There is a steady general development of the language, quick in towns, slow in the country, and there are differences of local colour to be explained only by reference to the history of the first peopling of each several part of England with here a predominance of Scandinavians, there a predominance of Frisians, and so forth.

A long poem written near Bewdley, in Worcestershire, and completed about the year 1205, follows and expands the story of Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle, with its legends of King Arthur as they had been already expanded in the "Brut" of Wace. This English poem is the "Brut" of Layamon, completed about fifty-eight years after the finishing of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of British Kings. Layamon's "Brut" is a poem in 32,250 lines, and therefore not one of the shorter poems with which this volume is concerned. But Layamon's poem represents the first revival of verse in the mother tongue, and it was followed by many pieces of all kinds. The "Ormulum"—named after its writer, Brother Orme, who was Layamon's contemporary—rhymed and interpreted with metrical homilies the Gospels in the church service throughout the year. This and the "Brut" of Layamon were poems written in the First English manner, with alliteration and without rhyme. English verse in the rhyming metres learnt from France began to abound in Henry III.'s reign. The rhyming eight-syllabled measure of the French romances was used by Nicholas of Guildford in a poem describing an argument between "The Owl and the Nightingale" as to their respective merits, and in a paraphrase of the Scripture narrative of "Genesis and Exodus," produced about the year 1250, in East Midland dialect. French romances, as of "King Horn" and of "King Alexander," were at the same time made English; and there were rhymed Homilies, Creeds, Paternosters, Joys of the Virgin. Also there was a Bestiary which followed an ancient fashion of the Church in turning qualities of animals (mostly imagined qualities) into religious allegory. Robert, a monk of the abbey of Gloucester, rhymed, at the end of the thirteenth century, a "Chronicle of English History" from the siege of Troy to the death of Henry III. in 1272. An English version of the "Lay of Havelok the Dane" was made about the year 1280. A version of the Psalms, known as the "Northumbrian Psalter," was made about the same time; and the south of England produced a collection of proverbs, each introduced by a rhyming stanza, known as the "Proverbs of Hendyng."

In earlier time English proverbs had been fathered on King Alfred. Their new father is called in an opening stanza "Marcolve's son," but Hendyng seems to have been only a name given to an imaginary proverb-maker. So the old French proverbs were fathered on "li Vilains,"—"Ce dit li Vilains," answering to the "Quoth Hendyng" of the English rhymes. Hendyng may have had Marcolph given to him for a father because in an old popular poem of the Middle Ages, "Salomo and Marcolph," Marcolph represents the homely wisdom of the people in communion with the wisdom of the wise. As for the name Hendyng itself, I believe that it suggests only the wisdom of age and experience, and is one of the vernacular words drawn from the Celtic part of our population, for *Henddyn* means in Welsh "an aged person." I translate a few of these sayings into modern English before giving their original form to represent the manner of the

PROVERBS OF HENDYNG.

[Wise man's words are well kept in;
For he will no song begin
Ere he have tuned his pipe.
The fool's a fool, and that is seen;
For he will speak words while they're green
Sooner than they are ripe.
"The fool's bolt is soon shot;"
Quoth Hendyng.]

Wis mon holt is wordes ynne;
For he nul no gle bygynne
Ere he have tempred is pype.
Sot is sot,[1] ant that is sene;
For he wol speke wordes grene
Er then hue buen rype.
"Sottes bolt is sone shote;"
Quoth Hendyng.

[Never let thy foeman hear
Of shame or pain thou hast to bear,
Of thy woe or trouble.
If he can he'll find a way,
Working at it night and day,
Every grief to double.
"Tell thou never thy foe that thy foot acheth;"
Quoth Hendyng.]

[1] Sot is still French for a fool or stupid person. It meant the same in First English. Zot still means a fool or stupid person also

Tell thou never thy fo-mon
Shome ne teone[1] that the is on,
Thi care ne thy wo:
For he wol fonde, yef he may,
Both by nyhtes ant by day,
Of on to make two.
"Tel thou never thy fo that thy fot aketh;"
Quoth Hendyng.

[Hast of bread and ale no lack,
Put not all in thine own sack,
But scatter some about.
Art thou free with thine own meals,
Where another his meat deals
Go'st thou not without.
"Better apple gi'en nor eaten;"
Quoth Hendyng.]

Yef thou havest bred ant ale,
Ne put thou nout al in thy male,[2]
Thou del it sum aboute.
Be thou fre of thy meeles,
Wher so me eny mete deles,
Gest thou nout withoute.
"Betere is appel y-geve[3] then y-ete;"
Quoth Hendyng.

[Art thou rich, of much account,
Let thy mood not rashly mount,
And grow not over wild;
But bear thee fairly every way,
That so thy blessing with thee stay,
And be thou meek and mild.
"When the cup is full, carry it even;"
Quoth Hendyng.]

Yef thou art riche ant wel y-told,
Ne be thou notht tharefore to bold,
Ne wax thou nout to wilde;
Ah ber the feyre[4] in al thyng,
Ant thou might habbe blessyng,
Ant be meke ant mylde.
"When the coppe is follest, thenne ber hire feyrest;"
Quoth Hendyng.

in Dutch. In modern English the word is applied only to one who makes himself stupid by drinking.

[1] *Teone.* First English, "teona," reproach, injury, wrong, vexation, from "tynan," to incense or vex, allied to "tyndan," or "tendan," to set on fire: whence our word *tinder*. There was the old English form, *teen*, for sorrow or vexation, used by Shakespeare in "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act iv. sc. 3), "Romeo and Juliet" (Act i. sc. 3), "The Tempest" (Act i. sc. 2), "Richard III." (Act iv. sc. I.)

"Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrecked with a week of teen."

[2] *Male.* From *malle*, a word found in many languages, meaning bag, sack, or trunk, allied to the Greek μολγός, hide or skin. Her Majesty's *mails* are Her Majesty's *sacks* or *bags* containing the letters. A mail train is a train carrying such bags.

[3] *Y-geve.* *Y* is a softened form of the prefix *ge*. The softened *g*, which sometimes became *y* or *gh* in later spelling, was often represented in Transition English by a letter not unlike a *z*, and old MSS. have often been printed with this letter turned into a *z*. The old word *ge*, written with the modified *g* that is now *y*, is thus metamorphosed into *ze*, so that we have *ze, zoure*, and other such words as never Englishman or Scotchman wrote. In printing old English in these volumes I represent the sign of the soft *g* by *y* where it has actually passed into *y* or else disappeared, by *gh* where it is now *gh*, and by *g* where the word is now written without change of the letter.

[4] *Ah ber the feyre.* *Ah* is First English "ac," but. The final *e* in *feyre* is adverbial.

Another popular poem assigned to the latter part of the thirteenth century is a satire upon corruptions in the Church, that paints a Fool's Paradise for monks, wherein all the delights are sensual, and spiritual life passes for nothing. The Paradise of this satire, which spread through several countries, was entitled "the Land of Cockaigne"—that is to say, Kitchen-land. From *coquere*, to cook, came the Latin *coquina*, Italian *cucina*, English *kitchen*, French *cuisine;* which yielded such names as the Italian Cuccagna, Spanish Cucaña, French Coquaine, to the land of animal delights painted by popular satire as the happy land of monks who had turned their backs upon the higher life to which they were devoted. An old German poet described it as "dat edele lant van Cockœngen."[5] In what spirit this popular satire was written none can doubt, when they find at the close how such a Paradise as it paints is to be earned only by seven years wading chin-deep in swinish filth.

THE LAND OF COKAYGNE.

Fur in see bi west Spaygne
Far at sea to west of Spain
Is a land ihote[6] Cokaygne.
Is a country called Cockaigne.
Ther nis lond under heven-riche[7]
There is no land under the kingdom of heaven
Of wel, of godnis, hit iliche,
Like it in weal and goodness;
Thogh paradis be miri[8] and bright,
Though Paradise be soft and bright,
Cokaygne is of fairir sight.
Cockaigne is of fairer sight.

[5] So our *cokeney* or *cockney*, which may mean literally or morally a servant of the kitchen, was a name given to men of the capital who were made effeminate by over-elaboration of the pleasures of the flesh.

[6] *Ihote.* From First English, "hátan," to name, making its past tense "hátte," and past participle "geháten." "Hátan," meaning to command, made its past tense "hét" and past participle "háten." In "ihote," from "geháten," the prefix has softened to *y* or *i*, the broad *á* weakened to *o* (a common change), and the final *n* has disappeared. The later form is "hight," used in past tense, as in Chaucer's "Knight's Tale"—

"Of whiché two Arcita highte that on,
And he that other highté Palamon;"

or for participle, as in Spenser's "Mother Hubbard's Tale"—

"Among the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubbard."

This form—used in the present tense as well as in the past and participle—may possibly have arisen from confusion out of "hét," the past tense of "hátan," to command, but was more probably taken from a Scandinavian form on the lips of the people in the north of England. The Scandinavian form, "heita," the Gothic "haitan," the old High German "heizan," and the modern German "heissen," all have the sound that was reproduced in *hight*.

[7] *Heven-riche.* First English, "heofon-ríce," the kingdom of heaven. Sharp *f* between two vowels took the flat sound *v*, and afterwards, *v* being sounded, *v* was written.

[8] *Miri.* First English, "mirig," the adjective, and the noun "myrth," mirth, are from the root of "mearo," tender, soft, delicate, and "mearh," marrow, the soft fat within bones. The first use of the adjective now spelt "merry" is more in accord with the sense of a soothing enjoyment than with that of active laughter, now more commonly associated with it. In the "Vision of Piers Plowman," the dreamer was first lulled to repose with the music of a stream by which he sat on Malvern Hills—"it sweyued" (sounded) "so merye."

What is ther in paradis
What is there in Paradise
Bot grasse and flure and grene ris?[1]
But grass and flowers and green twigs?
Though ther be ioi and grete dute,[2]
Though there be joy and great diversion,
Ther nis mete bote frute;
There is no food but fruit;

FRUIT DIET.

From Sloane MS.—2435, fol. 55.

Ther nis halle, bure,[3] no benche,
There is no hall, chamber, or bench,
Bot water, manis thurst to quenche.
Nothing but water man's thirst to quench.
Beth ther no man but two,
There is no man except two,
Hely and Enok also;
Elijah and Enoch also;
Elinglich[4] may hi go
Ailingly may they go
Whar ther wonith[5] men no mo
Where there dwell no more men.

In Cokaygne is met and drink
In Cockaigne is meat and drink
Withute care, how,[6] and swink.[7]
Without care, trouble, and toil.

MEAT.

From Arundel MS.—91, fol. 189.

The met is trie,[8] the drink is clere,
The meat is choice, the drink is clear,
To none,[9] russin[10] and sopper.
At dinner draught and supper.

DRINK.

From Sloane MS.—2435, fol. 44.

[1] *Ris.* First English, "hris;" Scandinavian, "hrisla," twig, or thin branch of a tree, probably from the rustling sound made by the breeze among the lighter branches. To make a rustling noise was "hriscian."

[2] *Dute.* Shortened from "dedute." Old French *deduit*, diversion, pastime. The word in its other form, "dedute," is in line 50; its root is in the Latin *deducere*.

[3] *Bure.* First English, "bur," bower, an inner room, bedchamber, also a cottage or dwelling; from "buan," to inhabit.

[4] *Elinglich.* First English, "eglian," and "elian," to feel pain, now spelt, to "ail," is from "egl," a sprout, beard of corn, pricks of a thistle, that which pricks or troubles; "ælinge," trouble, weariness. —*Hi*, the unaltered First English nominative plural of *he, heo, hit* (he, she, it).

[5] *Wonith.* From First English, "wunian," to dwell.

[6] *How.* First English, "hog," thoughtful anxiety, from "hyge," mind, thought.

[7] *Swink.* First English, "swinc," labour; "swincan," to toil. Milton uses the word in "Comus:" "And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat."

[8] *Trie.* From the French *trier*, to pick out.

[9] *None.* The ninth hour, at which the Romans ate their *cœna*, or chief meal. The first meal of the Romans was the *jantaculum*, usually of bread and salt, with some relish, as olives, cheese, or dried grapes, eaten unceremoniously anywhere. With this they broke fast after rising. At the sixth hour, that is to say, about mid-day, came the *prandium*, or lunch. Then, half-way between mid-day and sunset, about the ninth hour, came the *cœna*, or dinner, elaborated into three divisions: "gustus," the whet; "fercula," the dinner itself in three courses; "mensæ secundæ," pastry and dessert. The "none" (in summer from half-past two to half-past three) was associated generally with the Roman *cœna*; and in the monasteries remained associated with the dinner-hour, when that had come to be twelve o'clock in the day. Therefore twelve o'clock was called noon.

[10] *Russin.* I take this to represent a draught of wine between dinner and supper, the drink between meals often condemned by old writers. Our words "rouse" and "carouse," meant emptying of the wine-cup.

> "No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day
> But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
> And the king's *rouse* the heavens shall bruit again."
>
> *Hamlet*, Act i., sc. 2.

The king's "rouse" is the king's emptying of his cup. And again (Act

I segge[1] for soth, boute were,
I say for sooth, without doubt,
Ther nis lond on erthe is pere;
There is no land on earth its peer;
Vnder heven nis lond iwisse[2]
Under heaven there certainly is no land
Of so mochil[3] ioi and blisse.
Of so great joy and bliss.
Ther is mani swete sighte:
There is many a sweet sight:
Al is dai, nis ther no nighte,
All is day, there is no night,
Ther nis baret,[4] nother strif;
There is no contest, neither strife;
Nis ther no deth, ac ever lif;
There is no death, but ever life;
Ther nis lac of met no cloth,
There is no want of meat or cloth,
Ther nis man no womman wroth;
There is no man or woman wroth;
Ther nis serpent, wolf, no fox,
There is no serpent, wolf, nor fox,
Hors no capil,[5] kowe no ox,
Horse nor nag, cow nor ox,
Ther nis schepe, no swine, no gote,
There is no sheep, or pig, or goat.
Ne non horwgh,[6] la, god it wot,
And O there's no filth there, God knows,
Nother harace,[7] nother stode;
No breeding horses, and no stud,
The lond is ful of other gode.
The land is full of other good.
Nis ther flei, fle, no lowse
There's neither fly, nor flea, nor louse,
In cloth, in toune, bed, no house;
In cloth, in town, in bed, or house;
Ther nis dunner, slete, no hawle,
There is no thunder, sleet or hail,
No non vile worme, no snawile,
Nor any wretched worm or snail,
No non storme, rein no winde;
Nor any storm or rain or wind;
Ther is man no womman blinde;
There is no man or woman blind;
Ok[8] al is game, ioi and gle:
But all is game and joy and glee:
Wel is him that ther mai be.
It's well with him that there may be.

Ther beth riuers, gret and fine,
There are rivers, great and fine,
Of oile, melk, honi and wine.
Of oil, of milk, honey and wine.
Water seruith ther to no thing
Water serves there for nothing
But to sight and to waiising.
But to look at and for washing.
Ther is mani maner frute,
There are many kinds of fruit,
Al is solas and dedute.[9]
All is solace and diversion.

Ther is a wel[10] fair abbei
There is a truly fair abbey
Of white[11] monkes and of grei;
Of the white monks and the grey;
Ther beth bowris and halles,
There are chambers, there are halls,
Al of pasteiis beth the walles,
All of pasties are the walls,
Of fleis, of fisse, and riche met,
Of flesh, of fish, and juicy meat,
The likfullest[12] that man mai et.
The most delicious man can eat.
Fluren cakes beth the scingles[13] alle
Flour cakes are the tilings all
Of cherche, cloister, boure, and halle.
Of church and cloister, bower and hall.

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v. sc. 2), "The queen *carouses* to thy fortune, Hamlet." The word has been derived from the German *gar aus*, all out. But it may possibly be associated with the old French *arrouser* (modern *arroser*), which Cotgrave interprets "to bedew, besprinkle, wet gently." *Arroser son chagrin* is French for the drowning of one's sorrow in the bottle. So, from the old French *arrousoir* (modern, *arrosier*) comes the Scottish "rooser," for a watering-can. There is also the Danish "ruus," for surfeit in drinking. "Sove ruusen ud," is to sleep out the excess of drinking—sleep oneself sober. "Rushing" is given in Mr. J. O. Halliwell's valuable "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words" as meaning refreshment in Northern English dialect; and russin was mentioned by a *Times* Special Commissioner, who wrote on the agricultural strike in the Eastern counties in 1874, as a local name for a refreshment taken by the Suffolk harvesters at four p.m.

[1] *Segge.* First English "secge," pronounced *segge*, then written so, and the *g* between two weak vowels softened to the *y* in "say." —*Boute.* First English "bútan," without, as in the motto of the Macintoshes: "Touch not the cat but a glove."—*Were.* First English "wære," caution; adj. "wær," wary, cautious.

[2] *Iwisse.* First English, "gewis;" modern German, "gewiss;" certainly.

[3] *Mochil.* First English, "mycel;" Scottish, "mickle;" Greek, μεγαλ.

[4] *Baret.* Icelandic, "bardtta," a fight. It has been suggested that the barbarian was, to the civilised ancient, one whose language was an unintelligible sequence of sounds, imitated by repetition of the syllables, "bar bar;" and that the same sense of *bar* applied to the confused noise of strife in war, or in the old haggling of trade, gave the Italian "baratta," strife; "barattare," to cheat—whence, perhaps, our word "barter;" the Spanish, "barajar," to confuse, dispute—"barahunda," confusion, disorder; the old French, "barguigner," to wrangle, haggle, chaffer, bargain; and other such words. *Baragouin* now means, in French, the jargon or confused sound of talk not properly understood. See Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood's "Dictionary of English Etymology," a suggestive work, ingeniously enforcing the mimetic origin of words.

[5] *Capil.* Gaelic, "capull;" Latin, "caballus;" French, "cheval."

[6] *Horwgh.* First English, "hóru," "hórh," and "hórg," dirt, filth, any pollution.—*La!* and *eala!* were exclamations, not of sorrow only. "Eala" was used generally, and sometimes as a mere vocative sign. The "las" in "helas" and "alas" signifies lament.—*Wot.* From First English, "witan," to know; "he wát," he knows. Weakening of the strong *a* to short *o* turned "wát" into "wot."

[7] *Harace.* French, "haras," a stud. Emil Littré, in that masterpiece of patient study, his French Dictionary, the most thorough book of the kind ever produced by one man, confirms the suggestion of Diez that the word is from the Arabic "faras," a horse."

[8] *Ok.* First English, "ac," but.

[9] *Dedute.* See note 2, page 19.

[10] *Wel* was frequently used, as in this line, for an intensive. This use of the word is not obsolete. We may still speak of a man as "well on for fifty," or "well-nigh dead."

[11] The Black Monks were the Benedictines, the White Monks the Augustinians; the White Friars were Carmelites, the Grey Friars Franciscans.

[12] *Likfullest.* From First English, "liccian," to lick, was formed "liccera," a glutton. The word also was used for a flatterer.

[13] *Scingles.* The old English "shingles" and "shindles," old German "scindala," old French "escandale," Italian "scandola," come from the Latin, in which "scindula," the cleft thing, from "scindere," to cut, and "scandula"—probably from "scandere," to mount—the rising thing, were names for the cleft pieces of oak rising and lapping over one another, as the roofing of a house or church, or

The pinnes beth fat podinges,
The pinnacles are fat puddings,
Rich met to princes and kinges;
Rich meat for princes and for kings;
Man mai therof et inogh
One may thereof eat enough,
Al with right and noght with wogh.[1]
All with right, no whit with wrong,
Al is commune to yung and old,
All is common to young and old,
To stoute and sterne, mek and bold.
To stout and stern, to meek and bold.

Ther is a cloistre fair and light,
There is a cloister fair and light,
Brod and lang, of sembli sight.
Broad and long, of seemly sight.
The pilers of that cloistre alle
The pillars of that cloister all
Beth iturned of cristale,
Have been rounded of crystal,
With har bas and capitale
With their base and capital
Of grene jaspe and rede corale.
Of green jasper and red coral.

In the praer[2] is a tre
In the meadow is a tree
Swithe[3] likful for to se.
Very delicate to see.
The rote is gingeuir and galingale,[4]
The root is ginger and galangal,
The siouns beth al sedwale,[5]
The young shoots are of zedoary,
Trie maces beth the flure,
Picked maces are the flower,

The rind canel[6] of swet odur,
The rind canella bark of sweet odour,
The frute gilofre[7] of gode smakke.
The fruit cloves of good taste.
Of cucubes[8] ther nis no lakke.
Of cubebs there is no lack.
Ther bith roses of rede ble,[9]
There are roses of red colour,
And lilie likful for to se;
And lilies delicate to see;
Thai faloweth[10] neuer day no night;
They never turn colour day or night;
This aght be a swete sight.
This ought to be a sweet sight.
Ther beth iiij willis in the abbei,
There are four wells in the abbey,
Of triacle[11] and halwei,[12]
Of theriac and healing cup,

---

covering of a church steeple. Thus, John Ray says that he found at St. Asaph "a very poor cathedral, covered with shingles or tiles." In "The Vision of Piers Plowman," Noah's Ark is called a shingled ship. Shingle, as a name for loose stones on the beach, is perhaps a word formed from another root; but as that shingle consists of fragments forcibly separated by the sea from the adjacent land, the word may very well come also from the root of "scindere," to cut, tear, rend, or break asunder. In both cases the word was also written "chingle." In the "Promptorium Parvulorum," an English-Latin dictionary made about the year 1440, the "scingle" of the text above stands as "chyngyl, or chyngle, bordys for helyngys of housis: sindula."

[1] *Wogh.* First English, "woh," a curve, or bending; that which deviates from the right line: error, wrong. "Woh-nosu," a crooked nose; "woh-dóm," crooked or wrongful judgment.

[2] *Praer.* Latin, "pratum;" old French, "praerie:" hence the name of the American "prairies."

[3] *Swithe.* The final *e* is an adverbial sign. First English, "swith," strong; "swithe," strongly, very.

[4] *Galingale.* Root of the East Indian *Alpinia galanga.* It looks like ginger, has a pleasant aromatic smell, and tastes like a mixture of pepper and ginger, with some bitterness. Galangale was much used in our early cookery, and was a customary ingredient in the favourite sauce called "galantine," made of bread-crumbs, ginger, galangale, vinegar, and salt, to which might be added cinnamon and red wine; or the galantine was made sometimes with crumbs, cinnamon, and ginger, vinegar, sugar, and claret.

[5] *Sedwale.* Also "setewale," zedoary, a plant with a root like that of ginger, but larger leaves, of which the root was also brought from the East Indies. It has an aromatic camphorated taste, and many virtues were ascribed to it. It was said to correct discomforts in the stomach; and very little of it, chewed, covered the smell of onions, garlic, or wine. It was said to be hot and dry; by promoting digestion, to fatten the body, strengthen it if weak, and act as a preservative against pestilential vapours. Cut into slices and preserved in sugar, it has been thought more excellent and commodious than ginger.

[6] *Canel.* Bark of the *Canella alba*, a tree growing in the West Indies, from ten to fifteen feet high. The whole tree is aromatic. Its inner bark is rolled in quills, like cinnamon, but thicker. Its smell is sometimes like that of a mixture of cloves and cinnamon. It is warm, pungent, slightly bitter, and still used as a flavouring in cookery by the West Indian negroes.

[7] *Gilofre.* "Gariofilus," "garyophyllon," "caryophyllus." Our name *clove* is from the resemblance of the dried buds used in commerce to a nail, for which the Spanish is "clavo," the French, "clou."

[8] *Cucubes.* Cubeb pepper; from a climbing shrub in Java; now valued only as a medicine.

[9] *Ble.* First English, "bleo," a colour.

[10] *Faloweth.* First English, "fealwian," to ripen, and become "fealo," yellow-coloured, or fallow.

[11] *Triacle.* "Theriaca"—θηριακη, from θηρίον, a wild animal—was the name of an antidote to poison of all kinds. Galen called garlic "the countryman's theriace;" but the name was first given to a famous compound of many simples, said to be an antidote to poison of all kinds. This compound was perfected about Nero's time, by a physician named Andromachus, who first thought of quickening its efficacy by the addition of the flesh of vipers. Andromachus describes its composition in verses quoted by Galen (in his treatise, "De Theriaca, ad Pisonem"), and gave to it names expressive of its soothing, cheering properties. But others named it, "theriakē," because of the viper's flesh that now formed part of it. Many physicians had formulas of their own for the theriaca. There was a theriacal salt, the preparation of which began by putting four vipers alive into an earthen pot, throwing over them twenty pounds of sal-ammoniac, or common salt, then many herbs, bruised and beaten up with honey, then putting fire under the pot, and after much stewing and long cooling, adding many bruised aromatic herbs and spices. The original Theriaca of Andromachus contained about sixty ingredients, chiefly aromatics, with gums and extracts, including opium and the viper flesh. Opium was used in the proportion of a grain to four scruples of the whole compound, and to this, no doubt, the confection owed its first name of γαλήνη—"calm-procuring." The vipers entered into the composition in the form of little prepared cakes or lozenges, that consisted of their flesh carefully cleaned, boiled in water with dill and salt, and then kneaded into paste with crumbs of bread. The theriaca of Andromachus was declared to be a remedy for most ills of the flesh, and was in such repute at Rome that some of the emperors had it made on their own premises. The Emperor Antoninus took a piece as large as a bean every morning fasting. For centuries it continued to be prepared in many towns of Europe, according to the original recipe, and at Venice the manufacture of it was so large that it acquired the name of "Venice treacle." "Theriac" had become the "triac" in "triacle," afterwards written "treacle." So Jeremy Taylor wrote, "We kill the viper, and make treacle of him." Since triacle was an electuary made with honey and tinged with saffron, the uncrystallisable syrup that drains from the sugar refiner's mould had some resemblance to it, and inherited its name. The powers assigned to this great medicine against ills of the flesh caused the author of "The Vision of Piers Plowman" to call Love the "Triacle of Heaven."

[12] *Halwei.* "Hál," whole, sound, healthy; "wæg," a cup; "halwei," "haliweie," "halewi," occurs in various pieces, as the name of a healing balsamic draught, mild enough to be taken by the cupful. Of triacle, because of the opium in it, a piece as big as a bean was a fair dose.

Of baum[1] and ek piement,[2]
Of balm and also sweet spiced wine,
Ever ernend to right rent,[3]
Ever running to right rendering
Of thai stremis al the molde.
Of those streams to all the land.
Stonis preciuse and golde:
Precious stones and gold:
Ther is saphir and vniune,[4]
There is sapphire and pearl,
Carbuncle and astiune,[5]
Carbuncle and jasper (?)
Smaragde, lugre,[6] and prassiune,[7]
Smaragd, lyncure, and chrysoprase,
Beril, onix, topasiune,
Beryl, onyx, and topaz,
Ametist and crisolite,[8]
Amethyst and chrysolite,
Calcedun and epetite.
Chalcedony and hepatite.
Ther beth briddes mani and fale:[9]
There are birds many and many:

[1] *Baum.* "Balsamum," through the French "baume." In First English it was "baldsam." Balsams are said to have been first used by the people of Palestine and the coasts of Phœnicia, and by the Egyptians and Arabians. One derivative of the name is "Bala Schemen," prince of oils and spices; another from the Hebrew word *besem* for the most fragrant substances; another from an unused root, that indicates the way of getting it by cuts made in the trees. The most delightful, and those which were thought most healing, of the spices, aromatic oils, and resins, were called balsams. The name was given to all medicines that were resinous or oily, inflammable, and at the same time of a pleasant smell and penetrating aromatic taste, with curative powers. The prince of balsams was the Balm of Gilead, or True Balsam of Mecca, the resinous juice obtained by incisions in a small tree found only in part of Judea, and in Arabia about Mecca. It was sold in Rome for double its weight in silver.

[2] *Piement.* Wine mixed with honey and spice. Old French, "pigment," "piument," "piment;" middle Latin, "pigmentuus," perhaps so called because prepared by the pigmentarii, or apothecaries. Piments, the sweet-scented Jamaica pepper called all-spice, because its scent is said to have in it a something of all the spices, could hardly have been known before the discovery of Jamaica by Columbus, in 1494. An old recipe for piment is to powder and mix cloves, cubebs, mace, canella bark, and galangale; pour over them a mixture of two parts good wine and one part honey, let them stand, and then strain through a cloth.

[3] *Rent.* French, "rente;" Italian, "rendita;" Latin, "reddita," from "rendere," to give back, render, surrender, yield, pay.

[4] *Uniune.* Latin, "unio," a large pearl; said to be so called from "unio," oneness, because two were seldom found together.

[5] *Astiune* perhaps should be "astriune." Pliny describes "asteria" as one of the many forms of jasper, a gem so called, he says, because it has included light moving within it that gives out rays of its own.

[6] *Lugre.* Or "ligure." Latin, "lyncurias" and "lingurium;" Greek, λιγγούριον: a gem like a carbuncle, shining with fiery colour, or like some amber, though not attracting straws when rubbed, but attracting flakes of metal. A fabulous origin from the urine of the lynx was ascribed to it, and this accounted for its name. It was said also to have curative powers when drunk in wine. Pliny repeated incredulously what "the pertinacity of authors compelled him to say;" and added that he never saw a gem so named. Perhaps it was simply a dark amber. But the name, says Jean de Gorris, in his *Definitiones Medicarum*, was in his time (1500—1572) given by physicians to an amber-coloured belemnite.

[7] *Prassiune.* Or "chryso-prase," an apple-green variety of agate, coloured by nickel.

[8] *Chrysolite* is a variety of serpentine.—*Chalcedony* is an agate pearly or smoky-grey in colour, waxy in lustre, and very translucent. —*Hepatite* (known also as heavy spar and Bologna spar) is a sulphite of baryta; some forms of it are phosphorescent when heated.

[9] *Fale.* First English, "fela," many; "mani and fale" is like "time and tide," an example of the pairing of synonyms; "tide" in the proverb, "Time and tide wait for no man," being the First English "tid," time or season, as in Whitsuntide, &c.

Throstil, thruisse, and nightingale,
Throstle, thrush, and nightingale,
Chalandre[10] and wodwale,[11]
Lark and woodpecker,
And other briddes without tale,
And other birds without number,
That stinteth neuer by har might
That flag never according to their might
Miri to sing dai and night.
In softly singing day and night.
Yit I do yow mo witte:
Yet I cause you more to know:

THE GEESE.
From Sloane MS.—2435, fol. 50.

The gees, irostid on the spitte,
The geese, roasted on the spit,
Fleegh to that abbai, god hit wot,
Fly to that abbey, God wot,
And gredith[12] "Gees! al hote! al hot!"
And cry "Geese! all hot! all hot!"
Hi bringeth garlek gret plente
They bring garlic in great plenty
The best idight[13] that man mai se.
The best dressed that one can see.
The leuerokes[14] that beth cuth,
The skylarks, that are tame,
Lightith adun to manis muth,
Light down on a man's mouth,
Idight in stu ful swithe wel,
Dressed in stew thoroughly well,
Pudrid with gilofre and canel.
Powdered with clove and canella bark.

[10] *Chalandre.* Our skylark is the *Alauda arvensis.* The Calendra Lark (*Melanocorypha calandra*) is a larger bird, found in most parts of Europe, with a voice more sonorous, but not less agreeable. The calandra lark will imitate also readily the notes of other birds, and even the squalling of a cat. It is a compliment in Italy to tell a lady that she sings like a calandra.

[11] *Wodwale* — translated "Picus" in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," and said to be equivalent to "reynefowle" and "wodehake" —is the wood-hacker, or pecker.

[12] *Gredith.* First English, "grædan," to say, cry, call. The plural of the present indicative in *eth*, here and elsewhere in the poem, indicates Southern dialect. In Northern dialect, the characteristic plural of the present indicative is *es;* in Midland dialect, *en.* The difference in this respect supplies one of the chief tests in discriminating early dialects.

[13] *Idight.* First English, "dihtan," to set in order, arrange, prepare; past participle, "gediht." The *ge* was softened to *y* or *i;* the strongly aspirated *h* came to be represented by the letter used for a soft *g*, the rough aspirate being like an aspirated *g*. When that letter was disused, the sound was in this word represented by *gh*, and the prefix disappeared.

[14] *Leverokes.* First English, "laferc;" the sharp *f* taking the flat sound of *v* between two vowels, or becoming yet more softened, and the *r* well sounded in old fashion, gives the Northern English *laverock* or *lauerock*, that we clip down to *lark*. The laverock is the skylark of our fields, not the calandra. The two birds are distinguished in our English version of a part of "The Romaunt of the Rose:"—

"There mighte men see many flockes
Of turtles and of laverockes,
Chelaundres felé saw I there."

Nis no spech of no drink,
There are no words about any drink,
Ak take inogh withute swink.
But take enough without trouble.
Whan the monkes geeth to masse,
When the monks go to mass,
Al the fenestres, that beth of glasse,
All the windows, that are of glass,
Turneth into crystal bright
Turn into bright crystal
To give monkes more light.
To give monks more light.
When the masses beth iseiid,
When the masses have been said,
And the bokes up ileiid,
And the books aside are laid,
The cristal turnith into glasse,
The crystal turneth into glass,
In state that hit rather[1] wasse.
In state that before it was.
The yung monkes euch dai
The young monks each day
Aftir met goth to plai.
After meat go to play.
Nis ther hauk no fule so swifte
There is no hawk or bird so swift
Bettir fleing bi the lifte[2]
Better flying in the air
Than the monkes heigh of mode
Than the monks high of mood
With har sleuis and har hode.
With their sleeves and their hood.
Whan the abbot seeth ham flee,
When the abbot sees them fly,
That he holt for moch glee,
That he holds for much glee,
Ak natheles al thar amang
But nevertheless all thereamong
He biddeth tham light to eue-sang.
He bids them alight at evensong.
The monkes lighteth noght adun,
The monks do not alight,
Ac furre fleeth in o randun.[3]
But farther fly in one swift sudden rush.

[14 lines omitted.]

Another abbei is therbi,
Another abbey is thereby,
For soth a gret fair nunnerie,
Forsooth a great fair nunnery,
Up a river of swet milke,
Up a river of sweet milk,
Whar is plente grete of silk.
Where is great plenty of silk.
Whan the someris dai is hote,
When the summer's day is hot,
The yung nonnes takith a bote,
The young nuns take a boat,
And doth ham forth in that riuer
And put them forth in that river
Bothe with oris and with stere.
Both with oars and with rudder.

[22 lines omitted.]

Whoso wil come that lond to,
Whoso will come that land unto,
Ful grete penance he mot do:
Full great penance he must do:
Seve yere in swineis dritte
Seven years in filth of swine
He mot wade, wol ye iwitte,[4]
He must wade, if you will understand,
Al anon up to the chynne,
All at once up to the chin,
So he schal the londe winne.
So he shall that country win.
Lordinges gode and hend,
Nobles good and gentle,
Mot ye neuer of world wend,
May you never go from this world
Fort ye stond to yure cheance[5]
Till you stand to your chance
And fulfille that penance,
And fulfil that penance,
That ye mote that lond ise
That ye may see that land
And never more turne age.
And never more turn back.
Prey we god, so mote hit be,
Pray we God, so may it be,
Amen, per scinte charite.
Amen, by Saint Charity.

Translation of metrical romances from the French was a marked feature of our verse literature in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and throughout the fourteenth. Let us be, therefore, among the listeners to an old minstrel who has romance to chant for our amusement, and he shall give us the Fabliau of Sir Cleges.[6] A Fabliau was a short metrical tale, busy with action, and told with a lively freedom. It would be recited not without dramatic animation to its audiences, had its origin in Northern France, and was related to the ballad of North Europe. I preserve old spelling only where the verse requires it.

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[1] *Rather.* First English, "hræth," swift, quick; "hrathe" and "rathe" (with *e* as adverbial sign), swiftly, quickly. To say that one would "rather" do anything, is equivalent to saying one would "sooner" do it.

[2] *Lifte.* First English, "lyft" (German, "luft"), the air. The final *e* here is a case-ending.

[3] *In o randun.* "An," with the *n* dropped before a consonant, meant *one*. The broad sound of *a* weakened to *o*, and its length was marked, according to a later custom, by the added *e*; thus "ān" became "one," and (with the *n* omitted) *a* became as here, *o*. "Randun" was a First-English word, that meant rapid or sudden rush; it became "randon" and "random." *Randon*, in old French, meant rapid force—the force of a violent stream. In Barbour's *Bruce*, "randoun" is used for swift motion; and elsewhere, "to randon" means to run swiftly and wildly, the sense of the old French "randonner," a term applied in the chase to the rush of a hunted beast that had been struck with arrow or spear.

[4] *Iwitte.* First English, "gewitan," to understand.

[5] *Cheance.* The word is old French, from "cheoir;" Latin, "cadere;" to fall. It is now spelt, both in French and English, "chance." Taking "what chances" is taking "what falls," the image being drawn from the uncertain turn of the dice.

[6] This was first printed in 1810 by Mr. Henry Weber, in his "Metrical Romances of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries," from a fifteenth century MS. in the Advocate's library.

The reader of Early English should remember that words from the Norman-French, retaining much of their original pronunciation, have the accent on the last syllable in such words as "hardy," "stature," and often on the last syllable of a participle, as "parting;" also that syllables in such words were often distinctly pronounced, where in modern English they are run together, thus making three syllables of such a word as "cre-a-ture." In course of time the tendency of English accents upon syllables is to be transferred to an earlier one than that to which it first gave stress. In reading old verse we should place the accent where the measure tells us that it fell. The final *e* that represented old case-endings, &c., was usually sounded before a consonant, and dropped before a vowel. Except where errors of a copyist have marred the music, the most unpractised reader of an Early English poem who makes proper allowance for these differences will soon learn to preserve its rhythm. The pronunciation generally should be less slurred than it now is, and tend slightly to bring the vowel-sounds into accord with those of our neighbours over sea.

SIR CLEGES.

Will ye listen, and ye shall hear
Of elders that before us were,
  Both hardy and wight,[1]
In the time of King Uthér
That was father of King Arthúr,
  A seemly man in sight.
He had a knight that hight Sir Cleges,
A doughtier was none of deeds
  Of the Round Table right:
He was a man of high statúre,
And thereto full fair of featúre,
  And also of great might.

A courteouser knight than he was one
In all the landé there was none;
  He was so gentle and free;
To men that travelled in land of ware[2]
And weren fallen in poverte bare
  He gave both gold and fee:
The pooré people he would relieve
And no man would he aggrieve;
  Meek of manners was he;
His meat was free to every man
That would come and visit him than;[3]
  He was full of plenty.

The knight had a gentillé wife,
There might never better bear life,
  And merry[4] she was in sight.
Dame Clarice hight that fair lady;
She was full good sickerly,
  And gladsome both day and night:

Almés great she woldé give
The pooré people to relieve,
  She cherished many a wight;
For them haddé no man dere;[5]
Rich or poor whether they were,
  They did ever right.

Every year Sir Cleges would
At Christmás a great feast hold
  In worship of that day,
As royál in allé thing
As he haddé been a king
  For sooth as I you say.
Rich and poor in the country about
Should be there withouten doubt;
  There would no man say nay.
Minstrels would not be behind,
For there they might most mirthés find
  There would they be aye.

A MINSTREL.

From Arundel MS.—91, fol. 217.

Minstrels when the feast was done
Withouten giftés should not gon,
  And that both rich and good:
Horsé, robes and riché ring,
Gold, silver, and other thing,
  To mend with their mood.
Ten yearé such feast he held,
In the worship of Mary mild
  And for Him that died on the rood.
By that his good began to slake
For the great feasts that he did make,
  The knight gentil of blood.

To hold the feast he would not let,[6]
His manors he did to wed[7] set;

[1] *Wight*, vigorous. Swedish "vig," nimble, active. The "vig" in *vigour* is from the same root.

[2] *Ware*, cost, expense. In Scottish dialect, to war or ware is to lay out in expense. Mœso-Gothic "wairths," Icelandic "verth," worth, price. Ware as merchandise is from the same root.

[3] *Than*, then.

[4] *Merry*, softly pleasing. See Note (8 on page 18) to "The Land of Cockaigne."

[5] *Dere*, hurt; no man received hurt, because of them. "Dere" is from "derian," to injure.

[6] *Let*, hinder or stop.

[7] *Wed*, pledge; the sense in the word *wedding*.

He thought them out to quite;[1]
Thus he feasted many a year
Many a knight and many a squier
In the name of God Almight.
So at the last, the sooth to say,
All his good was spent away,
Then had he but lite.[2]
Though his good were near hand leste[3]
Yet he thought to make a fest:
In God he hopéd right.

This royalty he made then aye,
Till his manors were all away,
Him was left but one:
And that was of so little valúe
That he and his wifé true
Might not live thereon.
His men that weré mickle of pride
Gan slake away on every side;
With him there would dwellé none,
But she and his children two.
Then his heart was in much woe,
And he made much moan.

And it befel on Christmas even
The king bethought of him full even;
He dwelt by Cardiff side.
When it drew towards the noon,
Sir Cleges fell in swooning soon
When he thought on that tide,
And on his mirths that he should hold,
And how he had his manors sold,
And his rentés wide.
Muché sorrow made he there;
He wrung his hand and wepéd sore,
And felléd was his pride.

And as he walkéd up and down
Soré sighing, he heard a soune[4]
Of divers minstrelsie;
Of trumpés, pipés, and claranis,[5]
Of harpés, lutés, and getarnis,[6]
A citole and psaltrie;
Many carols and great dancing;
On every side he heard singing,
In every place trulie.
He wrung his hands and wepéd sore,
Muché moané made he there,
Sighing piteouslie.

"Lord Jesu," he said, "heaven's king,
Of nought Thou madest allé thing,

I thank Thee of thy sonde;[7]
The mirth that I was wont to make.
At this timé for Thy sake
I fed both free and bond;
All that ever came in Thy name
Wanted neither wild nor tame
That was in my lond;
Of rich metés and drinkés good
That might be got, by the rood,
For cost I would not lend."[8]

As he stood in mourning so
His good wife came him unto,
And in her arms him hent:[9]
She kisséd him with gladsome cheer:
"My lord," she said, "my trué fere,[10]
I heard what ye ment;[11]
Ye see well it helpeth naught
To make sorrow in your heart,
Therefore I pray you stint.
Let your sorrow away gon,
And thanké God of His loan
Of all that He hath sent.

"For Christis sake I pray you blin[12]
Of all the sorrow that ye be in
In honour of this day.
Now every man should be glad,
Therefore I pray you be not sad;
Think what I you say.
Go we to our meaté swithe,[13]
And let us make us glad and blithe
As well as we may.
I hold it for the best truly,
For your meat is all ready,
I hopé to your pay."[14]

"I assenté," said he tho,[15]
And in with her he gan go,
And somewhat mended his cheer;
But nevertheless his heart was sore,
And she him comforted more and more,
His sorrow away to stere;[16]
So he began to waxé blithe,
And whipped[17] away his terés swithe,
That ran down by his lere.[18]
Then they washed and went to meat,
With such victual as they might get,
And made merrie in fere.[19]

[1] *Quite*, obtain quittance, redeem.
[2] *Lite*, little.
[3] *Leste*, lost; from First English "leosan."
[4] *Soune*, sound. French "son."
[5] *Claranis*, clarions; a line for wind instrument is followed by two lines for stringed instruments, and two for voices.
[6] *Getarnis*, citterns or guitars. The German "zither," a citole, was a sort of dulcimer, an arrangement of some fifty wires stretched on a sounding-board, and played with sticks, one having its end padded for use in the softer passages. An old Cornish drama of the fourteenth century, "Ordinale de Origine Mundi," groups in one line "cythol, crowd, fyth, ha sautry"—citole, fiddle, viol, and psaltery. The original psaltery is said to have been triangular and ten-stringed; afterwards its form was changed, and more strings were added.
[7] *Sonde*, that which is sent, a gift. "I thank Thee for thy gift." So the author of "Piers Plowman" makes Conscience say to Meed, who had quoted half a text to get Scripture warrant for ascribing victory and honour to those who gave money, that the soul which receives the gift is by so much in bondage: "The soule that the *sonde* taketh bi so moche is bounde."
[8] *Lend*, abate. French "lentir," retard the pace.
[9] *Hent*, took, seized. First English "hentan."
[10] *Fere*, companion. First English "fera" and "gefera."
[11] *Ment*, bemoaned. First English "mæ'nan."
[12] *Blin*, cease. First English "blinnan."
[13] *Swithe*, quickly; unchanged from First English.
[14] *Pay*, content, French. Old French "paie," from Latin "pacare," to pacify.
[15] *Tho* (First English "tha"), then.
[16] *Stere*, turn away; from "styran," to steer, guide, remove.
[17] *Whipped away*, whip and quip. First English "hweop" (still in vulgar use as "whop"), Cymric "chwip," are mimetic words, representing the sound of a quick movement through the air. It is still used, as here, in its first sense, to represent quick movement simply.
[18] *Lere*, face. First English "hleor," the jaw, cheek, face.
[19] *In fere*, together. First English "fera," a companion.

When they had eat, the sooth to say,
With mirth they drove the day away
As well as they might;
With their children play they ded,
And after supper went to bed,
When it was time of night;
And on the morrow they went to church
Godés service for to werch,[1]
As it was reason and right.

Sir Cleges knecléd on his knee,
To Jesús Christ prayéd he,
Because of his wife:
"Gracious Lord," he saidé thoo,[2]
"My wife and children two,
Keep them out of strife!"
The lady prayed for him again,
That God should keep him from pain
In everlasting life.
When service was done home they went,
And thankéd God with good intent,
And put away pensi.[3]

When he to his placé came,
His care was well abated then,
Thereof he gan stint:
He made his wife afore him go,
And his children[4] both two,
Himself aloné went
Into a garden there beside,
And knecléd down in that tide
And prayed God verament,[5]
And thankéd God, with all his heart,
Of his disease[6] and his povert
That to him was sent.

As he knecléd on his knee,
Underneath a cherry tree,
Making his prayére,
He raught[7] a bough on his head
And rose up in that stead,[8]
No longer kneeled he there.
When the bough was in his hond,
Groené leaves thereon he fond,
And round berries in fere.
He said, "Dear God in Trinity,
What manner of berries may these be,
That grow this time of year?

"About this time I saw never ere
That any tree should fruit[9] bear,
As far as I have sought.
He thought to taste it if he couth,[10]
And oné[11] he put in his mouth,
And sparé would he not.
After a cherry the relish was
The best that ever he ate in place
Since he was man wrought.
A little bough he gan off slive,[12]
And thought to shew it to his wife,
And in he it brought.

"Lo, dame! Here is novelty!
In our garden of a cherry-tree
I found it sickerly.
I am afeard it is tokening
Of more harm that is coming,
Forsooth thus thinketh me.[13]
But whether we have less or more,
Alway thank we God therefore;
It is best truly."

Then said the lady, with good cheer,
"Let us fill a pannier
Of this that God hath sent;
To-morrow when the day doth spring
Ye shall to Cardiff to the king,
And give him this presént;
And such a gift ye may have there
That the better we may fare this year,
I tell you verament."
Sir Cleges granted soon thereto:
"To-morrow to Cardiff will I go,
After your intent."

On the morrow, when it was light,
The lady had a pannier dight,[14]
Her eldest son called she;
"Take up this pannier goodly,[15]
And bear it forth easily
With thy father free."
Then Sir Cleges a staff took,
He had no horse, so saith the book,
To ride on his journey;
Neither steedé nor palfréy,
But a staff was his hacknéy,
As man in povertie.

Sir Cleges and his soné gent
The righté way to Cardiff went
Upon Christmas-day.
To the castle he came full right
As they were to meaté dight,
Anon, the sooth to say.

---

[1] *Werch*, work, do; First English "wyrcan," in which the *c* might be hardened or softened, like the *c* in *circe*, which has become *kirk* and *church*.

[2] *Thoo* (First English "tha"), then.

[3] *Pensi*, thought. French "pensée."

[4] Here the *r* in *children* gives the word a third syllable. So Shakespeare, in "Comedy of Errors," Act i., sc. 2—"These are the parents of those children." In "Timon of Athens," Act iii., sc. 5—"But who is man that is not angry?" and in other places.

[5] *Verament*, truly. French "vraiment."

[6] *Dis-ease*, want of ease.

[7] *Raught*, reached. First English "ræcan," to reach, had for its past tense "rahte."

[8] *Stead* (First English "stede"), place.

[9] *Fruit* had each vowel sounded, as in French.

[10] *Couth*, could. First English "cunnan," to ken, know, be able, had for its present "can," and for its past "cúthe;" this was written "couthe," "couth," "coud," then "cou'd," because (from a supposed relation to *would* and *should*) *l* seemed to be wanting; then the *l* was inserted, and we came to "could."

[11] Pronounce "ō-ne," not "wun."

[12] *Off slive*, to slive off. First English "slifan," to cleave, split.

[13] *Thinketh me*, methinks, it seems to me. From the First English impersonal verb "thincan," to seem; past "thûhte." To *think* is from "thencan," past "thôhte."

[14] *Dight*, prepared. First English "dihtan."

[15] *Goodly* has the *d* and *l* so sounded as to give the effect of a short vowel sound between them. So Shakespeare in "Henry IV., Part II.," "A rotten case abides no handling," and in "Taming of the Shrew," "While she did call me rascal fiddler."

In Sir Cleges thought to go;
But in poor clothing was he tho,[1]
And in simple array.
The Porter said full hastily,
"Thou churl, withdraw thee smartly,[2]
I rede[3] thee, without delay.

"Ellés, by Heaven and Saint Mary,
I shall break thine head on high!
Go stand in beggar's rout!
If thou comé more inwárd
It shall thee rue afterwárd,
So I shall thee clout!"
"Good sir," said Sir Cleges tho,
"I pray thou let me in go
Now withouté doubt:
The King I have a present brought
From Him that made all things of nought:
Behold all about!"

The Porter to the pannier went,
And the lid up he hent;
The cherries he gan behold.
Well he wist for his coming
With that present to the King
Great gifts have he should.
"By Him," he said, "that me bought,
Into this place com'st thou not,
As I am man of mould,
The third part but[4] thou graunt me
Of that the King will givé thee,
Whether[5] it be silver or gold!"

Sir Cleges said, "I assent."
He gave him leave, and in he went,
Withouten more letting.
In he went a greaté pace:
The Usher at the hall door was
With a staff standing,
In point Cleges for to smite:
"Go back, thou churl," he said,
"Full tite[6] without tarrying!
I shall thee beat every leth,[7]
Head and body, without greth,[8]
If thou make more pressing!"

"Good sir," said Sir Cleges than,
"For His love that madé man,
Cease your angry mood!
I have here a present brought
From Him that made all things of nought
And diéd on the rood:

This night in my garden it grew.
Behold whether[9] it be false or true;
They be fair and good."
The Usher lift the lid smartly,
And saw the cherries verily;
He marvelled in his mood.

The Usher said, "By Mary sweet,
Churl, thou comest not in yet
I tell thee sickerly,
But thou me grant, without leasing,
The third[10] part of thy winning
When thou com'st again to me."
Sir Cleges saw none other won,[11]
Thereto he granted soon anon,
It will none other be.
Then Sir Cleges with heavy cheer
Took his son and his pannier;
Into the hall went he.

The Steward walkéd therewithal
Among the lordés in the hall
That were rich in weed.[12]
To Sir Cleges he went boldly,
And said, "Who made thee so hardy
To come into this stead?
Churl," he said, "thou art too bold!
Withdraw thee with thy clothés old
Smartly, I thee rede!"[13]
"I have," he said, "a present brought
From our Lord that us dear bought
And on the rood gan[14] bleed."

The pannier took the Steward soon,
And he pulled out the pin
As smartly as he might.
The Steward said, "By Mary dear,
This saw I never this time of year
Syne I was man wrought!
Thou shalt come no nearer the King
But if[15] thou grant me mine asking,
By Him that me bought:
The third part of the King's gift
That will I havé, by my thrift,
Or further go'st thou not!"

Sir Clegés bethought him then,
"My part is least betwixt these men,
And I shall have nothing;
For my labour shall I not get
But it be a mealé's meat,"
Thus he thought sighing.

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[1] *Tho* (First English "tha"), then.

[2] *Smartly*: see note 15, page 26. So in "As You Like It," "The parts and graces of the wrestler."

[3] *Rede* (First English "ræ'dan," past "réd"), advise. "Ræ'dan," to read, discern, rule, made its past "ræ'dde."

[4] *But*, except, unless.—The *r* in *third* adds a syllable, "the thir-rid part." So also in lines 474, 476. See Note 4, page 26.

[5] *Whether* was often pronounced as a monosyllable, by elision of *th*. So in Shakespeare, "Julius Cæsar," Act v., sc. 4—"But see whether Brutus be alive or no."

[6] *Tite*, quickly. Icelandic "tithr" and "títt."

[7] *Leth*, limb. First English "lith."

[8] *Greth*, privilege of protection to you. First English "grith," the king's peace, or protection given to officials; privilege of security within a certain place.

[9] *Whether* is here again contracted into a monosyllable.

[10] The *r* here adds a syllable. See Note 4, page 26.

[11] *Won*, way. First English "wune," practice, custom.

[12] *Weed*, dress. First English "wæd," a garment, clothing. The word remains in "widow's weeds."

[13] *Rede*, advise. First English "ræ'dan," to counsel, made its past tense "réd," and participle "ræ'den." "Ræ'dan," to read, interpret, decree, rule, made its past "ræ'dde," and its participle "ræ'ded."

[14] *Gan* often served, as here, only to give more emphasis to the verb that followed; and the inceptive sense was seldom so strongly marked as to bear translation by the word "began." In First English "gin," meaning open, spacious, vast, from the root of the word "yawn," was used in composition as simply intensive: "fæst," firm; "ginfæst," very firm. Although "ginan," to yawn, become spacious, past "gán," is not related to the verb "onginnan," to begin, past "ongan," I am not sure whether the use of one root as intensive may not, in some degree, have affected the use of the other.

[15] *But if*, unless.

He said, "Harlot, hast no tongue?
Speak to me and tarry not long,
And grant me mine asking;
Or with a staff I shall thee wake
That thy ribs shall all to quake,
And put thee out headling."[1]

Sir Cleges saw none other bot[2]
But his asking grant he mot,
And said with sighing sore:
"Whatsoever the King reward
Ye shall have the third part[3]
Be it less or more."
Up to the dais Sir Cleges went,
Full soberly[4] and with good intent
Kneeling the King before.

Sir Cleges uncovered the pannier
And shewed the King the cherries clear
On the ground kneeling.
He said, "Jesu our Saviour
Sent thee this fruit with honour
On this earth growing."
The King saw these cherries new;
He said, "I thanké Christ Jesu,
This is a fair newing."[5]
He commanded Sir Cleges to meat,
And after thought with him to speak,
Without any failing.

The King thereof[6] made a present
And sent it to a lady gent
Was born in Cornewaile:
She was a lady bright and shene,[7]
And also right well beseen,
Without any fail.
The cherries were served through the hall,
Then said the King, that lord royál,
"Be merry, by my counséil;
And he that brought me this presént
Full well I shall him content,
It shall him well avail."

When all men were merry and glad
Anon the king a squiér bade
"Bring now me beforn
The poor man that the cherries brought!"
He came anon and tarried not,
Without any scorn.
When he came before the King
On his knees he fell kneeling
The lords all beforn.
To the King he spake full still:
"Lord," he said, "what is your will?
I am your man free born."

"I thank thee heartily," said the King,
"Of thy gift and presenting
That thou hast now i-do.
Thou hast honóuréd all my feast,
Old and youngé, most and least,
And worshipp'd me also:
Whatsoever thou wilt have,
I will thee grant, so God me save,
That thine heart standeth to."

He said, "Gramércy, liegé King,
This is to me a comforting:
I tell you sickerly
For to havé land or ledo[8]
Or other riches, so God me speed,
It is too much for me.
But sith[9] I shall choosé myself,
I pray you grant me strokés twelve
To deal where liketh me;
With my staff to pay them all
To mine advérsaries in the hall,
For Saint Charitie."

Then answeréd Uthér the King,
"I repent of my granting
That I to thee made.
Good," he said, "so mote I thee,[10]
Thou haddest better have gold or fee,
More need thereto thou had."
Sir Cleges said, with a waunt,[11]
"Lord, it is your owen grant,
Therefore I am full glad."
The King was sorry theréfore,
But nathéless he granted him there,
Therefore he was full sad.

Sir Cleges went into the hall
Among the greaté lordés all
Withouten any more.
He sought after the proud Stewárd,
For to give him his reward
Because he grieved him sore.
He gave the Steward such a stroke
That he fell down as a block
Before all that therein were:
And after he gave him other three
He said, "Sir, for thy courtesy
Smité me no more!"

Out of the hall Sir Cleges went,
More to pay was his intent
Without any let.[12]
He went to the Usher in a braid,[13]
"Have here some strokés," he said,
When he with him met,

---

[1] *Headling*, headlong.

[2] *Bot* (First English, "bót"), help, remedy, amends; as in "It boots not," and such later phrases.

[3] See Note 4, page 26.

[4] The *y* in "soberly" runs into one syllable with the following vowel. So in Milton—"Though all our glory extinct and happy state" (*Paradise Lost*, i. 141).

[5] *Newing*, New-Year's gift.

[6] *Thereof*, out of them.

[7] *Shene* (First English "scén" (German, "schön"), beautiful; from "scinan," to shine.

[8] *Lede*, people. First English "leode."

[9] *Sith*, since.

[10] *So mote I thee*, so may I thrive. First English "theon," to thrive; "ic theo," I thrive.

[11] *Waunt*, shake of the head. First English "wagian," to wag or shake.

[12] *Let*, hindrance.

[13] *Braid*, start. Old Norse "bregth," quick motion; "bregtha," to wake out of sleep, start. So in "Genesis and Exodus," when Pharaoh had dreamt of the fat and lean kine, it is said, "The king abraid and woe in thogt."

So that after and many a day
He would warn[1] no man the way,
  So grimly he him gret.[2]
Sir Cleges said, "By my thrift,
Thou hast the third[3] part of my gift
  As I thee behight."[4]

Then he went to the Portere,
And four strokés he gave him there
  His part had he thereto,
So that after and many a day
He would warn no man the way
  Neither to ride neither go.
The firsté stroke he laid him on
He brake in two his shoulder-bone
  And his one arm thereto.
Sir Cleges saidé, "By my thrift,
Thou hast the third part of my gift,
  The covenant we made so."

Sir Cleges kneeled before the King,
For he granted his asking
  He thank'd him courteously.
Specially the King him prayed
To tell him why those strokes he paid
  To his men three.[5]
He said, "I might not come inwárd
Till each I granted[6] the third part
  Of that ye would give me.
With that I should have nought myself,
Wherefore I gave them strokés twelf,
  Methought it best truly."

The lordés laughed both old and yeng,
And all that weren with the King,
  They made soláce enow.
The King laughed [on till it was night;][7]
He said, "This is a noble wight:
  To God I make a vow!"
He sent after his [sore] Steward,
"Hast thou," he said, "thy reward,
  [Or shall he pay more now?"
The Steward said, and he looked grim,
"I think me now in debt to him
  For my taste of his bough."]

The King was set in his parlóur
With mirth, soláce, and great honóur,
  Sir Cleges thither went.
A harper sang a gest by mouth
Of a knight was there by sooth,
  Himself verament.

A KING'S FEAST.
From MS. Reg.—2, Bk. VII., fol. 71.

Then said the King to the Harpér,
"Where is knight Cleges? Tell me here,
  For thou hast wide i-went.
Tell me the truth if thou can,
Knowest thou aught of that man?"
  The Harpér said, "Yea, i-wis.[8]

"Sometimé, for sooth, I him knew,
He was a knight of yours full true,
  And comely of gestúre.
We minstrels miss him sickerly
Sith he went out of country,[9]
  He was fair of statúre."
The King said to him, "By mine head,
I trow that Sir Clegés be dead,
  That I loved par amour.
Wouldé God he were alive!
I had him liever[10] than other five,
  For he was strong in stour."[11]

The King Uthér said to him than,
"What is thy name? tell me, good man,
  Now anon right."
"I hight Sir Cleges, so have I blisse,
My righté name it is i-wis;
  I was your owen knight."
"Art thou Sir Cleges, that served me,
That was so gentil and so free,
  And so strong in fight?"
"Yea, Sir Lord," he said, "so mot I thee,[12]
Till God in heaven had visit me
  Thus poverte hath me dight."

The King gave him anon right
All that 'longed to a knight
  To rich his body with;
The Castle of Cardiff he gave him then.
[What else is now beyond our ken;
  We have the pith.

[1] *Warn*, forbid. First English "wyrnan," to forbid, to deny; "warnian," to take care, to warn.

[2] *Gret*, greeted. First English "grétan."

[3] Here and in the two following stanzas *third*, as before, becomes a dissyllable, by rolling the *r*.

[4] *Behight* (First English "behét"), promised.

[5] *Three* counts as two syllables (*ther-ee*) in the metre by the rolling of *r*.

[6] *Granted*: *ed* after *t* was scarcely sounded, often it was not written. So Shakespeare in "Cymbeline," "I fast and prayed for their intelligence."

[7] The words in square brackets are substituted for "so not might." Square brackets indicate some alteration in following lines of this stanza.

[8] First English "gewis," certainly.

[9] Here the *r* in *country* makes it a word of three syllables. So Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night," Act i., sc. 2:—

"Mine own escape unfoldeth to mine hope
The like of him. Know'st thou this *count-r-y*?"

[10] *Liever* (First English "leófre"), dearer. The *r* in words like *ever*, *ever* (o'er, e'er), *having*, *evil*, *liever*, *devil* (de'il), was often dropped in pronunciation, making of any such word, as here, a monosyllable.

[11] *Stour*, battle. Old French "estour;" Icelandic "styr."

[12] *So mot I thee*, so may I thrive. See Note 10, page 28. It was a common form of asseveration. In the "Vision of Piers Plowman," when Avarice, preached to by Repentance, told of Misdeed, he added an oath, so might he thrive, that he would give up that sin. "Ac I swere now, *so the ie*, that synne wil I lete."

Lost lines had told, to close the song,
Of Clarice gentle, Cleges strong,
And all their kith,
How lands came back and love remained,
And trust in God the knight retained
To rich his spirit with.] 540

HEAD OF EDWARD III.

As copied in Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments," from his Tomb in Westminster Abbey.

The victories of Edward III. over the Scots and French, from July, 1333, when he won the battle of Halidon Hill, to January, 1352, the date of the capture of Guines Castle (a period including the battle of Crecy, on the 26th of August, 1346), had a poet in Laurence Minot, who strung together his lyrics in the form next to be illustrated. In the pieces given from Minot, where an obsolete word can, without loss of metre, alliteration, or rhyme, be modernised in reading the text, that is done, and the original word is given in a foot-note; otherwise the obsolete word is in the text and the interpretation in the foot-note. In each case the reader has the words of the original. Let us take the poems following that upon Crecy, which form a little more than a third part of the whole series.

The events celebrated are:—

(1) The siege of Calais, begun on the 3rd of September, 1346. King Edward camped about the place to reduce it by famine without assault of artillery. The town held out for more than eleven months, during which King Philip VI. of France—Philip of Valois—failed in his endeavours to relieve it. Calais surrendered unconditionally on the 4th of August, 1347. The well-known story of Queen Philippa's saving of the lives of the six burgesses of Calais who brought the keys of the town we owe to Froissart alone. After the surrender of Calais the town was peopled with English, and belonged to England for the next 210 years.

(2) The battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, fought on the 12th of October, 1346, about a month after King Edward had begun his investment of Calais. The Scots, as they usually did when the King of England was making war in France, had crossed the border; but they were defeated at Neville's Cross by Earl Percy. David Bruce, their king, was taken prisoner. King David of Scotland remained prisoner in England until 1357, and was so, therefore, when Laurence Minot wrote his war poems.

(3) A victory over the Spaniards who, in the summer of 1350, occupied our seas with forty-four great ships of war, took a revenge for former injuries by spoiling and sinking ten English ships on their way from Gascony, and then went triumphing into Sluys. King Edward gathered a navy of fifty ships and pinnaces to catch the Spanish fleet on its return, and met it at Winchilsea, where, says John Stow, "the great Spanish vessels surmounting our ships and foists,[1] like as castles to cottages, sharply assailed our men; the stones and quarrels flying from the tops sore and cruelly wounded our men, who are no less busy to fight aloof with lance and sword, and with the fore ward manfully defend themselves; at length our archers pierced their arbalisters with a further reach than they could strike again, and thereby compelled them to forsake their place, and caused others fighting from the hatches to shade themselves with tables of the ships, and compelled them that threw stones from the tops so to hide them that they durst not show their heads but tumble down; then our men entering the Spanish vessels with swords and halberds, kill those they meet, within a while making void the vessels, and furnish them with Englishmen, until they, being beset with darkness of the night, could not discern the twenty-seven yet remaining untaken. Our men cast anchor, studying of the hoped battle, supposing nothing finished while anything remained undone, dressing the wounded, throwing the miserable Spaniards into the sea, refreshing themselves with victuals and sleep, yet committing the vigilant watch to the armed band. The night overpassed, the Englishmen prepared (but in vain) to a new battle; but when the sun began to appear they, viewing the seas, could perceive no sign of resistance; for twenty-seven ships, flying away by night, left seventeen, spoiled in the evening, to the king's pleasure, but against their will. The king returned into England with victory and triumph; the king preferred there eighty noble imps[2] to the order of knighthood, greatly bewailing the loss of one, to wit, Sir Richard Goldsborough, knight."

(4) The taking of Guines Castle, six miles from Calais, by John of Doncaster. John of Doncaster was an English archer among the prisoners of Guines who had no friends to ransom him, and was employed to work at restoration of the castle walls. He became acquainted with a way across the castle ditch by a submerged wall, two feet broad with a break of two feet in the middle, that was used by fishers. John of Doncaster measured the height of the

[1] A *foist* was a barge or pinnace, from Dutch *fuste*.—A *quarrel* was the square dart shot from a crossbow.

[2] From First English "impan," to engraft, "imp" means a graft or shoot, thence offspring. So Spenser, in the Introduction to Book I. of the "Faërie Queene," addresses the "most dreaded imp of highest Jove, fair Venus' son." The "imps" in the text were therefore sons of noble houses, raised from the grade of squire to that of knight.

ramparts with a thread, escaped over the ditch to Calais, and there conspired with thirty men, greedy of prey, to get leathern scaling-ladders of the requisite height, advance on the castle under cover of night and in black armour, catch its custodians asleep, and win their prize. This they did one night in January, 1352, in time of truce between England and France, and the town of Guines did not know till next day that its castle had been taken. When the Earl of Guines demanded in whose name it had been attacked and seized in a time of truce, the reply was that it had been taken in the name of John of Doncaster; that although its captors were Englishmen, they were not English subjects, but outlaws, and that they meant to sell their prize. The earl bid high for his castle, but John of Doncaster replied that he preferred to sell it to the King of England; and if the King of England would not buy it, he would sell it to King John of France (who, at the age of thirty-two, had succeeded his father Philip in 1350), or to any who would make a better bid. King Edward

ARMOUR OF EDWARD III.

As copied in Grose's "Military Antiquities," from the Collection in the Tower of London.

bought the castle of its captors; and with a poem upon this adventure Minot ends. If he had lived to see the close of the truce between England and France, he would surely have added some rhymes on the battle of Poitiers, in September, 1356, when "Sir John of France" was taken prisoner.

WAR POEMS OF LAURENCE MINOT.

(1) *How Edward, as the Romance says, Held his Siege before Calais.*

Calais men, now may ye care
And mourning mun ye have to meed:
Mirth on mould get ye no mair
Sir Edward shall ken you your creed.
Whilome where ye wicht[1] in weed
To robbing rathly for to ren;[2]
Mend you soon of your misdeed,
Your care is comen, will ye it ken.

Kenn'd it is how ye were keen
All Englishmen with dole to dere,[3]
Their goods took ye albidene,[4]
No man born would ye forbere;
Ye spared not with sword nor spear
To stick them and their goods to steal;
With weapon and with deed of were[5]
Thus have ye wonnen worldés weal.

Wealful men were ye iwis,[6]
But far on fold[7] shall ye not fare,
A Boar[8] shall now abate your bliss
And work you bale on bankës bare.
He shall you hunt as hound does hare,
That in no hole shall ye you[9] hide;
For all your speech will he not spare,
But biggés[10] him right by your side.

Beside you here the Boar begins
To big his bower in wintertide,
And all betime takes he his inns
With seemly serjeants him beside.
The word of him walkés full wide,
Jesu save him from mischance!
In battle dare he well abide
Sir Philip and Sir John of France.

The Franchémen are fierce and fell,
And make great dray[11] when they are dight.
By them[12] men heard such[13] talës tell,
With Edward think they for to fight,
Him for to hold out of his right,
And do him treason with their tales;
That was their purpose, day and night,
By counsel of the cardinales.[14]

[1] *Wicht* is still the Scottish form of the old Swedish "wig," strong, powerful, allied to the "vig" in Latin "vigor."

[2] The Calais men had been bold when equipped for a quick run, a raid in search of plunder. First English "hræth," swift, quick.

[3] *With dole to dere*, to hurt by fraud or malice. First English "derian," to injure; French "dol;" Latin "dolus," deceit.

[4] *Albidene*, altogether. "Bidene" or "bedene" is an adverb of uncertain origin, frequently used with "all" before it.

[5] *Were*, war.

[6] *Iwis*, certainly. First English "gewis."

[7] *Fold* (First English "folde"), the surface of the earth.

[8] *A Boar*. Minot applies to Edward III. a prophecy ascribed to Merlin, of a Boar that should make Spain tremble, and set his head in France, while his tail rested in England, where he was born.

[9] *Ye you*. Observe here the right use of *ye* (ge) as nominative; *you* (eow) as accusative. It is always so in our version of the Bible. For example (Jeremiah xvi. 12, 13): "Ye have done worse than your fathers; for, behold, *ye* walk every one after the imagination of his evil heart: . . . . therefore will I cast *you* out of this land into a land that *ye* know not, neither *ye* nor your fathers; and there shall *ye* serve other gods day and night; where I will not shew *you* favour."

[10] *Bigges*, builds. Icelandic "byggja." King Edward "made carpenters to make houses and lodgings of great timber, and set the houses like streets, and covered them with reed and broom; so that it was like a little town; and there was everything to sell, and a market-place to be kept every Tuesday and Saturday." (*Froissart.*)

[11] *Make great dray*, dray and deray (Old French "desroy"), disorder.

[12] *By them*, of them.

[13] *Slike*, "swa lic" = so like, thence "slike." Scottish "swilk," German "solch," English "such."

[14] *The cardinales*. King Philip having brought an army to raise the siege of Calais, found the only ways of approach too well defended

Cardinales with hattés red
Were from Calais well three mile,
They took their counsel in that stead
How they might Sir Edwárd beguile.
They lended[1] there but little while
To[2] Franchémen to grant their grace;
Sir Philip was founden a file,[3]
He fled, and fought not in that place.

In that place the Boar was blithe,
For all was found that he had sought;
Philip the Valois fled full swithe
With the batáil that he had brought:
For to have Calais had he thought,
All at his leading loud or still;
But all their wilés were for nought,
Edward won it at his will.

Listen now and ye may lere[4]
As men the sooth may understand;
The knightés that in Calais were
Come to Sir Edward sair wepánd,
In kirtle only[5] and sword in hand,
And cried, "Sir Edward, thine we are,
Do now, lord, by law of land,
Thy will with us for ever mair."

The noble burgase[6] and the best
Come unto him to have their hire;
The common people were full prest[7]
Ropes to bring about their swire.[8]
They said all, "Sir Philip, our sire,
And his son, Sir John of France,
Have left us lying[9] in the mire,
And brought us to[10] this doleful dance.

"Our horses that were fair and fat
Are eaten up ilk one bidene;[11]
Have we neither coney nor cat
That are not[12] eaten, and houndés keen
All are eaten up full clean,
Is neither leavéd bitch nor whelp
That is well in our semblance[13] seen,
And they are fled that should us help."

A knight that was of great renown,
Sir John de Vienne was his name,
He was Warden of the Town
And had done England mickle shame.
For all their boast they are to blame,
Full stalwartly there have they striven,
A Boar is comen to make them tame,
Keys of the town to him are given.

The keys are yolden[14] him of the gate,
Let him now keep them if he cun;
To Calais come they all too late,
Sir Philip and Sir John his son.
All were full feared[15] that there were fun
Their leaders may they barely ban.[16]
All on this wise was Calais won;
God save them that it so gat wan.[17]

EDWARD III. GRANTING THE CONQUERED PROVINCES IN FRANCE T THE BLACK PRINCE.

From Initial Letter of the Original Grant, Cotton MS.—Nero D. VI.

(2) *Sir David had of his men great loss,*
With Sir Edward, at the Nevil's Cross.

Sir David the Bruce
Was at his distánce,
When Edward the Baliol[18]
Rode with his lance;

against him. Then, says Froissart, "In the mean season, while the French king studied how to fight with the King of England, there came into his host two cardinals from Bishop Clement, in legation, who took great pains to ride between these hosts; and they procured so much that there was granted a certain treaty of accord and a respite between the two kings and their men, being there at the siege and in the field all only. And so there were four lords appointed on either party to counsel together, and to treat for peace; and the two cardinals were means between the parties. These lords met three days, and many devices put forth, but none effect; then the two cardinals returned to Saint Omer's; and when the French king saw that he could do nothing, the next day he dislodged betimes and took his way to Amiens, and gave every man leave to depart." Upon which followed the surrender.

[1] *Lended*, dwelt, stayed. Icelandic "lenda," to fix one's seat.

[2] *To*, Minot wrote "til."

[3] *File*, cheat. The Rev. J. C. Atkinson, in his excellent *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect*, traces this sense of the word from First English "wigelung," "gewiglung," deception, juggling. The *g* in "wigel," when softened by position into *y*, only added to the length of the preceding *i*, and then, since *w* is interchangeable with *v* and *f*, we get the word "file" with unaltered sense; its sense in the phrase "cunning old file."

[4] *Lere*, learn. First English "læran," from "lár," lore, learning.

[5] *Only*. Minot wrote "one."

[6] *Burgase* (French "bourgeois"), citizens, burgesses.

[7] *Prest* (French "prêt"), ready.

[8] *Swire* (First English "sweora"), neck.

[9] *Has left us ligand.*

[10] *To*, til.

[11] *Bidene*. See Note 4, page 31.

[12] *Are not*. Minot wrote "ne er."

[13] *On our semblance*, in our lean faces and figures.

[14] *Yolden*, yielded. The *g* in the following word "gate," pronounced "yate," was softened to another *y*.

[15] *Feared*, struck with fear; *fun*, found.

[16] *Barely ban*, curse openly, without cover.

[17] *Gat, wan*, got won, caused to be won.

[18] *Edward the Baliol*. Joseph Ritson, who published Minot's Poems in 1825, pointed out that Thomas Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, supposed Edward Baliol, here mentioned, to be King Edward III., who was in France, besieging Calais, at the date of the battle of Neville's Cross. Edward, son of John de Baliol, the

The north end of England
  Teached him to dance,
When he was met on the moor
  With mickle mischance.
Sir Philip the Valois
  May him not advance,
The flowers[1] that fair were
  Are fallen in France;
The flowers are now fallen
  That fierce were and fell,[2]
A Boar with his bataille
  Has done them to dwell.[3]

Sir David the Bruce
  Said he should fonde,[4]
To ride through all England
  Would he not wonde;[5]
At the Westminster Hall
  Should his steeds stonde,
While our King Edward
  Was out of the londe;
But now his Sir David
  Missed of his marks,
And Philip the Valois,
  With all their great clerks.

DAVID THE BRUCE.
From Pinkerton's "Scottish Gallery."

Sir Philip the Valois,
  Sooth for to say,
Sent únto Sir David
  And fair gan him pray
To ridé[6] through England
  Their foemen to slay,
And said, "None is at home
  To let[7] him the way
To wend where he will:
  But with shepherd staves
Found he his fill."

From Philip the Valois
  Was Sir David sent,
All England to win
  From Tweed unto Trent;
He brought many bear-bags[8]
  With bow ready bent.
They robbed and they reaved
  And held that they hent,[9]
It was in the wane of year[10]
  That they forth went;
For coveitise of cattle
  Those shrews were shent;[11]
Shent were those shrews
  And ailéd unsele,[12]
For at the Nevil Cross
  Needs bade them kneel.

At the Archbishop of York
  Now will I begin,
For he may, with his right hand,
  Assoil[13] us of sin.
Both Durham and Carlisle
  They would never blin[14]
The worship of England
  With weapon to win;[15]

---

claimant of the Scottish crown, whom Edward favoured and called King of Scotland, renounced his title for an annuity in 1356.

[1] *The flowers*, meaning the lilies of France.

[2] *Fell*, cruel.

[3] *Done them to dwell*, caused them to be as if dead. "Dwala," in Old Swedish, was a state of life resembling death, as of the flies in cold weather. The root of the word is in all the Gothic languages. In Old German, "twelan" was to be torpid. "Dualm" is still Scottish for "swoon."

[4] *Fonde* (First English "fandian"), try.

[5] *Wonde*, fear (First English "wandian," to fear, omit, neglect, shrink from).

[6] *At ride*. A Northern form. Scotland and France were allies for defence of each against the King of England, as their common enemy. In those days the French alliance was a part of Scottish nationality; and whenever the English crossed the Channel the Scots usually crossed the Border.

[7] *Let* means hinder.

[8] *Bear-bags*. The Scots are called "bere-bags," because each man, on a military expedition, carried behind his saddle a little sack of oatmeal, and also had with him a metal plate, on which to make it into oatcake. "Wherefore," says Froissart, "it is no great marvel though they made greater journeys than other people do."

[9] *Hent*, seized, from "hentan," to search closely after, pursue, seize.

[10] *Wanand*. It may be wane of moon. The day of defeat was the 12th of October.

[11] *Shent*, from First English "scendan," to confound, put to shame. The old word *schrewe*, defined by "pravus" in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," a man of crooked, evil ways, is from "syru" or "searo," a snare or treacherous contrivance. The "three shrews" in Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale" were riotous youths who found death in the snares they set for one another.

[12] *Ailed unsele*, pained with mishap. *Ailed*, from "eglian," to inflict pain, prick, torment; *unsele*, from the negative of "sæl," good opportunity, prosperity, happiness.

[13] *Assoil*, absolve.

[14] *Blin* (First English "blinnan"), cease, rest.

[15] *With weapon to win*. "The lords and prelates of England said they were content to adventure their lives with the right and heritage of the King of England, their master. . . . Then the Scots came and lodged against them near together: then every man was set in order of battle. Then the Queen came among her men, and there was ordained four batayls, one to aid another. The first had in governance the Bishop of Durham and the Lord Percy; the second, the Archbishop of York and the Lord Neville; the third, the Bishop of Lincoln and the Lord Mowbray; the fourth, the Lord Edward de Baliol, captain of Berwick, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Rose." (Froissart.)

Mickle worship they won
And wel have they waken,[1]
For Sir David the Bruce
Was in that time taken.

BATTLE PIECE.
From Harleian MS.—2278, fol. 50.

When Sir David the Bruce
Sat on his steed,
He said of all England
Had he no dread;
But handy John Copland,[2]
A wicht man in weed[3]
Talkéd to David,
And kenned him his creed:
There was Sir David
So doughty in his deed,
The fair Tower of London
Had he to meed.

Soon then was Sir David
Brought unto the Tower,
And William the Douglas
With men of honóur,
Full swithe ready service
Found they there a shower,
For first they drank of the sweet
And senin[4] of the sour.
Then Sir David the Bruce
Makés his moan,
The fair crown of Scotland
Has he foregone;
He lookéd forth into France,
Help had he none
Of Sir Philip the Valois
Nor yet of Sir John.

The pride of Sir David
Began fast to slaken,
For he wakened the war
That held himself waken;

For Philip the Valois
Had he bread baken,
And in the Tower of London
His inns are taken:
To be both in one[5] place
Their foreward they nomen,[6]
But Philip failed there,
And David is comen.

Sir David the Bruce
On this manere
Said unto Sir Philip
All these saws thus sere:[7]
"Philip the Valois,
Thou made me be here;
This is not the foreward
We made ere toge'er;
False is thy foreward
And evil[8] mot thou fare,
For thou and Sir John thy son
Have cast me in care."

The Scots with their falsehood
Thus went they about
For to win England
While Edward was out;
For Cuthbert of Durham
Had they no doubt,
Therefore at Nevil Cross
Low gan they lout.
There louted they low,
And levéd[9] alane.
Thus was David the Bruce
Into the Tow'r ta'en.

DAVID THE BRUCE AND EDWARD III.
*From an Illumination at the head of the Articles of Peace between them, Cotton MS.—*Nero D. VI.

[1] *Waken*, kept watch.

[2] *Hinde John of Coupland.* From First English "gehende," what is at hand or near, came the word "hende," in frequent and various use, as at hand, near, ready, polite, gentle.

[3] *A wicht man in weed*, phrase for a vigorous man in his war dress. John Copland was a squire who took the King of Scotland prisoner in battle, with loss only of two teeth knocked out by David's dagger. As he refused to deliver his prisoner to the Queen, he was summoned to Calais by King Edward, who there thanked him, made him a banneret, rewarded him with land to the value of five hundred pounds a year, granting him that income from the customs of London and Berwick until the land was found for him, and bade him give up his prisoner.

[4] *Senin* (First English "sith-than"), after that, afterwards, since.

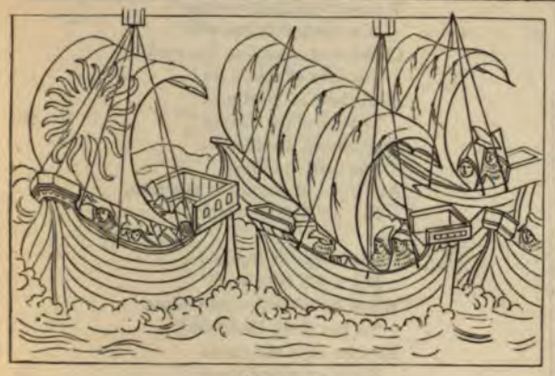
[5] *A place.* *An*, or *a* before a consonant, was the old form of "one."

[6] *Thaire forward thai nomen*, they took their promise of each other. First English "foreward," a covenant made beforehand. First English "niman," to take; past "nám."

[7] *Seir* (Old Swedish "saer"), several.

[8] *Evil* is contracted to a monosyllable, as in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" (Act v. sc. 5), "The evils she hatch'd were not effected so." And in Act i., the third line of the second scene.

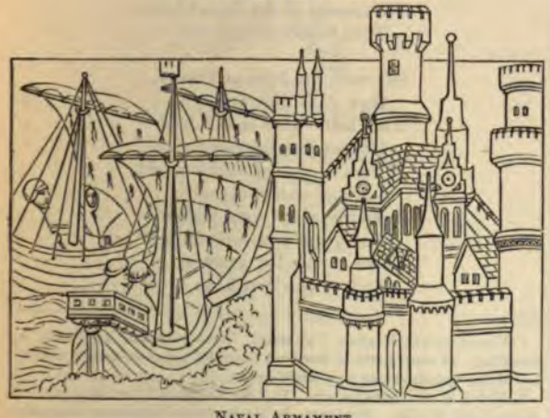
[9] *Levéd*, remained, were left.



WAR SHIPS.
From Harleian MS.—1319, fol. 18.

(3) *How King Edwárd and his Menè Met with the Spaniards on the Sea.*

I would not spare for to speak
  Wist I to speed,[1]
Of wicht men with weapon,
  And worthy in weed,
That now are driven to dale[2]
  And dead all their deed,
They sail in the sea ground,
  Fishes to feed:
Fele fishes they feed
  For all their great fare,[3]
It was in the wane of day[4]
  That they came there.



NAVAL ARMAMENT.
From Harleian MS.—1319, fol. 14.

They sailed forth in the Swin[5]
  In a summer's tide,
With trumpets and tabors,
  And mickle other pride;
The word[6] of those warmen
  Walkéd full wide.
The goods that they robbéd
  In hull gan they hide:
In hull then they hided
  Great wealth as I ween,
Of gold and of silver,
  Of scarlet and green.

When they sailed westward,
  Those wicht men in war,
Their hardis[7] their anchors
  Hanged they on here;[8]
Wicht men of the west
  Nighed them nerr[9]
And gert them snapper[10] in the snare,
  Might they no ferr;[11]
Far might they not flit
  But there must they fine,[12]
And that they before reaved[13]
  Then must they tyne.[14]

Boy with the black beard,
  I rede that thou blin,[15]
And soon set thee to shrive
  With sorrow of thy sin;
If thou were in England
  Nought shalt thou win,
Come thou more on that coast
  Thy bale shall begin,
There kindles thy care;
  Keen men shall thee keep,
And do thee die on a day,
  And dump[16] in the deep.

Ye brought out of Britain
  Your custom with care,
Ye met with the merchants
  And made them full bare;
'Tis good reason and right
  That ye evil misfare,
When ye would in England
  Lere of a new lare:[17]

---

[1] *Wist I to speed*, if I knew how to prosper. First English "spédan," to speed, prosper; the sense in such phrases as "Speed the plough," or "More haste less speed."—*Wicht*, vigorous. See Note 1, page 24.

[2] *Weed*, dress. See Note 12, page 27.—*Dale* (French "deuil"), grief.

[3] *Fele* (First English "fela"), many. — *Fare*, solemn preparation. Allied to German "feier," solemnity.

[4] *In the waniand*. Perhaps wane of year. Stow says that the fleets met at Winchelsea "upon the Feast of the Decollation of St. John, about evensong time." That would be on the 29th of August.

[5] *The Swin*. A passage between Cadsand, at the mouth of the West Scheldt, and the south-west of Flanders. Cadsand is opposite the seaport of Sluys, to which the Spanish ships went after they had waylaid, spoiled, and destroyed the ten English vessels from Gascony.

[6] *Word . . walked full wide*, fame travelled far.

[7] *Hardis*, light defence against arrows.

[8] *On here*, for expedition of war. First English "here," a hostile expedition.

[9] *Nerr*, nearer. First English "neáh," near; comparative, "neárre," "neár," and "nyr."

[10] *Gert them snaper*, made them stumble. "Gar" (Icelandic "gora" and "gera"), to make; "snaper" (Old Swedish "snafwa"), to stagger or reel.

[11] *Ferr*, farther. First English "feor;" comparative, "fyrre" and "fyr."

[12] *Fine* (French "finir"), end.

[13] *Reave* (First English "reafian"), to seize, rob.

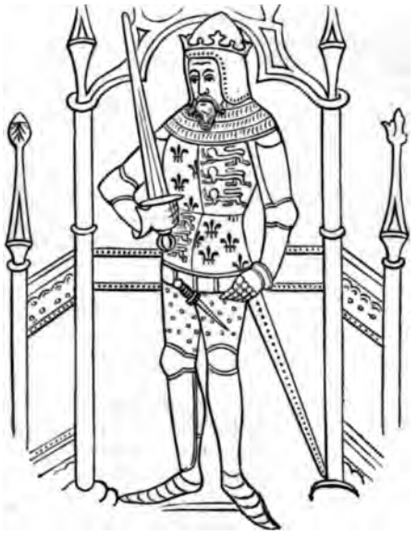
[14] *Tyne* (Icelandic "týna"), lose.

[15] *Blin*, cease. See Note 14, page 33.

[16] *Domp* (Modern Scottish "dump"), to plunge. The dumps that we are sometimes down in derive their name from Dutch "domp," English "damp" (the damps), German "dampf" (steam, vapour), a Teutonic name for "the vapours" supposed to be caused by vapours from the humours of the body. When the Spaniards are said to be thrown overboard "dump in the deep," the word, used in that way, is probably mimetic, like "plump."

[17] *Lere of a new lare*, learn a new lesson. First English "lár," lore, teaching.

New lare shall ye lere,
Sir Edward to lout,[1]
For when ye stood in your strength
Ye were all too stout.



KING EDWARD III.
From Cotton MS.—Nero D. VI.

(4) *How Gentle Sir Edward, with his great Engines, Won with his Wicht Men the Castle of Guines.*

Were this winter away
Well would I ween
That summer should show him
In shawës full sheen;[2]
Both the Lily and the Leopard[3]
Should gather on a green.
Mary, have mind of thy man,
Thou wot whom I mean;
Lady, think what I mean
I make thee my mone;[4]
Thou wreak good King Edward
On wicked Sir John.

Of Guines full gladly
Now will I begin
We wot well that woning[5]
Was wicked for to win:[6]
Christ that swelt[7] on the rood[8]
For sake of man's sin,
Hold them in good heal
That now are therein!
Englishmen are therein
The castle to keep;
And John of France is so wroth,
For wo will he weep.

Gentle John of Doncaster
Did a full bold deed,
When he came toward Guines
To ken them their creed;
He stirt unto the castle
Withouten any steed,
Of folk that he found there
Had he no drede;
Dread in heart had he none
Of all he found there;
Fain were they to flee
For all their great fear.

A leatheren ladder
And a long line,
A small boat was thereby,
That put them from pine;
The folk that they found there
Was fain for to fyne;[9]
Soon their dinner was dight[10]
And there would they dine;
There was their purpose
To dine and to dwell,
For treason of the Franché-men
That false were and fell.

Say now, Sir John of France,
How shalt thou fare,
That both Calais and Guines
Has kindled thy care?
If thou be man of mickle might,
Leap up on thy mare,
Take thy gate[11] unto Guines,
And greet them well there;[12]
There greetés thy guestés
And wendés[13] with wo,

---

[1] *Sir Edward to lout*, to bow to King Edward. First English "hlútan," to bow.

[2] *Shaw* (First English "scúa" and "scáwa," shade), a wood. *Sheen* (First English "scíne," from "scínan," to shine), bright, beautiful.

[3] *The Lily* of France. *The Leopard*, now Lion, of England. They both adorn King Edward's coat in the sketch by a contemporary copied on this page. Drayton, in his "Polyolbion" (Eleventh Song), praised the Old English armies that

> "Of our tall yeomen were, and footmen for the most,
> Who with their bills and bows may confidently boast
> Our Leopards they so long and bravely did advance
> Above the Flower-de-lice even in the heart of France."

John Selden, in a Note upon this, produced authority to show that the Lions on the English coat-of-arms used to be Leopards; and this line in Minot's poems adds to the evidence.

[4] *Mone*, probably from "mune" (First English "myne"), thought, remembrance; "mænan," to have in mind, and not "mæ'nan," to moan.

[5] *Woning* (First English "wununng," from "wunian," to dwell), a dwelling. In some parts of Scotland the chief house on a farm is still called the wonnin-house or wunnin'-house.

[6] *Wicked to win*, hard to win. In "Sir Tristram," "wick to slow" means hard to slay. Jamieson, in his Scottish Dictionary, suggests that "wicked" used in this sense is from the root of *wicht* (the *vig* in *vigour*), or allied to the Cymric "gwech," brave; and therefore not related to the "wicked" now in use.

[7] *Swelt* (First English "sweltan," to die), died.

[8] *Rode* (First English "ród"), rood, cross; so Holyrood means Holycross.

[9] *Fyne* (French "finir"), make an end; so in line 34, page 35.

[10] *Dight*, from First English "dihtan," to set in order, arrange, prepare.

[11] *Take thy gate*, go thy way; Icelandic "gata," a way; German, "Gasse."

[12] *Greet them well there*. *Greet* is from First English "grétan," past "grette," to go to meet, greet in the modern English sense. In "there *greetes* thy guestés," greet is from First English "græ'tan," past "græt," to weep or cry out, a word still used in Scotland.

[13] *Wendés*, from First English "wendan," to go. The final *s* in *greetes* and *wendes* was the regular plural of the present indicative in Northern English. One of the clearest marks of distinction between

King Edward has wonnen
The castle them fro.

Ye men of Saint Omer's
Trus[1] ye this tide,
And put out your pavilions
With your mickle pride;
Send after Sir John of France
To stand by your side,
A Boar is boun you to bicker[2]
That well dare abide;
Well dare he abide
Bataile to bede,[3]
And of your Sir John of France
Has he no drede.

JOHN OF FRANCE.
From the Cotton MS.—Nero, D. VI.

God save Sir Edward his right
In everilka[4] need,
And he that will not so
Evil mote he speed;
And len[5] our Sir Edward
His life well to lead,
That he may at his ending
Have heaven to his meed.
AMEN.

the old Northern, Midland, and Southern dialects was that the Northern had that plural in *es*, while the Midland plural was in *en*, and the Southern in *eth*.

[1] *Trus*, Begone! (Gaelic "truis" or "trus") was the sound by which dogs were driven away. Icelandic "tratta;" to shout "trutt!" as shepherds do.

[2] *Boun you to bicker*, ready to attack you; *boun* (Icelandic "búinn," from "bua," Old Swedish "boa," to make ready), ready prepared; *bicker* (Cymric "bicre," a battle) is used, says Jamieson, in Scotland to represent rapid succession of strokes in a battle or broil. Constant throwing of stones, plying of sticks, or the noise of successive strokes or of any rapid motion, is called bickering.

[3] *Bede* (from First English "beódan"), offer.

[4] *Everilka*, compounded of First English "æ'fer," ever, and "ælc," each; this, softened from "everilc" and "everich" to "every," where the *y* stands for *ælc*, itself a compound of two words, viz., *æ'* (allied to the Greek ἀεί), indefinitely continuous, and *lic*, body.

[5] *Len*, give (First English "læ'nan," to give, lend). We still often use "lend" in the sense of "give." "Lend me your hand," "Lend me your attention," &c.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend mē your ears."

CHAPTER IV.

CHAUCER AND GOWER.—A.D. 1352 TO A.D. 1400.

IN the fourteenth century, the period of highest energy for our Literature was the reign following that of Laurence Minot's hero; for to the time of Richard II. belong Langland's "Vision of Piers Plowman," Gower's "Vox Clamantis" and "Confessio Amantis," and the "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer, who had begun to write in the reign of Edward III. These are works of wide range that with the "Bruce" of John Barbour, their northern contemporary, will have due place in the volume of this Library which is to illustrate our Longer Poems. John Barbour (Archdeacon of Aberdeen) died in 1396; Geoffrey Chaucer died in 1400; William Langland died also about that time; and although John Gower, a well-to-do gentleman of Kent, lived eight years longer, he was during that time a blind old man, lodging in the priory now known as Saint Saviour's Church, on the Surrey side of London Bridge. He spent liberally in aid of rebuilding works then going on there, and after death was rewarded with a fine tomb that remains, and a memorial window that does not remain. William Langland seems to have been a clerk, probably in minor orders, who began life in the monastery at Great Malvern, and afterwards lived, with a wife and daughter, in Cornhill. He began when his age was about thirty a poem called "The Vision of Piers Plowman," which he worked at in after years, so that it became the poem of his life, the poem too of the religious life of England in his time.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.
From Harleian MS.—4866, fol. 91.

Geoffrey Chaucer, a wine-merchant's son, began his career as page to one of the royal princes at the court of Edward III., and throve for some years under the patronage of John of Gaunt. He rose easily in his own days to the first rank among English poets, and as easily retains it for all time to come. Living in a court beset with strife of faction, and in a country

stirred with energetic contest against ills of Church and State, his song was without a trace of bitter restlessness. He dealt simply and cheerfully with the essentials of life, in the temper of one whose delight was in all the works of God and in his fellow-men as part of them, and who was tranquillised by faith in the wisdom and goodness of their Maker. Troubles came to him in some of his latter years, but seem to have brought with them no narrow care, for in that evening of his life near the close of the fourteenth century he was writing stories and setting them with others that he had already written in the framework of his "Canterbury Tales."

From Chaucer let us hear the story that he put in the mouth of one of his Canterbury Pilgrims, the Poor Clerk of Oxford. It is the well-known tale of the patience of Griselda, the last piece in the "Decameron" of Boccaccio; but it is important to observe that it was taken by Chaucer not from the "Decameron," but from the Latin version made by Petrarch in 1373, a year before his death. Now Petrarch made his version of the story for the distinct purpose of treating it as a spiritual myth. He called his version a mythical piece upon Wifely Obedience and Faith, "De Obedientia et Fide Uxoria, Mythologia." In Boccaccio there is simply the tale of the patient—the too patient—Griselda. Petrarch, about

PORTRAIT OF PETRARCH.
From "Le Rime di F. Petrarca." (Padova, 1722.)

a year before his death, re-told it with constant though quiet regard to his own under sense, throughout suggesting the submission of the patient wife as type of the submission we should all pay to the will of God, when He takes from us sometimes the child we love or the wealth we had, and it is for us to say, in Obedience and Faith, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." At the close of his skilful repetition of the story from this point of view, Petrarch expressly said, "It seemed well to me to tell this tale in another style, not so much that I might stir matrons of our day to imitate the patience of this wife, which seems to me hardly fit for imitation, as that I might so far stir readers to imitate the woman's constancy, that what she yielded to her husband they may have heart to offer to our God; for though, as the Apostle James says, He is made tempter of those who do evil yet tempteth not any man, yet He does prove us, and often suffers us to be tried with many and heavy strokes, not that He may know our will—that He knew before we were created—but that we may learn our frailty by known signs within our home. Amply will I inscribe him among constant men, whoever he may be, who without murmur shall suffer for his God what this poor countrywoman suffered for her mortal husband." Chaucer completely adopts Petrarch's view of the story; and while he turns into music Petrarch's narrative, with grace, pathos, and kindly touches of humour that make its impression deeper, the reader should not fail to observe how firmly yet delicately he preserves the type of an unswerving love and faith towards God in his manner of describing each of the chief trials of Griselda's patience. At the close (in the three stanzas beginning "This story is said not for that wivés should Follow Grisild") Chaucer simply and almost literally translates into his verse Petrarch's lesson, including the reference to the Epistle of St. James. That Epistle was aptly quoted, for it begins with exhortation to the brethren that they should count it all joy when they fall into divers temptations, knowing this that the trying of their faith involveth patience, and it includes the reminder, "Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." Chaucer is mindful also in telling his story of the patient wife that, taken literally as incidents of household life, its events have their weak side. One charm of his story-telling is in the tact with which he rounds every awkward corner, forestalls and disarms objection with a touch of humour or light indication of his fellow-feeling with the reader, and keeps the innocence and beauty of Griselda so well guarded within the magic circle of his genius that they are as fresh now as they were nearly five hundred years ago. Petrarch spiritualised Boccaccio's Griselda; Chaucer preserved the spiritual life thus given to the story, while, with a power since surpassed only by Shakespeare, he brought his Griselda home to us warm with a woman's simple love and faith, that are of all things upon earth the most abiding.

PATIENT GRISILDIS.

(THE CLERK'S TALE.)

PART I.

There is right at the west side of Itaile,[1]
Down at the root of Vesulus the cold,
A lusty plain,[2] abundant of vitaile,

[1] This follows Petrarch's way of beginning, "Est ad Italiæ latus occiduum Vesulus, ex Apennini jugis mons unus altissimus," &c. Vesulus (Monviso) is the mountain from which the river Po has its chief source. It is "right at the west end" of North Italy, among the mountains between Italy and France; the lusty plain of Saluzzo (Saluces), which lies by it, being one of the border provinces of Italy.

[2] *Lusty plain* (First English "lust," will, power, pleasure), a desir-

Where many a tower and town thou may'st behold,
That founded were in time of fathers old,
And many another delitáble sight,
And Salucés this noble country hight.

A marquis whilom lord was of that land,
As were his worthy elders him before,
And obeisant and ready to his hand
Were all his lieges, bothé less and more;
Thus in delight he liv'th and hath done yore,
Beloved and drad,[1] through favour of fortúne,
Both of his lordés and of his commúne.

Therewith he was, to speke as of linage,
The gentilest yborn of Lombardie,
A fair persón, and strong, and young of age,
And full of honour and of courtesie;
Discreet enough his country for to gye,[2]
Save in some thingés that he was to blame;
And Walter was this yongé lordés name.

I blame him thus, that he considereth nought
In timé coming what might him betide,
But on his lust presént was all his thought,
As for to hawk and hunt on every side;
Well nigh all other carés let he slide,
And eke he nold,[3] and that was worst of all,
Weddé no wife for aught that may befal.

Only that point his people bare so sore,
That flockmel[4] on a day they to him went,
And one of them, that wisest was of lore,—
Or ellés that the lord best would assent
That he should tell him what his people meant,
Or ellés coud he show well such matére,—
He to the marquis said as ye shall hear:

"O noble marquis, your humanité
Assureth us and giv'th us hardiness,[5]
As oft as time is of necessité,
That we to you may tell our heaviness,
Accepteth,[6] lord, now of your gentilesse,
That we with piteous heart unto you plain,
And let your carés not my voice disdain.

"All have I nought to doon[7] in this matere
More than another man hath in this place,
Yet for as much as ye, my lord so dear,
Han alway shewéd me favour and grace,
I dare the better ask of you a space
Of audience, to shewen our request,
For ye, my lord, to doon right as you lest.

"For certes, lord, so well us liketh you
And all your work, and ever han done, that we
Ne coudé not usself devisen how
We mighté liven in more felicité;
Save one thing, lord, if it your willé be,
That for to ben a wedded man you lest,
Then were your people in sovereign heartés rest.

"Boweth your neck under that blissful yoke
Of sovereignété, nought of service,
Which that men clepeth[8] spousal or wedlock;
And thinketh, lord, among your thoughtés wise,
How that our dayés pass in sundry wise;
For though we sleep, or wake, or roam, or ride,
Aye fleeth the time, it nill no man abide.

"And though your greené youthé flower as yit,
In creepeth age alway, as still as stone,
And death menáceth every age, and smit
In each estate, for there escapeth none.
And all so certain, as we know each one
That we shall die, as uncertáin we all
Ben of that day when death shall on us fall.

"Accepteth then of us the true intent,
That never yet refuseden[9] your hest,[10]
And we will, lord, if that ye will assent,
Choose you a wife, in short time atté lest,[11]
Born of the gentilest and the highést
Of all this land, so that it oughté seem
Honour to God and you, as we can deem.

"Deliver us out of all this busy drede[12]
And take a wife for highé Goddés sake.
For if it so befel, as God forbede,
That through your death your linage should aslake,[13]
And that a strangé successóur should take
Your heritage, oh! woe were us alive!
Wherefore we pray you hastily to wive."

Their meeké prayer and their piteous cheer
Madé the marquis for to han pité.
"Ye will," quoth he, "mine owen people dear,
To that I ne'er[14] erst thought constrainé me.
I me rejoicéd of my liberté,
That selde time is found in marriáge;
There I was free, I mot ben[15] in servage.

"But nathéles I see your true intent,
And trust upon your wit, and have done aye;
Wherefore of my free will I will assent
To weddé me, as soon as ever I may.
But there as ye han proffered me to-day
To choosé me a wife, I you release
That choice, and pray you of that proffer cease.

---

ble or pleasant plain. So afterwards, when Grisild does all according to her husband's lust, it means according to his will;—as he desires, or as he lists. See lines 49, 55, 105, 127, 137, 266, 296, 434, 475, 483, 597, 602, 604, 606, 660, 661, 686, &c.

[1] *Drad*, dreaded, that is, reverenced. So in Shakespeare, "dread sovereign," &c.

[2] *Gye*, guide.

[3] *Nold*, would not; negative of "wold," as "nill" of "will," line 63.

[4] *Flockmel*. First English "mæl," a part, yielded various Old English compounds, as "parcel-mele," by small quantities at a time; "poundmele," by the pound; and this "flock-mele," by flocks.

[5] *Hardiness*, boldness. French "hardi," bold, "hardiesse."

[6] *Accepteth* (plural), of courtesy. In Southern English verbs had *th* for a plural ending in present and imperative. So afterwards, "Boweth your neck," &c.

[7] *All*, although.—*To doon*, to do.

[8] *Clepeth*, call. First English "clypian;" Southern plural in *eth*.

[9] *Refuseden*. As *eth* (originally *ath*) was plural sign of the present tense, so *en* (originally *on*) was plural sign of the past.

[10] *Hest*, command.

[11] *Atté lest*, at the least.

[12] *Drede*, doubt, fear.

[13] *Slake*, give way, cease. First English "slacian," to slacken. See lines 58 and 80 of "Sir Cleges" (pages 24, 25).

[14] *Never*, pronounced *ne'er*; so "ever" is always *e'er*, and "over" *o'er* in pronunciation. The elision is only marked once or twice in the text, by way of reminder, but should be always observed in reading.

[15] *Mot ben*, must be.

"For God it wot, that children ofté ben
Unlike their worthy elders them before;
Bounté com'th all of God, nought of the streen[1]
Of which they ben engendred and i-bore.
I trust in Goddés bounté, and therefore
My marriáge, and mine estate and rest,
I Him betake; He may doon as Him lest.

"Let me alone in choosing of my wife,
That charge upon my back I will endure.
But I you pray, and charge upon your life,
That what wife that I take, ye me assure
To worship her while that her life may dure,
In word and work, both here and everywhere,
As she an emperourés daughter were.

"And furthermore this shall ye swear, that ye
Against my choice shall never grudge nor strive,
For since I shall forego my liberté
At your request, as ever mot[2] I thrive,
There as mine heart is set, there will I wive;
And but ye will[3] assent in such manere,
I pray you speak no more of this matere."

With heartly will they sworen, and assenten
To all this thing, there saidé no wight nay;
Beseeching him of grace, ere that they wenten,
That he would granté them a certain day
Of his spousail, as soon as ever he may;
For yet alway the people somewhat dread
Lest that this marquis no wife woldé wed.

He granted them a day, such as him lest,
On which he would be wedded sickerly;[4]
And said he did all this at their request.
And they with humble heart full buxomly,[5]
Kneeling upon their knees full reverently,
Him thanken all, and thus they han an end
Of their intent, and home again they wend.

And hereupon he to his officeres
Commandeth for the feasté to purvey,
And to his privé knightés and squieres
Such chargé gave as him list on them lay:
And they to his commandément obey,
And each of them doth all his diligénce
To doon unto the feasté reverence.

PART II.

Not far from thilké[6] palace honourable,
Where as this marquis shope[7] his marriáge,
There stood a thorpe,[8] of sité delitable,
In which that pooré folk of that villáge
Hadden their beastés and their herbergage,[9]
And of their labour took their sustenance
After that the erthé gave them abundance.

Among this pooré folk there dwelt a man,
Which that was holden poorest of them all;
But highé God sometimé senden can
His grace unto a little oxes stall.
Janicola[10] men of that thorpe him call.
A daughter had he, fair enough to sight,
And Grisildis this youngé maiden hight.

But for to speake of virtuous beauté,
Then was she one the fairest under sun;
For poorély i-fostered up was she,
No lecherous lust was in her body run;
Well ofter of the well than of the tun
She drank, and for she woldé virtue please,
She knew well labour, but none idle case.

But though this maiden tender were of age,
Yet in the breast of her virginité
There was encloséd ripe and sad courage;[11]
And in great reverence and charité
Her oldé pooré father fostered she;
A few sheep, spinning on the field,[12] she kept,
She woldé not ben idle till she slept.

And when she homeward came she woldé bring
Wortés or other herbés timés oft,
The which she shred and seethed for her living,
And made her bed full hard, and nothing soft.
And ayé she kept her father's life aloft,
With every obeisánce and diligénce,
That child may doon to father's reverénce.

Upon Grisild, the pooré creäture,
Ful ofté sith[13] this marquis set his eye,
As he a-hunting rode par aventure.[14]
And when it fell that he might her espy,
He not with wanton looking of folye

---

[1] *Streen* (First English "strynd"), race (from "strynan," to beget). So Spenser writes in the "Faerie Queene" (v. ix. 32) of "sacred reverence yborn of heavenly strene;" and Pedro says of Benedick, in "Much Ado About Nothing," "He is of noble strain."

[2] *Mot.* First English "móte," must; "mihte," might.

[3] *But ye will*, unless ye will.

[4] *Sickerly*, certainly.

[5] *Buxomely*, bowingly, obediently. First English "bugan," to bow; "buhsomnes," obedience.

[6] *Thilke*, that, compounded of *that-like*.

[7] *Shope*, shaped, prepared. First English "scapan," to shape; past, "scóp."

[8] *Thorpe* (First English), small village = German "Dorf."

[9] *Herbergage*, harbourage, lodging.

[10] *Janicola.* Giannucola is the name in the original story, and Boccaccio's heroine is called Griselda; Petrarch Latinised this into Brisildis, and Chaucer's spelling of the name is influenced by Petrarch's Latin form.

[11] *Ripe and sad courage.* The word *sad* meant originally firm, settled, fixed; and throughout this tale, in which it often occurs, Chaucer uses it only in this sense. It means firmly fixed, when in the last part we read of Grisild that "in her swough so sadly holdeth she her children two" that it is difficult to disentangle and pull them from her. In the "Promptorium Parvulorum" sad is defined as "solidus." In that sense bread that is solid and close because the dough has not risen, is still said in Provincial English to be sad. In Cymric "sad" meant wise, prudent, sober, serious; and the modern sense has arisen from association of a quiet seriousness with want of joy. The word still had its old sense at the close of Elizabeth's reign, when Ben Jonson, in "Every Man in His Humour" (act i. sc. 2), made Master Stephen, on a matter that by no means saddened him, use the phrase "in sadness" where we should say "seriously"—

"*Stephen.* I think my leg would show in a silk hose.
Brainworm. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.
Stephen. In sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg."

Milton, in the days of Charles I., is still using the word in its original sense when his lady in "Comus" speaks of—

"Gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votaress in palmer's weed."

[12] That is, she was industriously spinning while she watched them.

[13] *Ofte sith*, many times. First English "sith," a path or journey, also a time or occasion.

[14] *Par aventure*, perchance.

His eyen cast on her, but in sad wise
Upon her cheer he would him oft avise,[1]

Commending in his heart her womanhede,
And eke[2] her virtue, passing any wight
Of so young age, as well in cheer as deed.
For though the people have no great insight
In virtue, he consideréd full right
Her bounté, and disposéd that he would
Wedde her only, if e'er he weddé should.

The day of wedding came, but no wight can
Tellé what woman that it shouldé be;
For which marvélé wondred many a man,
And saiden, when they were in privité,
"Will not our lord yet leave his vanité?
Will he not wed? Alas, alas the while!
Why will he thus himself and us beguile?"

But nathéles[3] this marquis hath doon make[4]
Of gemmés, set in gold and in azúre,
Brooches and ringés, for Grisildis sake,
And of her clothing took he the measúre,
By a maid like unto her of statúre,
And eke of other ornamentés all
That unto such a wedding shouldé fall.

The time of undern[5] of the samé day
Approacheth, that this wedding shouldé be,
And all the palace put was in array,
Both hall and chambers, each in his degré,
Houses of office stuffed with plenté;
Ther may'st thou see of daintiest vitaile
That may be found, as far as last Italie.

This royal marquis, richély arrayed,
Lordés and ladies in his companie,
The which unto the feasté were yprayed,
And of his retinue the bachelrie,[6]
With many a sound of sundry melodie,
Unto the village, of the which I told,
In this array the righté way han hold.[7]

Grisilde of this, God wot,[8] ful innocent,
That for her shapen was all this array,
To fetchen water at a well is went,
And cometh home as soon as ever she may,
For well she had heard say, that thilké day
The marquis shouldé wed, and, if she might,
She wouldé fain have seen some of that sight.

She thought, "I will with other maidens stand,
That ben my fellows, in our door, and see
The marquisess, and therefore will I fand[9]
To don at home, as soon as it may be,
The labour which that longeth unto me,
And then may I at leisure her behold,
If she this way unto the castle hold."

And as she would over her threshold gon,
The marquis came and gan her for to call.
And she set down her water-pot anon
Beside the threshold of this oxes stall,
And down upon her knees she gan to fall,
And with sad countenancé kneeleth still,
Till she had heard what was the lordés will.

This thoughtful marquis spake unto this maid
Full soberly, and said in this manere:
"Where is your father, Grisildis?" he said.
And she, with reverence and humble cheer,
Answerdé, "Lord, he is all ready here."
And in she gooth withouten longer let,[10]
And to the marquis she her father fet.[11]

He by the hand then took this oldé man,
And saidé thus, when he him had aside:
"Janicola, I neither may nor can
Longer the plesaunce of mine hearté hide;
If that ye vouchésafe, what so betide,
Thy daughter will I take, ere that I wend,
As for my wife, unto her livés end.

"Thou lovest me, I wot[12] it well certain,
And art my faithful liegé-man i-bore,[13]
And all that liketh me, I dare well sayn,
It liketh thee, and specially therefore
Tell me that point, that I have said before,
If that thou wilt unto that purpose draw,
To také me as for thy son-in-law."

This sudden case the man astonied so,
That red he wex,[14] abashed, and all quaking
He stood, uneathes[15] said he wordés mo,[16]
But only this: "Lord," quoth he, "my willing,
Is as ye will; against youré liking
I will no thing; ye be my lord so dear;
Right as you list govérneth this matere."

"Yet will I," quoth this marquis softély,
"That in thy chamber, I and thou and she
Have a collatiön,[17] and wost thou[18] why?
For I will ask if it her willé be
To be my wife, and rule her after me;
And all this shall be done in thy presénce,
I will nought speak out of thine audiénce."

And in the chamber, while they were about
Their treaty, which as ye shall after hear,
The people came unto the house without,
And wondered them, in how honést manere
And tenderly she kept her father dear;
But utterly Grisildis wonder might,
For never erst ne saw she such a sight.

[1] *Him avise*, take counsel with himself.
[2] *Eke*, First English "eác," also.
[3] *Náthelés*, not the less, is a First English word.
[4] *Doon make*, had made.
[5] *Undern*, a word in all the old Teutonic languages, meaning mid-forenoon or mid-afternoon (9 a.m. or 3 p.m.); or a meal taken (as lunch) between breakfast and dinner or dinner and supper. It means here about 9 a.m.
[6] *Bachelrie*, company of young men.
[7] *Han hold*, have held.
[8] *God wot*, God knows.
[9] *Fand* (First English "fandian"), seek.
[10] *Let*, delay, hindrance.
[11] *Fet*, fetched. First English "feccan," to fetch; past, "feahte."
[12] *Wot*, know.
[13] *I-bore*, born.
[14] *Wex*, grew.
[15] *Uneathes*, not easily.
[16] *Mo* (First English "má"), more.
[17] *Collation*, conference, comparing of opinions.
[18] *Wost thou*, knowest thou.

No wonder is though that she were astoned,[1]
To see so great a guest come in that place;
She never was to suché guestés woned,[2]
For which she lookéd with full palé face.
But shortly this matéré forth to chace,
These are the wordés that the marquis said
To this benigné, very[3] faithful maid.

"Grisild," he said, "ye shall well understand,
It liketh to your father and to me,
That I you wed, and eke it may so stand,
As I suppose ye will that it so be;
But these demandés ask I first," quoth he,
"That sith[4] it shall be done in hasty wise,
Will ye assent, or ellés you avise?[5]

"I say this, be ye ready with good heart
To all my lust, and that I freely may
As me best thinketh[6] do you laugh or smart,
And never ye to grudge it, night nor day,
And eke when I say 'Yea,' ye say not 'Nay,'
Neither by word, nor frowning countenance?
Swear this, and here swear I our alliánce."

Wond'ring upon this word, quaking for drede,
She saidé: "Lord, undigne and unworthy
I am to this honóur that ye me bede;[7]
But as ye will yourself, right so will I;
And here I swear, that never willingly
In work, nor thought, I nill you disobeie
For to be dead,[8] though me were loth to die."

"This is enough, Grisildé mine," quoth he.
And forth he goth with a ful sober cheer,
Out at the door, and after that came she,
And to the people he said in this manere:
"This is my wife," quoth he, "that standeth here.
Honoureth her, and loveth her, I pray,
Who so me lov'th; there is no more to say."

And for that no thing of her oldé gear
She shouldé bring into his house, he bade
That women should despoilen her right there;
Of which those ladyés were not full glad
To handle her clothés wherein she was clad;
But nathéles this maidé bright of hue
From foot to head they clothéd han all new.

Her hairés han they comb'd, that lay untressed
Full rudély, and with their fingers small
A coroun on her head they han i-dressed,
And set her full of nowches,[9] great and small.
Of her array what should I make a tale?
Unethe[10] the people her knew for her fairness
When she translated was in such richesse.

This marquis hath her spousédwith a ring
Brought for the samé cause, and then her set
Upon a horse, snow-white and well ambling,
And to his palace, ere he longer let,
With joyful people, that her led and met,
Conveyéd her, and thus the day they spend
In revel til the sunné gan descend.

And shortly forth this talé for to chace,
I say, that to this newé marquisesse
God hath such favour sent her of His grace,
That it ne seemed not by likeliness
That she was born and fed in rudéness,
As in a cot or in an oxé-stalle,
But nourished in an emperourés hall.

To every wight she woxen is so dear
And worshipful, that folk where she was born
And from her birthé knew her year by year,
Unethé trowéd they, but durst have sworn,
That to Janicle, of which I spake beforn,
She daughter nas,[11] for, as by conjectúre
Them thought she was another creatúre.

For though that ever virtuous was she,
She was increaséd in such excellence
Of thewés[12] good, i-set in high bounté,
And so discreet, and fair of eloquence,
So benign, and so digne of reverence,
And coudé so the peoples heart embrace,
That each her loved that lookéd on her face.

Not only of Salucés in the town
Publishéd was the bounté of her name,
But eke beside in many a regioún,
If one said well, another said the same.
So spread of hiré high bounté the fame,
That men and women, as well young as old,
Go to Saluce upon her to behold.

Thus Walter lowly, nay but royally,
Wedded with fortunate honesteté,
In Goddés peace lyveth ful easily
At home, and outward grace enough hath he;
And for he saw that under low degree
Was ofté virtue hid, the people him held
A prudent man, and that is seen full seld.

Not only this Grisildis through her wit
Coud all the feat of wifely homeliness,
But eke, when that the case requiréd it,
The common profit coudé she redress;
There nas discórd, rancóur, nor heaviness
In all that land, that she ne coud appease,
And wisely bring them all in rest and ease.

Though that her husband absent were anon,
If gentlemen, or other of her contré,
Were wroth, she wouldé bringen them at one,
So wise and ripé wordés haddé she,
And judgéments of so great equité,
That she from heaven sent was, as men wende,[13]
People to save and every wrong to amende.

---

[1] *Astoned*, astonished.
[2] *Woned*, accustomed. First English "wunian."
[3] *Veray*, from French "vrai," true, is used here with emphatic sense of its first meaning. So in our phrases "the very same," "my very own," the word "vrai" retains much of its strength.
[4] *Sith*, since.
[5] *Ellés avise*, resolve otherwise.
[6] *Thinketh*, seems. See Note 13, page 26.
[7] *Bede* (First English "beódan"), offer. We have the same sense in the "bidding" at a sale.
[8] I will not disobey you even for the fear of death.
[9] *Nowches*, jewels. Old French "nouche," a brooch or bracelet.
[10] *Unethe*, scarcely.
[11] *Nas*, was not; negative of "was."
[12] *Thewes*, qualities. First English "theaw," a custom or quality.
[13] *Wende*, weened, thought. First English "wén," a hope, expectation, thought; "wénan," to think, expect, or hope.

Not longé time after that this Grisild
Was wedded, she a daughter hath i-bore;
All had her liever[1] have born a knavé child,[2]
Glad was this marquis and the folk therefore;
For though a maidé child come all before,
She may unto a knavé child attain
By likelihood, sin she nis not barreine.

PART III.

There fell, as falleth many timés mo,
When that this child had sucked but a throw,[3]
This marquis in his hearté longeth so
To tempt his wife, her sadness for to know,
That he ne might out of his hearté throw
This marvellous desire his wife t' assay;[4]
Needless, God wot, he thought her for t' affray.

He had assayéd her enough before,
And found her ever good; what needed it
Her for to tempt, and alway more and more?
Though some men praise it for a subtle wit,
But as for me, I say that evil it sit
T' assay a wife when that it is no need,
And putten her in anguish and in drede.

For which this marquis wrought in this manere;
He came alone a-night there as she lay,
With sterné face, and with full trouble cheer,
And saidé thus, "Grisild," quoth he, "that day
That I you took out of your poor array,
And put you in estate of high noblesse,
Ye have not that forgotten, as I guess.

"I say, Grisild, this present dignité
In which that I have put you, as I trow,
Maketh you not forgetful for to be
That I you took in poor estate full low,
For any weal ye mote your selvé know.
Take heed of every word that I you say,
There is no wight that hear'th it but we tway.

"Ye wot your self well how that ye came here
Into this house, it is not long ago;
And though to me that ye be lief and dear,
Unto my gentles ye be no thing so.
They say, to them it is great shame and wo
For to be subject and ben in servage
To thee that born art of a small villáge.

"And namely[5] sith[6] thy daughter was i-bore,
These wordés han thay spoken doubtéless,
But I desire, as I have done before,
To live my life with them in rest and peace,
I may not in this case be reckéless;[7]
I mote doon with thy daughter for the best,
Not as I would, but as my people lest.[8]

"And yet, God wot, this is full loth to me;
But nathéles withouté your witting[9]
Will I not doon; but this would I," quod he,
"That ye to me assent as in this thing.
Shew now your patiënce in your working,
That ye me hight and swore in your villáge,
That day that makéd was our mariáge."

When she had heard all this, she not ameeved[10]
Neither in word, or cheer, or countenance,
For, as it seemed, she was not aggrieved:
She saidé, "Lord, all lieth in your pleasance;
My child and I, with heartly obeisánce,
Ben yourés all, and ye may save or spill[11]
Your ownen thing; worketh after your will.

"There may no thing, so God my soulé save,
Liken to you that may displeasén me;
Nor I desiré no thing for to have,
Nor dreadé for to lose, save only ye.
This will is in mine heart, and aye shall be,
No length of time or death may this deface,
Nor changé my courage to other place."

Glad was this marquis of her answering,
But yet he feignéd as he were not so.
All dreary was his cheer and his looking,
When that he should out of the chamber go.
Soon after this, a furlong way or two,
He privily hath told all his intent
Unto a man, and to his wife him sent.

A manner sergeant was this privé man,
The which that faithful oft he founden had
In thingés great, and eke such folk well can
Doon execution in thingés bad;
The lord knew well that he him loved and drad;
And whan this sergeant wist his lordés will,
Into the chamber he stalkéd him full still.

"Madam," he said, "ye most forgive it me,
Though I do thing to which I am constrainéd;
Ye ben so wise, that full well knowé ye,
That lordés hestés may not ben i-feynéd.
They may well ben bewailéd or complainéd,
But men must need unto their lust obey,
And so will I; there is no more to say.

"This child I am commanded for to take"—
And spake no more, but out the child he hent[12]
Despitously, and gan a cheeré make,
As though he would have slain it ere he went.
Grisildé mote all suffer and all consent;
And as a lamb she sitteth meek and still,
And let this cruel sergeant doon his will.

Suspicious was the defame of this man,
Suspect his face, suspect his word also;
Suspect the time in which he this began.
Alas! her daughter, that she lovéd so,
She weened he would have slayen it right tho;
But nathéles she neither wept nor siked,[13]
Consenting her to that the marquis liked.

[1] *Liever*, pronounced as a monosyllable. See Note 10, page 29.
[2] *Knave child*, boy. First English "cnapa," German "knabe," a boy; with softening of *p* or *b* to *v*.
[3] *Throw* (First English "thrah"), a short space of time.
[4] *Assay*, try, test minutely, to find what are the constituents of anything and the proportion of each.
[5] *Namely*, especially.
[6] *Sith*, since.
[7] *Reckeless* (First English "regol-leas"), regardless of rules.
[8] *Leste*, lust, please. First English "lystan," to wish or choose, from "lust" (see Note 2, page 38).
[9] *Witting*, knowledge.
[10] *Ameeved*, changed, moved.
[11] *Spill*, destroy. First English "spillan," to kill.
[12] *Hent*, seized.
[13] *Siked* (First English "sican"), to sigh.

But at the lasté speken she began,
And mekély she to the sergeant prayed,
So as he was a worthy gentleman,
That she must kiss her child ere that it deid.
And in her barm[1] this little child she laid
With full sad face, and gan the child to kiss,
And lulléd it, and after gan it bliss.

And thus she said in her benigné voice:
"Farewell, my child! I shall thee never see;
But sith I thee have markéd with the crois,
Of thilké father blesséd mot thou be
That for us died upon a cross of tree;
Thy soulé, little child, I him betake,[2]
For this night shalt thou deyen for my sake."

I trow that to a norice in this cas
It had been hard this ruthé for to see;
Well might a mother then have cried "Alas!"
But nathéles so sad steadfast was she,
That she enduréd all adversité,
And to the sergeant meekély she said,
"Have here again your little youngé maid.

"Go now," quoth she, "and do my lordés hest;
But one thing will I pray you of your grace,
That, but my lord forbid you, at the least
Bury this little body in some place,
That beastés nor no birdés it to-race."[3]
But he no word will to that purpose say,
But took the child and went upon his way.

This sergeant came unto his lord again,
And of Grisildis wordés and her cheer
He toldé point for point, in short and plain,
And him presenteth with his daughter dear.
Somewhat this lord hath ruth in his manere;
But nathéles his purpose held he still,
As lordés doon when they will han their will;

And bade his sergeant that he privily
Shouldé this child full softé wind and wrap,
With allé circumstances tenderly,
And carry it in a coffer or in a lap;
But upon pain his head off for to swap,[4]
That no man shouldé know of his intent,
Nor whence he came, nor whither that he went;

But at Bologna, to his sister dear,
That thilké time of Panak[5] was countess,
He should it take, and shew her this matere,
Beseeching her to doon her business
This child to foster in all gentiless,
And whose child that it was he bade her hide
From every wight, for aught that might betide.

The sergeant go'th, and hath fulfill'd this thing.
But to this marquis now returné we;
For now go'th he full fast imagining,
If by his wivés cheer he mighté see,
Or by her word apérceivé, that she
Were changéd; but he never her coud find
But ever in one aliké sad and kind.

As glad, as humble, as busy in service
And eke in love, as she was wont to be,
Was she to him, in every manner wise;
Ne of her daughter not one word spake she;
None accident for none adversité
Was seen in her, ne never her daughter's name
Ne nempned[6] she, in earnest nor in game.

PART IV.

In this estate there passed ben four year
Ere she with childé was; but, as God would,
A knavé child she bare by this Waltiér,
Ful gracious, and fair for to behold;
And when that folk it to its father told,
Not only he, but all his country, merie
Was for this child, and God they thank and herie.[7]

When it was two year old, and from the breast
Departed of his norice, on a day
This marquis caughté yet another lest
To tempt his wif yet ofter, if he may.
O! needless was she tempted in assay!
But wedded men ne knowen no mesúre,
Whan that they find a patient creatúre.

"Wife," quoth this marquis, "ye have heard ere this
My people sickly bear'th our mariáge,
And namely since my son y-boren is,
Now is it worse than ever in all our age;
The murmur slay'th mine heart and my courage,
For to mine earés com'th the voice so smart,
That it well nigh destroyéd hath mine heart.

"Now say they thus, 'When Walter is agone,
Then shall the blood of Janicle succeed,
And ben our lord, for other have we none.'
Such wordés saith my people, out of dread.
Well ought I of such murmur taken heed,
For certainly I dreadé such senténce,
Though they not plainly speak in mine audiénce.

"I woldé live in peace, if that I might;
Wherefore I am disposéd utterly,
As I his sister servedé by night,
Right so think I to serve him privily.
This warn I you, that ye not suddenly
Out of yourself for no wo should outray:[8]
Be patiént, and thereof I you pray."

"I have," quoth she, "said thus, and ever shall,
I will no thing, ne nill no thing certain,
But as you list; nought grieveth me at all,
Though that my daughter and my son be slain
At your commandément; this is to sain,
I have not had no part of children twain,
But first sicknéss, and after wo and pain.

[1] *Barm*, bosom. First English "bearm."
[2] *Him betake*, commit to Him. First English "betæ'can," to put in trust.
[3] *To-race*. Race (French "raser"), take from the face of the earth; "to" is an intensive prefix.
[4] *Swap*, from First English "swápan," to sweep, strike.
[5] *Panak*. Boccaccio wrote "Panago."
[6] *Nempned*, named. First English "nemnan," to name.
[7] *Herie*, from First English "hérian," to praise.
[8] *Outray* (French "outrer"), go beyond bounds, lose patience.

"Ye ben our lord, doth with your owen thing
Right as you list, asketh no rede[1] of me;
For, as I left at home all my clothing
When I first came to you, right so," quoth she,
"Left I my will and all my liberté,
And took your clothing; wherefore I you pray
Doth your pleasánce, I will your lust obey.

"And certes, if I haddé prescience
Your will to know, ere ye your lust me told,
I would it do withouté negligénce.
But now I wot your lust, and what ye wold,
All your pleasáncé firm and stable I hold;
For wist I that my death would do you ease,
Right gladly would I deyen, you to please.

"Death may not maken no comparisóun
Unto your love." And when this marquis sey
The constance of his wife, he cast adown
His eyen two, and wondreth that she may
In patiëncé suffre all this array;[2]
And forth he go'th with dreary countenánce,
But to his heart it was full great pleasánce.

This ugly sergeant in the samé wise
That he her daughter caughté, right so he,
Or worse, if men can any worse devise,
Hath hent her son, that full was of beauté.
And ever in one so patiënt was she,
That she no cheeré made of heaviness,
But kissed her son, and after gan it bless.

Save this; she prayed him that, if he might,
Her little son he would in earthé grave,
His tender limbés, delicáte to sight,
From fowlés and from beastés for to save.
But she none answer of him mighté have.
He went his way, as him no thing ne rought;
But to Boloyne he tenderly it brought.

This marquis wondreth ever longer the more
Upon her patiënce, and if that he
Ne haddé soothly knowen therbefore,
That perfectly her children lovéd she,
He would have weened that of some subtilté
And of malice, or for cruel couráge,
That she had suffered this with sad viságe.

But well he knew that, next himself, certain
She loved her children best in every wise.
But now of women would I asken fain,
If these assayés mighten not suffice?
What could a sturdy husband[3] more devise
To prove her wifehood and her steadfastness,
And he continuing ever in sturdiness?

But there ben folk of such condition,
That, when they have a certain purpose take,
They cannot stint of their intention,
But, right as they were bounden to a stake,
They will not of their firsté purpose slake;
Right so this marquis fully hath purpósed
To tempt his wife, as he was first disposed.

He waiteth, if by word or countenance
That she to him was changéd of coráge.
But never could he findé variance,
She was aye one in heart and in viságe;
And aye the farther that she was in age,
The moré true, if that it were possible,
She was to him in love, and more penible.[4]

For which it seemed thus, that of them two
Ther nas but one will; for as Walter lest,
The samé lust was her pleasance also;
And, God be thankéd, all fell for the best.
She shewéd well, for no worldly unrest
A wife, as of herself, no thing ne should
Will in effect but as her husband would.

The slander of Walter oft and widé sprad,
That of a cruel heart he wickedly,
For[5] he a pooré woman wedded had,
Hath murdered both his children privily;
Such murmur was among them commonly.
No wonder is; for to the people's ear
There came no word but that they murdered were.

For which, where as his people therbefore
Had loved him well, the slander of his defame
Made them that they him hatedé therefore;
To ben a murd'rer is an hateful name.
But nathéles, for earnest nor for game,
He of his cruel purpose nolde stent;[6]
To tempt his wife was set all his intent.

When that his daughter twelve year was of age,
He to the court of Rome, in subtle wise
Informéd of his will, sent his message
Commandyng them such bullés to devise
As to his cruel purpose may suffice,
How that the Pope, as for his people's rest,
Bade him to wed another, if him lest.

I say, he bade they shouldé counterfeit
The Popés bullés, making mentión
That he hath leave his firsté wife to lete,[7]
As by the Popés dispensatión,
To stinté rancour and dissensión
Betwixt his people and him; thus said the bull,
The which they han publishéd at the full.

The rudé people, as it no wonder is,
Weenéd ful well that it had been right so.
But when these tidings come to Grisildis,
I deemé that her heart was full of wo;
But she, aliké sad for evermo,
Disposed was, this humble creatúre,
Th' adversité of fortune all t' endure;

Abiding ever his lust and his pleasánce,
To whom that she was given, heart and all,
As to her very worldly suffisánce.
But shortly if this story I tellen shall,
This marquis written hath in special
A letter in which he sheweth his intent,
And secretly he to Boloyne it sent.

[1] *Rede*, counsel.
[2] *Array*, ordinance, making ready.
[3] *Sturdy husband*. *Sturdy* (Icelandic "styrdr"), rigid, hard. An oak is sturdy when firmly fixed and not easily shaken.
[4] *Penible*, painstaking.
[5] *For*, because.
[6] *Nolde*, would not. First English "willan," to will; "nillan," not to will.—*Stent*, stint.
[7] *Lete*, leave.

To the Earl of Panak, which that haddé tho
Wedded his sister, prayed he specially
To bringen home again his children two
In honourâble estate all openly.
But one thing he him prayéd utterly,
That he to no wight, though men would enquere,
Shouldé not tellen whose children they were,

But say the maiden should i-wedded be
Unto the Marquis of Saluce anon.
And as this earl was prayéd, so did he;
For at day set, he on his way is gone
Toward Saluce, and lordés many one
In rich array, this maiden for to guide,
Her youngé brother riding by her side.

Arrayéd was toward her marriâge
This freshé maidé full of gemmes clear;
Her brother, which that seven year was of age,
Arrayéd eke full-fresh in his manere:
And thus in great noblesse and with glad cheer
Toward Saluces shaping their journéy,
From day to day they riden on their way.

PART V.

Among all this, after his wick'd usâge,
This marquis, yet his wife to temptê more
To the utteresté proof of her courâge,
Fully to han experience and lore
If that she were as steadfast as before,
He on a day in open audiénce
Full boistously hath said her this sentênce:

"Certes, Grisild, I had enough pleasânce
To han you to my wife, for your goodness,
As for your truth and for your obeisânce,
Not for your lineage nor for your richesse;
But now know I in very soothfastness,
That in great lordship, if I well avise,
There is great servitude in sundry wise.

"I may not doon as every ploughman may;
My people me constraineth for to take
Another wife, and crien day by day;
And eke the Popé, rancour for to slake,
Consenteth it, that dare I undertake:
And truëly, thus much I will you say,
My newé wife is coming by the way.

"Be strong of heart, and void anon her place,
And thilkê dower that ye broughten me
Take it again, I grant it of my grace;
Returneth to your father's house," quoth he,
"No man may alway han prosperité.
With even heart I redé you t' endure
The stroke of fortune or of adventûre."

And she answered again in patiénce:
"My lord," quoth she, "I wot, and wist alway,
How that betwixen your magnificence
And my povérty no wight can ne may
Maken comparison; it is no nay.
I ne held me never digne in no manere
To be your wife, no, ne your chamberere.

"And in this house, there ye me lady made,—
The highé God take I for my witnéss,
And all-so wisely he my soulé glad,—
I never held me lady ne mistrées,
But humble servant to your worthiness,
And ever shall, while that my life may dure,
Aboven every worldly creätûre.

"That ye so long of your benignité
Han holden me in honour and nobleye,
Whereas I was not worthy for to be,
That thank I God and you, to whom I pray
For-yeld[1] it you; ther is no more to say.
Unto my father gladly will I wend,
And with him dwell unto my livés end.

"There I was fostered as a child full small,
Till I be dead my life there will I lead,
A widow clean in body, heart, and all;
For sith I gave to you my maidenhead,
And am your trué wife, it is no dread,
God shieldé such a lordés wife to take
Another man to husband or to make.

"And of your newé wife, God of his grace
So granté you weal and prosperité;
For I will gladly yielden her my place,
In which that I was blissful wont to be.
For sith it liketh you, my lord," quod she,
"That whilom weren all mine heartés rest,
That I shall go, I will go when you lest.

"But thereas ye me proffer such dowaire
As I first brought, it is well in my mind
It were my wretched clothés, no thing faire,
The which to me were hard now for to find.
O goodé God! how gentle and how kind
Ye seemed by your speech and your visâge,
The day that makéd was our mariâge!

"But sooth is said, algate[2] I find it true,
For in effect it provéd is on me,
Love is not old as when that it is new.
But certes, lord, for none adversité,
To deyen in the case,[3] it shall not be
That ever in word or work I shall repent
That I you gave mine heart in whole intent.

"My lord, ye wot that in my father's place
Ye did me strip out of my pooré wede,
And richély me cladden of your grace;
To you brought I nought ellés, out of drede,[4]
But faith, and nakedness, and maidenhede;
And here again my clothing I restore,
And eke my wedding ring for evermore.

"The remnant of your jewels ready be
Within your chamber, dare I safely sayn.
Naked out of my father's house," quoth she,
"I came, and naked mote I turn again.
All your plesânce would I fulfillen fain;
But yet I hope it be not your intent,
That I smockless out of your palace went.

[1] *For-yeld*, requite. First English "forgyldan;" German, "vergelten."
[2] *Algate*, always. [3] *To deyen in the case*, though I die for it.
[4] *Out of drede*, beyond doubt. See line 782.

"Ye could not do so dishonést a thing,
That thilké womb, in which your children lay,
Shouldé before the people, in my walking,
Be seen all baré: wherefore I you pray
Let me not like a worm go by the way;
Remember you, mine owné lord so dear,
I was your wife, though I unworthy were.

"Wherefore in guerdon of my maydenhede,
Which that I brought and not again I bear,
As vouchésafe to give me to my meed
But such a smock as I was wont to wear,
That I therewith may wrie[1] the womb of her
That was your wife; and here take I my leave
Of you, mine owné lord, lest I you grieve."

"The smock," quoth he, "that thou hast on thy back,
Let it be still, and bear it forth with thee;"
But well unethés thilké word he spake,
But went his way for ruth and for pité.
Before the folk herselven strippeth she,
And in her smock, with head and foot all bare,
Toward her father's house forth is she fare.

The folk her follow, weeping on their way,
And fortune aye they cursen as they gon:
But she from weeping kept her eyen dreye,
Ne in this timé word ne spake she none.
Her father, that this tiding heard anon,
Curséd the day and timé that natúre
Shope[2] him to ben a livés creätúre.

For out of doubt this oldé pooré man
Was e'er in súspect of her mariáge;
For e'er he deeméd, sith that it began,
That when the lord fulfill'd had his coupáge,
Him woldé think that it were disparáge
To his estate, so lowé for t' alight,
And voiden her as soon as e'er he might.

Against his daughter hastily go'th he;
For he by noise of folk knew her coming;
And with her oldé coat, as it might be,
He covered her, full sorwfully weeping;
But on her body might he it not bring,
For rudé was the cloth, and more of age
By dayés fele[3] than at her mariáge.

Thus with her father for a certain space
Dwelleth this flow'r of wifely patiénce,
That neither by her words nor by her face,
Before the folk, nor eke in their absence,
Ne shewed she that her was done offence,
Ne of her high estate no remembrance
Ne haddé she, as by her countenance.

No wonder is, for in her great estate
Her ghost was ever in plain humilité;
No tender mouth, no hearté delicáte,
No pompé, no semblánt of royalté,
But full of patiént benignité,
Discreet, and pridéles, ay honouráble,
And to her husband ever meek and stable.

[1] *Wrie*, clothe. First English "wrigan;" whence "rig."
[2] *Shope*, shaped, made. First English "scyppan," past "scop," made him to be a living creature.
[3] *Days fele*, many days. First English "fela," many.

Men speak of Job, and most for his humblesse,
As clerkés, when them list, can well indite,
Namely,[4] of men, but as in soothfastnesse,
Though clerkés praisé women but a lite,[5]
There can no man in humblesse him acquite
As women can, ne can ben half so true
As women ben, but it be fall of new.[6]

PART VI.

From Boloyne is this Earl of Panak come,
Of which the fame up-sprang to more and less,
And to the people's earés all and some
Was couth eke, that a newé marquisesse
He with him brought, in such pomp and richesse,
That never was there seen with mannés eye
So noble array in all West Lombardye.

The marquis, which that shope and knew all this,
Ere that this earl was come, sent his messáge
For thilké seely[7] pooré Grisildis;
And she with humble heart and glad viságe,
Not with no swollen thought in her courage,
Came at his hest, and on her knees her set,
And reverently and wisely she him gret.[8]

"Grisild," quoth he, "my will is utterly,
This maiden, that shall wedded ben to me,
Receivéd be to-morwe as royally
As it possible is in mine house to be;
And eke that every wight in his degree,
Have his estate in sitting and servise
And high pleasance as I can best devise.

"I have no woman suffisant certáin
The chambers for t' array in ordinance
After my lust, and therefore would I fain
That thine were all such manner governance;
Thou knowest eke of old all my pleasance;
Though thine array be bad and ill beseie,[9]
Do thou thy devoir at the leasté weie."

"Not only, lord, that I am glad," quoth she,
"To do your lust, but I desire also
You for to serve and please in my degree
Withouten fainting, and shall evermo;
Ne never, for no weal ne for no wo,
Ne shall the ghost within mine hearté stent
To love you best with all my true intent."

And with that word she gan the house to dight,
And tables for to set, and beddés make,
And painéd her to doon all that she might,
Praying the chamberers, for Goddés sake,
To hasten them, and fasté sweep and shake,
And she, the mosté servisáble of all,
Hath every chamber arrayéd, and his hall.

Abouten undern[10] gan this Earl alight,
That with him brought these noble children twey;
For which the people ran to see the sight
Of their array, so richély bisey.[11]
And then at erst amongés them they say,

[4] *Namely*, especially. So in German, *namentlich*.
[5] *Lite*, little.
[6] *But it be fall of new*, unless it has occurred quite newly; since I last heard anything about such matters.
[7] *Seely*. First English "sælig," happy, innocent; thence "silly," in the sense first of the guileless, easily beguiled; "a blessed innocent."
[8] *Gret*, greeted.
[9] *Ill beseie*, makes a poor show.
[10] *Undern*. See line 204.
[11] *Bisey*, displayed.

That Walter was no fool, though that him lest
To change his wife; for it was for the best.

For she is fairer, as they deemen all,
Than is Grisild, and moré tendre of age,
And fairer fruit between them shouldé fall,
And moré pleasant for her high lináge;
Her brother eke so fair was of viságe,
That them to see the people hath caught pleasánce,
Commending now the marquis' governance.

O stormy people, unsad and ever untrue!
Aye undiscreet, and changing as a vane,
Delighting ever in rumble that is new,
For like the moon aye waxé ye and wane;
Aye full of clapping, dear enough a jane;[1]
Your doom is false, your constance evil preveth,
A ful great fool is he that on you lieveth!

Thus saiden saddé folk in that cité,
When that the people gazed up and down,
For they were glad right for the novelté,
To have a newé lady of their town.
No more of this make I now mentioun,
But to Grisild again will I me dress,
And tell her constance and her businéss.

Full busy was Grisild in everything,
That to the feasté was appertinent;
Right nought was she abashed of her clothing,
Though it was rude, and somedeal eke to-rent,[2]
But with glad cheeré to the gate she went,
With other folk, to greet the marquisess,
And after that doth forth her business.

With so glad cheer his guestés she receiveth,
And cunningly everich in his degree,
That no defaulté no man apperceiveth,
But aye they wondren what she mighté be
That in so poor array was for to see,
And coudé such honóur and reverence,
And worthily they praisen her prudénce.

In all this meané-whilé she ne stent
This maid and eke her brother to commend
With all her heart, in full benign intent,
So well, that no man could her praise amend.
But at the last when that these lordés wend
To sitten down to meat, he gan to call
Grisild, as she was busy in his hall.

"Grisild," quoth he, as it were in his play,
"How liketh thee my wife and her beauté?"
"Right well, my lord," quoth she, "for, in good fay,[3]
A fairer saw I never none than she.
I pray to God give her prosperité;
And so hope I, that he will to you send
Pleasance enough unto your livés end.

One thing beseech I you and warn also,
That ye ne prické with no tórmenting
This tender maiden, as ye han doon mo;[4]
For she is foster'd in her nourishing
More tenderly, and to my supposing
She coudé not adversity endure,
As coud a pooré foster'd creatûre."

And when this Walter saw her patience,
Her gladé cheer, and no malice at all,
And he so oft had done to her offence,
And she aye sad[5] and constant as a wall,
Continuing e'er her innocence o'er all,
This sturdy marquis gan his hearté dress
To rue upon her wifely steadfastness.

"This is enough, Grisildé mine," quoth he,
"Be now no more aghast, nor evil apayed;
I have thy faith and thy benignité,
As well as ever woman was, assayed,
In great estate, and poorély arrayed;
Now know I, dearé wife, thy steadfastness,"—
And her in armés took, and gan her kess.

And she for wonder took of it no keep;
She herdé not what thing he to her said,
She far'd as she had stert out of a sleep,
Till she out of her mazedness abraid.[6]
"Grisild," quoth he, "by God that for us deyd,
Thou art my wife, ne none othér I have,
Ne never had, as God my soulé save.

"This is my daughter, which thou hast supposed
To be my wife; that other faithfully
Shall be mine heir, as I have aye purposed;
Thou bare them in thy body truély.
At Boloyne have I kept him privily;
Take them again, for now may'st thou not say
That thou hast lorn none of thy children tway.

"And folk, that otherwise han said of me,
I warn them well that I have done this deed
For no malice, ne for no cruelté,
But for t' assaye in thee thy womanhede;
And not to slay my children, God forbede!
But for to keep them privily and still,
Till I thy purpose knew and all thy will."

Whan she this heard, aswooné down she falleth
For piteous joy, and after her swooning
She both her youngé children to her calleth,
And in her armés, piteously weeping,
Embraceth them, and tenderly kissing
Full like a mother, with her salté tears
She bathéd both their visage and their hairs.

Oh, such a piteous thing it was to see
Her swooning, and her humble voice to hear!
"Grand merci, lord, God thank it you," quoth she,
"That ye han savéd me my children dear!
Now reck I never to ben dead right here,
Sith I stand in your love and in your grace,
No force of[7] death, ne when my spirit pace.

"O tender, O dear, O youngé children mine,
Your woful mother weenéd steadfastly,
That cruel houndés or some foul vermine
Had eaten you; but God of His mercy,
And your benigné father tenderly
Hath doon you keep." And in that samé stound
All suddenly she swapt adown to ground.

[1] *Dear enough a jane*, dear at a halfpenny. The jane was a small coin of Genoa (or Janua). Speght (Glossary to Chaucer, 1598) interprets *jane* as "halfpence of Janua" (Genoa), "galley halfpence."
[2] *Some deal eke to-rent*, some part also much torn.
[3] *Fay*, faith. French "foi." [4] *Mo*, more, others.
[5] *Sad*, firm. See Note 11, page 40. [6] *Abraid*, started.
[7] *No force of*, no matter for.

And in her swough so sadly holdeth she
Her children two, when she gan them t' embrace,
That with great sleight and great difficulté
The children from her arm they gon arace.[1]
O many a tear on many a piteous face
Down ran of them that stooden her beside;
Uneth abouten her might they abide.

Walter her gladdeth, and her sorrow slaketh;
She riseth up abashéd from her trance,
And every wight her joy and festé maketh,
Till she hath caught again her contenánce.
Walter her doth so faithfully plesánce,
That it was dainty for to see the cheer
Betwixt them two, now they be met yfere.[2]

These ladies, when that they their timé sey,
Have taken her, and into chamber gone,
And strippen her out of her rude array,
And in a cloth of gold that brighté shone,
With a coroun of many a riché stone
Upon her head, they into hall her brought;
And there she was honóuréd as her ought.

Thus hath this piteous day a blissful end;
For every man and woman doth his might
This day in mirth and revel to dispend,
Till on the welkin shone the starrés light;
For more solémn in every mannés sight
This feasté was, and greater of costáge,
Then was the revel of her marriáge.

Full many a year in high prosperité
Liven these two in concord and in rest,
And richély his daughter married he
Unto a lord, one of the worthiest
Of all Itale; and then in peace and rest
His wifés father in his court he keepeth,
Till that the soul out of his body creepeth.

His son succeedeth in his heritage,
In rest and peace, after his father's day;
And fortunate was eke in marriáge,
All put he not his wife in great assay.
This world is not so strong, it is no nay,
As it hath been of oldé timés yore,
And hearkneth what this author saith[3] therefore.

This story is said, not for that wivés should
Follow Grisild, as in humilité,
For it were importáble,[4] though they would;
But for that every wight in his degrée
Shouldé be constant in adversity
As was Grisild, therefore Petrarch writeth
This story, which with high style he inditeth.

For sith a woman was so patiént
Unto a mortal man, well more us ought
Receiven all in gree[5] that God us sent.
For great skill[6] is He prové that He wrought,
But He ne tempteth no man that He bought,
As saith Saint James, if ye his 'pistle read;
He proveth folk all day, it is no dread,

And suffereth us, as for our exercise,
With sharpé scourges of adversité
Full ofté to be beat in sundry wise;
Not for to know our will, for certes He,
Er we were born, knew al our fraileté;
And for our best is all His governánce;
Let us then live in virtuous suffránce.

But one word, lordings, hearkneth ere I go:—
It were full hard to findé nowadays
In all a town Grisildes three or two;
For if that they were put to such assays,
The gold of them hath now so bad allays
With brass, that though the coin be fair at eye,
It wouldé rather burst atwo than ply.

For which heer, for the wyves love of Bathe—
Whos lyf and al hir secté God mayntene
In heigh maistrie, and ellés were it scathe—
I will, with lusty herté fresshe and grene,
Saye yow a song to gladé yow, I wene,
And lat us stynt of ernestful matiere.
Herkneth my song, that seith in this manere:—

L'ENVOYE DE CHAUCER.[7]

Grisild is deed, and eek hir pacience,
And bothe at oones buried in Itayle;
For whiche I crye in open audience,
No weddid man so hardy be to assayle
His wyves pacience, in hope to fynde
Grisildes, for in certeyn he schal fayle.

O noble wyves, full of heigh prudence,
Let noon humilité your tonges nayle;
Ne lat no clerk have cause or diligence
To write of yow a story of such mervayle,
As of Grisildes, pacient and kynde,
Lest Chichevache[8] yow swowle in hir entraile.

Folwith Ecco, that holdith no silence,
But ever answereth at the countretayle,
Beth nought bydaffed for your innocence,
But scharply tak on yow the governayle;

---

[1] *Arace*, tear away. Old French "aracer;" Latin "eradicare."

[2] *Yfere*, together.

[3] *What this author saith* has been told on page 38. Some may be glad to have Petrarch's own words, and see exactly how Chaucer is quoting them in his next verses. This is the passage: "Hanc historiam stilo nunc alio retexere visum fuit, non tam ideo ut matronas nostri temporis ad imitandam hujus uxoris patientiam, quæ mihi vix imitabilis videtur, quam ut legentes ad imitandam saltem feminæ constantiam excitarem, ut quod hæc viro suo præstitit, hoc præstare Deo nostro audeant, qui licet, ut Jacobus ait Apostolus, intentator sit malorum et ipse neminem tentat, probat tamen, et sæpe nos multis ac gravibus flagellis exerceri sinit, non ut animum nostrum sciat, quem scivit antequam crearemur, sed ut nobis nostra fragilitas notis ac domesticis indiciis innotescat. Abunde ego constantibus viris astipserim, quisquis is fuerit, qui pro Deo suo sine murmure patiatur, quod pro suo mortali conjuge rusticana hæc muliercula passa est."

[4] *Importable*, not to be borne.

[5] *Gree* (French "gré"), goodwill; Latin "gratus."

[6] *Great skill*, good reason; Icelandic "skil," discernment.

[7] *L'Envoye de Chaucer.* I give the comic epilogue without any modern spelling, that the reader may learn from it the form in which an old MS. delivers to us Chaucer's English. "L'Envoy" was a name derived from early singers of love poetry in France, who would form themselves into a court of rhymers, called the "Puy d'Amour," under a president whom they called "Prince du Puy." When one had written a balade, rondeau, pastourelle, or other piece, it was recited to the Prince du Puy, with the addition of lines called "L'Envoy," specially addressed to himself.

[8] *Chichevache* was a popular jest of a cow lean as a skeleton, because she fed only on patient wives. She had a husband, Bicorn, who was very fat, because he fed on patient husbands, and was in no danger of famine. See Lydgate's poem on pages 54—56.

Empryntith wel this lessoun on your mynde,
For comun profyt, sith it may avayle:—

Ye archewyves, stondith at defens,
Syn ye ben strong, as is a greet camaille,
Ne suffre not that men yow don offens.
And sclendre wives, fieble as in batayle,
Beth egre[1] as is a tyger yond in Inde;
Ay clappith as a mylle, I yow counsaile.

Ne dred hem not, do hem no reverence,
For though thin housbond armed be in mayle,
The arwes of thy crabbid eloquence
Schal perse his brest, and eek his adventayle:[2]
In gelousy I rede eek thou him bynde,
And thou schalt make him couche as doth a quayle.

If thou be fair, ther folk ben in presence
Shew thou thy visage and thin apparaille.
If thou be foul, be fre of thy despense,
To gete thee frendes do ay thy travayle;
Be ay of chier as light as leef on lynde,
And let him care and wepe, and wring and waille.

These are said to have been Chaucer's last lines:—

GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER.

Fly from the press and dwell with soothfastness,
Suffice unto thy good though it be small,
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,[3]
Press hath envý and weal is blent[4] over all.
Savour no more than thee behové shall,
Rede well thyself that other folk canst rede,[5]
And truth thee shall deliver it is no drede.[6]

Painé thee not each crooked to redress,
In trust of her that turneth as a ball;
Great rest standéth in little business;[7]
Beware also to spurn against a nall,[8]
Strive not as doth a crocké with a wall;
Deemé[9] thyself that deemest others deed,
And Truth thee shall deliver it is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness;[10]
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall,
Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrimé! forth, beast, out of thy stall,
Look up on high and thanké God of all!
Waivé[11] thy lusts, and let thy ghost[12] thee lead,
And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

[1] *Egre*, sharp; French "aigre;" Latin "acer."
[2] *Adventayle*, ventail or ventail (Old French "ventaille"), the visor of the helmet, in its character of ventilator.
[3] *Tickleness*, instability. So in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," Act i., sc. 3:—"Thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off."
[4] *Blent*, blinded.
[5] *Rede*, advise.
[6] *No drede*, no doubt. See Note 12, page 39, and lines 578, 782, 909, and 1099 of "Grisildis."
[7] *Business*, here used in the sense of being careful and troubled about many things, as in the word "busybody."
[8] *Nall* (First English "nægel"), nail.
[9] *Deeme*, judge.
[10] *Buxomness* (First English "búhsomnes"), obedience; from "bugan," to bow.
[11] *Waive* (Old French "guesver"), cast away, relinquish.
[12] *Ghost*, spirit. First English "gást," breath, spirit.

JOHN GOWER.
From his Tomb in St. Saviour's, Southwark.

John Gower's "Confessio Amantis" is an English poem devised towards the close of the fourteenth century, like Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," for the introduction of a number of good stories told in verse. It is so planned that the stories are grouped with a moral purpose into sections contrived each as a lesson, enforced by various examples, against one of the seven deadly sins. There is an eighth section that warns kings of their duty. In the poem next to be read, John Gower tells a story levelled against one of the five ministers of Pride, Presumption. He had found the tale in older collections. It was first told in the Spiritual Romance of "Barlaam and Josaphat," written in Greek by a Greek monk, Joannes Damascenus, about the year 800, and translated into Latin before the thirteenth century. Vincent of Beauvais, who wrote a Historical Mirror, "Speculum Historiale," about the year 1290, included in it this with the rest of the history of Barlaam and Josaphat. The tale had been repeated also in the "Gesta Romanorum," a mediæval collection of stories made for use in the teaching of the people. Thus it was told us by John Gower:—

GOWER SHOOTING AT THE WORLD.
From Cotton MS.—Tiberius A. IV., page 8.

THE TRUMP OF DEATH.

I find upon surquederie[13]
How that whilom of Hungarie,
By oldé dayés, was a king
Wise and honest in all thing.

[13] *Surquederie*, presumption; from Old French "surcuiderie" and "surquiderie"—there was also the form "outrecuidance"—from an old verb "cuider," to think, and "sur" or "outre," beyond. Chaucer

And so befel upon a day,
And that was in the month of May,
As thilké time it was usánce,
This king with noble púrveyance
Hath for himself his chare[1] arrayed
Wherein he woldé ride amayed[2]
Out of the city for to pleie
With lordés and with great nobleie
Of lusty folk that weré young,
Where somé played and somé sung,
And somé gon and somé ride,
And somé prick their horse aside
And bridle them[3] now in now out.
The king his eyé cast about,
Till he was at the lasté ware
And saw coménd again[4] his chare
Two pilgrimés of so great age
That like unto a dry image
They weren pale and fadé hued,
And as a bush which is besnewed,
Their beardés weren hoar and white.
There was of kindé but a lite[5]
That they ne seemen fully dede.
They comen to the king and bede[6]
Some of his good par charité;
And he, with great humilité,
Out of his chare to groundé leapt,
And them in both his armes kept,
And kiss'd them bothé foot and hand
Before the lordés of his land,
And gave them of his good thereto.
And when he hath this deedé do,
He go'th into his chare again.
Then was murmúr, then was disdain,
Then[7] was complaint on every side;
They saiden of their owné pride
Each one to other:[8] "What is this?
Our king hath done[9] this thing amiss,
So to abase his royalty
That every man it mighté see,
And humbled him in such a wise
To them that were of none emprise."[10]
Thus was it spoken to and fro
Of them that weré with him tho[11]
All privily behind his back.
But to him selfé no man spake.
The kingés brother in presénce
Was thilké[12] time, and great offence
He took thereof, and was the same
Above all other which most blame
Upon his liegé lord hath laid,
And hath unto the lordés said,
Anon as he may timé find,
There shall nothing be left behind,
That he will speak unto the king.
Now list what fell upon this thing.

The weather was merry and fair enough,
Each one with other played and lough[13]
And fellen into talés new
How that the freshé flourés grew
And how the grené leavés sprung,
And how that love among the young
Began the heartés then awake,
And every bird hath chose his make.[14]
And thus the Mayés day to th' end
They lead and home again they wend.
The king was not so sooné come
That when he had his chamber nome[15]
His brother ne was ready there,
And brought a tale unto his ear
Of that he diddé such a shame
In hindring of his owné name
When he himselfé woldé dreche[16]
That to so vile a pouer wretch
Him deigneth shewé such simplesse
Against the state of his noblesse.
And saith, he shall it no more use,
And that he mot[17] himself excuse
Toward his lordés every one.
The king stood still as any stone
And to his tale an ear he laid,
And thoughté moré than he said.
But nathéles to that he heard
Well courteously the king answérd,
And told it shouldé ben amended.
And thus when that their tale is ended
All ready was the board and cloth,
The king unto his supper go'th
Among the lordés to the hall.
And when they haddé suppéd all,
They tooken leave and forth they go.
The king bethought himselfé tho[18]
How he his brother may chastie,
That he through[19] his surquedrie
Took upon handé to dispraise
Humility which is to praise,
And thereupon gave such counseil
Towards his king that was not heil,[20]
Whereof to be the better lered[21]
He thinketh to make him afeared.

It fell so that in thilke dawe[22]
There was ordainéd by the law
A trumpé with a sterné breath,
Which was clepéd "The Trump of Death."
And in the court where the king was
A certain man this trump of brass
Hath in keeping, and thereof serveth
That when a lord his death deserveth,
He shall this dreadful trumpet blow
To-fore his gate, and make it knowe

says, in his "Parson's Tale," "Presumption is when a man undertaketh an emprise that him ought not to do, or elles that he may not do; and this is called surquidrie."

[1] *Chare*, chariot.

[2] *Amayed*, attended by his mates or companions. There is another word "amayed" or "amated," from another root, meaning *dismayed*.

[3] *Bridlen hem*, the same form in other passages. From the old form "hem" we get the contraction 'em for "them."

[4] *Comend again*, coming towards.

[5] *Kinde* (First English "cind" and "gecind"), nature.—*Lite*, little. By nature they seemed little else than dead.

[6] *Bede*, pray for. First English "biddan." Beads are so called from the use of them in counting prayers.

[7] *Tho*.

[8] *Echone til other*.

[9] *Hath do*.

[10] *None emprise*, no mark. "Emprise" here means impress or stamp, mark of worth.

[11] *Tho*, then.

[12] *Thilke*, that.

[13] *Lough*, laughed. First English "hlihan," to laugh; past "hloh."

[14] *Make*, mate. First English "maca," mate or husband.

[15] *Nome*, taken. First English "níman," to take; past "nám."

[16] *Dreche*, trouble. First English "dreccean" and "drecan."

[17] *Mot*, must or ought. First English unchanged: "ic mot, thu most, he mot, we móton;" past "ic moste."

[18] *Tho*, then.

[19] *Through*, by sounding of *r*, becomes a dissyllable, "thorough."

[20] *Heil* (First English "hál"), whole, sound.

[21] *Lered*, taught.

[22] *Dawe* (First English "dæg"), day.

How that the jugément is give
Of death, which shall not be forgive.
The king, when it was night anon,
This man assent[1] and bade him gon
To trumpen at his brother's gate.
And he, which mot so don algate,[2]
Goth forth and doth the kingé's hest.[3]
This lord, which heard of this tempést
That he to-fore his gaté blew,
Then wist he[4] by the law and knew
That he was sickerliché dede,[5]
And as of help he wist no rede[6]
Bade sendé for his friendés alle
And told them how it is befalle.
And they him aské causé why,
But he the soothé not forthy[7]
Ne wist, and there was sorrow tho.
For it stood thilké timé so
This trumpé was of such senténce
That there against no resisténce
They couth ordainé by no weie
That he ne mot algaté deie,[8]
But if so[9] that he may purchácе[10]
To get his liegé lordés grace.
Their wittés thereupon they cast,
And ben appointed at the last.
This lord a worthy lady had
Unto his wife, which also drad
Her lordés death; and children five
Between them two they had alive,
That weren young and tender of age,
And of statúre and of viságe
Right fair and lusty on to see.
Then casten they that he and she
Forth with their children on the morrow,
As they that weré full of sorrow,
All naked but of smock and sherte
To tender with[11] the kinges herte,
His gracé shulden go to seche[12]
And pardon of the death beseche.
Thus passen they that woful night,
And early when they saw it light
They gon them forth, in such a wise
As thou to-fore hast heard devise.
All naked but their shirtés on,
They wept and madé mochel mone,
Their hair hangénd about their ears.
With sobbing and with sorry tears
This lord goth then an humble pas
That whilom proud and noble was;
Whereof the city sore a-flight[13]
Of them that sawen thilké sight;

1 *Assent*, sent to.
2 *Mot so don algate*, always must do so.
3 *Hest*, command. First English "hæ's," from "hátan."
4 *Tho wist he*, then knew he.
5 *Sickerliche dede*, surely dead.
6 *Rede*, counsel.
7 He for all that did not know the truth.
8 *Algate*, all ways, by all means.—*Deie*, die.
9 *But if so*, unless.
10 *Purchace* (French "pour chasser), hunt for, and so obtain.
11 *To tender with*, whereby to make tender, soften.
12 *Seche*, seek.
13 *Sore a-flight*, sorely jested or sneered.

"That they must fligger, scoff, deride, and jeer,
Appoint their servants certain hours to appear."
("History of Albino and Bellama," 1638.)

First English "flítan," to dispute, blame.

And nathéless all openly,
With such weeping and with such cry,
Forth with his children and his wife
He goth to prayé for his life.

Unto the court when they be come
And men therein have heedé nome,[14]
There was no wight if he them seigh,[15]
From water mighté keep his eye,
For sorrow which they maden tho.
The king supposeth of this wo,
And feigneth as he nought ne wiste;[16]
But natheless at his upriste[17]
Men tolden him how that it ferde,[18]
And when that he this wonder herde,
In haste he go'th into the hall.
And all at onés down they fall,
If any pity may be found.
The king which seeth them go to ground
Hath askéd them, what is the fear?
Why they be so despoiled there?
His brother said, "Ah, lord, mercy!
I wot none other causé why,
But only that this night full late
The Trump of Death was at my gate
In token that I shuldé deie;
Thus we be comé for to preie
That ye may worldés death respite."

"Ha, fool, how thou art for to wite,"[19]
The king unto his brother saith,
"That thou art of so little faith
That only for a trumpés soun[20]
Hath gone despoiléd through the town,
Thou and thy wife, in such manere
Forth with thy children that ben here,
In sight of allé men about,
For that thou say'st thou art in doubt
Of death, which stand'th under the law
Of man, and man it may withdraw,
So that it may perchancé fail.
Now shalt thou not forthy[21] merveile,
That I down from my chare alight,
When I beheld to-fore my sight,
In them that were of so great age,
Mine owné death through their imáge,
Which God hath set by law of kind
Whereof I may no boté[22] find.
For well I wot, such as they be,
Right such am I in my degree,
Of flesh and blood and so shall deie.[23]
And thus though I that law obeie
Of which that kingés ben put under,
It ought ben well the lassé[24] wonder
Than thou, which art, withouté nede,
For law of land in such a drede,
Which for t' account is but a jape[25]
As thing which thou might overscape.
Therefore,[26] my brother, after this
I rede, that sithen[27] so it is

14 *Heede nome*, taken heed.
15 *Seigh*, saw.
16 *Wiste*, knew.
17 *Upriste*, uprising.
18 *Ferde*, fared.
19 *To wite*, to blame. First English "wítan."
20 *Soun* (French "son;" Latin "sonus"), sound.
21 *Forthy*, for that. "Thy" is the old ablative of "that."
22 *Bote* (First English "bót"), remedy.
23 *Deie*, die.
24 *Lasse*, less.
25 *Jape*, jest.
26 *Forthy*.
27 *Sithen*, since.

That thou canst dread a man so sore,
Dread God with all thine hearté more.
For all shall die and all shall pass,
As well a lion as an ass,
As well a beggar as a lord,
Towardés Death in one accord
They shullen stand." And in this wise
The kingé, with his wordés wise,
His brother taught and all forgave.

CHAPTER V.

LYDGATE, HOCCLEVE, AND JAMES THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND.—A.D. 1400 TO A.D. 1450.

IN the generation after Langland, Chaucer, and Gower, the three chief poets were John Lydgate, Thomas Occleve or Hoccleve, and King James I. of Scotland. Lydgate and Hoccleve were nearly of like age, young men of about thirty, when Chaucer died in the year 1400, but James I. of Scotland was then only a boy of six.

John Lydgate, named from his birth in Suffolk, at

JOHN LYDGATE.
From Harleian MS.—1766, page 5.

the village of Lydgate, a few miles from Newmarket, was an ordained priest of the monastery of Bury St. Edmund's, where he taught rhetoric in the monastery school, and lived in repute over all the country as poet himself and teacher of the art of versifying to others. He wrote many legends of saints; he versified the tales of Troy and Thebes, and also the Falls of Princes, from a French metrical version of a Latin prose book by Boccaccio. His religious feeling will be illustrated in another volume. Here let us show that he could be lively when he pleased. His poem describing a poor Kentish countryman who has come in search of justice to London, the licker up of pence, once had the widest popularity, and is even at this day well known to many readers.

LONDON LICKPENNY.

To London once my steps I bent,
Where truth in nowise should be faint;
To Westminster-ward I forthwith went,
To a Man of Law to make complaint,
I said "For Mary's love, that holy saint,
Pity the poor that would proceed!"
But for lack of Money I could not speed.

And as I thrust the press among,
By froward chance my hood was gone,
Yet for all that I stayéd not long
Till to the King's Bench I was come.
Before the Judge I kneel'd anon,
And pray'd him for God's sake to take heed.
But for lack of Money I might not speed.

Beneath them sat clerks a great rout,
Which fast did write by one assent,
There stood up one and criéd about
"Richard, Robert, and John of Kent!"
I wist not well what this man meant,
He criéd so thickly there indeed.
But he that lacked Money might not speed.

Unto the Common Pleas I yode[1] tho,
Where sat one with a silken hood;[2]
I did him reverence, for I ought to do so,
And told my case as well as I coud,
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood.
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of Money I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I gat me from thence,
Before the clerkes of the Chancerie,
Where many I found earning of pence,
But none at all once regarded me.
I gave them my plaint upon my knee;
They likéd it well when they had it read,
But lacking Money I could not be sped.

In Westminster Hall I found out one
Which went in a long gown of ray,[3]
I crouchéd and kneeléd before him anon,
For Marye's love of help I him pray.
"I wot not what thou mean'st," gan he say;
To get me thence he did me bede,
For lack of Money I could not speed.

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me aught although I should die.
Which seeing, I got me out of the door
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,
"Master, what will you copen[4] or buy?
Finé felt hats, or spectácles to read?
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed."

[1] *Yode*, went. First English "gán," to go; present, "ic ga," I go; past, "ic eode," I went. The initial *g* has disappeared after becoming soft before the vowel sounds. The *y* in *yode* represents it. The past form now used with the verb "to go" is from another verb "to wend."

[2] *Silken hood*, badge of a serjeant-at-law.

[3] *Ray*, a rayed or striped cloth.

[4] *Copen* (Dutch "koopen"), buy. So in Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," the skipper whose wonderful ship is bought to make Simon Eyre's fortune, recommends it as "good copen," well worth buying.

Then to Westminster Gate I presently went,
When the sun was at highé prime;[1]
Cookés to me they took good intent,
And proffered me bread with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine;
A fairé cloth they gan for to sprede,
But wanting Money I might not then speed.

Then unto London I did me hie,
Of all the land it beareth the prise.
"Hot peascodés!" one began to cry,
"Strawberry ripe!" and "Cherries in the rise!"[2]
One bade me come near and buy some spice,
Pepper and saffroné they gan me bede,[3]
But for lack of Money I might not speed.

Then to the Cheap I began me drawn,
Wheré much people I saw for to stand;
One offered me velvuet, silk, and lawn,
Another he taketh me by the hand,
"Here is Paris thread, the fin'st in the land!"
I never was used to such things indeed,
And wanting Money I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London Stone,
Throughout all Can'wick Street.[4]
Drapers much cloth me offered anon;
Then comes me one cried, "Hot sheep's feet!"
One criedé "Mackerel!" "Rushes green!" another gan greet;[5]
One bade me buy a hood to cover my head,
But for want of Money I might not be sped.

Then I hied me into East Cheap;
One cries "Ribs of beef," and many a pie;
Pewter pottés they clatter'd on a heap,
Theré was harpé, pipe, and minstrelsie.
"Yea, by cock!" "Nay, by cock!" some began cry;
Some sung of Jenkin and Julian for their meed,
But for lack of Money I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
Where was much stolen gear among;
I saw where hung mine owné hood
That I had lost among the throng:
To buy my own hood I thought it wrong;
I knew it well as I did my Creed,
But for lack of Money I could not speed.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
"Sir," saith he, "will you our wine assay?"
I answered, "That cannot much me grieve,
A penny can do no more than it may."
I drank a pint, and for it I did pay.
Yet soon ahungered from thence I yede,
And wanting Money I could not speed.

Then hiéd I me to Billingsgate,
And oné criéd, "Hoo! Go we hence!"
I prayéd a large man, for God'ses sake,
That he would sparé me my expence.
"Thou scrap'st not here," quoth he, "under two pence;
I list not yet bestow any alms deed."
Thus lacking Money I could not speed.

Then I conveyéd me into Kent;
For of the law would I meddle no more,
Becausé no man to me took intent,
I dight me to do as I did before.
Now Jesus, that in Bethlehem was bore,
Save London, and send true lawyers their meed!
For whoso wants Money with them shall not speed.

Geoffrey Chaucer, in his comic epilogue to the tale of "Griselda," counselled women not to imitate that heroine, "lest Chichevache you take." Among Lydgate's shorter poems is one written to accompany the public illustration of the popular myth, French in its origin, of Chichevache and Bicorn. French *chiche* (from the Latin *ciccus*, worthless) means niggardly, stingy; and *vache* is a cow. *Chichevache* means, therefore, the cow that has niggardly fare. Her husband, Bicornis the Two-horned, explains himself—as, indeed, Chichevache will also speak for herself—in the poem following.

HEAD OF LYDGATE.
From Harleian MS.—4826, between pages 1 and 2.

BICORN AND CHICHEVCHE.

First there shall stand an image in Poet-wise, saying these verses:

O prudent folkés, taketh heed,
And remembreth in your lives
How this story doth proceed
Of the husbands and their wives,
Of their accord and their strives,
With life or death which to darrain[6]
Is granted to these beastés twain.

[1] *Prime*, morning, the first canonical hour of prayer.
[2] *In the rise*, on the bough. See Note I, page 19. [3] *Bede*, offer.
[4] *Can'wick, Candlewick Street*, now lost in Cannon Street, where a bit of London Stone may be seen built into a wall of St. Swithin's.
[5] *Greet*, cry. First English "[illegible]n," to cry or call.

[6] *Darrain*, decide. From Latin "do," and "rationes," pleadings. The three words of the Roman Prætor in execution of his office were "do," "dico," "addico;" "do" in granting that a cause be brought for judgment; "dico" in pronouncing judgment; and "addico" in adjudging to either disputant the matter in debate. To "arraign" was to call *ad rationes* to the pleadings; to "darraign" was to proceed to settling of the question. So Chaucer writes ("Knight's Tale," 772-4)—

"Two harneis hath he dight,
Both sufficient and meté to darrain
The battail in the field betwixt hem twain;"

and Spenser ("Faerie Queene," I. iv. 40)—

"Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily
Redoubted battail ready to darrain."

Then shall be pourtrayed two beasts, one fat, another lean.

For this Bicorn of his natûre
Will none other manner food,
But patient husbands his pastûre,
And Chichevache eat'th the women good;
And both these beastés, by the Rood,
Be fat or lean, it may not fail,
Like lack or plenty of their vitail.

Of Chichevache and of Bicorn,
Treateth wholly this matere,
Whose story hath taught us beforn
How these beastés both infere[1]
Have their pastûre, as you shall hear,
Of men and women in senténce
Through suffrance or through impatiénce.

Then shall be pourtrayed a fat beast called Bicorn, of the country of Bicornis, and say these three verses following:

"Of Bicornis I am Bicorn,
Full fat and round here as I stand,
And in marriage bound and sworn
To Chichevache as her husbánd,
Which will not eat on sea nor land
But patient wivés debonair,
Which to their husbands be n't contraire.

"Full scarce, God wot, is her vitail,
Humble wives she finds so few,
For always at the contre tail[2]
Their tongué clappeth and doth hew.
Such meeké wivés I beshrew,
That neither can at bed ne board
Their husbands not forbear one word.

"But my food and my cherishing,
To tell plainly and not to vary,
Is of such folks which, their living,[3]
Dare to their wives be not contrary,
Ne from their lustés dare not vary,
Nor with them hold no champarty,[4]
All such my stomach will defy."[5]

[1] *Infere*, together.

[2] *Contre tail*, counter-thrust. French "contre," against, and "taille," a cutting or hewing.

[3] *Their living* (and lower down, *their lives*), in their lifetime.

[4] *Champarty*, fair division. French "champ(p)arter," to divide a field or its crop into due portions. Then "champar" or "champart" meant the field-rent or share of a crop due by bargain or custom to the landlord, and taken off the ground by him before the farmer gathered any. Chaucer says, in "The Knight's Tale"—

"Beauty ne sleight, strength ne hardinesse,
Ne may with Venus holdé champartye."

[5] "My stomach will *defy*," digest. "Fying and defying meat and drink, digesta." So in the "Vision of Piers Plowman" we read of wine as an aid to digestion:—

"Red wine of Gascoine
Of the Rhine and of the Rochel, the roast to defy."

Mr Albert Way suggests, in a note to this word in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," that its root is Icelandic "fægja," to cleanse. But there is also an Icelandic word "fúi," meaning decay or putrefaction, and a participial adjective "fúinn," from a lost strong verb that means decomposition without sense of an ill smell attached to it. In the Wycliffite version of Deut. xxiii. 13, English for the "egesta" is "things idel out." A less probable etymology is from Latin "de" and "fio." The word is from another root than that of the "defy" now alone in use (from Latin "fides"), to renounce faith or allegiance.

Then shall be pourtrayed a company of men coming towards this beast Bicornis, and say these four balads:—

"Fellows, take heed and ye may see
How Bicorn casteth him to devour
All humble men, both you and me.
There is no gain may us succóur;
Wo be therefore in hall and bower
To all those husbands which, their lives,
Make mistrésses of their wives.

"Who that so doth, this is the law,
That this Bicorn will him oppress
And devouren in his maw
That of his wife makes his mistréss;
This will us bring in great distress,
For we, for our humility,
Of Bicorn shall devoured be.

"We standen plainly in such case,
For they to us mistrésses be;
We may well sing and say, 'Alas,
That we gave them the sovereigntie!'
For we ben thrall and they be free.
Wherefore Bicorn, this cruel beast,
Will us devouren at the least.

"But who that can be sovereign,
And his wife teach and chastise,
That she dare not a word gainsain
Nor disobey in no manner wise,
Of such a man I can devise
He stands under protectión
From Bicorn's jurisdictión."

Then shall there be a woman devoured in the mouth of Chichevache, crying to all wives, and say this verse:—

"O noble wivés, be well ware,
Take example now by me;
Or else affirmé well I dare
Ye shall be dead, ye shall not flee;
Be crabbéd, void humilitie,
Or Chichevache ne will not fail
You for to swallow in his entrail."

Then shall there be pourtrayed a long-horned beast, slender and lean, with sharp teeth, and on her body nothing but skin and bone.

"Chichevache, this is my name,
Hungry, meagre, slender, and lean,
To show my body I have great shame,
For hunger I feel so great teen;[6]
On me no fatness will be seen,
Because that pasture I find none,
Therefore I am but skin and bone.

"For my feeding in existénce
Is of women that be meek,
And like Grisield in patiénce
Or more their bounty for to eke;[7]
But I full long may go and seek
Ere I can find a good repast,
A morrow[8] to break with my fast.

[6] *Teen*, hurt, vexation. First English "teona," from "tyrian," to incense or vex.

[7] *Eke* (from First English "écan"), to increase.

[8] *A morrow*, in the morning.

"I trow there be a dearé year
Of patient women now-a-days.
Who grieveth them with word or cheer
Let him beware of such assays;
For it is more than thirty Mays
That I have sought from lond to lond,
But yet one Grisield ne'er I fond.

"I found but one in all my live,
And she was dead ago full yore;
For more pastûre I will not strive
Nor seeké for my food no more.
Ne for vitail me to restore;
Women ben woxen[1] so prudént
They will no more be patient."

Then shall be pourtrayed, after Chichevache, an old man with a baton on his back, menacing the beast for devouring of his wife.

"My wife, alas, devouréd is,
Most patiént and most pesíble![2]
She never said to me amiss,
Whom now hath slain this beast horríble!
And for it is an impossíble
To find again e'er such a wife
I will live sole all my life.

"For now of newé, for their prow,[3]
The wivés of full high prudénce
Have of assent made their avow
T' exile for ever patiénce,
And cried-wolf's-head[4] obedience,
To maké Chichevaché fail
Of them to findé more vitail.

Now Chichevaché may fast long
And die for all her cruelty,
Women have made themselves so strong
For to outrage humility.
O silly husbands, wo ben ye!
Such as can have no patiénce
Against your wivés violence.

If that ye suffer, ye be but dead,
Bicorn awaiteth you so sore;
Eke of your wivés go stand in dread,
If ye gainsay them any more!
And thus ye stand, and have done yore,
Of life and death betwixt coveyne[5]
Linkéd in a double chain.

Thomas Hoccleve—who derived his name, perhaps, from Hockliffe, in Bedfordshire—was of about Lydgate's age, and had known Chaucer. He was, like his master Chaucer, a Londoner, and he was a Government clerk in the Office of the Privy Seal.

[1] *Woxen*, grown. First English "weaxan;" past "weóx" and "wóx."
[2] *Pesible*, peaceable. French "paisible."
[3] *Prow* (French "prou"), profit.
[4] When a reward had been cried for a wolf's head, it would soon be off.
[5] *Coveyne* or *covin*, an old French term for the convening, that is, coming together or conspiring, of two or more to defraud another.

HOCCLEVE PRESENTING HIS BOOK TO KING HENRY V.
From the King's MS.—17, D. VI., page 37.

That office was on the site of the present Somerset House, a site haunted in our own day also by Government clerks, but by clerks whose salaries are paid. We might have known little of Hoccleve as a poet, if he had not found in song a courteous way of dunning his employers. His longest work was a metrical version of a book ascribed to Aristotle on the Duty of Princes, with an ingenious introduction, written avowedly for presentation to Henry V., as a way of commending to royal attention his own hard case, as a married man in the Government service with arrears of unpaid salary. Here again is a short poem of his, written in the name of himself and his fellow-clerks, Bailly, Offord, and Heath, who had a cold Christmas in view for want of their money. It was addressed, with graceful play upon his name, to Henry Somer, when he was Under-Treasurer; that is to say, before November, 1408, when Somer became a Baron of the Exchequer.

POEM AND ROUNDEL.

"TO MY MAISTER, H. SOMER."

The sonné with his beamés of brightnéss
To man so kindly is and nourishing,
That lacking it day neré[6] but darkness;
To-day he giveth his enlumining,
And causeth all fruit for to wax[7] and spring,
Now syn that sonné may so much avail,
And most with Somer is his sojourning,
That season bounteous we will assail.

[6] *Nere*, were not. The negative was contracted with the verb in First English; "eom," I am; "neom" (also "ne eom"), I am not; in the past, "wæs," I was; "næs," I was not. In like manner, "habban," to have; "nabban," not to have; "willan," to will; and "nyllan," to will not; whence the phrase, "will he nill he," or "willy nilly." In Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," Petruchio tells Katherine, "Will you, nill you, I will marry you."
[7] *Wax* (First English "weaxan"), to grow.

Glad cheeréd Somer, to your governail
And gracé we submit all our willing;
To whom ye friendly ben he may not fail,
But he shall have his reasonáble axing:[1]
After your good lust[2] be the seasoning
Of our fruïts: the lasté Michaelmess
The time of year was of our seed inning;
The lack of which is our great heaviness.

We trust upon your friendly gentilless
Ye will us help and ben our suppoaill,[3]
Now give us cause again this Christemess
For to be glad, O lord, whether our taill[4]
Shall sooné make us with our shippés sail
To Port Salut.[5] If you list, we may sing;
And elles mote us[6] bothé mourn and wail
Till your favóur us sendé relieving.

We, your servantés Hoccleve and Baillay,
Heath and Offordé, you[7] beseech and pray,
Hasteth our harvest as soon as ye may;
For fear of stormés our wit is away.
Were our seed innéd[8] then we mighten play,
And us disport and sing, and maké game,
And yet this roundel[9] shall we sing and say
In trust of you, and honour of your name.

[1] *Axing* (First English "ascian," "ahsian," "acsian," or "axian"), to ask. "Axe" for "ask," like many another form now reckoned vulgar, is only a piece of oldest English common still to some among the people.

[2] *Lust* (First English "desire"), will, pleasure. Pay when it so pleases you. We have sown the seed—that is, we have done the work for which money is due—and sorely need the harvest.

[3] *Suppoaill*, support.

[4] *Whether our taill*, if our tally, or the clearing of our score. Even Government accounts were formerly kept by tallies, pieces of notched wood, so named from the French "tailler," to cut. A running account of small debts might be kept with chalk marks, and when there were twenty of them they would be represented by a cut or score across two sticks fitting together. First English "scéran"—past participle "scoren"—means to shear or cut. Hence the use of the word "score" for a reckoning, and also for the number twenty. Family milk scores and accounts between brewers and publicans were long kept in the same way. Account was kept with Hoccleve and his friends by hazel or ash rods, split into two parts, one held by the Exchequer, the other by its creditor. Since the two sticks fitted together exactly, the score was across them both when joined together, and each half was kept by an opposite party to the contract. A false score was, therefore, detected instantly, by want of the corresponding cut on the other half of the tally. Hence, in our own day, when two statements agree exactly, they are said to "tally."

[5] *Port Salut*, the port of safety.

[6] *Mote us*, we must. First English, "ic mót," "thu móst," "he mót;" past, "ic móste."

[7] *You* is the accusative, governed by "beseech" and "pray;" *ye* is nominative. In Early English the distinction is preserved in use of "ye" and "you." It is so throughout our version of the Bible: "O *ye* remnant of Judah, Go *ye* not into Egypt, know certainly that I have admonished *you* this day. For *ye* dissembled in your hearts when *ye* sent me unto the Lord your God, saying, Pray for us . . . . . And now I have this day declared it unto *you*, but *ye* have not obeyed," &c. (Jeremiah xlii. 19—21). Both forms were plural only, plural of respect to a superior, and *eth* in *hasteth*, was the Southern plural ending.

[8] *Inned*, gathered in.

[9] *Roundel*. The French rondeau was a small poem of thirteen ten-syllabled lines and two half lines. The half lines were repetitions of the four or five first words of the first line, which served as a refrain. They were repeated after the eighth line and at the close. There were only two rhymes in a rondeau. Hoccleve's roundel is a variation of this; being like it in length, in confinement to two rhymes, and in the use of the refrain three times. It is a rondeau with the refrain developed from a phrase of four words to a sentence of three lines.

THE ROUNDEL.

Somer, that ripest mannés sustenance,
With wholesome heat of the sonnés warmnéss,
All kind of man thee holden is to bless.

Aye thankéd be thy friendly governance,
And thy fresh look of mirth and of gladnéss.

Somer, that ripest mannés sustenance,
With wholesome heat of the sonnés warmnéss,
All kind of man thee holden is to bless.

To heavy folk of thee the remembrance
Is salve and oinément[10] to their sicknéss,
Forwhy we this shall sing in Cristemess:

Somer, that ripest mannés sustenance,
With wholesome heat of the sonnés warmnéss,
All kind of man thee holden is to bless.

The same evidence that Hoccleve was singing for his supper appears at the close of the most important of his shorter poems. This also was written in the reign of Henry V. He lost health when suffering from poverty caused by the Government's want of means to pay its clerks. In the day of sickness he invoked the health that he had lost, and by condemning himself as one who paid the penalty of past neglects, taught others, while seeming to be not their censor but his own. In this way he caused his poem to fulfil the more effectually its appointed purpose as a warning of youth against folly. It is entitled "La Male Regle de T. Hoccleve."

HOCCLEVE'S MISRULE.

O preciôus tresór incomparáble,
O ground and root of all prosperity,
O excellent richessé commendáble
Aboven allé that in earthé be,
Who may sustainé thine adversity?
What wight[11] may him avaunt[12] of worldly wealth
But if[13] he fully stand in grace of thee,
Earthély god, pillar of life, thou Health!

While thy powér and excellent vigóur,
As was pleasánt unto thy worthiness,
Reignéd in me and was my governóur,
Then was I well, then felt I no duresse,[14]
Then farcéd[15] was I with heart's gladness;[16]
And now my body empty is and bare
Of joy, and full of sickly heaviness,
All poor of ease, and rich of evil fare.

[10] *Oinement*, ointment. Latin "ungere," French "oindre," to anoint. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, in his useful "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words," quotes from a Harleian MS.:—

"Now of the seventhe sacrament
These clerkés kalle hit *oynament*."

[11] *Wight* (First English "wiht"), a creature, thing, any thing. It is used in its widest sense (with the *h* transposed) in "not a whit."

[12] *Avaunt*, boast.

[13] *But if*, unless.

[14] *Duresse*, constraint.

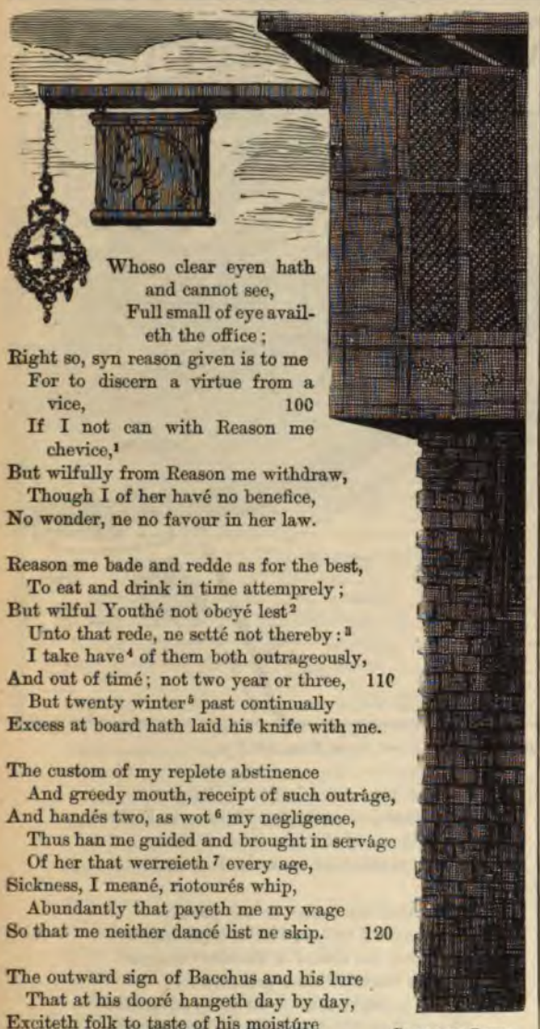
[15] *Farced*, stuffed, from French "farcir," to stuff. The French "farce," stuffing, by a common change of *a* to *o*, gives our word "forcemeat," for stuffing of veal, &c.

[16] *Gladness*. Marked pronunciation of *dn* gives the effect of another syllable in the metre.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]



Sign and Lure.

Inn Sign and Garland of the "Old Nag's Head," Cheapside.

(From Le Serre's Print of the Procession of Mary de Medicis.)

Whoso clear eyen hath and cannot see,
Full small of eye availeth the office;
Right so, syn reason given is to me
For to discern a virtue from a vice,
If I not can with Reason me chevice,[1]
But wilfully from Reason me withdraw,
Though I of her havé no benefice,
No wonder, ne no favour in her law.

Reason me bade and redde as for the best,
To eat and drink in time attemprely;
But wilful Youthé not obeyé lest[2]
Unto that rede, ne sctté not thereby:[3]
I take have[4] of them both outrageously,
And out of timé; not two year or three,
But twenty winter[5] past continually
Excess at board hath laid his knife with me.

The custom of my replete abstinence
And greedy mouth, receipt of such outráge,
And handés two, as wot[6] my negligence,
Thus han me guided and brought in servage
Of her that werreieth[7] every age,
Sickness, I meané, riotourés whip,
Abundantly that payeth me my wage
So that me neither dancé list ne skip.

The outward sign of Bacchus and his lure
That at his dooré hangeth day by day,
Exciteth folk to taste of his moistúre
So often that men cannot well say nay.
For me, I say I was inclinéd aye
Withouten[8] danger thither for to hie me,
But if[9] such charge upon my back lay
That I mote it forbear as for a timé.

Or but I weré nakedly bestad
By force of the pennyless maladie;
For then in herté could I not be glad,
Ne lust had none to Bacchus house to hie.

Fie! Lack of coin departeth[10] companie,
And heavy purse with herté liberál
Quencheth the thirsty heat of hertés drie,
Where chinchy[11] herté hath thereof but smal.

[Three stanzas omitted.]

Of him that haunteth tavern of custúme,
In shorté wordés the profit is this,
In double wise: His bag it shall consume,
And make his tongé speak of folk amis:
For in the cuppé seldom founden is
That any wight his neighbour commendeth.
Behold and see what avantáge is his
That God, his friend, and eke himself offendeth!

But one advantage in this case I have:
I was so feared with any man to fight
Close kept I me; no man durst I deprave
But rowningly;[12] I spake no thing on hight;[13]
And yet my will was good, if that I might
For letting[14] of my manly cowardise
That aye of strokés impresséd the wight,[15]
So that I dursté medlen in no wise.

Where was a greater master eke than I,
Or bet acquainted at Westminster gate
Among the tavernerés namély,[16]
And cookés? When I came, early or late,
I pinchéd not at them in mine acate,[17]
But payéd them as that they axé wolde,
Wherefore I was the welcomer algate,[18]
And for a verray gentil man y-holde.

And if it happéd on the summer's day
That I thus at the tavern haddé be,
When I departé should and go my way
Home to the Privy Seal, so wooéd me
Heat and Unlust, and Superfluitee,
To walk unto the bridge and take a boat,
That not durst I contráry them all three,
But did all that they stirred me, Got wot.

And in the Winter, for the way was deep,
Unto the bridge I dressed me alsó;
And there the boatmen took upon me keep,[19]
For they my riot knewen fern[20] ago:

---

[1] *Me chevice*, sustain myself. "Chevyn or thryvin' — vigeo" ("Promptorium Parvulorum"). French "chevir," accomplish, bring to a head, or good end, from "chef," caput, the head.

[2] *Not obeyé lest*, did not please to obey.

[3] *Sette thereby*. To "set by" is to value.

[4] *Take have*, have taken of both (eating and drinking).

[5] *Twenty winter*. In First English, winters were named for reckoning of years, and nights for days, as in *se'nnight* and *fortnight*.

[6] *Wot*, knows.

[7] *Werreieth*, wars against.

[8] *Withouten danger*. Equivalent to our phrase "no fear."

[9] *But if*, unless. The full sounding of *r* in "charge" gives the word force of a dissyllable in the metre. The same development is to be noticed in other cases, as in line 166, the *ghb* in "neighbour."

[10] *Departeth*, parts.

[11] *Chinchy* (French "chiche,"), niggardly.

[12] *Rowningly*, by secret whisper. Rún (rune), a letter; a mystery; as it was when speech by written signs—the art of inaudible speech—was known only to a few. "Runa" was, in First English, a whisperer, a sorcerer; "runian," to whisper or speak mysteriously. This word "rown" was afterwards written "round." So Faulconbridge, in Shakespeare's "King John," speaks of the King of France as "rounded in the ear with that same purpose changer . . . tickling Commodity."

[13] *On hight*, on high, aloud; did not speak up.

[14] *Letting*, hindrance.

[15] *Wight* (First English "wiht"), weight. German "wichtig," weighty.

[16] *Namely*, especially; as German "namentlich."

[17] *Acate*, buying, from French "acheter." I never beat down their prices.

[18] *Algate*, every way.

[19] *Took keep*, took notice.

[20] *Fern* (First English "fyrn"), formerly; of old.

THE THAMES, FROM WESTMINSTER TO BLACKFRIARS. (*From Aggas' Map*, 1563.)

With them I was y-tugged to and fro,[1]
So well was him that I with woldé fare,
For Riot payeth largely ever mo;
He stinteth never till his purse be bare.

Other than Master calléd was I never
Among this meynee[2] in mine audiénce;[3]
Methought I was y-made a man for ever,
So tickled me that nicé reverénce
That it me madé larger of dispence
Than that I thought han[4] been. O Flatterie,
The guise of thy traiterous diligence
Is folk to mischief nasten and to hie.[5]

Albeit that my yearés be but young,
Yet have I seen in folk of high degree
How that the venom of Favelés[6] tongue
Hath mortifiéd their prosperitee,
And brought them in so sharp adversitee
That it their life hath also thrown adown,
And yet there can no man in this countree
Uneath[7] eschewé this confusióun.

Many a servant unto his lord saith
That all the world speaketh[8] of him honóur,
When the contráry of that is sooth in faith,
And lightly leevéd[9] is this losengoúr:[10]

[1] *Ytugged to and fro.* These Tom Tugs were to the men of Hoccleve's time what Hansom cabmen are to modern Londoners. The Thames was the great highway, landing "bridges" jutted into it, as the map shows; but there was only one bridge over it, so that there was constant crossing by boat, or going up and down by boat. The Privy Seal Office, being on the site of Somerset House, was by the riverside, and if Hoccleve took a boat he saved himself the short walk by the Strand of the river, then an open road with some great houses by it, although now one of the populous paved highways of the town, a part of what might be called the High Street of London, extending from the Bank and Exchange to the Houses of Parliament.

[2] *Meynee*, company of followers; French "mesnie," a family, household, company, servants; Italian "masnada," a troop of soldiers, company, family. "Mansus," "manse" (from "manere," to remain), was a holding that could be cultivated with a couple of oxen; the tenantry of the "mansi," bound to feudal service, were the "mansata," "masnada," or "mainada." The word so formed easily blended with "mains né," "moins né," "minores natu," younger members of a family as opposed to "majores natu," heads of the family, in Middle Latin. French "maisneté" was the right of the younger son or brother. So in Piedmontese "masna," a boy, in Languedoc "meina," a child. "Meinee," from "mansus," means the company of servants attached to a house; and possibly a like word from the other source adds the sense of a family. In this passage the word does not include the second sense, and means only a troop of retainers; as in "Lear," act ii., sc. 4, when Goneril's letters had been delivered to Regan and her husband, "They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse."

[3] *In mine audience*, in my hearing; which excludes what they may have called him behind his back.

[4] *Han*, to have.

[5] *Hie* (First English "higan"), to hurry.

[6] *Favel*, flattery, speaker of fables (Latin "fabula," from "fari," to speak).

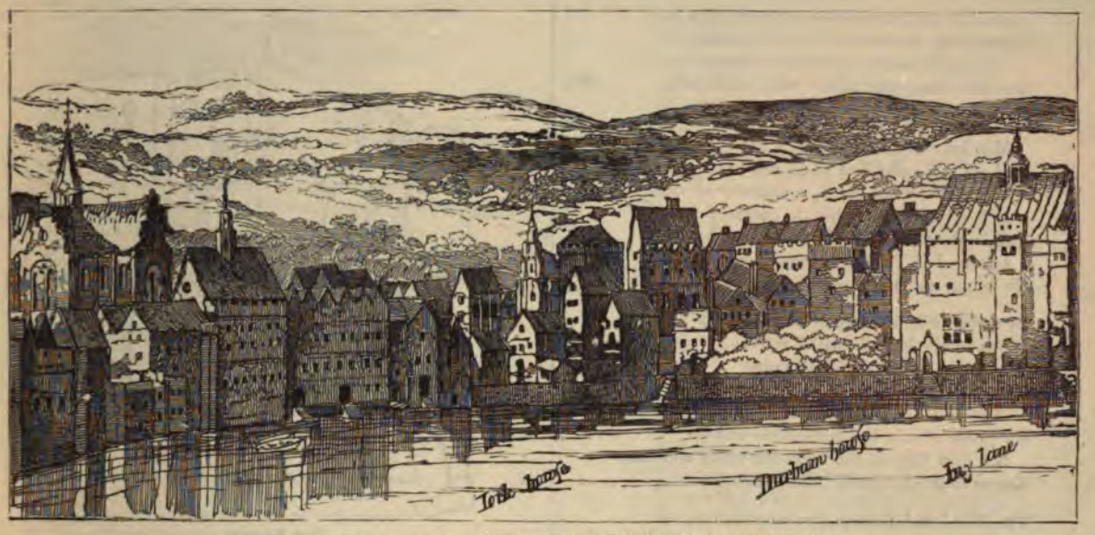
[7] *Uneath*, not easily. A double negative in early English only sustained the negation.

[8] *World speaketh.* Pronounced "wo-r-ld speakth." In the next line the y of "contrary" makes one syllable with the following word, "of." So Milton runs the y of "glory" into the succeeding vowel, when he says Satan aspired "To set himself in glory above his peers" ("Paradise Lost," I. 39), and makes him boast that he and his fellows are in mind invincible:—

"Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery."

[9] *Leeved*, believed. First English "lȳfan," to allow.

[10] *Losengour*, sounder of praises, from Old French "loa" (Latin "laus"), praise, and "losange," the flattering with praises.



CHARING CROSS, FROM THE RIVER. (*From a Print by Visscher, about* 1540.)

His honey wordés wrappéd in erróur
Blindly conceivéd ben, the more harm is.
O thou, Favel, of leasingés[1] auctóur,
Causest all day thy lord to fare amiss!

The cumberworldés[2] clept ben enchantóurs
In bookés, as that I have or this[3] read,
That is to sayé subtle deceivóurs
By whom the people is misgyed and led,
And with pleasânce so fosteréd and fed
That they forget themselves, and cannot feel
The sooth of the condition in them bred,
No moré than their wit were in their heel.

Whoso that list in the book of Natúre
Of beastés readé, therein he may see,
If he take heed unto the scriptúre[4]
Where it speak'th of mermaidés in the sea,
How that so inly mirie[5] singeth she
That the shipman therewith falleth asleep,
And by her after dévouréd is he.
From all such song is good men them to keep.

Right so the feignéd wordés of pleasance
Annoyen[6] after, though they please a time
To them that ben unwise of governance.
Lordés, beth ware, let not Favel you lime![7]
If that ye ben envelopéd in crime,
Ye may not deemé men speak of you weel;
Though Favel paint her tale in prose or rhyme,
Full wholesome is it trust her not a deal.[8]

Holcoté saith[9] upon the book also
Of Sapience, as it can testifie,
When that Ulysses sailéd to and fro
By mermaidés, this was his policie:—
All earés of men of his companie
With wax he stoppé let, for that they nought
Their song should hearé, lest the harmonie
Them might into such deadly sleep have brought;

And bound himself unto the shippés mast:
So thus them all savéd his providénce.
The wise man is of peril sore aghast.
O Flattery, O lurking Pestilence,
If some man[10] did his care and diligénce
To stop his earés from thy poesie,
And not would hearken a word of thy senténce
Unto his grief it were a remedie.

Ah nay! Although thy tongé were ago,[11]
Yet canst thou glose in countenance and cheer;
Thou súpportést with lookés evermo
Thy lordés wordés in eaché matere,
Although that they a mité be too dear,[12]
And thus thy guise is, privy and apert
With word and look, among our lordés here
Preferred be, though there be no desert.[13]

But when the sober true and well advised
With sad viságe his lord informeth playn[14]
How that his governance[15] is despised
Among the people, and saith him as they sayn,

[1] *Leasinges*, from First English "leas," false, feigned, counterfeit; "leasung," falseness.

[2] *The cumberworldes.* Those who are only troublers of the world. "Cumber" (Scotish "cummer," German "kummer"), vexation or care.

[3] *Or this*, ere this.

[4] *Scripture* (pronounced *sc-r-ipture*), the writing.

[5] *Mirie*, softly (First English "mearo," soft, tender), root of the words *marrow* (soft fat of bones) and *merry*.

[6] *Annoyen* (French "nuire"), hurt.

[7] *Beth, ben. Beth* (First English "beoth") was plural of the indicative present and of the imperative; *ben* (First English "beón") was plural of the subjunctive. "If that ye ben."—*Favel you lime.* See note 4, page 58.

[8] *Not a deal*, not a part, not a bit.

[9] *Holcote saith.* Robert Holcot, a philosopher and theologian, who died of the plague in 1349, wrote many books of high repute in their time, besides the one here quoted.

[10] *Some man*, any man. First English "sum," some, one, any one.

[11] *Were ago*, were gone.

[12] *A mite too dear*, not worth a mite.

[13] The sense is, And thus your manner, whether secret or open, flattering by words or looks, "is be preferred" among our lords here, though there be no preference deserved.

[14] *Playn* (French "plein," fully), without reservation or false colouring.

[15] The four syllables in "governance" are made by sounding the *rn*, not by use of the final *e*, since that is followed by a vowel. We must either roll the *r* in "governance," or assume that the form "is be,"

As man true ought unto his sovereign,
Counselling him amend his governance,
The lordés herté swelleth for disdain
And bids him voidé blivé[1] with mischance.

Men setten not by Truthé nowadays;
Men love it not, men will it not cherice;[2]
And yet is Truthé best at all assays:
When that false Favel, soustenour of vice,
Not wité shall how hiré to chevice,[3]
Full boldély shall Truth her head upbear.
Lordés, lest Favel you from wealé trice,[4]
No longer suffer her nestlen in your ear.

Be as be may, no more of this as now;
But to my Misrulé will I refeere;
Whereas I was at easé well enow
Or[5] éxcess unto me was lief and deere,
And or I knew his earnesful[6] maneere
My purse of coin had reasonable wone;[7]
But now therein can there but scant appeere,
Excess hath nigh exiléd them each one.

The Fiend and Excessé ben convertible,
As énditeth to me my fantasie:
This is my skill,—If it be admittible
Excess in meat and drink is Gluttonie,
Gluttony awakéth Melancholie,
Melancholy engendreth War and Strife,
Strife causeth Mortal Hurt through her folie.
Thus may Excessé reve a soul her life.[8]

No force of all this;[9] go we now to watch[10]
By nightertale[11] out of all mesúre;
For as in that[12] findé could I no match
In all the Privy Seal with me to endure,
And to the cup aye took I keep and cure[13]
For that the drink appallen[14] shouldé nought,
But when the pot emptied was of moistúre
To wake afterward came not in my thought.

THE TAVERN.
From King's MS.—19, C. XI., page 37.

But when the cup had thus my needé sped,
And somedeal[15] moré than necessitee,
With replete spirit went I to my bed
And bathéd there in superfluitee.
But on the morn was wight of no degree
So loth as I to twynné[16] from my couch
By aght I wot[17] . . . abidé, let me see . . .
Of two as loth I am suré could I touch!

I dare not say Prentys and Arundel[18]
Me counterfeit and in such wake go ny me;
But often they their bed loven so well
That of the day it draweth nigh the prymé
Ere they rise up; not can I tell the timé
When they to beddé goon, it is so late.
O Healthé, lord, thou seest them in that crimé,
And yet thee loth is with them to debate![19]

And why? I n'at;[20] it sit not unto me,
That mirror am of riot and excess,
To knowen of a goddés privitee,
But thus I imagine and thus I guess:
Thou movéd art of tender gentleness
Them to forbear, and will them not chastise
For they in mirth and virtuous gladnéss
Lordés reconforter in sundry wise.

But to my purpose: syn that my sicknéss,
As well of purse as body, hath refrained
Me from tavérn and other wantonness,
Among an heap[21] my name is now distained;

---

here used as a sort of equivalent in the present to "has been," occurs in line 275. Shakespeare has even made three syllables of such a word as Percy, "It is my son, young Harry Percy," and found the final *r* in words like *mother*, *brother*, so well sounded that he might give it the value of a syllable at the end of a line, thus making *mother* and *brother* three-syllabled words ("Richard III.," v. 3; "Julius Cæsar," iv. 3). But, perhaps, Hoccleve repeated the form "is be." "Governance" has only three syllables in line 278.

[1] *Voide blive*, depart from him quickly. [2] *Cherice*, cherish.
[3] Shall not know how to sustain herself.
[4] *Trice*, thrust. [5] *Or*, before.
[6] *Earnesful*, full of yearning; the manner of excess that leads, not to content, but to new cravings.
[7] *Wone*, frequency, custom, from First English "wunian" (German "wohnen"), to dwell. From the sense of habitual frequenting comes the use of the word to mean plenty. So in the Chester Miracle Play of the "Pilgrims of Emmaus," Peter answers to the question of Jesus, "Have you any meat here?"

"Yea, my Lordé lief and dear,
Roasted fish and honey infere
Thereof we have good wone."

[8] *Reve a soul her life*, rob a soul of its life, as the fiend does; *reve*, from First English "reafian," to seize, rob, spoil, destroy.
[9] *No force of all this*, no care about all this (in our riotous youth). "No force for" this or that was a common phrase for not caring, and the verb "to force" had a sense of regarding or caring for, as in "Love's Labour's Lost" (v. 2), "Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear."
[10] *Watch*, keep awake.
[11] *Nightertale*, night time. The *ght* here has the value of a syllable, like the *ghb* in "neighbour," line 166.
[12] *As in that*, i.e., in that power of "making a night of it."
[13] *Cure*, care. [14] *Appallen*, fail, lose power.
[15] *Somedeal*, some part, deal, from "dæ'lan," to divide; so we deal or divide cards, and a "dole" is a portion divided out, as of money or bread to the poor.
[16] *Twynne*, separate.
[17] By strict reckoning, I know—stop, let me see—I could surely put my finger on two as loth to leave their beds as I am.—*Aght* (First English "æ'ht," German "acht"), estimation, careful observing.
[18] *Prentis and Arundel* seem to have been two jesters.
[19] *Debate*. French "debattre," to beat down.
[20] *I n'at*, I know not. Like "habban" and "nabban" were "witan," to know, and "nytan," not to know. "Ic wát" (afterwards "wot") was First English for "I know," and "ic nát" for "I know not."
[21] *Heap*, a crowd. First English "heáp," a troop or company of

My grievous hurt full little is complained,
But they the lack complain of my dispence,
Alas, that ever knit I was and chained
To Excess, or him did obedience!

Dispences large enhance a mannés loos[1]
While they endure; and when they be forbore
His name is dead; men keep their mouthés close
As[2] not a penny had he spent before:
My thank is qweynt,[3] my purse his stuff hath lore,[4]
And my carcáse replete with heaviness:
Be ware, Hoccleve, I redé[5] thee therefore,
And to a meané rulé[6] thou thee dress.

Who so passingé measuré desireth,
As that witnessen oldé clerkés wise,
Himself encumbreth oftensith[7] and mireth,[8]
And forthy[9] let the Meané thee suffise.
If such a cónceit in thine herté rise
As thy profit may hinder or thy renown
If it were execut in any wise,—
With manly reason thrusté thou it down.

Thy rentés annual as thou well woost[10]
Too scarcé been great costés to sustain;
And in thy coffer, pardy, is cold roast;
And of thy manual labour, as I ween,
Thy lucre is such that it uneath[11] is seen
Ne felt; of giftés say I eke the same;
And stealé, for the guerdon[12] is so keen,
Ne darst thou not; ne beg also, for shame.

BEGGARY.
From Harleian MS.—4,425, page 73.

men standing close together. It is good old English, if not now polite, to speak of "a heap of people."

[1] *Loos*, praise. See Note 9, page 60.
[2] *As*, as if.
[3] *Qweynt*, quenched.
[4] *Lore*, lost.
[5] *Rede*, counsel.
[6] *Meane rule*, rule of the Golden Mean, neither too much nor too little.
[7] *Oftensith*, oftentimes.
[8] *Mireth*, stains with mire.
[9] *Forthy*, for that, therefore.
[10] *Woost*, knowest, from "witan."
[11] *Uneath*, not easily.
[12] *The guerdon*, hanging for even a slight theft.

Then would it seemé that thou borrowed hast
Mochil[13] of that that thou hast thus dispent
In outrage, and excess, and verray waste.
Avisé thee;[14] for what thing that is lent
Of verray right must home again be sent;
Thou therein hast no perpetuitee:
Thy debtés payé, lest that thou be shent,[15]
And ere that thou thereto compelléd be.

Some folk in this case dreaden more offence
Of man, for wily wrenches of the law,
Than he doth either God or consciënce,
For by them two he setteth not an haw.
If thy conceit be such, thou it withdraw
I rede, and void it clean out of thine heart;
And first of God, and syn of man have awe,
Lest that they bothé maké thee to smart.

Now let this smart warningé to thee be,
And if thou may'st hereafter be relieved
Of body and pursé, so thou guidé thee
By wit that thou no moré thus be grieved.
What riot is, thou tasted hast and preeved.
The fire, men sayn, he dreadeth that is brent;
And if thou so do, thou art well y-meeved.[16]
Be now no longer fool, by mine assent.

Ey! what is me? that to myself thus long
Clappéd have I! I trowé that I rave.
Ah, nay! My pooré purse and painés strong
Have arted[17] me speak as I spoken have.
Whoso him shapeth mercy for to crave
His lesson mote record in sundry wise;
And while my breath may in my body wave
To record it uneath I may suffise.

O God, O Health, unto thine ordinance
Wealéfull lord, meekly submit I me!
I am contrite, and of full repentánce
That e'er I swimméd in such nicétee
As was displeasant to thy deitee:
Now kythe[18] on me thy mercy and thy grace!
It sit[19] a God be of his gracé free;
Forgive! and never will I aft trespace.

My body and pursé ben at onés seeke,[20]
And for them both I to thine high noblesse,
As humblely as that I can, beseeke
With heart unfeignéd, rue on our distress!
Pity have of mine harmfull heaviness!
Relievé the repentant in disease!
Dispend on me a drop of thy largesse,—
Right in this wise, if it thee like and please:—

Lo, let my lord the Furnival[21] I pray,
My noble lord, that now is Tresoréer,
From thine highnessé have a token or twey
To payé me that due is for this year

[13] *Mochil*, (Scotch "mickle" and "muckle"), much.
[14] *Avisé thee* (from French "s'aviser"), reflect, think.
[15] *Shent*, put to shame. First English "scendan," to put to shame, confound, reproach; German, "schänden."
[16] *Y-meeved*, moved.
[17] *Arted*, constrained. Latin "artare," to draw close, compress.
[18] *Kythe*, make known.
[19] *It sit*, it befits.
[20] *Seeke*, seek.
[21] *My lord the Furnival.* Thomas Nevil, Lord Furnival, was made by Parliament joint-treasurer of the kingdom with Sir John Pelham in 1405.

Of my yearly ten pounds in th' eschequeer;
Not but for[1] Michael termé that was last:
I dare not speak a word of ferneyear,[2]
So is my spirit simple and sore aghast.

I kepté[3] not to be seen importúne
In my pursuit, I am thereto full loth,
And yet that guisé rife is and comúne
Among the people now, withouten oath;
As the shaméless craver will it go'th,
For estate royal cannot all day werne;[4]
But pooré shaméfast[5] man oft is wroth;
Wherefore for to cravé mote I learn.

The proverb is, The Dumb Man No Land Getteth.
Whoso not speaketh and with need is bete,
And through arghness[6] his owne self forgetteth,
No wonder though another him forgete;
Need hath no law, as that the clerkés trete;
And thus to craven arteth[7] me my need.
And right will eke that I me entremete:[8]
For that I axe is due, as God me speed.

And that that due is, thy magnificence
Shunneth to wernen[9] as that I believe.
As I saidé, Rue on mine impotence,
That likely am to sterven[10] yet ere eve
But if[11] thou in this wisé me relieve;
By coin I geté may such medicine
As may mine hurtés, allé that me grieve,
Exilé clean and voidé me of pine.[12]

King James I. of Scotland, born in 1394, was intercepted at sea, and made prisoner by Henry IV. in 1405. He was educated in England during the reign of Henry V. Every attempt was made to train him in English habits of thought, and by marriage with Jane Beaufort he was attached to the royal family of England. His love for Lady Jane Beaufort was expressed in a poem of some length called "the King's Quair," which means, the king's little book, written before his release. King James returned to Scotland soon after the death of Henry V., was crowned at Scone in 1424, and was for twelve years a vigorous Scottish king, endeavouring to establish law and order among turbulent nobles, and to assure the rights and just liberties of his people. His firm upholding of justice led to his assassination in 1436.

A famous old poem, that dwells heartily upon the humours of a festival day in a Scottish town, "Peblis to the Play," is ascribed to King James I. by John Mair, who was born thirty-three years after the king's death. Mair said of him, "He was a most

[1] *Not but for*, only for.
[2] *Of ferneyear*, arrears from a past year.
[3] *I kepte*, &c., I took heed not to be a dun—am loth to be one—though that fashion is common now, and the shameless craver gets what he will because a king cannot be always saying, No.
[4] *Werne*, refuse. First English "wyrnan," to forbid, refuse, deny.
[5] *Shaméfast* (First English "sceamfæst"), modest, fast or firm in "sceamu;" now spelt "shame-faced."
[6] *Arghness*, hesitation, indolence. First English "yrhth," sluggishness, dread.
[7] *Arteth*, constrains.
[8] *Me entremete*, put between, interpose myself.
[9] *Werne*, refuse.
[10] *Sterve*, perish. First English "steorfan," German "sterben."
[11] *But if*, unless.
[12] *Pine* (First English "pín"), pain, torment.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND IN HIS YOUTH.
From a Contemporary Portrait at Kielberg, engraved in "Pinkerton's Iconographia Scotica."

clever composer in his mother tongue; whereof many writings and familiar songs are still held by the Scots in memory among their best. He composed the clever song 'Yas sen,' and that pleasant and clever song 'At Beltane,' which others have endeavoured to change into a song of Dalkeith and Gargeil, because it was kept close in a tower or chamber where a woman lived with her mother." Though James I.'s authorship has been questioned, no evidence in favour of another author is as good as this. The first words forming the old title to "Peblis to the Play" are "At Beltane;" the subject of the poem is the Beltane festival at Peebles, and as Mair says, others, when the original could not be got at, gave imitations of it with the scene laid elsewhere. We have such an imitation extant in the poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," which describes, after the manner of "Peebles to the Play," a rustic festival, of which the scene seems to be laid at Leslie, in Aberdeenshire, where the ruins of an old Christ's Kirk still stand on a green, and a fair used to be held. The other imitations of King James's playful sketch of life among his people have been lost.

In choice of the theme of "Peebles to the Play" there was a poet's feeling. Beltane Day was an ancient festival, originating in the days of Celtic paganism, held on old May Day by the Scots, and in Ireland on the 21st of June, at the time of the solstice. The word *Beil-tine* meant Bel's fire; Bel being one of the old Celtic names of the sun. Advance of the sun's beneficent power over the earth fixed the time of this ancient festival for joyous worship of one of the great forces of nature. The celebration was first and last a rustic one, and it was kept at last especially by cowherds, who gathered in the fields, and dressed themselves a dinner of boiled milk and eggs, with cakes of a mystical form, designed, doubtless, by heathen priests of old, for they were studded with lumps in the shape of nipples

JAMES I. IN LATER LIFE.

From John Jonston's "Inscriptiones Historicæ." (Amsterdam, 1602.)

Peebles kept Beltane Day with so much holiday fun that strangers were drawn even from Edinburgh. The author of "Peebles to the Play" begins his sketch of the humours of this Beltane festival with a description of the gathering in the fields. Then he proceeds to the dinner, the dance, the fun of an incidental fight, and so forth; his song being alive throughout with homely incident. It may be noticed that a "Beltane Fair" is still held at Peebles on the second Wednesday of May.

PEEBLES TO THE PLAY.

At Beltane when ilk body bownis[1]
To Peebles to the Play,
To hear the singing and the soundis
The solace, sooth to say,
By firth and forest forth they found;[2]
They graythit[3] them full gay;
God wait[4] that would they do that stound,[5]
For it was their feast day,
They said,
Of Peebles to the Play. 10

All the wenches of the west
Were up ere the cock crew;
For reeling[6] there might no man rest,
For garray[7] and for glew:[8]
One said "My curches[9] are not prest!"[10]
Then answerit Meg full blew:[11]
"To get an hood I hold it best."
"By [my own] soul that is true!"
Quoth she,
Of Peebles to the Play. 20

[1] *Ilk body bownis*, everybody makes ready. "Boun," or "bown," to make ready. Icelandic "búa," past participle "búinn." The word "boun," common in old English—"boun (that is, made ready, or prepared) for sea," &c.—was afterwards written "bound," as in "outward bound," "bound for New York." Other old Northern senses of the word "buinn" or "boun," were "ready" or "willing," and allied to it the being about to do anything. Thus in Cleasby's Icelandic Dictionary we have the phrase quoted, "hann var búinn til falls," he was just about to tumble, as one might still say in English of a boy on the edge of a wall that he "is bound to fall." In some common English phrases the word has been confused in usage with the participle of "bind."

[2] *Found*, go. First English "fundian," endeavour to find, go forward. The ending *ian* is only a sign of the infinitive, like *er* or *ir* in French.

[3] *Graythit*, made ready. First English "gerw'dian."

[4] *Wait* (First English "wát"), knows.

[5] *Stound*, time. First English "stund," a space of time.

[6] *Reeling*. Used here in the sense of quick movement, as in the song quoted by Jamieson in his "Scottish Dictionary:"

"The sack an' the sieve, an' a' I will leave,
An' alang wi' my soger reel, O!"

[7] *Garray*, preparation. First English "gearo," ready; "gearwian," to make ready. With the *g* softened, "geara" becomes "yare," as in the opening of the "Tempest," "Fall to't *yarely*, or we run ourselves aground." Another form "gearcian," to prepare, has the *g* softened to *j*, in "jerked" (or prepared) beef; the same word occurs, misspelt through a mistaken etymology, in "jugged hare."

[8] *Glew* (First English "gleo" and "gliw"), glee.

[9] *Curches*, kerchiefs; our "courches" in the original sense of the word as a woman's covering for the head, "couvre-chef." It has been argued that James I. could not be the author of this poem, because curches and hoods are mentioned in it; and a statute of James II., in 1457, enacted "that the wives and daughters of men living in boroughs, and of landwart" (those living in the country), "should not wear sumptuous clothing, but be abulzied" (apparelled, from French "habiller") "in manner correspondent to their estate; that is to say, on their head short curchies, with little hoods, such as are used in Flanders, England, and other countries." From this sumptuary law, and the pointing to the use of "curchies with little hoods" by women in Flanders, England, and elsewhere, of like station with those who over-dressed their heads in Scotland, it is inferred without sufficient reason that the Scottish peasantry never wore curches, or hoods—the simplest of head-coverings—till 1457. In the fashion of ladies' head-dresses, horns, or high heart-shaped

SUMPTUOUS HEAD-DRESSES.

From King's MS. 18, E. II., p. 269.

structures, prevailed during the reign of James I. of Scotland, who was killed in 1437, and they were superseded after the middle of the century by steeple caps half an ell or three-quarters of an ell high.

[10] *Prest* (French "prêt"), ready.

[11] *Blew*, disconcerted, looking blue. On the very morning of the holiday, says Kitty to Meg, "Thy kerchiefs are not ready" (meaning, perhaps, not dry or smooth from the wash). Meg looks concerned, but says, "You'd better get a hood." "Well thought of," says Kitty; "so I will" (takes from its nail her homespun hood, and goes without a kerchief).

She took the tippet[1] by the end,
To let it hang she leit[2] not;
Quoth he, "Thy back shall bear a bend."[3]
"In faith," quoth she, "we meet not."
She was so guckit[4] and so gend[5]
That day one bit she ate not;
Then spake her fellows that her kend,[6]
"Be still, my joy, and greet not
Now!"
Of Peebles to the Play.

"Ever alas!" then said she,
"Am I not clearly tint?[7]
I dare not come yon market to
I am so evil sunbrint;

TRADER.
From King's MS. 19, C. XI., p. 31.

Among yon merchants my dudds do?[8]
Marie, I sall anis mynt,[9]
Stand off far and keik[10] them to,
As I at home was wont,"
Quoth she,
Of Peebles to the Play.

Hop, Calyé and Cardronow
Gatherit out thickfold!
With hey and how, rohumbelow!
The young folk were full bold.
The bagpipe blew, and they out threw
Out of the townis untold.

[1] *Tippet*, a length of twisted hair. [2] *Leit*, permitted.
[3] *Bend*, band, ribbon. She coiled up a length of plaited hair, and would not let it hang down her back, though a sweetheart did offer to grace her back with a bunch, that was to do what a much later song represents as good in a damsel's eyes: "He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbon to tie up my bonny brown hair."
[4] *Guckit*, foolish, from "gowk." [5] *Gend*, playful.
[6] *Kend*, knew.
[7] *Tint*, lost. Icelandic "týna," to lose.
[8] *Dudds* (Icelandic "dúthi"), swaddling clothes, poor clothing, rags.—*Do*, "dow," lose freshness, look faded. Mæso-Gothic "dojan," and "afdojan," to wear down, destroy.
[9] *I sall anis mynt*, I shall once try for it. First English "myntan;" that is, try to see all the folk—stand far off and attempt.
[10] *Keik*, peep at them.

THE MUSICIANS.[11]

Lord, sic a shout was them among
When they were over the wold
There west,
Of Peebles to the Play.

TWEEDSIDE, A MILE WEST OF PEEBLES, NEIDPATH CASTLE.

A young man stert into that steid[12]
As cant[13] as any colt,
A birkin[14] hat upon his head
With a bow and a bolt;[15]

[11] Drawn in 1788 for John Carter's "Ancient Architecture of England," from carvings that represent humours of a popular festival (a Whitsun Ale) on the entablature under the parapet of the nave of St. John's Church, Cirencester. The nave was rebuilt between 1504 and 1522, and its carvings, from which I take also the figures on pages 67—69, were to be seen only from the leads of the side aisles. [12] *Steid*, place.
[13] *Cant*, and "canty," lively. Old Swedish "ganta," to play.
[14] *Birkin*, birchen.
[15] *Bolt*, arrow, that which is thrust forward; from a root meaning "impel." The same idea gives its name to the bolt of a door; indeed, we speak of shooting the bolt of a door.

Said, "Merry maidenis, think not lang!
The weather is fair and smolt."[1]
He cleikit up a high ruf[2] sang,
"*Therefure ane man to the holt*,"
Quoth he,
Of Peebles to the Play.

They had not gone half of the gait[3]
When the maidens came upon them.
Ilk ane man gave his consait
How at[4] they would dispone them.
One said, "The fairest fallis me;
Tak ye the laif and fone[5] them!"
Another said, "Wys me?[6] Lat be!
On, Twedell side, and on them
Swith,"[7]
Of Peebles to the Play.

Then he to go, and she to go,
And never ane bade "Abide you."
Ane winklot[8] fell her ankles up.
"Wow," quoth Malkin, "hide you!
What needis you to make it so?
Yon man will [but deride] you!"
"Are ye ower gude," quoth she, "I say
To lat them gang beside you
Yonder?"
Of Peebles to the Play.

Then they come to the townis end
Withouten more delay,
He before, and she before,
To see who was most gay.
All that lookit them upon
Leuche[9] fast at their array;
Some said, that they were market folk;
Some said, the Queen of May
Was come;
Of Peebles to the Play.

Then they to the tavern house
With mickle oly[10] prance;
Ane spake with wordis wonder crous[11]
"A done, with ane mischance![12]
Braid[13] up the board," he hydis; "tyte![14]
We are all in a trance,[15]
See that our napre[16] be white,
For we will dine and dance
There out,"
Of Peebles to the Play.

[1] *Smolt* (First English "smylt" and "smolt"), serene, mild, calm.
[2] *C'eikit up*, raised, snatched up. The first idea is, catching anything up with a "cleik," or iron hook, or chain.—*Ruf*, rough.
[3] *Gait*, way. Scandinavian "gata."
[4] *How at*, in what way.
[5] *The laif*, those left.—*Fone*, fondle.
[6] *Wys me?* direct me? don't try it. First English "wisian," to instruct, show, guide, direct, govern.
[7] *Swith*, in strength, bravely. A First English word.
[8] *Winklot*, young woman. First English "wencle," a maid or daughter. [9] *Leuche*, laughed.
[10] *Oly* (French "joli"), with jollity, good-humoured prancing.
[11] *Crous*, brisk-tempered. French "courroucé."
[12] *With ane mischance*, with a mischief to you!
[13] *Braid* (First English "brædan"), make broad, spread out. The noun "brædde" meant breadth, and also a table, as that which is spread.
[14] *He hydis*, he hurries, says hurryingly; to "hey," to hasten. First English "higan," to hie, to make haste.—*Tyte*, soon.
[15] *In a trance*, passing away, dying for our dinner.
[16] *Napre* (French "nappe"), a cloth.

CAKE AND ALE.

Ay as the goodwife brought in
Ane scorit upon the wauch,[17]
Ane bade "Pay!" Another said, "Nay,
Bide while we rakin our lauch!"[18]
The goodwife said "Have ye na dread,
Ye sall pay at ye aucht."[19]
A young man stert upon his feet
And he began to lauche
For heydin,[20]
Of Peebles to the Play.

He gat a trencher in his hand
And he began to count.
"Ilk man twa and ane happenie:
To pay thus we were wont."
Another stert upon his feet
And said "Thou art o'er blunt
To tak sic office upon hand;
[I vow] thou servite ane dunt[21]
Of me!"
Of Peebles to the Play.

STRIFE.

[17] *Scorit upon the wauch*, kept score upon the wall.
[18] *Rakin our lauch*, reckon our tavern bill. "Lauch" (also "lawin" and "lawing") may be from "leegan," to lay, or put down.
[19] *At ye aucht*, what you ought. You need not score all my jugs and dishes on the wall, and trouble yourselves to check my reckoning. I shall not cheat you.
[20] *Lauche for heydin*, laugh for scorn. *Heydin* (Icelandic "hæthni"), mockery, scurrility. [21] *Thou servite ane dunt*, deservest a blow.

Had there been more made of this song,
More should I to you say;
At Beltane ilka body bownd
To Peebles to the Play. 256

MONKEY AND BAGPIPES.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID: ROBERT HENRYSON. OLD BALLADS.—A.D. 1450 TO A.D. 1508.

BALLADS and poems written for recitation to the people followed the romances, lays, and fabliaux written, like Sir Cleges, for the lords in hall. In the latter part of the fifteenth century our literature was enriched with ballads of "Robin Hood," "Chevy Chase," and other such pieces, which usually survive in later versions. "The Nut-brown Maid" (to which a moral is attached in the last stanza, derived, no doubt, through Chaucer, from Petrarch's version of "Griselda") certainly belongs to the fifteenth century, for it was printed as early as 1502 in Richard Arnold's book on the customs of London, known as his Chronicle. Arnold was a Londoner trading to Flanders, and, as he was executor to a will in 1473, he could not have been born at a later date than 1452. *Nut-brown* was the old English word for *brunette*, and there was a saying that "A nut-brown girl is neat and blithe by nature."

It may be that many of the old ballads were written by ladies. Dr. R. C. A. Prior, in the introduction to his excellent translation of Ancient Danish Ballads, says that "the MSS. in which they are preserved are almost every one of them in female handwriting, which alone might lead us to expect that females had composed them. But it is also remarkable that wives invariably give their husbands the best possible advice, and that men who are pictured as fine characters follow their advice. Now as gallantry towards the fair was not a prominent characteristic of the Danes or any other Scandinavians in former times, we cannot suppose that anything so flattering to them was composed by men, but feel justified in admitting the conclusion to which Oehlenschläger, N. M. Petersen, and other Danish critics have arrived, that we are indebted for most of them to ladies. There is almost as conclusive internal evidence that they are in great part also the work of persons of education and refinement." Among the English ballads written by women some are disposed to include the "Nut-brown Maid." "We" in the last stanza would in that case be put into the mouth of the male reciter of the ballad to the listeners in castle hall or by the wayside.

A LADY WRITING.
From Harleian MS. 4431, p. 3.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

Be it right, or wrong, these men among
On women do complain;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them wele; for never a dele[1]
They love a man again:
For let a man do what he can,
Their favour to attain,
Yet, if a new to them pursue,
Their first true lover than[2]
Laboureth for naught; and from her thought
He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decayed;
But nevertheless, right good witnéss
In this case might be laid.
That they love true, and continûe,
Record the Nut-brown Maid:
Which, from her love when her to prove,
He came to make his moan,
Would not depart; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss
What was all the manere
Between them two: we will also
Tell all the pain in fere[3]
That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye me answere:
Wherefore, ye, that present be
I pray you give an ear.

[1] *Dele* (First English "dæl"), part; never a bit.
[2] *Than*, then.
[3] *In fere*, together; tell also all the pain.

I am the knight.[1] I come by night,
As secret as I can;
Saying, "Alas! thus standeth[2] the case,
I am a banished man."

And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse;
Trusting to shew, in wordés few,
That men have an ill use
(To their own shame) women to blame,
And causeless them accuse:
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse,—
"Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer?
I pray you, tell anone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"It standeth so: a deed is do
Whereof much harm shall grow;
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trow;
Or else to flee. The one[3] must be.
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outláw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true!
None other rede[4] I can:[5]
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

She.

"O Lord, what is this worldés bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, farewell: Nay, nay!
We départ not so soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfáre to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"I can believe, it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain;
But, afterward, your painés hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
Comfórt to you again.
Why should ye nought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do; and pray you, lo,
As heartily as I can:
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

She.

"Now, sith that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so, that ye will go,
I will not leave behind.
Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind:
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"Yet I you redé take good heed
When men will think and say:
Of young, of old, it shall be told,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green wood you to play;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill woman,
Yet would I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

She.

"Though it be sung of old and young,
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speak so large
In hurting of my name:
For I will prove, that faithful love
It is devoid of shame
In your distress and heaviness
To part[6] with you the same;
And sure all tho that do not so,
True lovers are they none:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"I counsel you, Remember how
It is no maiden's law
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an outláw;
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow to bear and draw;
And, as a thief, thus must ye live,
Ever in dread and awe;
By which to you great harm might grow:
Yet had I liever than
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

She.

"I think not nay, but as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot
To get us meat and store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more;

---

am the knight. The reciter of the tale is telling its plan and ring his hearers for its dialogue form, that would presently be ented with dramatic spirit. As first printed each stanza consix long lines, but I follow the usual division of them, and also "He" and "She."

sndeth. Here the final *th* did not more necessarily than a final *s* the preceding *e* to be sounded as a separate syllable.

e ton, in original; *ton* is an old contraction of "that one," as *y* "that other." [4] *Rede*, counsel. [5] *Can*, know.

[6] *Part*, divide; is not ashamed to share.

From which to part, it maketh mine heart
As cold as any stone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"For an outláw, this is the law,
That men him take and bind;
Without pitie, hangéd to be,
And waver with the wind.

HANGED WITHOUT PITY.
From King's MS., E. II., p. 31.

If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What rescues could ye find?
Forsooth, I trow, you and your bow
Should draw for fear behind.
And no mervayle: for little avail
Were in your counsel than:
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man."

She.

"Full well know ye, that women be
Full feeble for to fight;
No womanhede it is indeed
To be bold as a knight;
Yet, in such fear if that ye were
Among enemies day and night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To grieve them as I might,
And you to save; as women have
From death many one:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valléys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat: for dry or wet,
We must lodge on the plain;
And, us above, none other roof
But a brake bush or twain:
Which soon should grieve you, I believe:
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

She.

"Sith I have here been partynere
With you of joy and bliss,
I must alsó part of your woe
Endure, as reason is:
Yet am I sure of one pleasúre;
And, shortly, it is this:
That, where ye be, me seemeth, perdé,[1]
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That we were soon agone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"If ye go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for to gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, ne wine.
Ne sheetés clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house, but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine;
Lo mine heart sweet, this ill diéte
Should make you pale and wan:
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man."

THE WOODLAND SPRING.
From Harleian MS. 4431, p. 106.

She.

"Among the wild deer, such an archere,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good vitayle,
Where is so great plenty:
And water clear of the rivere
Shall be full sweet to me;
With which in hele I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see;

[1] *Perdé, par Dieu.*

And, ere we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me:
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee,
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be:
And this same night, before daylight,
To woodward will I flee.
And ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can:
Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

She.

"I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother! before all other
For you have I most drede!
But now, adieu! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye. Now let us flee;
The day come fast upon:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell you why,——
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy:
For, right as ye have said to me,
In like wise hardily
Ye would answere whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold;
And so is a woman:
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man."

She.

"If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Or I you loved, pardé;
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To die therefore anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"A baron's child to be beguiled!
It were a curséd dede;
To be feláw with an outláw
Almighty God forbede!
Yet better were, the poor squyere
Alone to forest yede,[1]
Than ye shall say another day,
That, by my wicked dede,
Ye were betrayed: Wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

She.

"Whatsoever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid:
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele, how that ye dele;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I die
Soon after ye be gone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"If that ye went, ye should repent;
For in the forest now
I have purveyed me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fairer than ever ye were,
I dare it well avow;
And of you both, each should be wroth
With other, as I trow:
It were mine ease, to live in peace;
So will I, if I can:
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man."

She.

"Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your:
And she shall find me soft and kind,
And courteis every hour;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me, to my power:
For had ye, lo! an hundred mo,
Yet would I be that one:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

He.

"Mine own dear love, I see the proof
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad; be no more sad;
The case is changéd new;
For it were ruth that for your truth
You should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
To you, when I began:
I will not to the green wood go;
I am no banished man."

[1] *Yede*, went. The old verb "gan," to go, had for its past tense "ode," spelt afterwards "yode." The past tense now in use, "went,"

She.

"These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure:
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise they speak
The wordis on the spleen.[1]
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween:
Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone." 336

He.

"Ye shall not nede further to drede:
I will not disparáge
You (God defend!), sith you descend
Of so great a linage.
Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is my heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriage
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have ye won an earlé's son,
And not a banished man." 348

A KNIGHT TAKING HIS RANK.
From Harleian MS. 4431, p. 114.

Here may ye see, that women be
In love, meek, kind, and stable;
Let never man reprove them than,
Or call them variáble;
But, rather, pray God that we may
To them be comfortáble,
Which sometime proveth such as he loveth,
If they be[2] charitáble.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone. 360

To the generation that produced the ballad of the "Nut-brown Maid," which is by an unknown author, seems to have belonged also the first pastoral in our literature, "Robin and Makyn," by Robert Henryson. Henryson was the oldest of an important group of Scottish poets who, at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, were filling our North country with music. Licentiate in Arts and Bachelor in Decrees when admitted, in 1462, to the newly-founded University of Glasgow, he became notary public and schoolmaster at Dunfermline, lived to be an old man, and was dead in 1508.

SCHOOLMASTER AND PUPIL.
From Reisch's "Margarita Philosophica" (1513).

ROBIN AND MAKYN.[3]

Robin sat on gude green hill
Kepand a flock of fe;[4]
Mirry[5] Makyn said him till,[6]
"Robin, thou rue on me;
I have thee lovit, loud and still,
These yearis two or three;
My dule[7] in dern[8] but if thou dill,[9]
Doubtless, but[10] dreid, I dee."

---

is from another verb, "wendan," of which the present is not quite obsolete. We may still say that a person "wends his way."

[1] *The spleen.* Not from the heart, but from the spleen, which was once regarded as the source of anger and melancholy, and thence associated with hasty and variable conduct. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Women Pleased" ("Give 'em their sovereign wills and pleased they are"), the usurer Lopez says to his wife Isabella—

"You must be wise then,
And live sequester'd to yourself and me,
Not wand'ring after every toy comes cross ye,
Nor struck with every spleen."

[2] *If they be*, to try whether they continue in faith and charity.

[3] *Makyn* (Mawkyn or Malkin), little Moll; from "Mary."

[4] *Fe*, sheep, cattle. First English "feo."

[5] *Mirry*, gentle, soft. First English "mirig." See Note 8, page 13.

[6] *Him till*, to him. [7] *Dule* (French "deuil"), sorrow.

[8] *Dern*, secret. First English "dyrne."

[9] *Dill*, share. First English "dæ'lan," divide; "dæ'l" (German "theil"), a part.

[10] *But*, without.—*But dreid*, certainly. So in the refrain to the

Robin answerit, "By the Rude,
Na thing of luve I knaw,
But keipis my sheep under yon wude,
Lo, where they raik on raw:[1]
What has marrit thee in thy mude,
Makyn to me thou shaw?
Or what is luve, or to be lude,[2]
Fain would I leir[3] that law."

"At luvis lair[4] gif thou will leir,
Tak there ane A B C;
Be hend,[5] courtáss, and fair of feir,[6]
Wisé, hardy, and free:
So that no danger do thee deir,[7]
What dule in dern thou dre;[8]
Preiss thee[9] with pain at all poweir,
Be patient, and privie."

Robin answerit hir again,
"I wat[10] not whst is lufe;
But I have mervell in certain,
What makis thee this wanrufe:[11]
The weather is fair, and I am fain,[12]
My sheep goes haill[13] above;
An we wald[14] play us in this plain,
They wald us baith reprove."

"Robin, tak tent[15] unto my tale,
And work all as I rede,[16]
And thou shall have my hairt all haill,
Eke and my maidenhede.
Sen God sendis bute[17] for baill,[18]
And for murnyng remeid,
My dule with thee[19] but if I daill,
Doubtless I am but deid."

"Makyn, to morn[20] this ilka tide,
An ye will meet me here,
Peraventure my sheep may gang beside,
While we have liggit full near;
But maugré[21] have I an I bide,
Fra they begin to steir;
What lyis on hairt I will nocht hide;
Makyn then make gude cheer."

"Robin, thou reivis me[22] roiff[23] and rest,
I luve but thee alone."
"Makyn, adieu! the sun goes west,
The day is near hand gone."
"Robin, in dule[24] I am so drest,[25]
That lufe will be my bone."[26]
"Ga lufe, Makyn, wherever thou list,
For leman[27] I luve none."

"Robin, I stand in sic a style
I sicht,[28] and that full sair."
"Makyn, I haif been here this whyle,
At hame God gif I were."[29]
"My honey, Robin, talk a while,
If thou will do na mair."
"Makyn, some other man beguile,
For homeward I will fare."

Robin on his wayis went,
As light as leaf of tree;
Makyn murnit in her intent,[30]
And trow'd him never to see.
Robin brayd attour the bent;[31]
Then Makyn cryit on hie,[32]
"Now may thou sing, for I am shent,[33]
What alis lufe at me?"[34]

Makyn went hame withouten fail
Full wery[35] after couth weep:
Then Robin in a ful fair dale
Assemblit all his sheep.

"Good Counsel of Chancer," page 50, "And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no dreide." See Note 6 on that page.

[1] *Raik on raw*, march in order. Icelandic "reika," to wander; "reikall," unsettled. Hence the word "rake" for an unsettled man. See Note 14, page 58.—*Raw*, First English "rawa," row.

[2] *Lude*, loved. [3] *Leir*, learn.

[4] *Lair* (First English "lár"), lore.

[5] *Hend*, gentle.

[6] *Feir* (First English "feorh"), life or soul. "Love's A B C" begins, therefore: be gentle, courteous, fair of soul; be wise, be bold, be free.

[7] *Deir*, hurt. First English "derian," to injure.

[8] *Dre*, endure. First English "dreogan."

[9] *Preiss thee*, &c.: endeavour, with pains, to the utmost of your power. (A common Scottish phrase, "at a' will," means to the utmost of one's wish.) Be patient, and betray no trust.

[10] *Wat*, know.

[11] *Wanrufe*, unrest. "I really do wonder what causes you this unrest." *Wanrufe*, from First English "wana," deficient (as in "wan," deficient in colour, the "waning" of the moon, and the word "want"), and "rufe" (First English "row;" Icelandic "rō;" German "ruhe"), rest.

[12] *Fain* (First English "fægen"), glad.

[13] *Haill* (First English "hál"), whole, sound. So *health* means wholeness.

[14] *An we wald*, if our will were to. [15] *Tak tent*, pay attention.

[16] *As I rede*, as I counsel.

[17] *Bute* (First English "bót"), remedy.

[18] *Baill* (First English "bealu"), evil, calamity, sorrow, bale.

[19] *My dule with thee*, &c. This seems to be a repetition of the thought in lines 7 and 8 of the first stanza, "My dule in dern bot if thou fill," &c., and "*in dern* with thee" may have been repeated instead of "*my dule* with thee" by a slip of the pen. Campbell, accepting "in dern with thee," paraphrased "I am now in secret with thee, but if I separate, doubtless I shall die;" and Lord Hailes made it "*I* dern with thee," &c.—"We watch together; we are alone; unless I share of your favour I am lost." I have ventured to suggest a restoration of the text by substituting "My dule" for "In dern."

[20] To *morne*, to-morrow.—*Ilka* (First English "ylc"), same.—*Peraventure*, two lines lower down, was pronounced swiftly, p'ra'ntúre.

[21] *But maugré*, &c. Thomas Campbell skipped over these four lines when giving, in "Specimens of the English Poets," his modern paraphrase of "Robin and Makyn." The veteran scholar, Dr. David Laing, in the notes to his edition of Henryson, only quotes Chalmers, who says that *maugre* "is here used in the sense of ill-will or spite," and that, "in this sense, Henryson's verse would mean, 'But ill-will may I have if I stay.'" Yet surely that is not its meaning. What is done malgré, is done against one's will or inclination; and when Makyn would occupy Robin with love talk, Robin's practical mind, yet untouched by love, answers, "Makyn, you may come here to-morrow, and if we sit in one place, occupied with ourselves, our sheep may be straying; but I have *maugre*"—it is against my inclination—"an I bide"—if I remain in one place—that is to say, it is much against my will if I do not move after them—"fra they begin to steir"—from the time when they begin to stir, or move over the pastures in their grazing. In short, "I am too busy to attend to you."

[22] *Reivis me*, robbest me. [23] *Roif*, quiet. See Note to line 28.

[24] *Dule*, grief. [25] *Drest*, treated, ill-treated.

[26] *Bone* (First English "bén"), petition, prayer. "I must pray for the love that alone will ease my grief."

[27] *Leman*, a sweetheart, male or female. First English "leve-man," loved person. [28] *Sicht*, sigh.

[29] Robin, weary of Makyn's voice of love, suggests that her talk has kept him waiting on the pasture for some time, and that he wishes to get home.

[30] *Intent*, direction of one's course. From Latin "intendere." Robin went his way home lightly, and Makyn hers with a heavy heart.

[31] *Brayd attour the bent*, started across the coarse grass or rushes by the hill-side. [32] *On hie*, on high. [33] *Shent*, put to shame.

[34] *Alis at me*, ails me. [35] *Wery*, feeble, sorrowful.

She.

"These tidings be more glad to me,
  Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure:
  But it is often seen,
When men will break promise they speak
  The wordis on the spleen.[1]
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
  And steal from me, I ween:
Then were the case worse than it was,
  And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mind, of all mankin
  I love but you alone."

He.

"Ye shall not need fur[illegible]
  I will not disparage
You (God defend)
  Of so great
Now und[illegible]
  Whil[illegible]
I will [illegible]
  By
I w[illegible]
  A
T[illegible]

[illegible]00

[illegible]

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[illegible], throughout.

[illegible] Euchish "eyan," to

[illegible] as turned, it is Makyn who [illegible] anything for one

[illegible] whole.
[illegible] (Lancelot, 62.)

[illegible]
[illegible] in Scottish literature, to [illegible] selected edition of the [illegible] poem "All hail!" as an [illegible] to Makyn's once
And thow all kind my hairt
[illegible] then,
[illegible] service, let
[illegible] themselves
[illegible] faith.
[illegible] Lancelot.

[illegible]ers fail,
[illegible]at ever I get."
[illegible]nee I will not deal;
[illegible]hus we met."

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[illegible]at hamé blithe eneuch,
[illegible] the holtis hair;[11]
[illegible]urnit, and Makyn leuch;[12]
[illegible]sang, he sichit sair:
[illegible]o left him, baith wo and wreuch,
[illegible] dolour and in cair,
[illegible] pand his herd under a heuch,
Amangis the holtis hair.

The following little poem by Henryson, I have [illegible]used one or two words as well as the spelling, [illegible]herever a word is so changed the original is [illegible]n in a note.

THE ABBEY WALK.

Alone as I went up and down
  In an Abbéy was fair to see,
Thinking what consolation
  Was best under[16] adversitie,
By chance[17] I cast aside mine ee
And saw this written upon a wall:
  Of what estate, Man, that thou be,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.[18]

Thy kingdom and thy great empire,
  Thy royalty nor rich array
Shall not endure at thy desire,
  But, as the wind, will wend away;
  Thy gold and all thy goodis gay
When fortune list will from thee fall:
  Since thou examples[19] seest each day,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

Job was most rich, in Writ we find,
  Tobit most full of charity;
Job became poor and Tobit blind,
  Both tempted with adversity.
  Since blindness was infirmity,
And poverty was natural;
  Therefore right patiently both he and he[20]
Obeyed, and thankéd God for all.

Though thou be blind, or have an halt;
  Or in thy face deformed ill,
So it come not through thy default,
  No man should thee reprove by skill.[21]
  Blame not thy Lord. So is His will.
Spurn not thy foot against the wall,
  But with meek heart and prayer still,[22]
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

[11] *Attour cat-over*, above or across. [12] *Holtis hair*, hoary woods.
[16] See lines 58 and 71. The tables are now turned. It is Robin who mourns, Makyn who laughs. She sighed; and so she left him, woeful and peevish, in sorrow and care, keeping his herd under a cover among the cold grey woods. [17] *Uvder*, into.
[18] By chance, or [illegible]. [19] For all, [illegible].
[20] Examples, [illegible] examples.
[21] *He and he*, Scottish phrase for one and the other, several have taken place of the one syllable equivalent to First Edition 'in,' they, which completed the metre.
[22] *By skill*, by reason. It is unreasonable that any man should blame. It is blaming God; for it was God's will to give the deformity, lameness, or deformity of feature. [22] *Still*, silent, secret.

DUNFERMLINE ABBEY.

(From an Engraving in Scott's "Border Antiquities.")

God of his justice must[1] correct,
And of his mercy pity have;
He is a Judge to none suspect,
To punish sinful man and save.
Though thou be lord above the lave,[2]
And afterward made bound and thrall,
A poor beggar with scrip and stave,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

This changing and great variance
Of earthly statis up and down
Is not but[3] casualty and chance
As some men say without reasoun,
But by the great provisioun
Of God above that rule thee shall;
Therefore ever thou make thee boun[4]
To obey, and thank thy God for all.

In wealth be meek, lift[5] not thyself;
Be glad in wilful[6] povertie;
Thy power and thy worldis pelf,
Is nought but very vanitie.
Remember Him that died on tree,
For thy sake tasted[7] bitter gall;
Who lifts[8] low hearts, and lowers hie:[9]
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

Robert Henryson wrote, among other poems, a sequel to Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida," called the Testament of Cresseid," and he is not only the author of our first pastoral, but also our first popular rhymer of old fables. He moralised thirteen, and one of these we take as the last example of his skill. It is the colloquy of the "Town and Country Mouse," amplified from a passage in the satires of Horace (sixth of the second Book). In the appended Moral I leave the old spelling, to show the exact form in which Henryson's verse has come down to us.

[1] Must, *mon*. [2] Above, *attour*.—*The lafe*, the rest.
[3] *Not but*, not merely.
[4] *Boun*, ready. Icelandic "búa," to prepare. See Note 1, page 65.
[5] Lift. Henryson's word is *heich*, make high.
[6] *Wilful*, with which your will or assent goes.
[7] Tasted, *taisted the*. [8] Lifts, *heis*. [9] *Hie*, high.

COLLOQUY.

From a Border Ornament in Reisch's "Margarita Philosophica" (1513).

THE TALE OF THE UPLANDIS MOUSE AND THE BURGES MOUSE.

Esope, mine Author, makis mentioun
Of twa Myis, and they were sisters dear,
Of whom the eldest dwelt in a Borrowis toun;[10]
The other wynnit[11] Uponland,[12] well near,
Right solitar, whiles[13] under busk[14] and breir,
Whiles in the corn, and other mennis skaith,[15]
As outlaws does and livis on their waith.[16]

[10] *Borrowis toun*, royal borough. *Ane* is written for a throughout.
[11] *Wynnit*, dwelt, from First English "wunian."
[12] *Uponland*, or upland, in the country. An old name for the rustic was Jack Upland.
[13] Whiles, spelt *quhyles*, at times. First English "hwil," a space of time.
[14] *Busk*, bush.
[15] *Skaith*, "scathe," hurt. First English "sceathan," German "schaden," to hurt.
[16] *On their waith*, on what they can hunt up. First English "wæ'thian," to drive or hunt up. So in the First English translation of the "Metra" of Boethius, ascribed to King Alfred, Death

This rural Mouse in to[1] the winter tide,
Had hunger, cauld, and tholit[2] great distress;
The other Mous that in the burgh can bide,
Was gild-brother and made a free burgess:
Toll free also, but[3] custom mair or less,
And freedom had to go where[4] e'er she list,
Among the cheese in ark, and meal in kist.[5]

One time when she was full and unfute-sair,[6]
She took in mind her sister uponland,
And longit for to hear of her weilfare
To see what life she had under the wand:[7]
Barefoot alone, with pikestaff in her hand,
As poor pilgrim she passit out of town,
To seek her sister both o'er dale and down.

Forth many wilsome[8] wayis can she walk,
Through moss and moor, through bankis, busk and breir,
She ran cryand, till[9] she came to a balk,[10]
"Cum forth to me my awin[11] sister dear,
Cry 'Peip' anis."[12] With that the Mouse could hear,
And knew her voice, as kinnisman will do,
By verray kind,[13] and forth she came her to.

The hartlie joy, Lord God! if ye had seen,
Was kithit[14] when that these twa sisteris met;
And great kindness was showen them between,
For whiles they leuch, and whiles for joy they gret,[15]
Whiles kissit sweet, and whiles in armis plet;[16]
And thus thay fure[17] till soberit was their mude,
Syne foot for foot unto the chamber yude.[18]

As I heard say, it was a sober wane,[19]
Of fog[20] and fairn[21] full febillie was made,
A sillie scheill[22] under a steidfast stane,
Of whilk the entries was nocht high nor braid;
And in the samyn[23] they went but mair abaid,[24]
Withoutin fire or candle burnand bright,
For commonly such pickers[25] loves not light.

When they were lodgit thus, these selie[26] Mice,
The youngest sister unto her buttery yeid,[27]
And brought forth nuts and pease instead of spice:
If this was good fare I do it on them beside.[28]
The burgess Mouse prompit forth[29] in pride.
And said, "Sister, is this your daily food?"
"Why not," quod she, "is not this meat right good?"

"No, by my soul, I think it but a scorn."
"Madame," quod she, "ye be the mair to blame.
My mother said, sister, when we were born,
That ye and I lay baith within ane wame;
I keep the rate and custom of my dame,
And of my living in to povertie,
For landis have we nane in propertie."

"My fair sister," quod she, "have me excusit,
This rude diet and I can not accord;
To tender meat my stomach is aye usit,[30]
For whiles I fare as well as any lord:
These withered pease and nuts or they be bored[31]
Will break my teeth, and make my wame full slender,
Whilk was before usit to meattis tender."

---

is described as a grim hunter of men, who is "always on the hunt"—"á bith on waith."

[1] *In to*, in.

[2] *Tholit*, suffered. First English "tholian," to suffer.

[3] *But* (*be-utan*)), without; *but custom*, without charge of custom duty.

[4] "Where" is spelt throughout *quhair*, and "she" *scho*.

[5] *Ark*, a large kist.—*Kist*, chest.

[6] *Unfute-sair*, not footsore.

[7] *Under the wand*. *Wand*, a rod or sceptre; *under the wand*, in subjection; in her humble state.

[8] *Wilsome*, or *wilsum*, wild.

[9] *Till*, in the original always *quhill*, while (First English "hwile"), meaning *until*. The Scottish *quh* represented the sound of First English *hw*, now *wh*. Thus First English "hwæg" (Modern English "whey") was Scottish "quhig," whig, and in that form gave its name to a political party. The First English "hwil," a space of time, made the adverbial forms "hwile" and "hwilum." *While*, *whiles*, and *whilom* were in Old Scottish spelling, "quhile," "quhiles," and "quhilum," which, with the suffix inverted, become "umquhile." In all such words *quh* is only a way of representing *wh* well sounded, as of old, and as now according to the Northern fashion.

[10] *Balk*, an unploughed strip between two furrows. First English "balc." If the plough had been through, it would have destroyed the nest of the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beestie."

[11] *Awin*, own.

[12] *Anis*, once.

[13] *Kind*, nature, kindred, born comrades, from "cennan," to beget. So "kindness" means originally the form of goodwill natural between kinsmen, and "kind" was our old home word for *nature*, which is, in fact, simply the corresponding Latin word, derived in like manner, that is to say, from "natus" (participle of "nascor"), born.

[14] *Kithit*, shown. First English "cythan," to show, from "cunnan," to know, "cûth" (couth), known. The phrase "kith and kin" means our home—the ground known to us (see line 190) and our kindred. Uncouth ways are ways not generally known.

[15] *Gret*, wept. First English "græ'tan," to weep, past "grét;" "grétan," to greet, past "grétte."

[16] *Plet*, folded.

[17] *Fure*, went on, fared; from First English "faran," to go.

[18] *Yude*, went. First English "eode," from "gan," to go.

[19] *Sober wane*, frugal dwelling. The Latin "sobrius" is usually derived from "se," negative, and "ebrius," but the same root appears in the Teutonic languages. First English "syfer," Old High German "sûbar," Dutch "sober," with an original sense, as in the text, of poor, simple, and mean, the forced abstinence of those who have not wherewith to be luxurious; derived from it is the sense of moral self-restraint and purity. A modern Dutchman might say of a poor, miserable house, "Het is hier *sober* gesteld," and in that sense the word is used by Henryson in speaking of the "sober wane," or dwelling (First English "wunian," to dwell), in which the country mouse received her kinswoman.

[20] *Fog*, moss; Danish "fug," mossiness.

[21] *Fairn*, fern.

[22] *Sillie scheill*, simple sheal, or shield, or shed. "Sel" is Icelandic for the summer hut among the mountains, and our "sheal" is the name of the hut sheltering those who looked after the cattle, or of any little shed or place of shelter.

[23] *The samyn*, together. First English "samod," German "zusammen."

[24] *But mair abaid*, without more delay or waiting; "abad" and "abaid," from "abídan," to bide or remain.

[25] *Pickers*, Old French "picoreurs," maranders, pillagers. "Aller à la picorée" was to go marauding, go on a venture.

[26] *Selie*, simple. For years after Henryson's time the word was used only faintly and occasionally in its later sense of contemptible simplicity. From First English "sæl," well-being, came the adjective "sæ'lig"—"seelie"—"silly," meaning prosperous temporally and in the highest spiritual sense. That kind of prosperity was the result of living innocent and simple lives; and the word thus came to mean innocent, simple, blessed. When their ignorance of evil made them an easy prey, the word "silly" gradually took the sense that it now shares with the equivalent phrase "blessed innocent."

[27] *Yeid* (First English "eode"), went.

[28] *I do it on thame beyde*, I put it to those who stand by, whether this was good fare.

[29] *Prompit furth*, burst out. *Prompit*, pronounced as three syllables by well rolling of the *r*, is from the Latin "prorumpere." A rolled *r* completes the measure also in lines 64, 90, 128, 204.

[30] *Aye usit*, always accustomed.

[31] *Or they be bored*, ere they be bored, before I bite a hole in them.

"Weill, weill, sister,[1] quod the rural Mouse,
"If it please you, sic thingis as ye see here,
Baith meat and drink, harberié and house,
Shall be your own, will ye remain all year,
Ye shall it have with blithe and merrie cheer,
And that should make the messes that are rude,
Amang freindis right tender and wonder gude.

What pleasure is in feastis delicate,
The which are given with a gloomy brow?[2]
A gentle heart is better recreate
With blithe courâge[3] than seith till him a cow:[4]
A modicum is mair for till allow,[5]
So that good-will be carver at the dais,
Than thrawin vult[6] and many spicit mais."[7]

For all[8] her merrie[9] exhortatioun,
This burgess Mouse had little will to sing,
But heavily she cast her browis doun,
For all the dainties that she could her bring.
Yet at the last she said, half in hething;[10]
"Sister, this victual and your royal feast,
May well suffice unto a rural beast.

"Let be this hole, and come in to my place,
I shall to you show by experience,
My Good Friday is better nor your Pace;[11]
My dish washings is worth your haill expence;
I have houses enow of great defence;
Of cat, nor fall trap, I have no dreid."
"I grant," quod she; and on together they yeid.[12]

In stubble array through rankest grass and corn,
And under buskis[13] privily couth they creep,
The eldest was the guide and went beforn,
The younger to her wayis took good keep.[14]
On night thay ran, and on the day can sleep;
Till in the morning ere the Laverock[15] sang,
They found the town, and in blithely couth gang.

Not far fra thyne[16] unto a worthy wane,[17]
This burgess brought them soon where they should be;
Without God speed their herberie[18] was tane,
In to a spence[19] with victual great plentie;
Baith cheese and butter upon their shelfis hie,
And flesh and fish aneuch, baith fresh and salt,
And sackis full of meal and eke of malt.

After when they disposit were to dine,
Withouten grace they wesh[20] and went to meat,
With all the courses that cooks could define,
Mutton and beef strikin in tailyeis great;[21]
And lordis fair thus couth they counterfeit,
Except one thing, they drank the water clear
Instead of wine, but yet they made good cheer.

With blithe upcast and merie countenance,
The eldest sister speirit at her guest,
If that she by reasón found difference
Betwix that chamber and her sorry nest?
"Yea, damé," quod she, "how lang will this lest?"[22]
"For evermore I wot, and longer too."
"If it be so, ye are at ease," quod scho.[23]

To eke their cheer a subcharge[24] forth she brought,
A plate of groats and a dish full of meal,
Thraf cakis[25] also I trow she sparit nought,
Abundantlie about her for to deal;
And mane[26] full fine she brought in stead of geill,[27]
And a white candle out of a coffer stall,[28]
In stead of spice to gust[29] their mouth withall.

Thus made they merry till they might na mair,
And, Hail Yule, hail! cryit upon hie;
Yet after joy ofttimés comis care,
And trouble after great prosperitie:
Thus as thay sat in all their jollitie,
The Spenser came with keyis in his hand,
Openit the door, and them at dinner fand.

They tarried nocht to wash as I suppose,
But on to go who that might formest win.
The burgess had a hole, and in she goes,
Her sister had no hole to hide her in.
To see that selie Mouse, it was great sin,[30]

---

[1] *Sister.* Pronounced as three syllables by giving force to the final *r*. So Shakespeare, in "As You Like It" (Act iv., scene 3):—

"The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner than her brother."

It may be going too far to suggest that in the preceding stanzas it was chiefly madame the Town Mouse who spoke, and "sister" was pronounced in two syllables, but that the answer of the Country Mouse, perhaps, came into the poet's mind in character, and opened with more of a rustic burr.

[2] *A gloomy brow, ane glowmand brow. Ande* was the old Northern participial form, *ende* the Midland, and *inde* (now *ing*) the Southern.

[3] *Blyith curage*, cheerful heartiness.

[4] *Than seith till him ane kow*, than a cow seethed for him.

[5] *Till allow* (French "allouer"), to praise, to be approved.

[6] *Thrawin vult*, a cross face. *Thrawart*, athwart, cross (Icelandic "thrár," obstinate, stubborn); *vult* (from Latin "vultus"), the countenance.

[7] *Mais*, meat.

[8] *For all*, notwithstanding all.

[9] *Merie*, gentle.

[10] *Hethin* and *heydin* (Icelandic "hæthinn"), scoffing.

[11] *Pace*, "Pasch," Easter. From Hebrew "pāsach," to pass over; "pēsach," the Passover.

[12] *Yeid*, went. See Note 18, page 78.

[13] *Buskis*, bushes.

[14] *Keep*, heed.

[15] *Laverock*, lark. See Note 14, page 22.

[16] *Fra thyne*, from thence.

[17] *Wane*, dwelling. See Note 5, page 36.

[18] *Herberie*, place of lodging. First English "here-berga," originally a station where the army rested on its march; then any place of rest and refreshment. German "herberge," shelter, inn; Old French "herberge," "hauberge;" Modern French "auberge." The modern English form of the word is "harbour."

[19] *Spence*, pantry or larder. Old French "despence," from Latin "dispendere," to weigh out, dispense (as in our word "dispensary"). The *spencer* was the domestic who had charge of the provisions in it.

[20] *Wesche*, washed. First English "wascan," past "wósc."

[21] *Strikin in tailyeis great*, stretched out in great slices (ready for cooking). *Tailyeis* (see Note 4, page 57).

[22] *Lest*, last.

[23] *Scho*, she.

[24] *Subcharge*, second course, or charging of the table. French, "charger," to load.

[25] *Thraf cakis*, harvest cakes. To *thrave* was to work at harvesting for pay by the *thraive* of twenty-four sheaves of corn.

[26] *Mane*, almond-bread, of fine flour with milk, egg, and almond. From French, "pain d'amand."

[27] *Geill*, jelly. French "gelée." From Latin "gelare," to freeze.

[28] *Stall*, stolen.

[29] *Gust*, flavour. French "goût," Latin "gustus," taste.

[30] *Sin*, matter for concern. First English "sinnan," to take thought over, care for.

So desolate and will of ane gude reid,[1]
For very dread she fell in swoon near deid.

But as God would, it fell a happy case,
The Spenser had no leisure for to bide,
Neither to seek nor search, to scare nor chase,
But on he went, and left the door up wide.
The bold burgess his passing well has spied,
Out of her hole she came, and cryit on hie,
"How fare ye,[2] sister; cry 'Peip,' where e'er ye be?"

This rural Mouse lay flatling on the ground,
And for the death she was full fair dredând,
For to her heart struck many wofull stound,
As in a fever she tremblit foot and hand;
And when her sister in sic ply[3] her fand,
For very pity she began to greet,[4]
Syne comfort her with wordis honey sweet.

"Why lie ye thus? rise up my sister dear:
Come to your meat, this peril is overpast."
The other answerit her with heavy cheer,
"I may not eat, so sair I am aghast;
I had liever these forty dayis fast,
With water caill, and to gnaw beans or pease,
Than all your feast, in this dread and disease."

With fair tretie[5] yet she gart[6] her uprise,
And to the board they went and together sat,
And scantlie had they drunken anis or twise,
When in come Gib-Hunter our jolie cat,
And bade God speed: the burgess up with that,
And to the hole she went as fire from flint—
Bawdrons[7] the other by the back has hint.[8]

Fra fute to fute he cast her to and fra,
Whiles up, whiles down, as cant[9] as any kid;
Whiles wald he lat her run under the stra,
Whiles wald he wink, and play with her bukhid.[10]
Thus to the selie Mouse great pain he did,
Till at the last, through fortune and gude hap,
Betwixt a board and the wall she crap.[11]

And up in haste behind a parralling[12]
She clam so high, that Gilbert might not get her,
Syne by the cluke[13] there craftily can hing,
Till he was gane her cheer was all the better;
Syne down she lap[14] when there was nane to let her,

And to the burges Mouse loud can she cry,
"Farewell, sister, thy feast here I defy![15]

"Thy mangerie[16] is myngit[17] all with care,
Thy guse[18] is gude, thy gansell sour as gall:
The subcharge[19] of thy service is but fare,[20]
So shall thou find hereafterward may fall.
I thank yon courtine and yon perpall wall,[21]
Of my defence now fra ane cruel beast.
Almighty God keep me fra sic a feast!

"Were I in to the kith[22] that I come fra,
For weill nor wo, should never come again."
With that she took her leave and forth can ga,
Whiles through the corn, and whiles through the
When she was forth and free, she was full fain,[23]
And merilie merkit[24] unto the muir:
I can not tell how afterward she fure.[25]

But I heard say she passit to her den,
As warm as wool, suppose it was not great,
Full benély[26] stuffit, baith but and ben,[27]
Of beanis, and nuttis, pease, rye, and wheat;
When ever she list she had aneuch to eat,
In quiet and ease, withouten any dreid,
But to her sister's feast na mair she yeid.[28]

CAT AND MOUSE.
From the Porch of St. Margaret's Church, York.

MORALITAS.

Friends ye may find, and[29] ye will tak heid,
In to this Fabill ane gude moralitie,
As fitchis[30] myngit ar with nobill seid,
Swa intermynglit is adversitie

---

[1] *Will of ane gude reid*, at loss for a bit of good advice. *Will* (Icelandic "villa," error) means astray, at a loss, uncertain how to go.

[2] *How fare ye?* pronounced swiftly as two syllables. Lower down, in line 151, "fever" is contracted into a monosyllable "fe'er," as "ever" into "e'er," and in line 156, "overpast" into "o'erpast;" line 163, "together" into "toge'er." See notes in which attention has been drawn to an effect of quick speech upon versification, which has frequently to be recognised in reading our old poetry.

[3] *Ply*, plight. First English "pleo" and "plight," danger, difficulty.

[4] *Greet*, weep. See Note 12, page 36.

[5] *Tretie*, entreaty.

[6] *Gart*, made; to "gar" (Icelandic "göra," "gera," or "geyra"), to make.

[7] *Bawdrons*, badrans, or bathrons, Scottish pet name for a cat.

[8] *Hint*, seized. See Notes 2, page 13; 9, page 23.

[9] *Cant*, lively. Old Swedish "ganta," to play.

[10] *Bukhid*. Perhaps the child's game known as "Buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?" Perhaps "Hide and Seek" or "Bo Peep."

[11] *Crap*, crept. First English "creopan;" past, "creap."

[12] *Paralling*, perhaps partition, from "parpane" and "parpall wall" (Old French "parpaigne"); or, more probably, hangings, from "paraille," apparel, paraments, hangings of a room.

[13] *Cluke* and *cleuch*, claw, of which it may be a diminutive.

[14] *Lap*, leapt.

[15] *Defy*, renounce my faith in.

[16] *Mangerie*, banqueting.

[17] *Myngit*, mingled.

[18] *Thy guse*, &c. "A gude guse indeed, but she has an ill gan was a Scottish proverb. Dr. David Laing suggests that gansell mean sauce; but in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary *gansell* and is interpreted as a severe rebuke, in the sense of punishi offender by "giving it him back," the word being from First "agen," again, and "sellan," to give. A *gansell*, therefore, m what is given in return for anything, and "a good goose wi gansell" may answer to Franklin's whistle, that one can pay for. The country mouse having, in return for the rich di give up a quiet mind, said to her sister, "Thy guse is gan gansell sour as gall."

[19] *Subcharge*, second course.

[20] *But fare*, without fare. There's ill fare at your dessert.

[21] *Perpall wall*, partition wall. See Note to line 176.

[22] *Kith*, home. First English "cyth," home, that wh known. See Note to line 30.

[23] *Fain*, glad.

[24] *Merkit*, trotted. To *merk* was to ride, from "mare," a

[25] *Fure*, fared.

[26] *Benely*, bonnily.

[27] *But and ben*, without and within.

[28] *Yeid* (First English "eode"), went.

[29] *And*, if. *An*, meaning "if," is written *and* throughou

[30] *Fitchis*, vetches.

With eirthlie joy, swa that na estait is fre,
And als[1] troubill, and sum vexatioun;
And namelie[2] thay quhilk climmis up maist hie,
That ar nocht content with small possessioun.

Blissit be sempill lyfe withoutin dreid;
Blissit be sober feist in quyetie:
Quha hes aneuch, of na mair hes he neid,
Thocht it be lytill in to quantitie;
Greit abundance, and blind prosperitie,
Oftymes makis ane evill[3] conclusioun;
The sweitest lyfe thairfoir in this cuntrie,
Is sickerness, with small possessioun.

O wantoun man! that usis for to feid
Thy wambe, and makis it ane god to be,
Luik to thy self! I warne thee wele, but dreid,[4]
The Cat cummis, and to the Mous hes ee,[5]
Quhat vaillis[6] than thy feist and rialtie,
With dreidfull hart and tribulacioun?
Thairfoir best thing in eird, I say, for me,
Is blythness in hart, with small possessioun.

Thy awin fyre, my freind, sa it be bot ane gleid,[7]
It warmis weill, and is worth gold to thee;
And Solomon sayis, gif that thow will reid,
"Under the hevin it can nocht better be,
Than ay be blyith, and leif in honestie:"
Quhairfoir I may conclude be this ressoun,
Of eirthly joy it beiris maist degrie,
Blyithnes in hart, with small possessioun.

In the lifetime of Robert Henryson the art of printing first came into use in England, and among the pleasure books produced by one of the earliest printers, Wynkyn de Worde, was the story of Robin Hood in ballad verse. Wynkyn de Worde, a native of Lorraine, had been assistant to William Caxton, the introducer of the art of printing into England. After Caxton's death, in 1491, he carried on his work, and afterwards removed the business to Fleet Street, where it was continued until his own death in the year 1534. The first printing-press was not set up in Scotland before 1507, when James IV. granted a patent to Walter Chepman, a merchant, and Andrew Millar, a workman, for a press in Edinburgh. "A Lytell Geste of Robin Hode" was printed in London by Wynkyn de Worde, in thirty-two leaves of black letter, before the reappearance of it as one of the first pieces printed at Edinburgh. It came from the press of Chepman and Millar in 1508. Here, therefore, the story of Robin Hood is to be read as it was actually read in rhyme by our forefathers at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries.

As the hero of old popular tales and ballads, Robin Hood is supposed to have been formed by the gathering of later traditions about the memory of Robert Fitzooth, reputed Earl of Huntingdon, who was born at Loxley Chase, near Sheffield in Yorkshire (by the river Loxley), perhaps at the close of the reign of Henry II., but more probably in the reign of Henry III., towards the year 1230. He was outlawed and lived in war against authority; eating the king's deer, defying the oppressive game laws, and all those of the king's officers who represented the hard hand of power that was used often oppressively against the poor. He scorned bishops and archbishops, who grew fat on the goods of the people. He was generous to the poor, and he was religious in the poor man's fashion, by devotion to the Virgin; for in her the mistaught and oppressed of the Middle Ages —forced to fear power in this world and in the next—found the lost spirit of love within an image of mild, womanly tenderness; and to her, therefore, they prayed for shelter from the wrath of God and man. Robin Hood personified to thousands in England the spirit of liberty in arms against the cruel forest laws, against all tyrannies of the strong in church and state, against all luxury fed on the spoils of labour. From the old days when Hereward the Saxon held the woods in defiance of the Norman kings, there had been stories of bold outlaws who through songs and tales of the country side became heroes to the labouring men with more freedom in their souls than in their lives. They were heroes full of wild energy, with roughness of the times in much of the adventure set down to them; but they represented not an aspiration only, for there was also the vigour of a shrewd practical humour that would in good time refine and raise, and realise all that was best in the ideal of the men who wrote such ballads as that of Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD'S CAP AND PART OF HIS CHAIR.[8]
(*From Thoroton's History of Nottinghamshire.*)

The Robin Hood story here given was first printed in or about the year 1489. There are traces in the rhyme of earlier pronunciation, as of the *f*, once part of the word *head* (*heafod*) in lines 1216, 1218,

[1] *Als*, also. [2] *Namelie*, especially. [3] *Evill*, pronounced *e'ill*.
[4] *But dreid*, certainly. See note 10, page 74.
[5] *Hes ee*, has eye. [6] *Vaillis*, avails.
[7] *Gleid*, a glowing coal. Icelandic "glita," to glitter; "glætha," to sparkle or kindle; "glæja," to glow.

[8] The objects are here figured as they used to be shown at a house by St. Ann's Well (called also Robin Hood's Well), two miles north-east of Nottingham.

where "head" rhymes with "left," and in lines 1156, 1158. Note also the nasal sound of a final *nd* which rhymes with *ng*. The reader will seldom miss the measure of the verse if allowance be made (*a*) for the frequent addition of a trivial monosyllable to the beginning of a line, as in lines 3, 7, 13, 15, 28, 35, &c.: (*b*) for the old elisions in quick speech, as in line 3, "(I) sháll you | téll 'f a | good yeo|mán|;" line 7, "(So) cúrt'se an | oútlaw's | hé was | óne|;" line 19, "Máster, 'f | yé would | díne be|tíme|;" or lines 32 and 33, "T'óne i'th' | wórship | óf the | Fá'r || T'o'r óf | the Hó|ly Ghóst|:" and (*c*) for the occasional development of syllables, by dwelling, say, upon an *r* that can be rolled, or on a *y* that can be emphatically broadened, as in line 77, "These yeó|men áll | thr-ée|," or line 252, "Ná-y | bý him | thát me | máde|," or the pronouncing of "more" (lines 159, 238) and "four" (lines 266, 270) as dissyllables.

THE HUNT IS UP.
From Bas-reliefs under Seats of the Choir in Ely Cathedral. (Carter.)

A LYTELL GESTE[1] OF ROBYN HOOD.

Lithe and listen,[2] gentlemen,
That be of freeborn blood;
I shall you tell of a good yeomán,
His name was Robin Hood.
Robin was a proud outlaw,
Whilés he walked on ground,
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one
Was never none yfound.
Robin stood in Barnysdale,[3]
And leaned him to a tree,
And by him stood Little John,[4]
A good yeomán was he;
And also did good Scathélock,[5]
And Much the miller's son;
There was no inch of his body,
But it was worth a groom.[6]

Then bespake him Little John
All unto Robin Hood,
"Master, if ye would dine betime,
It would do you much good."

Then bespaké good Robin,
"To dine I have no lust,
Till I have some bold barón,
Or some unketh[7] gest,
That may pay for the best;
Or some knight or some squyére
That dwelleth here by west."

A good mannér then had Robin
In land where that he were,
Every day ere[8] he would dine
Three masses would he hear:
The one in the worship of the Father,
The other of the Holy Ghost,
The third was of our dear Lady,
That he loved of all other most.

---

[1] *Geste*, record of "gesta," things done. From this word "geste," meaning a record of things done, told for amusement, came probably the use of "jest," for anything said or done to amuse.

[2] *Lithe* and *listen* are synonymous. *Lithe* (Icelandic "hlytha"), to hearken.

[3] *Barnysdale*. The district of Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, a few miles north of Doncaster, between that town and Pontefract, was once covered with forest, and celebrated as one of the chief haunts of Robin Hood. John of Fordun, in his "Scoti-chronicon," written in the reign of Edward III., says that Robin Hood was attending mass in Barnsdale when he heard that his enemies were upon him, that he would not defend himself until the mass was done, then triumphed easily, and ever after held masses in greater veneration. Fordun places the date of Robin Hood's adventures after the battle of Evesham (A.D. 1265). He says that "then, from among the dispossessed and the banished, arose that most famous cut-throat Robin Hood, with Little John, and their accomplices, whom the foolish multitude are so extravagantly fond of celebrating in tragedy and comedy, and the ballads concerning whom, sung by the jesters and minstrels, delight them beyond all others." Fordun's continuer, Bower, writes, under the year 1266, of obstinate hostilities between the dispossessed barons and the royalists, adding that "Robert Hood now lived as an outlaw among the woodland copses and thickets." In Dr. Stukeley's "Palæographia Britannica" there is a pedigree of Robin Hood to this effect:—

Gilbert de Gaunt, Earl of Lincoln, and his wife, Avis, had two daughters, Alice and Maud.
Alice married an Earl of Huntingdon; Maud married Ralph Fitzooth, a Norman Lord of Kyme.
Alice died, childless, in 1184. John, Earl of Huntingdon by another line, died, childless, in 1237.
Maud had by her husband, Ralph Fitzooth, a son, Walter, who was brought up by Robert, Earl of Oxford, as his son.

That Walter married a daughter of Payn Beauchamp and Lady Roisia de Vere. The hero of popular legend was their son Robert, grandson of Ralph, whose name of Fitzooth was corrupted by the people into Hood, who, on the strength of this pedigree, claimed the earldom of Huntingdon, and who died towards the close of the century. This pedigree agrees with Fordun's statement, that Robin Hood was active and well known at the date of the battle of Evesham; but if we take these dates, he must have been born, not in the reign of Henry II., but in the reign of Henry III., whom he outlived.

[4] *Little John*. Tradition says that his surname was Nailor.

[5] *Scathelock* is also called in the ballads "Scadlock" and "Scarlet."

[6] *Groom*, man. First English "guma;" Old High German "gomo;" allied to Latin "homo."

[7] *Unketh*, First English "uncuth" (uncouth), unknown. *Unketh gest*, adventure of some kind yet unknown. Since surprise is caused by the unexpected, "uncouth" (Scottish "unco") can also mean surprising, and take other secondary meanings, as "very," or to an unknown extent. One to whom the appointed ways of doing anything are unknown may show himself uncouth, and that is the sense of the word as now commonly used in England.

[8] Ere, *or*. I change the old word "or" (First English "ær") into "ere" throughout, to avoid confusion with the "or" (First English "athor," &c.), which occurs three times in the two stanzas preceding this.

Robin loved our dear Ladý,
For dout[1] of deadly sin;
Would he never do company harm
That any woman was in.

"Master," then said Little John,
"An[2] we our board shall spread,
Tell us whither we shall gon,
And what life we shall lead;
Where we shall take, where we shall leave,
Where we shall bide behind,
Where we shall rob, where we shall reve,[3]
Where we shall beat and bind."

"Thereof no force,"[4] then said Robín,
"We shall do well enow;
But look ye do no housbonde[5] harm
That tilleth with his plow;
No more ye shall no good yeoman,
That walk'th by green wood shaw,[6]
Ne no knight, ne no squyér,
That would be a good felâw.[7]
These bishops, and these archbishops,
Ye shall them beat and bind;
The high sheriff of Nottingham,
Him hold in your[8] mind."

"This word shall be holde," said Little John,
"And this lesson shall we lere;[9]
It is ferré days,[10] God send us a geste,
That we were at our dinere!"

"Take thy good bow in thy hand," said Robin,
"Let Much wendé with thee,
And so shall William Scathélock,
And no man abide with me:
And walk up to the Saÿlés,[11]
And so to Watling-street,[12]
And wait after some unketh gest,
Up-chance ye mowe them meet.
Be he earl or any barón,
Abbót or any knight,
Bring him to lodge to me,
His dinner shall be dight."[13]

They went unto the Saÿlés,
These yeomen all three,[14]
They lookéd east, they lookéd west,
They mighté no man see.
But as they looked[15] in Barnisdale,
By a derné[16] street,
Then came thére a knight riding,
Full soon they gan him meet.
All dreary was his semblaunce,
And little was his pride,
His one foot in the stirrup stood,
That other waved beside.
His hood hanging over his[17] eyen two,
He rode in simple array;
A sorrier man than he was one
Rode never in summer's day.

Little John was full curtéyse,
And set him[18] on his knee:
"Welcome be ye, gentle knight,
Welcóme are you to me,
Welcome be thou to green wood,
Hende[19] knight and free;
My master hath abiden[20] you fasting,
Sir, all these hourés three."

"Who is your master?" said the knight.

John said, "Robin Hood."

"He is a good yeoman," said the knight,
"Of him I have heard much good.
I grant," he said, "with you to wend,
My brethren all in-fere;[21]
My purpose was to have dined to-day
At Blyth[22] or Doncastere."

Forth then went this gentle knight,
With a careful cheer,
The tears out of his eyen ran,
And fell down by his lere.[23]

---

[1] *For dout*, do out, putting out, or extinguishing. So in "Hamlet," act iv. sc. 7, Shakespeare made Laertes say—

"I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it."

And in "Henry V.," act iv. sc. 2, where the old editions have "doubt," probably this was the word written:

"*Constable.* Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.
Dauphin. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And *dout* them with superfluous courage. Ha!"

[2] An, *and* in the original, from which the form "an," in the sense of "if," was probably derived. Horne Tooke traced it from the imperative of the verb "unnan," to grant.

[3] *Reve*, from First English "reafian," seize, rob, spoil. "Rob" and "reave" are synonymous, like "lithe" and "listen."

[4] *No force*, no importance, no matter.

[5] *Housbonde*, from First English "hus," a house, and "buend," one inhabiting and cultivating the soil. The husband meant by Robin Hood is the occupier of a house who tills the ground about it. From this duty of the man came the name "husband," as "wife," from the duty of the mistress of the house to weave into cloth the yarn spun for her by her maidens, who were thence called spinsters.

[6] *Shaw*, of same root with First English "sceado," shadow, means the shade under the trees, and thence commonly the wood itself.

[7] *Felaw* (the First English spelling of "fellow," from "fyligean," to follow), follower or comrade.

[8] Pronounced *you-r*. [9] *Lere*, learn.

[10] *It is ferre days*, the day is far gone; God send us an adventure, so that we might dine.

"('t is) férrē | dáys, God | séndˈs a | géste |
That wé | were't oúr | dinére. |
Táke thy | goód bow'n | th'hánd, said | Rób'n. |"

[11] In his edition of the Robin Hood Ballads, Joseph Ritson says:—"The Sayles appears to be some place in the neighbourhood of Barnsdale, but no mention of it has elsewhere occurred; though, it is believed, there is a field so called not far from Doncaster." *Sall*, as suffix to a local name, indicated the place where a stone house (First English "sal") had been built, and that close to Barnsdale district there are several places with that suffix. On one side of Barnsdale is Campsall, with a house known as Camps Mount, and on the other side are North and South Elmsall or Emsall. "The Sayles" (pronounced *sa-ÿ-les*) may have been cleared high ground on which some houses had been built, and from which there was free view over the forest.

[12] *Watling Street*. Two miles west of Campsall the old North road runs through Barnsdale along the line of the Roman Ermyn or Watling Street. There is a piece of the old road now to be seen close by the turnpike known as Barnsdale bar.

[13] *Dight*, prepared, from First English "dihtan," to set in order.

[14] Pronounced *th-r-ee*. [15] "But 's they looked."

[16] *Derné* (First English "dyrne"), hidden, secret.

[17] Lines 83 to 91. *Over his* runs into one syllable, *o'er's*; the *e* in *simple* is lost before the succeeding vowel; the *ier* in *sorrier* counts as one syllable, like *yer* in *lawyer*; *never* is pronounced *ne'er*.

[18] *Him*, himself.

[19] *Hende*, handy, thence courteous; without the awkwardness of mind and habit that is found in the ill-trained.

[20] *Abiden*, waited for. "(My) mást'r hath | 'bíden | yoú fast | ing." Line 100, "who's;" 103, "I've;" 106, "to 've," &c.

[21] *In-fere*, together.

[22] *Blyth*, on the borders of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, six miles north-west of East Retford.

[23] *Lere* (First English "hleor"), the cheek.

They brought him unto the lodge door,[1]
When Robin gan him see,
Full courteysly did off his hood,
And set him on his knee.

"Welcóme, sir knight," then said Robín,
"Welcóme thou art to me;
I have abiden you fasting, sir,
All these hourés[2] three."

Then answered the gentle knight,
With words fair and free,
"God thee savé, good Robín,
And all thy fair meyné."[3]

They washed together and wipéd both,
And set to their dinere;
Bread and wine they had enough,
And numbles[4] of the deer;
Swans and pheasants they had full good,
And fowls of the rivere;
There failéd never[5] so little a bird,
That ever was bred on brere.

"Do gladly,[6] sir knight," said Robín.

"Gramércy,[7] sir," said he,
"Such a dinner had I not
Of all these weekés three;
If I come again, Robín,
Here by this countré,
As good a dinner I shall thee make,
As thou hast made to me."

"Gramercy, knight," said Robín,
"My dinner when I have;
I was never so greedy, by dere-worthy[8] God,
My dinner for to crave.
But pay ere ye wend," said Robín,
"Me thinketh it is good right;
It was never the manner, by dere-worthy God,
A yeoman to pay for a knight."

"I have nought in my coffers," said the knight,
"That I may proffer for shame."

"Little John, go look," said Robin,
"Ne let not[9] for no blame.
Tell me truth," then said Robín,
"So God have part of thee."

"I have no more but ten shillings," said the knight,[10]
"So God have part of me!"

"If thou have no more," said Robín,[11]
"I will not one penný;
And if thou have need of any more,
More shall I lend thee.
Go now forth, Little John,
The truth tell thou me,
If there be no more but ten shillings,
No penny of that I see."

Little John spread down his mantle
Full fair upon the ground,
And there he found in the knight's cofférr[12]
But even[13] half a pound.
Little John let it lie full still,
And went to his master full low.

"What tidingé, John?" said Robín.

"Sir, the knight is true enow."

"Fill of the best wine," said Robín,
"The knight shall begin;
Much wonder[14] thinketh me
Thy clothing is so thin.
Tell me one word," said Robín,
"And counsel shall it be;
I trow thou were made a knight of force,
Or else of yeomanry;
Or else thou hast been a sorry housband
And lived in stroke and strife;
An okerer, or lechour,"[15] said Robín.
"With wrong hast thou led thy life."

"I am none óf them," said the knight,
"By [him] that madé me;
An hundred winter here before,
Mine aunsetters[16] knights have be.
But oft it hath befal, Robín,
A man hath be disgrate;
But God that sitteth[17] in heaven above
May amend his state.
Within two or[18] three year, Robin," he said,
"My neighbours well it kend,[19]

---

[1] *Lodge door.* The word *lodge* is allied to the German "laub," foliage, and originally meant a shelter formed of the branches, twigs, and leaves of trees. It is the apt name, therefore, for Robin Hood's bower.

[2] *Houres*, like "count-r-e" in line 137, counts as three syllables, "hou-r-és." Line 118, "I've abid'n;" 124, "toge'r;" 128, "they'd."

[3] *Meyne*, company of followers. See Note 2, page 60.

[4] *Numbles*, liver, kidneys, &c.; French "nombles." The word was variously written *nombles*, *numbles*, and very commonly *umbles* or *humbles*. Old cookery books gave receipts for "umble pie," whence came the saying that a man is made "to eat humble pie"—to content himself with inferior meat while another may dine from the haunch. The *umbles*, with the skin, head, chine and shoulders, used to be the keeper's perquisites.

[5] Pronounce *never* and *ever* (lines 130 and 131) *ne'er* and *e'er*.

[6] *Do gladly*, enjoy yourself.

[7] *Gramercy* (French "grand merci"), many thanks.

[8] *Dere-worthy* (First English "deorwurthe"), precious.

[9] *Let not*, refrain not; be not hindered.

[10] "(I've) nó more | bút ten | shill'n's, said | th' knight. |"

[11] "I'f thou've | nó more | said Ro | bín. |" Line 158, "(And) if thou've | neéd of | ány | móre. |" In line 159 "more" is pronounced as two syllables; so also in line 238. In line 160 (also in lines 204, 208) pronounce "fo-r-th" as a dissyllable. In line 161 the missing syllable is got from the rolled *r* in dwelling upon the word "tr-u-th," as in line 217, where "thou" would hardly bear to be prolonged, as it could, no doubt, be in this context. Line 162, "(If) thére be | nó more | bút ten | shill'n's. |"

[12] "(And) thére he | foún' 'n the | knight's cof | fér."

[13] *Even*, just.

[14] *Wonder*, in three syllables, by sounding final *r*. See Note 15, page 61.

[15] *Okerer*, usurer, from First English "eacan," to eke or increase, "or elles a lechour" in the original; but this seems to be a transcriber's accidental repetition of "or else" from the preceding lines.

[16] *Aunsetters*, ancestors, pronounced in two syllables, *aunse-ters*.

[17] *Sitteth*, pronounced as a monosyllable, *sitt'th*. In the next line *May* seems to have had a broad pronunciation that gave to the final *y* the force of a second syllable *ma-y* in the measure. In other words there is at times the same effect of a broadly sounded *y*, as in line 66, "Sayles," and line 271, "By é | yghté | ne scóre | ." In line 209 *squyer* counts as three syllables, *squ-i-er*.

[18] *Within two or* counts as two syllables only in this metre, the *th* in *within*, as was common in such words as *whether*, *whither*, *hither*, *either*, *neither*, *father*, &c. (see Dr. Abbott's "Shakespearian Grammar," § 466), being slipped over in pronunciation, and the *e* at the end of *two* running into the *e* of *or*. The word *or* is itself an example of the slipping over of *th*, being a contraction from *other*.

[19] In the original "know."

Four hundred pound of good money
Full well then might I spend.
Now have I no good," said the knight,
"But my children and my wife;
God hath shapen such an end,
Till [he] it may amend."

"In what manner," said Robin,
"Hast thou lore[1] thy richésse?"

"For my great folly," he said,
"And for my kindénesse.
I had a son, for sooth, Robin,
That should have been my heir,
When he was twenty winter[2] old,
In field would joust full fair;
He slew a knight of Lancashire,
And a squyer bold;
For to save him in his right
My goods beth[3] set and sold;
My lands beth set to wed,[4] Robin,
Until a certain day,
To a rich abbot here beside,
Of Saint Mary abbay."

RUINS OF ST. MARY'S ABBEY, YORK.
As they appeared in the year 1736. (From a view given in Drake's "Eboracum.")

"What is the summé?" said Robin,
"Truth then tell thou me."

"Sir," he said, "four hundred pound,
The abbót told it to me."

"Now, an thou lose thy land," said Robin,
"What shall fall of thee?"

"Hastily I will me busk,"[5] said the knight,
"Over the salté sea,
And see where Christ was quick and dead,
On the mount of Calvary.
Fare well, friend, and have good day,
It may no better be"——

Tears fell out of his eyen two,
He would have gone his way—
"Farewell, friends, and have good day,
I ne have more to pay."

"Where be thy friends?" said Robin.

"Sir, never[6] one will me know;
While I was rich enow at home
Great boast then would they blow,
And now they run away from me,
As beastés on a row;
They take no more heed of me
Than they me never saw."

For ruthé then wept Little John,
Scathelocke and Much also.
"Fill of the best wine," said Robin,
"For here is a simple cheer.
Hast thou any friends," said Robin,
"Thy borowes[7] that will be?"

"I have none," then said the knight,
"But [him] that died on a tree."

"Do way thy japés!" said Robin,
"Thereof will I right none;
Weenest thou I will have[8] God to borowe?
Peter, Paul or John?
Nay,[9] by him that me made,
And shope both sun and moon,
Find a better borowe," said Robin,
"Or money gettest thou none."

"I have none other," said the knight,
"The sooth for to say,
But if it be our dear Lady,[10]
She failed me ne'er ere this day."

"By dere-worthy God," said Robin,
"To seek all England thorowe,
Yet found I never to my pay,
A much better borowe.
Come now forth, Little John,
And go to my treasury,
And bring me foür hundred pound,
And look that it well told be."

Forth then went Little John,
And Scathelock went before,
He told out foür hundred pound,
By eighteené score.[11]

"Is this well told?" said Little Much.

John said, "What grieveth thee?
It is alms to help a gentle knight
That is fall in poverty."

---

[1] *Lore*, lost. The *r* is equivalent to the *s* in *lose*. First English "leósan" and "leósan." The past tense (I lost) ran thus, with both letters: "ic léas, thu lure, he leas; we luron."

[2] *Twenty winter*, twenty years. In First English years were reckoned by winters, and days by nights, as is still to be found in the words *sennight* and *fortnight*, which stand respectively for *seven night* and *fourteen night*.

[3] *Beth*, are; the plural (First English "beóth") of the obsolete infinitive present of "beón."

[4] *Wed*, pledge. First English "weddian," to make a contract, whence marriage is a wedding or pledging.

[5] *Busk*, direct my course; allied to the German "putzen."

[6] *Never*, pronounced *ne'er*.

[7] *Borowes*, surety. First English "borh," plural "borgas." So in line 254.

[8] "Ween'st thou I'll have."

[9] *Nay*, pronounced here with broad emphasis, becomes a dissyllable. See Note 17, page 84.

[10] Observe in this line and in line 254 the strength of the hold taken on the people by the worship of the Virgin Mary.

[11] By eighteen score to the hundred.

"Master," then said Little John,
"His clothing is full thin,
Ye must give the knight a liverày,[1]
To wrap his body therein.[2]
For ye have scarlét and green, master,
And many a rich array,
There is no merchánt in merry England
So rich, I dare well say."

"Take him three yards of every colour,
And look that well mete[3] it be."

Little John took none other measure
But his bow tree,
And of every handfull that he met[4]
He kept over feete three.

"What devilkyne[5] draper," said Little Much,
"Thinkest thou to be?"

Scathelock stood full still and lough,
And said, "By God allmight,
He may give him the better measure,
For it cost him but light."

"Master," said Little John,
As soon as Robin Hood,
"Ye must give that knight an horse,
To lead home all this good."

"Take him a gray courser," said Robin,
"And a saddle new;
He is our Lady's messengere,
God send[6] that he be true!"

"And a good palfréy," said Little Much,
"To maintain him in his right."

"And a pair of boots," said Scathélock,
"For he is a gentle knight."

"What shalt thou give him, Little John?" said Robin.

"Four a paire of gilt spurs clene,
To pass for all this company:
God wringe him out of tene!"[7]

"When shall my day be," said the knight,
"Sir, on your will be?"

"This day twelve month," said Robin,
"Under this green wood tree.
It were great shamé," said Robin,
"A knight alone to ride,
Without squyér, yeoman or page,
To walk by his side.
I shall thee lend Little Johan my man,
For he shall be thy knave;[8]
In a yeoman's stead he may thee stand,
If thou great need have."

[1] *Liveray.* A livery is a suit of clothes (Old French "livrée") delivered by a master to his followers.
[2] "To wrap's | body' | therein."
[3] *Well mete*, well measured.
[4] *He met*, he measured. First English "metan," past "mæt."
[5] *Devilkyne*, of the devil's kind; pronounced *de'ilkins*.
[6] *Lend*, give. See Note 5, page 37.
[7] *Tene*, sorrow. First English "teona," reproach, wrong, &c.; from "tynan" and "teonan," to incense, vex.
[8] *Knave* (First English "cnapa," German "knabe"), boy.

THE KNIGHT MOUNTED.
From the Tomb of Aymer de Valence, murdered in 1323. (Gough.)

THE SECONDE FYTTE.[9]

Now is the knight went on his way,
This game he thought full good,
When he looked on Barnisdale,
He blesséd Robin Hood;
And when he thought on Barnisdale,
On Scathelock, Much, and John,
He blessed them for the best company
That ever he in come.

Then spake that gentle knight,
To Little John gan he say,
"To-morrow I must to York town,
To Saint Mary abbay;
And to the abbot of that place
Four hundred pound I must pay.
And but[10] I be there upon this night
My land is lost for aye."

ANCIENT SEAL OF ST. MARY'S ABBEY.
Appended to a Deed of 1478. (*From Drake's "Eboracum."*)

[9] *Fytte* (First English "fitt"), a song.
[10] *And but*, unless

The abbot said to his convént,
There he stood on ground,
"This day twelve month came there a knight
And borrowed four hundred pound
Upon all his land free,
But he come this ilké day[1]
Disherited shall he be."

"It is full early," said the prior,[2]
"The day is not yet far gone,
I had liever to pay an hundred pound,
And lay it down anone.
The knight is far beyond the sea,
In England is his right,
And suffereth hungér and cold
And many a sorry night:
It were great pity," said the prior,
"So to have his lond;
An ye be so light of your conscïence,
Ye do to him much wrong."

"Thou art ever in my beard," said the abbót,
"By God and Saint Richárd!"

With that came in a fat-headed monk,
The high cellarer;

"He is dead or hangéd," said the monk,
"By [him] that bought me dear,
And we shall have to spend in this place
Four hundred pound by year."

The abbot and the high cellarer,
Sterte forth full bold.

The high justice of Englond[3]
The abbót there did hold;
The high justice and many mo
Had take into their hond,
Wholly all the knightés debt,
To put that knight to wrong.
They deemed the knight wonder sore,
The abbót and his meyné:
"But he come this ilké day
Disherited shall he be."

"He will not come yet," said the justice,
"I dare well undertake."

But in sorrowé timé for them all
The knight came to the gate.
Then bespake that gentle knight
Unto his meyné,

"Now put on your simple weeds[4]
That ye brought from the sea."

And camé to the gates anone,
The porter was ready himself,
And welcoméd them every one.

"Welcóme, sir knyght," said the portér,
"My lord to meat[5] is he,
And so is many a gentle man,
For the love of thee."
The porter swore a full great oath,
"By [him] that madé me,

Here be the best coreséd[6] horse
That ever yet saw I me.
Lead them into the stable," he said,
"That caséd might they be."

"They shall not come therein," said the knight,
"By [him] that died on a tree."

Lordés were to meat iset
In that abbótés hall,
The knight went forth and kneeléd down,
And salved[7] them great and small.

"Do gladly, sir abbót," said the knight,
"I am come to hold my day."

The first[8] word the abbot spake,
"Hast thóu brought mý pay?"

"Not one penny," said the knight,
"By [him] that makéd me."

"Thou art a shrewd[9] debtor!" said the abbót;
"Sir justice, drink to me!
What dost thou here," said the abbót,
"But[10] thou hadst brought thy pay?"

"Foré God," then said the knight,
"To pray of a longer day."

"Thy day is broke," said the justice,
"Land gettest thou none."

"Now, good sir justice, be my friend,
And fend me of my fone."[11]

"I am hold with the abbot," said the justice,
"Both with cloth and fee."

"Now, good sir sheriff, be my friend."

"Nay, foré God," said he.

"Now, good sir abbot, be my friend,
For thy curteysé,
And hold my landés in thy hand
Till I have made thee gree;[12]
And I will be thy true servánt,
And truly servé thee,
Till ye have foür hundred pound
Of money good and free."

The abbot sware a full great oath,
"By [him] that died on a tree,
Get the land where thou may,
For thou gettest none of me."

"By dere-worthy God," then said the knight,
"That all this world wrought,
But I have my land again
Full dear it shall be bought;
God, that was of a maiden borne,
Lene[13] us well to speed!
For it is good to assay a friend
Ere that a man have need."

---

[1] *Ilke day* ("ilk," from First English "ælc," each), every lawful day on which business could be done, as distinguished from days set apart for worship. [2] The prior was second in authority.
[3] *Eng-l-ond*, as three syllables.
[4] *Weeds* (First English "wæ'd"), clothes.
[5] *To meat*, at meat, at dinner.

[6] *Cored* (French "cuirassé"), harnessed.
[7] *Salved*, saluted (French "saluer"); said "Salve," hail.
[8] *Fi-r-st*, as two syllables. So also *we-r-d*. In the preceding and following lines "day" and "pay" are pronounced broadly, as dissyllables: "I'm cóme | t'hold mý | da-y. |"
[9] *Shrewd*, cunning in good or bad sense; at first usually a bad sense. See Note 11, page 33.
[10] *But*, unless. [11] *Fend me of my fone*, defend me from my foes.
[12] *Gree* (French "gré"), satisfaction.
[13] *Lene* (First English), give, grant.

The abbót loathlý on him gan look
And villainouslý gan call;
"Out," he said, "thou falsé knight!
Speed thee out of my hall!"

"Thou liest," then said the gentle knight,
"Abbot in thy hall;
Falsé knight was I nevér,
By [him] that made us all."

Up then stood that gentle knight,
To the abbót said he,
"To suffer a knight to kneel so long,
Thou canst[1] no courtesý.
In joustés and in tournemént
Full far then have I be,
And put myself as far in press
As any that ever I see."

"What will ye give more?" said the justice,
"And the knight shall make a release;
And ellés dare I safely swear
Ye hold never your land in peace."

"An hundred pound," said the abbót.

The justice said, "Give him two."

"Naý, by God," said the knight,
"Yet get ye it not so:
Though ye would give a thousand more,
Yet were thou never the nere;[2]
Shall there never be mine heir,
Abbót, justice, ne frere."

THE ABBOT.
From a Brass at St. Albans. (*Carter.*)

He stert him to a board anon,
To a table round,
And there he shook out of a bag
Even[3] foür hundred pound.

COUNTING THE COIN.
From a Window Painting of an Old Mansion in Lower Street, Islington, date about 1471. (*Carter.*)

"Have here thy gold, sir abbót," said the knight,
"Which that thou lentest me;
Haddest thou been curteys at my coming,
Rewarded[4] shouldst thou have[5] be."

The abbót sat still, and ate no more,
For all his royal cheer,
He cast his hood on his shouldér,
And fast began to stare.
"Take me my gold again," said the abbót,
"Sir justice, that I took thee."

"Not a penny," said the justice,
"By [him] that died on a tree."

"Sir abbot, and ye men of law,
Now have I held my day,
Now shall I have my land again,
For aught that you can say."
The knight stert out of the door,
Away was all his care,
And on he put his good clothing,
The other he left there.
He went him forth full merry singing,
As men have told in tale,
His lady met him at the gate,
At home in Uterysdale.

"Welcóme, my lord," said his ladý;
"Sir, lost is all your good?"

"Be merry, damé," said the knight,
"And pray for Robin Hood,
That ever his soulé be in bliss,
He holp me out of my tene;
Ne had not be his kindénesse,
Beggars had we been.

[1] *Canst*, knowest.
[2] *Nere*, nearer. First English "neah," near; "nearre," nearer.
[3] *Even*, just. Pronounced *e'en*. So above, line 465 should be read, "Y'hold ne'er your land in peace." The reader is only now and then reminded of these frequent contractions.
[4] *Rewarded* has the final *ed* lost in the final *d* of the word itself. Very commonly in old English the suffix representing the past tense was drawn into a *d* or *t* closing the word to which it was or should have been attached. See line 346.
[5] Should'st thou've.

The abbót and I accorded ben,
He is served of his pay,
The good yeoman lent it me,
As I came by the way."

This knight then dwelléd fair at home,
The sooth for to say,
Till he had got four hundred pound,
All ready for to pay.
He púrveyed him an hundred bows,
The stringés well ydight,
An hundred sheaf of arrows good,
The heads burnished full bright,
And every arrow an ellé long,
With peacock well ydight,
Inockéd[1] all with white silvér,
It was a seemly sight.
He púrveyed him an hundred men,
Well harneysed in that stead,
And himself in that samé set,
And clothed in white and red.
He bare a launsgay[2] in his hand,
And a man led his male,[3]
And ridden with a light song,
Unto Barnisdale.

As he went at a bridge there was a wresteling,
And there tarried was he,
And there was all the best yeomén
Of all the west countree.
A full fair game there was upset,
A white bull up ipight;
A great coursér with saddle and bridle,
With gold burnished full bright;
A pair of gloves, a red gold ring,
A pipe of wine, in good fay:[4]
What man beareth him best, i-wis,[5]
The prize shall bear away.

There was a yeoman in that place,
And best worthý was he,
And for he was ferre and fremd bestad,[6]
I-slain he should have be.
The knight had ruth of this yeomán,
In place where that he stood,
He said that yeoman should have no harm,
For love of Robin Hood.
The knight presséd into the place,
An hundred followed him free,
With bowés bent, and arrows sharp,
For to shend[7] that company.
They shouldered all, and made him room,
To wete[8] what he would say,
He took the yeoman by the hand,
And gave him all the play;

He gave him five mark for his wine,
There it lay on the mould,
And bade it should be set abroach,
Drinké who so would.
Thus long tarried this gentle knight,
Till that play was done,
So long abode Robín fastíng,
Three hours after the none.[9]

THE THYRDE FYTTE.

Lithe and listen, gentle men,
All that now be here,
Of Little John,[10] that was the knight's man,
Good mirth ye shall hear.

It was upon a merry day,
That young men would go shete,[11]
Little John fet[12] his bow anon,
And said he would them meet.
Three times Little John shot about,
And alway cleft the wand,
The proud sheriff of Nottingham
By the marks gan stand.
The sheriff swore a full great oath,
"By him that died on a tree,
This man is the best archér
That ever yet saw I me.
Saÿ me now, wight[13] young man,
What is now thy name?
In what country were thou born,
And where is thy wonning[14] wan?"

"In Holdérnesse I was bore,
I-wis all of my dame,
Men call me Reynold Greenleaf,
Whan I am at hame."

"Say me, Reynold Greenleaf,
Wilt thou dwell with me?
And every year I will thee give
Twentý mark to thy fee."

"I have a master," said Little John,
"A curteys knight is he,
Maÿ ye get leave of him,
The better may it be."

The sheriff gat Little John
Twelve months of the knight,
Therefóre he gave him right anon
A good horse and a wight.

Now is Little John the sheriff's man,
He give us well to speed,
But alwáy thought Little John
To quite him well his meed.[15]
"Now so God me help," said Little John,
"And by my true lewté,[16]
I shall be the worst servánt to him
That ever yet had he!"

It befell upon a Wednesday,
The sheriff a-hunting was gone,
And Little John lay in his bed,
And was forgot at home.

[1] *Inocked*, notched, mounted with silver in the notches.
[2] *Launsgay*, or lancegay, a form of spear that was prohibited in Richard II.'s time, but still used in the time of Elizabeth.
[3] *Male* (French "maille"), bag or trunk to carry baggage.
[4] *Fay* (French "foi"), faith.
[5] *I-wis* (First English "gewis"), certainly.
[6] *Ferre and fremd bestad*, one from afar and among strangers. I have ventured to read "fremd" for "frend." *Frem-sted* is still used in Scotland for one who is placed away from friends and dependent upon strangers: in that sense the yeoman was *fremd bestad*. Strangers also are still *frem'd* persons in the dialect of the North of England; and *sybbe or fremmede* was an old antithesis for "kindred or no kindred."
[7] *Shend* (First English "scendan"), to confound, shame. German "schänden."
[8] *Wete* (First English "witan"), know.
[9] *None*, dinner-time. See Note 9, page 19.
[10] *Little John*, often pronounced *Li'le John*.
[11] *Shete*, shoot.
[12] *Fet*, fetched.
[13] *Wight*, active, vigorous. See Note 1, p. 24.
[14] *Wonnyng*, dwelling; from First English "wunian," to dwell.
[15] *Quite him his meed*, pay him his deserts.
[16] *Lewté*, loyalty.

Therefore he was fasting
Till it was past the none.
"Good sir Steward, I pray thee,
Give me to dine," said Little John;
"It is too long for Greenleaf,
Fasting so long to be;
Therefore I pray thee, stewárd,
My dinner give thou me!"

"Shalt thou never eat ne drink," said the stewárd,
"Till my lord be come to town."

"I make mine avow," said Little John,
"I had liever to crack thy crown!"

The butler was full uncurteys,
There he stood on floor,
He stert to the buttery,
And shut fast the door.
Little John gave the butler such a
His back yede[1] nigh in two,
Though he lived an hundred winter,
The worse he shouldé go.
He spurned the door with his foot,
It went up well and fine,
And there he made a large liveray
Both of ale and wine.
"Sith ye will not dine," said Little John,
"I shall give you to drink,
And though ye live an hundred winter,
On Little John ye shall think!"
Little John ate, and Little John drank,
The whilé that he would.
The sheriff had in his kitchen a cook,
A stout man and a bold.
"I make mine avow to God," said the cook,
"Thou art a shrewd hind,
In an household to dwell,
For to ask thus to dine."
And there he lent Little John,
Good strokés[2] three.
"I make mine avow," said Little John,
"These strokés liketh[3] well me.
Thou art a bold man and an hardy,
And so thinketh me;
And ere I pass from this place,
Assayed better shalt thou be."
Little John drew a good sword,
The cook took another in hand;
They thought nothing for to flee,
But stiffly for to stand.
There they fought soré together,
Two mile way and more,
Might neither other harm don,
The mountenance of an hour.

"I make mine avow," said Little John,
"And by my true lewté,
Thou art one of the best swordmen
That ever yet saw I me.
Couldest thou shoot as well in a bow,
To green wood thou shouldest with me,
And two times in the year thy clothing
Ichanged shouldé be;
And every year of Robin Hood
Twenty mark to thy fee."

"Put up thy sword," said the cook,
"And fellows will we be."

Then he fet to Little John
The numbles of a doe,
Good bread and full good wine,
They ate and drank thereto.
And when they had drunken well,
Their troths together they plight,
That they would be with Robin
That ilke same day at night.
They hied them to the treasure-house,
As fast as they might gone,
The locks that were of good steel
They brake them every one;
They took away the silver vessel,
And all that they might get,
Piéces,[4] masárs,[5] and spoons,
Would they none forget;
Also they took the good pence,
Three hundred pound and three;
And did them straight to Robin Hood,
Under the green wood tree.

"God thee save, my dear mastér,
And Christ thee save and see."

And then said Robín to Little John,
"Welcome might thou be;
And also be that fair yeomán
Thou bringest there with thee.
What tidingés from Nottingham?
Little John, tell thou me."

"Well thee greeteth the proud sheriff,
And sendeth thee here by me,
His cook and his silvér vessel,
And three hundred pound and three."

"I make mine avow to God," said Robin,
"And to the Trinity,
It was never by his good will,
This good is come to me."

Little John him there bethought,
On a shrewed wile,
Five mile in the forést he ran,
Him happéd at his will;
Then he met the proud sheriff,
Hunting with hound and horn,

HUNTING WITH HOUND AND HORN.
From Carving under a Seat in the Choir of Sherborne Minster (Time of Edward III.). (Carter.)

[1] *Yede* (First English "eode;" past of "gan," to go), went.
[2] *St-r-okés*, pronounced as three syllables.
[3] *Liketh*, pronounced as one syllable.
[4] *Pieces*, drinking-cups.
[5] *Masars* (or "mazers"), bowls or goblets.

Little John coud his curteysye,[1]
And kneeléd him beforn:
"God thee save, my dear mastér,
And Christ thee save and see."

"Raynold Greenleaf," said the sheriff,
"Where hast thou now be?"

"I have be in this forést,
A fair sight can I see,
It was one of the fairest sights
That ever yet saw I me;
Yonder I see a right fair hart,
His colour is of green,
Seven score of deer upon an herd,
Be with him all bedene;[2]
His tynde[3] are so sharp, mastér,
Of sixty and well mo,
That I durst not shoot for drede
Lest they wold me slo."

"I make mine avow to God," said the sheriff,
"That sight would I fain see."

"Busk you thitherward, my dear mastér,
Anon, and wend with me."

The sheriff rode, and Little John
Of foot he was full smart,
And when they came afore Robin:

"Lo, here is the master hart!"

Still stood the proud sheriff,
A sorry man was he:

"Wo worth thee, Raynold Greenleaf!
Thou hast now betrayéd me."

"I make mine avow," said Little John,
"Mastér, ye be to blame,
I was misserved of my dinere,
When I was with you at hame."

Soon he was to supper set,
And served with silver white;
And when the sheriff see his vessél,
For sorrow he might not eat.
"Make good cheer," said Robin Hood,
"Sheriff, for charitý,
And for the love of Little John;
Thy life is granted to thee."

When they had suppéd well,
The day was all agone,
Robin commanded Little John
To draw off his hosen and his shone,
His kirtle and his coat a pye,[4]
That was furréd well fine,
And take him a green mantéll,
To lap his body therein.
Robin commanded his wight young men,
Under the green wood tree,
They shall lay in that same sort,
That the sheriff might them see.

All night lay that proud sheriff
In his[5] breche and in his sherte,
No wonder it was, in green wood,
Though his sides do smerte.
"Make glad cheer," said Robin Hood,
"Sheriff, for charité,
For this is our ordér i-wis,
Under the green wood tree."

"This is harder order," said the sheriff,
"Than any anker[6] or frere;
For all the gold in merry Engländ
I would not long dwell here."

"All these twelve months," said Robin,
"Thou shalt dwell with me;
I shall thee teach, proud sheriff,
An outlaw for to be."

"Ere I here another night lie," said the sheriff,
"Robin, now I pray thee,
Smite off my head rather to-morn,
And I forgive it thee.
Let me go," then said the sheriff,
"For saint Charité,
And I will be thy best friend
That ever yet had thee."

"Thou shalt swear me an oath," said Robin,
"On my bright brand,
Thou shalt never awayte me scathe,[7]
By water ne by land;
And if thou find any of my men,
By night or by day,
Upon thine oath thou shalt swear,
To help them that thou may."

Now have the sheriff iswore his oath,
And home he gan to gone,
He was as full of green wood
As ever was heap of stone.[8]

THE FOURTH FYTTE.

The sheriff dwelled in Nottingham,
He was fain[9] that he was gone,
And Robin and his merry men
Went to wood anone.

"Go we to dinner," said Little John.
Robin Hood said, "Nay;
For I dread Our Lady be wroth with me,
For she sent me not my pay."

"Have no doubt, master," said Little John,
"Yet is not the sun at rest,
For I dare say, and safely swear,
The knight is true and trust."

"Take thy bow in thy hand," said Robin,
"Let Much wende with thee,
And so shall William Scathelock,
And no man abide with me,
And walk up into the Saÿlés,
And to Watling-street,

[1] *Coud his curteysye*, know how to be courteous.
[2] *All bedene*. See Note 4, page 31.
[3] *Tynde*, branches of horns. First English "tindas," tines, the teeth of harrows, prongs of forks, &c.
[4] *Coat a pye*, loose riding-coat, rough overcoat. Dutch "py," a coarse rough cloth, or a coat made from it. We have the word in our *pea-coat*, which is a *coat a pye*.
[5] *In his*, pronounced *in's*.
[6] *Anker*, anchorite. "Your discipline is harder than the rule of any order of anchorites or friars."
[7] *Awayte me scathe*, lay in wait to harm me.
[8] In his thoughts he was as full of green wood as ever a heap was full of stones.
[9] *Fain* (First English "fægen"), glad.

And wait after such unketh gest,
Up-chance ye may them meet.
Whether he be messengér,
Or a man that mirthés can,
Or if he be a poor man,
Of my good he shall have some.

Forth then stert Little John,
Half in tray[1] and teen,[2]
And girded him with a full good sword,
Under a mantle of green.
They went up to the Saÿlés,
These yeomen all three;
They looked east, they looked west,
They might no man see.
But as he looked in Barnisdale,
By the high way,
Then were they ware of two black monks,
Each on a good palfray.
Then bespaké Little John,
To Much he gan say,
"I dare lay my life to wed,[3]
That these monks have brought our pay.
Make glad cheer," said Little John,
"And frese[4] our bows of yew,
And look your hearts be sicker[5] and sad,[6]
Your strings trustý and true.
The monk hath fifty-two men,
And seven somérs[7] full strong,
There rideth no bishop in this land
So royally, I understond.
Brethren," said Little John,
"Here are no more but we three;
But[8] we bring them to dinnér,
Our master dare we not see.
Bend your bows," said Little John,
"Make all yon press to stand!
The foremost monk, his life and his death,
Is closéd in my hand!
Abide, churl monk," said Little John,
"No farther that thou gone;
If thou dost, by dere-worthy[9] God,
Thy death is in my hond.
And evil thrift on thy head," said Little John,
"Right under thy hat's bond,
For thou hast made our master wroth,
He is fasting so long."

"Who is your master?" said the monk.

Little John said, "Robin Hood."

"He is a strong thief," said the monk,
"Of him heard I never good."

"Thou liest!" then said Little John,
"And that shall rewé thee;
He is a yeoman of the forést,
To dine hath bodé[10] thee."

Much was ready with a bolt,
Redly and anon,
He set the monk tofore the breast,
To the ground that he can gon.
Of fifty-two wight[11] young men,
There abode not one,
Save a little page, and a groom
To lead the somers with Little John.

They brought the monk to the lodge door,
Whether he were loth or lief,
For to speak with Robin Hood,
Maugré in their teeth.
Robin did adown his hood,
The monk when that he see;
The monk was not so courteyous,
His hood then let he be.

"He is a churl, master, by dere-worthy God,"
Then said Little John.

"Thereof no force,"[12] said Robín,
"For courtesy can he none.
How manÿ men," said Robín,
"Had this monk, John?"

"Fifty and two when that we met,
But many of them be gone."

"Let blow a horn," said Robin,
"That fellowship may us know."

Seven score of wight yeomen,
Came pricking on a row,
And everich of them a good mantéll,
Of scarlet and of ray,[13]
All they came to good Robin,
To wite[14] what he would say.
They made the monk to wash and wipe,
And sit at his dinere,
Robin Hood and Little John
They served them both in fere.[15]

"Do gladly,[16] monk," said Robin.
"Gramércy,[17] sir," said he.
"Where is your abbey, whan ye are at home,
And who is your avowé?"[18]

"Saint Mary abbey," said the monk,
"Though I be simple here."
"In what officé?" said Robin,
"Sir, the high cellarer."
"Ye be the more welcome," said Robín,
"So ever mote I the.[19]
Fill of the best wine," said Robín,
"This monk shall drink to me.
But I have great marvel," said Robin,
"Of all this long day,
I dread Our Lady be wroth with me,
She sent me not my pay."

"Have no doubt, master," said Little John,
"Ye have no need I say,
This monk it hath brought, I dare well swear,
For he is of her abbay."

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[1] *Tray*, surly unwillingness. Icelandic "thra," obstinate; "threfa," to dispute. First English "thrafian," to blame.
[2] *Teen* (First English "teona"), reproach. "Teonan," from "tynan," to incense or vex.
[3] *To wed*, in pledge.
[4] *Frese*, bend. French "friser," to bend or curl.
[5] *Sicker*, sure. Icelandic, "seigr;" Latin "securus."
[6] *Sad*, firm, settled. The original sense of the word.
[7] *Somers* (from French "sommier"), pack-horses for carrying provisions, &c.
[8] *But*, unless.
[9] *Dere-worthy* (First English "deorwurthe"), precious.
[10] *Bodé*, bidden, invited.
[11] *Wight*, active.
[12] *No force*, no matter.
[13] *Ray*, a striped cloth. French "raie," a stripe.
[14] *Wite*, know. First English "witan," whence "wit."
[15] *In fere*, together.
[16] *Do gladly*, that is, enjoy your dinner.
[17] *Gramercy* (French "grand merci"), many thanks.
[18] *Avowe* (French "avoué," attorney), the saint who pleads for you.
[19] *Mote I the*, might I thrive. First English "ic théo," I thrive.

"And she was a borow,"[1] said Robin,
"Between a knight and me,
Of a little money that I him lent,
Under the green wood tree;
And if thou hast that silver ibrought,
I pray thee let me see,
And I shall help thee eftsoons,[2]
If thou have need of me."

The monk swore a full great oath,
With a sorry cheer,
"Of the borowhood thou speakest to me,
Heard I never ere!"

"I make mine avow to God," said Robin,
"Monk, thou art to blame,
For God is hold a righteous man,
And so is his dame.
Thou toldest with thine own tongue,
Thou may not say nay,
How thou art her servánt,
And servest her every day,
And thou art made her messenger,
My money for to pay,
Therefore I con thee more thank,[3]
Thou art come at thy day.
What is in your coffers?" said Robin,
"True then tell thou me."
"Sir," he said, "twenty mark,[4]
All so mote I the."

"If there be no more," said Robin,
"I will not one penny;
If thou hast mister[5] of any more,
Sir, more I shall lend to thee;
And if I find more," said Robin,
"I-wis[6] thou shalt it forgone;
For of thy spending silver,[7] monk,
Thereof will I right none.
Go now forth, Little John,
And the truth tell thou me;
If there be no more but twenty mark,
No penny of that I see."

Little John spread his mantle down,
As he had done before,
And he told out of the monkés mail,
Eight hundred pound and more.
Little John let it lie full still,
And went to his master in haste;
"Sir," he said, "the monk is true enow,
Our Lady hath doubled your cost."

"I make mine avow to God," said Robin,
"Monk, what told I thee?
Our Lady is the truest woman,
That ever yet found I me.
By dere-worthy God," said Robin,
"To seek all England thorowe,
Yet found I never to my pay
A much better borowe.
Fill of the best wine, do him drink," said Robin;
"And greet well thy Lady hend,[8]
And if she have need of Robin Hood,
A friend she shall him find;
And if she needeth any more silvér,
Come thou again to me,
And, by this token she hath me sent,
She shall have such three."

The monk was going to London ward,
There to hold great mote,
The knight that rode so high on horse,
To bring him under foot.

"Whither be ye away?" said Robin.

"Sir, to manors in this lond,
To reckón with our revés,
That have done much wrong."

"Come now forth, Little John,
And hearken to my tale,
A better yeoman I know none,
To search a monkés mail.
How much is in yonder other courser?" said Robin,
"The sooth must we see."

"By our Lady," then said the monk,
"That were no courtesý
To bid a man to dinner,
And sith him beat and bind."

"It is our old manner," said Robín,
"To leave but little behind."

THE MONK.
(From the Carvings on St. John's Church, Cirencester.)

The monk took the horse with spur,
No longer would he abide.

"Ask to drink," then said Robín,
"Ere that ye further ride."

"Nay, fore God," then said the monk,
"Me reweth I came so near,
For better cheap[9] I might have dined,
In Blyth or in Doncastere."

[1] *Borow* (First English "borh"), surety.
[2] *Eftsoons* (First English "eft sona"), again soon, soon after.
[3] *Con thee more thank* (Icelandic "kenna;" Gothic "kunnan;" First English "knawan," to ken or know; know as one's own, claim; know as belonging to another), owe you the more thanks. So Chaucer, in his "Treatise of the Astrolabe," says to his little son, Lewis, "If I show thee in my little English as true conclusions as be showed in Latin, *con me the more thank*, and pray God save the king that is lord of this language."
[4] *Mark*, a silver coin, worth 13s. 4d.
[5] *Mister* (Danish "miste"), want.
[6] *I-wis* (First English "gewis"), certainly.
[7] *Spending silver*, that which you will need to spend upon your journey.
[8] *Hend*, gentle, originally handy, not doing things clumsily.
[9] *Cheap* (First English "ceáp"), bargain, price. First English

"Greet well your abbot," said Robin,
"And your prior, I you pray,
And bid him send me such a monk,
To dinner every day!"

Now let we that monk be still,
And speak we of that knight,
Yet he came to hold his day
While that it was light.
He did him straight to Barnisdale,
Under the green wood tree,
And he found there Robin Hood,
And all his merry meyné.
The knight light downe of his good palfréy,
Robin when he gan see.
So courteysly he did adown his hood,
And set him on his knee.

"God thee save, good Robin Hood,
And all this company."

"Welcome be thou, gentle knight,
And right welcóme to me."

Than bespake him Robin Hood,
To that knight so free,
"What need driveth thee to green wood?
I pray thee, sir knight, tell me.
And welcome be thou, gentle knight,
Why hast thou be so long?"

"For the abbot and the high justice
Would have had my lond."

"Hast thou thy land again?" said Robin,
"Truth then tell thou me."

"Yea, fore God," said the knight,
"And that thank I God and thee.
But take not a grief," said the knight,
"That I have been so long;
I came by a wresteling,
And there I did help a poor yeomán,
With wrong was put behind."

"Nay, fore God," said Robin,
"Sir knight, that thank I thee;
What man that helpeth a good yeomán,
His friend then will I be."

"Have here four hundred pound," then said the knight,
"The which ye lent to me;
And here is also twenty mark
For your courtesy."

"Nay, fore God," then said Robin,
"Thou broke[1] it well for aye,
For our Lady, by her cellarer,
Hath sent to me my pay;
And if I took it twice,
A shame it were to me:
But truly, gentle knight,
Welcóme art thou to me."

When Robin had told his tale,
He laughed and had good cheer.
"By my troth," then said the knight,
"Your money is ready here."

"Broke it well," said Robin,
"Thou gentle knight so free;
And welcome be thou, gentle knight,
Under my trystell tree.
But what shall these bows do?" sayd Robin,
"And these arrows ifeathered free?"

"[It is]," then said the knight,
"A poor presént to thee."

"Come now forth, Little John,
And go to my treasury,
And bring me there four hundred pound,
The monk over-told it to me.
Have here four hundred pound,
Thou gentle knight and true,
And buy horse and harness good,
And gild thy spurs all new:
And if thou fail any spending,
Come to Robin Hood,
And by my troth thou shalt none fail
The whiles I have[2] any good.
And broke well thy four hundred pound,
Which I lent to thee,
And make thyself no more so bare,
By the counsel of me."

Thus then holp him good Robin,
The knight of all his care.
God, that sitteth in heaven high,
Grant us well to fare.

THE FIFTH FYTTE.

Now hath the knight his leave itake,
And went him on his way;
Robin Hood and his merry men
Dwelled still full many a day.
Lithe and listen, gentle men,
And hearken what I shall say,
How the proud sheriff of Nottingham
Did cry a full fair play;

SHOOTING AT THE BUTTS.
(*From a Fourteenth Century Psalter.*)

That all the best archers of the north
Should come upon a day,
And they that shoot all of the best
The game shall bear away.

"He that shooteth all of the best
Furthest fair and low,
At a pair of fynly[3] butts,
Under the green wood shaw,

"cesp-stow," a place for bargain and sale, thence "Chepstow." There is the same word in "Cheapside." *Cheap* is thus used as a noun by Shakespeare, when Falstaff tells Bardolph that the lamp of his nose has saved a thousand marks in links and torches; "but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good *cheap* at the dearest chandler's in Europe."

[1] *Broke*, use. See Note 2, page 15.

[2] *I have*, pronounced *I've*.

[3] *Fynly* (First English "findig;" Provincial Scottish "findy"), substantial, considerable, heavy.

A right good arrow he shall have,
The shaft of silver white,
The head and the feathers of rich red gold,
In England is none like."

This then heard good Robín,
Under his trystell tree:
"Make you ready, ye wight young men,
That shooting will I see.
Busk you, my merrý young men,
Ye shall go with me;
And I will wete[1] the sheriff's faith,
True an if he be."

When they had their bows ibent,
Their tackles feathered free,
Seven score of wight young men
Stood by Robin's knee.
When they came to Nottingham,
The butts were fair and long,
Many was the bold archér
That shooted with bowés strong.

"There shall but six shoot with me,
The other shall keep my head,
And stand with good bowés bent
That I be not deceived."

The fourth outlaw his bow gan bend,
And that was Robin Hood,
And that beheld the proud sheríff,
All by the butt he stood.
Thriés Robin shot about,
And alway he cleft the wand,
And so did good Gilbert,
With the whité hand.
Little John and good Scathelock
Were archers good and free;
Little Much and good Reynold,
The worst would they not be.
When they had shot about,
These archers fair and good,
Evermore was the best,
For sooth, Robin Hood.
Him was delivered the good arrów,
For best worthy was he;
He took the gift so courteysly,
To green wood woldé he.

They criéd out on Robin Hood,
And great horns gan they blow.
"Wo worth thee![2] treason!" said Robín,
"Full evil thou art to know!
And wo be thou, thou proud sheríff,
Thus gladding thy guest,
Otherwise thou behoté[3] me
In yonder wild forést;
But had I thee in green wood,
Under my trystell tree,
Thou shouldest leave me a better wed[4]
Than thy true lewté."

Full many a bow there was bent,
And arrows let they glide,
Many a kirtle there was rent,
And hurt many a side.

The outlawés shot was so strong,
That no man might them drive,
And the proud sherifés men
They fled away full blive.[5]
Robin saw the busshement[6] to-broke,[7]
In green wood he would have be,
Many an arrow there was shot
Among that company.
Little John was hurt full sore,
With an arrow in his knee,
That he might neither go nor ride;
It was full great pité.

"Master," then said Little John,
"If ever thou lovest me,
And for that ilke[8] Lordés love,
That died upon a tree,
And for the meeds[9] of my service,
That I have servéd thee,
Let nevér the proud sheriff
Alivé now find me;
But take out thy brown sword,
And smite all off my head,
And give me woundés dead and wide,
That I after eat no bread."[10]

"I woldé not that," said Robín,
"John, that thou weré slawe,
For all the gold in merry England,
Though it lay now on a rawe."[11]

"God forbid," said Little Much,
"That died on a tree,
That thou shouldest, Little John,
Part our company!"
Up he took him on his back,
And bare him well a mile,
Many a time he laid him down,
And shot another while.

Then was there a fair castéll,
A little within the wood,
Double-ditched it was about,
And walléd, by the rood;
And there dwelled that gentle knight,
Sir Richard at the Lee,
That Robín had lent his good,
Under the green wood tree.
In he took good Robín,
And all his companý:

"Welcome be thou, Robin Hood,
Welcóme art thou me;
And much thank thee of thy comfórt,
And of thy courtesy,
And of thy great kindéness,
Under the green wood tree;
I love no man in all this world
So much as I do thee;
For all the proud sheriff of Nottingham,
Right here shalt thou be.

[1] *Wete* (First English "witan"), know.
[2] *Wo worth thee*, woe be to thee. First English "weorthan," to become, be, happen.
[3] *Behote*, promised. First English "behátan," to promise.
[4] *Wed*, pledge.
[5] *Blive* ("bi live"), quickly. The word *quick* itself means alive.
[6] *Busshement* (French "embuche"), ambush, snare.
[7] *To-broke*. The *to*, like the German *zer*, is intensive.
[8] *Ilke*, same.
[9] *Meeds*, rewards. First English "méd," a reward.
[10] This is Chepman's version. Wynkyn de Worde's is "No life on me be left," where "left" rhymes to "heafod," the original form of "head;" see col. 1, page 82.
[11] *Rawe*, row.

Shut the gates, and draw the bridge,
And let no man come in;
And arm you well, and make you ready,
And to the wall ye win.[1]
For one thing, Robin, I thee behote,[2]
I swear by Saint Quintin,
These twelve days thou wonest[3] with me,
To sup, eat, and dine."

Boards were laid, and clothés spread,
Readily and anon;
Robin Hood and his merry men
To meat gan they gon.

THE SIXTH FYTTE.

Lithe and listen, gentle men,
And hearken unto your song;
How the proud sheriff of Nottingham,
And men of armés strong,
Full fast came to the high sheriff,
The country up to rout,
And they beset the knight's castéll,
The wallés all about.
The proud sheriff loudé gan cry,
And said, "Thou traitor knight,
Thou keepest here the king's enemy,
Against the laws and right!"

"Sir, I will avow that I have done,
The deeds that here be dight,
Upon all the landés that I have,
As I am a true knight.
Wendé forth, sirs, on your way,
And doth no more to me,
Till ye wite our kingés will
What he will say to thee."

The sheriff thus had his answér,
Without any lensing,
Forth he yode[4] to London town,
All for to tell our king.
There he told him of that knight,
And eke of Robin Hood,
And also of the bold archérs,
That noble were and good.
"He would avow that he had done,
To maintain the outlaws strong;
He would be lord, and set you at nought,
In all the north lond."

"I will be at Nottingham," said the king,
"Within this fortnight,[5]
And take I will Robin Hood,
And so I will that knight.
Go home, thou proud sheriff,
And do as I bid thee,
And ordain good archérs enow,
Of all the wide countree."

The sheriff had his leave itake,
And went him on his way;
And Robin Hood to green wood
Upon a certain day;
And Little John was whole of the arrow,
That shot was in his knee,
And did him straight to Robin Hood,
Under the green wood tree.
Robin Hood walked in the forést,
Under the leavés green,
The proud sheriff of Nottingham,
Therefore he had great teen.[6]
The sheriff there failed of Robin Hood,
He might not have his prey,
Then he awaited[7] that gentle knight,
Both by night and by day.
Ever he awaited that gentle knight,
Sir Richard at the Lee,
As he went on hawking by the river side,
And let his hawkés flee,
Took he there his gentle knight,
With men of armés strong,
And led him home to Nottingham ward,
Ibound both foot and hond.

NOTTINGHAM OLD TOWN HALL AND PRISON.
(From Thoroton's History of Notts.)

The sheriff swore a full great oath,
By him that died on a tree,
He had liever than an hundred pound,
That Robin Hood had he.

Then the ladý, the knightés wife,
A fair ladý and free,
She set her on a good palfréy,
To green wood anon rode she.
When she came to the forést,
Under the green wood tree,
Found she there Robin Hood,
And all his fair meyné.

"God thee save, good Robin Hood,
And all thy companý;
For our deare Ladyes love,
A boon grant thou me.

[1] *Win* (First English "winnan"), go in battle. The old word *win* (masculine, genitive *wines*) meant strife and struggle. "To *win* the day" implies the strife that gave the victory; "a bread-*winner* is he who strives and struggles for the good he earns. Another word *win* (feminine, genitive *wine*) meant pleasure or joy; and *win* (neuter, genitive *wines*) meant wine.

[2] *Behote*, promise.

[3] *Wonest*, dwellest.

[4] *Yode*, went. First English "gan," to go; past tense "code."

[5] *Fortnight*, with a well-rolled *r*, has the value of three syllables.

[6] *Teen*, vexation.

[7] *Awaited*. Here the *ed* is not sounded, because it follows *t*.

Let thou never my wedded lord
Shamefully slain to be;
He is fast ibounde to Nottingham ward,
For the love of thee."

LADY OF THE TIME OF EDWARD I.[1]
(*From Stothard's "Monumental Effigies."*)

Anon then said good Robin,
To that ladý free,
"What man hath your lord itake?"

"The proud sheriff," then said she.
"Forsooth as I thee say;
He is not yet three milés,
Passéd on your way."

Up then sterté good Robin,
As a man that had be wode:[2]
"Busk you, my merrý young men,
For him that died on a rode;[3]
And he that this sorrow forsaketh,
By him that died on a tree,
Shall he never in green wood be,
Nor longer dwell with me."

Soon there were good bows ibent,
More than seven score,
Hedge ne ditch spared they none,
That was them before.

"I make mine avow," said Robin,
"The knight would I fain see,
And if I maý him take,
Iquit[4] then shall he be."

And when they came to Nottingham,
They walkéd in the street,
And with the proud sheriff, i-wis,
Sooné gan they meet.

"Abide, thou proud sheriff," he said,
"Abide and speak with me,
Of some tidings of our king,
I would fain hear of thee.
This seven year, by dere-worthy God,
Ne yede I so fast on foot,
I make mine avow, thou proud sheriff,
Is not for thy good."

Robin bent a good bowe,
An arrow he drew at his will,
He hit so the proud sheriff,
Upon the ground he lay full still;
And ere he might up arise,
On his feet to stand,
He smote off the sheriff's head,
With his bright brand.[5]

"Lie thou there, thou proud sheriff,
Evil mote thou thrive;
There might no man to thee trust,
The whiles thou were alive."

His men drew out their bright swords,
That were so sharp and keen,
And laid on the sheriffis men,
And drived them down bidene.[6]
Robin stert to that knight,
And cut atwo his band,
And took him in his hand a bow,
And bade him by him stand.
"Leavé thy horse thee behind,
And learn for to ren;[7]
Thou shalt with me to green wood,
Through mire, moss, and fen;
Thou shalt with me to green wood,
Without aný leasing,[8]
Till that I have get us grace,
Of Edward our comely king."

THE SEVENTH FYTTE.

The king came to Nottingham,
With knights in great array,
For to take that gentle knight,
And Robin Hood, if he may.
He asked men of that countré,
After Robin Hood,
And after that gentle knight,
That was so bold and stout.

Again, for example, in line 1526, *departed* is pronounced *depart*. So in the "Merchant of Venice," act v., sc. 1:—

"A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so *riveted* with faith unto your flesh."

Sometimes the *ed* after *t* is not written, as a little earlier in the same play we meet with the following example:—

"Stood Dido
Upon the wild sea-banks, and *waft* her love
To come again to Carthage."

In line 1319—"Ever he awaited"—there are two contractions, *ever* into *e'er*, and *awaited* into *await*. In line 1321, the *v* in *river* is slipped over, like the *v* in *ever*, *over*, &c., and "the river" runs into a monosyllable. So again, in line 1343, *never* was pronounced *ne'er*.

[1] This lady, Aveline, Countess of Lancaster, daughter of the Earl of Albemarle and Holdernesse, died in 1267, and represents the costume of the time to which the poem is assigned by the introduction of King Edward I. among its characters. The wimple, wrapped two or three times round the neck, was called a "gorget," and Jean de Meung, when he satirised this fashion in his part of the "Roman de la Rose" (written between 1270 and 1282), said that he often thought the ladies nailed their neckcloths to their chin, or pinned them to their flesh.

[2] *Wode*, mad. [3] *Rode*, cross.

[4] *Iquit*, requited.

[5] *Br-ight br-and.* Observe also how often the broadly pronounced *y* counts as a syllable.

[6] *Bidene*, promptly. See Note 4, page 31. [7] *Ren*, run.

[8] *Leasing* (First English "leásung"), falseness.

When they had told him the case,
Our king understood their tale,
And seised in his hand
The knightés landes all,
All the pass of Lancashire,
He went both far and near,
Till he came to Plompton park,
He failed many of his deer.
Where our king was wont to see
Herdés many one
He could unneth[1] find one deer,
That bare any good horn.
The king was wonder wroth withal,
And swore by the trinité,
"I would I had Robin Hood,
With eyen I might him see;
And he that would smite off the knightés head,
And bring it to me,
He shall have the knightés lands,
Sir Rychard at the Lee;
I give it him with my chartér,
And seal it with my hand,
To have and hold for ever-more,
In all merry Engländ."

Then bespake a fair old knight,
That was true in his fay,[2]
"Ah, my liegé lord the king,
One word I shall you say:
There is no man in this country
May have the knightés lands,
While Robin Hood may ride or gon,
And bear a bow in his hands,
That he no shall lose his head,
That is the best ball in his hood:
Give it no man, my lord the king,
That ye will any good!"

Half a year dwelled our comely king,
In Nottingham, and well more,
Could he not hear of Robin Hood,
In what country[3] that he were;
But alway went good Robin
By halk[4] and eke by hill,
And alway slew the kingés deer,
And welt[5] them at his will.

Than bespake a proud forstere,
That stood by our king's knee,
"If ye will see good Robin,
Ye must do after me.
Take five of the best knyghtés
That be in your lede,
And walk down by your abbéy,
And get you monkés weed.

And I will be your ledés man,
And ledé you the way,
And ere ye come to Nottingham,
Mine head then dare I lay,
That ye shall meet with good Robin,
Alive if that he be,
Ere ye come to Nottingham,
With eyen ye shall him see."

Full hastily our king was dight,
So were his knightés five,
Each of them in monkés weed,
And hasted them thither blithe.
Our king was great above his cowl,
A broad hat on his crown,
Right as he were abbot-like,
They rode up in-to the town.
Stiff boots our king had on,
Forsooth as I you say,
He rode singing to green wood,
The convent was clothed in gray,
His mail horse, and his great somers,[6]
Followed our king behind,
Till they came to greené wood,
A mile under the lind:[7]
There they met with good Robin,
Standing on the way,
And so did many a bold archér,
For sooth as I you say.

Robin took the kingés horse,
Hastily in that stead,[8]
And said, "Sir abbot, by your leave,
A while ye must abide;
We be yeomén of this forést,
Under the green wood tree,
We live by our kingés deer,
Other shift have not we;
And ye have churches and rentés both,
And gold full great plenty;
Give us some of your spending,
For saint Charity."

Than bespake our comely king,
Anon then said he,
"I brought no more to greené wood,
But forty pound with me.
I have lain at Nottingham,
This fortnight with our king,
And spent I have full much good,
On many a great lording;
And I have but forty pound,
No more then have I me;
But if I had an hundred pound,
I would give it to thee."

Robin took the forty pound,
And departed it in two party,
Halfendell[9] he gave his merry men,
And bade them merry to be.

---

[1] *Unneth*, not easily. First English "eáthe," easily.

[2] *Fay* (French "foi"), faith.

[3] *Country*, division of the land (French "contrée," from Latin "con" and "terra"). Countries are lands lying together or adjacent. Our *counties* were once commonly called *countries*, and are still called so in some provincial dialects.

[4] *Halk*, enclosure (?). Jamieson, in his "Scottish Dictionary," a book often very useful to the student of Old English, suggests that *halk*-hens may have been hens cooped in, from Old Swedish "haekle." *Halkard*, as a name for a low fellow, may thus have meant one of the herd.

[5] *Welt them* (First English "wæltan," to roll or tumble), tumbled them over.

[6] *Somers*, sumpter horses.

[7] *Under the lind*, under the trees, not necessarily lime-trees. "lind" being Norse for a tree, though First English "linde" is the linden or lime-tree. So "light as leaf on lind," light as the leaf on the tree.

[8] *Stead*, place.

[9] *Halfendell*, half-part. First English "dæl," a division. So the deal, parting, or dividing out, of cards.

Full courteously Robín gan say,
"Sir, have this for your spending,
We shall meet another day."

"Gramercý," then said our king,
"But well thee greeteth Edwárd our king,
And sent to thee his seal,
And biddeth thee come to Nottingham,
Both to meat and meal.

Great Seal of Edward I.

He took out the broad tarpe,[1]
And soon he let him see;
Robin coud his courtesy,
And set him on his knee:
"I love no man in all the world
So well as I do my king,
Welcome is my lordés seal;
And, monk, for thy tiding,
Sir abbot, for thy tidingés,
To day thou shalt dine with me,
For the love of my king,
Under my trystell tree."

Forth he led our comely king,
Full fair by the hand,
Many a deer there was slain,
And full fast dightand.[2]
Robin took a full great horn,
And loud he gan blow;
Seven score of wight[3] young men,
Came ready on a row,
All they kneeléd on their knee,
Full fair before Robín.
The king said himself unto,
And swore by saint Austin,
"Here is a wonder seemly sight,
Me thinketh, by Goddes pine;
His men are more at his bidding,
Then my men be at mine!"

[1] *Tarpe*, a word with no known meaning, is probably "targe," and means the king's writ, bearing his seal. The word is in the Promptorium Parvulorum "targe, or chartyr," *carta*.
[2] *Dightand*, being made ready.
[3] *Wight*, active, nimble.

Full hastily was their dinner idight,
And therto gan[4] they gon,
They served our king with all their might,
Both Robin and Little John.
Anon before our king was set
The fatté venison,
The good white bread, the good red wine,
And therto the fine ale brown.
"Maké good cheer," said Robín,
"Abbót, for charitý;
And for this ilké tidingé,
Blesséd mote thou be.
Now shalt thou see what life we lead,
Or[5] thou hennés[6] wend,
Then thou may inform our king,
When ye together lend."

Up they stert all in haste,
Their bows were smartly bent,
Our king was never so sore agast,
He weened to have be shent.[7]
Two yardés there were up set,
Thereto gan they gang;
But fifty pace, our king said,
The markés were too long.
On every side a rose garlánd,
They shot under the line.
"Whoso faileth of the rose garland," said Robin,
"His tackle he shall tine,[8]
And yield it to his master,
Be it never so fine,—
For no man will I spare,
So drinke I ale or wine,—
And bear a buffet on his head,
I-wys right all bare."

And all that fell in Robin's lot,
He smote them wonder sair.
Twiés Robin shot about,
And ever he cleaved the wand,
And so did good Gilbért,
With the lily white hand;
Little John and good Scathélock,
For nothing would they spare,
When they failed of the garlánd,
Robin smote them full sair.
At the last shot that Robin shot,
For all his friends fair,
Yet he failed of the garlánd,
Three fingers and mair.
Then bespaké good Gilbért,
And thus he gan say,
"Master," he said, "your tackle is lost.
Stand forth and take your pay."
"If it be so," said Robín,
"That may no better be:
Sir abbot, I deliver thee mine arrow,
I pray thee, sir, serve thou me."

"It falleth not for mine order," said our king,
"Robin, by thy leave,
For to smite no good yeomán,
For doubt I should him grieve."

[4] *Gon* (First English "gan"), to go.
[5] *Or*, ere. [6] *Hennes*, hence.
[7] *Shent*, brought to shame. First English "scendan."
[8] *Tine*, lose, forfet. Icelandic "tyna," to lose.

"Smite on boldly!" said Robin,
"I give thee largé leave."

Anon our king, with that word,
He fold up his sleeve,
And such a buffet he gave Robin,
To ground he yede[1] full near.

"I make mine avow to God," said Robin,
"Thou art a stalworthy[2] frere;
There is pith in thine arm," said Robin,
"I trow thou canst well shoot!"

Thus our King and Robin Hood
Together then they met.

Robin beheld our comely king
Wistly[3] in the face,
So did Sir Richard at the Lee,
And kneeled down in that place;
And so did all the wild outláws,
When they see them kneel.
"My lord the King of Engländ,
Now I know you well.
Mercý," then Robin said to our king,
"Under your trystal tree,
Of thy goodness and thy grace,
For my men and me!
Yes, fore God," said Robin,
"And also God me save;
I ask mercý, my lord the king,
And for my men I crave."

"Yes, fore God," then said our king,
"Thy petition I grant thee,
With that[4] thou leave the green wood,
And all thy companý;
And come home, sir, to my court,
And there dwell with me."

"I make mine avow," said Robin,
"And right so shall it be;
I will come to your court,
Your service for to see,
And bring with me of my men
Seven score and three.
But[5] me like well your service,
I come again full soon,
And shoot at the donné[6] deer,
As I am wont to doon."

THE EIGHTH FYTTE.[7]

"Haste thou ony grene cloth," said our kynge,
"That thou wylte sell nowe to me?"
"Ye, for god," sayd Robyn,
"Thyrty yerdes and thre."

"Robyn," sayd our kynge,
"Now pray I the,
To sell me some of that cloth,
To me and my meyné."

"Yes, for god," then sayd Robyn,
"Or elles I were a fole;
A nother day ye wyll me clothe,
I trowe, ayenst the Yole."

The kynge kest of his cote then,
A grene garment he dyde on,
And every knyght had so, i-wys,
They clothed them full soone.
Whan they were clothed in Lyncolne grene,
They kest away theyr graye.
Now we shall to Notyngham,
All thus our kynge gan say.
Theyr bowes bente and forth they went,
Shotynge all in-fere,
Towarde the towne of Notyngham,
Outlawes as they were.
Our kynge and Robyn rode togyder,
For soth as I you say,
And they shote plucke-buffet,
As they went by the way;
And many a buffet our kynge wan,
Of Robyn Hode that day:
And nothynge spared good Robyn
Our kynge in his pay.
"So god me helpe," sayd our kynge,
"Thy name is nought to lere,[8]
I sholde not get a shote of the,
Though I shote all this yere."

All the people of Notyngham
They stode and behelde,
They sawe nothynge but mantels of grene
They covered all the felde;
Than every man to other gan say,
I drede our kynge be slone;
Come Robyn Hode to the towne, i-wys,
On lyve he leveth not one.
Full hastly they began to flc,
Both yemen and knaves,
And olde wyves that myght evyll goo,
They hypped on theyr staves.

The kynge loughe full fast,
And commanded theym agayne;
When they se our comly kynge,
I-wys they were full fayne.
They ete and dranke, and made them glad,
And sange with notes hye.
Than bespake our comly kynge
To syr Rycharde at the Lee:
He gave hym there his londe agayne,
A good man he bad hym be.
Robyn thanked our comly kynge,
And set hym on his kne.

Had Robyn dwelled in the kynges courte
But twelve monethes and thre,
That he had spent an hondred pounde,
And all his mennes fe.
In every place where Robyn came,
Ever more he layde downe,
Both for knyghtes and squyres,
To gete hym grete renowne.
By than the yere was all agone,
He had no man but twayne
Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,
Wyth hym all for to gone.

[1] *Yede*, went.
[2] *Stalworthy*, stalwart.
[3] *Wistly*, with close attention. We still say *wistfully*.
[4] *With that*, with the condition that.
[5] *But*, unless (your service pleases me well).
[6] *Donne*, dun-coloured. In Lye's Dictionary "don" is a little fallow deer.
[7] In this Fytte the old spelling is untouched.
[8] *To lere*, to learn.

Robyn sawe yonge men shote,
Full fayre upon a day,
"Alas!" than sayd good Robyn,
"My welthe is went away.
Somtyme I was an archere good,
A styffe and eke a stronge,
I was commytted the best archere,
That was in mery Englonde.
Alas!" then sayd good Robyn,
"Alas and well a woo!
Yf I dwele lenger with the kynge,
Sorowe wyll me sloo!"

Forth than went Robyn Hode,
Tyll he came to our kynge:
"My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
Graunte me myn askynge.
I made a chapell in Bernysdale,
That semely is to se,
It is of Mary Magdalene,
And thereto wolde I be;
I myght never in this seven nyght,
No tyme to slepe ne wynke,
Nother all these seven dayes,
Nother ete ne drynke.
Me longeth sore to Bernysdale,
I may not be therfro,
Barefote and wolwarde[1] I have hyght
Thyder for to go."

"Yf it be so," than sayd our kynge,
"It may no better be;
Seven nyght I gyve the leve,
No lengre, to dwell fro me."

"Gramercy, lorde," then sayd Robyn,
And set hym on his kne;
He toke his leve full courteysly,
To grene wode then went he.
Whan he came to grene wode,
In a mery mornynge,
There he herde the notes small
Of byrdes mery syngynge.
"It is ferre gone," sayd Robyn,
"That I was last here,
Me lyste a lytell for to shote
At the donne dere."
Robyn slewe a full grete harte,
His horne than gan he blow,
That all the outlawes of that forèst,
That horne coud they knowe,
And gadred them togyder,
In a lytell throwe,[2]
Seven score of wight yonge men,
Came ready on a rowe;
And fayre dyde of theyr hodes,
And set them on theyr kne:
"Welcome," they sayd, "our maystér,
Under this grene wode tre!"

Robyn dwelled in grene wode,
Twenty yere and two,
For all drede of Edwarde our kynge,[3]
Agayne wolde he not goo.

Yet he was begyled, I wys,
Through a wycked woman,
The pryoresse of Kyrkesly,
That nye was of his kynne,
For the love of a knyght,
Syr Roger of Donkesley,
That was her owne speciall,
Full evyll mote they thee.

They toke togyder theyr counsell
Robyn Hode for to sle,
And how they myght best do that dede,
His banis[4] for to be.
Than bespake good Robyn,
In place where as he stode,
To morow I muste to Kyrkesley,
Craftely to be leten blode.
Syr Roger of Donkestere,
By the pryoresse he lay,
And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,
Through theyr false playe.
Cryst have mercy on his soule,
That dyed on the rode!
For he was a good outlawe,
And dyde pore men moch god.

ROBIN HOOD'S GRAVE.[5]

The old ballad of "Chevy Chace" is probably represented to us by a piece of later form. A

[1] *Wolwarde*, dressed in wool only. So Armado in "Love's Labour's Lost:" "The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt: I go *woolward* for penance."

[2] *Throwe* (First English "thrag," or "thrah"), space of time.

[3] *Twenty yere and two, for all drede of King Edward* (i.e. all dread notwithstanding: so we can still say, "It is dangerous, but *for all that* I shall do it)." The Edward of the poem is King Edward I., who reigned from 1272 to 1307: twenty-two years in Barnsleydale, even if counted from the date of the king's accession, would keep Robin Hood living until 1294.

[4] *Banis*, banes (from First English "bana"), murderers. Robin Hood went to his aunt, the Prioress of Kirklees Nunnery, in Yorkshire, to be bled, and she suffered him to bleed to death. As a later ballad says—

"She bleeded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the livelong day,
Until the next day at noon."

[5] No inscription is now legible on what is said to be the gravestone of Robin Hood in Kirklees Park; but the following epitaph, once legible, was copied from it by Dr. Gale, Dean of York, and printed by Thoresby, in his "Ducat. Leod." Though mock-antique, it may represent an old tradition:—

"Hear undernead dis latil steun
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntington;
Nea arcer ver az hie sa geud.
An pipl kauld im Robin Heud:
Sick utlaz az hi an iz men,
Vil England nivr si agen.
Obit 24 Kal. Dekembris, 1247."

"chevauchée" is the French word for a raid over the enemy's border, familiar to the English while they possessed settlements in France, and representing such attacks as were often made by the Scots, who were at that time allied with the French, against England. The famous Battle of Otterburn, fought on the 19th of August, 1388, came of a "chevauchée"—the word corrupted into "Chevy Chase"—by James, Earl of Douglas, with 3,800 men, which were met by the English under the two sons of the Earl of Northumberland. The corrupted name for a "chevauchée" was translated into the "Hunting of the Cheviot," a confusion easily made, since there are Cheviot Hills in Northumberland as well as in Otterburn. In the oldest extant version of "Chevy Chase," the name means "the Cheviot hunting-ground." This version is in a manuscript in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford. It was printed by Thomas Hearne, in the year 1719, in his preface to an edition of William of Newbury's "Chronicle," and is the text here followed. Its date seems to be about 1500, and if not the original, it is much nearer to the original than the version given in Percy's "Reliques," and perhaps it may be the same of which Sir Philip Sidney said, "I never heard the old song of 'Percy and Douglas' that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder" (fiddler) "with no rougher voice than rude style."

A Chevauchée.
Harleian MS. 4379, p. 113.

Pennon of Percy.
(*From Scott's "Border Antiquities."*)

CHEVY CHASE.

The Percy out of Northumberland, and avow to God made he
That he would hunt in the mountains of Cheviot within days three,
In the maugré of doughty Douglas and all that ever with him be,
The fattest harts in all Cheviot he said he would kill and carry them away.
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again, "I will let[1] that hunting, if that I may!"
Then the Percy out of Bamborough came, with him a mighty meany;[2]
With fifteen hundred archers, bold of blood and bone, they were chosen out of shires three.
This began on a Monday, at morn, in Cheviot, the hillis so hie,[3]
The child may rue that is unborn, it was the more pitie.
The drivers through the woodés went for to raise the deer;
Bowmen bickered upon the bent[4] with their broad arrows clear,
Then the wild thorough the woodés went on every side shear;[5]
Greyhounds thorough the grovés glent[6] for to kill there deer.
They began in Cheviot, the hills above, early on a Monnynday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon a hundred fat harts dead there lay.
They blew a mort[7] upon the bent; they sembled on sidis shear.[8]
To the quarry[9] then the Percy went to see the brittling[10] of the deer.
He said, "It was the Douglas' promise this day to meet me here;

[1] *Let*, hinder. [2] *Meany*. See note 2, page 69. [3] *Hie*, high.
[4] *Bickered upon the bent*, skirmished over the coarse grass of the hills.
[5] *Shear*, in different directions (from "sciran," to divide, part).
[6] *Glent*, passed suddenly, flashed.
[7] *A mort*, the notes of the hunter's horn at the death of the deer.
[8] *Sembled on sidis shear*, assembled from all sides.
[9] *The quarry* (French "curée," from "cuir," skin), the entrails of the slaughtered deer spread on its skin for the dogs to eat. When given on the spot it was called *curée chaude*; when prepared with bread, &c., and given in the kennel, it was *curée froide*. It is the word used by Coriolanus, act i., scene 1, when, in contempt of the Roman populace, he says—

"Would the nobility lay aside their ruth
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quartered slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance."

[10] *Brittling*, dividing or "breaking" and distributing, according to fixed rules of the hunting-field.

But I wist he would fail verament"—a great oath the Percy sware.
At the last a squire of Northumberland looked, at his hand full nigh
He was ware of[1] the doughty Douglas coming, with him a mighty meany,
Both with spear, bill,[2] and brand, it was a mighty sight to see.
Hardier men both of heart nor hand were not in Christianté.
They were twenty hundred spearmen good without any fail;
They were borne along by the water of Tweed, i'th' bounds of Tividale.
"Leave off the brittling of the deer," he said, "and to your bows look ye take good heed,
For never sith ye were of your mothers[3] born had ye never so mickle need."
The doughty Douglas on a steed he rode at his men beforn,
His armour glittered as did a glede,[4] a bolder barn[5] was never born.
"Tell me whose men ye are," he says, "or whose men that ye be;
Who gave your leave to hunt in this Cheviot Chase in the spite of me?"
The first man that ever him an answer made, it was the good Lord Percy,
"We will not tell thee whose men we are," he says, "nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this Chase in the spite of thine and of thee.
The fattest harts in all Cheviot we have killed, and cast to carry them away."
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again, "therefore the tone of us[6] shall die this day."
Then said the doughty Douglas unto the Lord Percy,
"To kill all these guiltless men, alas! it were great pity.
But, Percy, thou art a lord of land, I am an earl[7] called within my country.
Let all our men upon a parti stand,[8] and do the battle of thee and of me."
"Now Christ's curse on his crown,"[9] said then the Lord Percy, "whosoever thereto says nay!
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says, "thou shalt never see that day:
Neither in England, Scotland, nor France, nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance I dare meet him, one man for one."
Then bespake a squire of Northumberland, Richard Witherington was his name,
"It shall never be told in South England," he says, "to King Harry the Fourth, for shame.
I wot[10] you ben great lordés two, I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field, and stand myself and look on;
But while I may my weapon wield I will fight both heart and hand."[11]
That day, that day, that dreadful day: the first fytte[12] here I find,[13]
An you will hear any more of the hunting Cheviot, of this yet is there more behind.

SECOND FYTTE.

The English men had their bows ybent, their hearts were good enow;
The first of arrows that they shot off, sevenscore spearmen they slowe.[14]
Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent, a captain good enow,
And that was seene verament, for he wrought them both wo and wough.[15]
The Douglas parted his host in three like a chief chieftain of pride,
With suar[16] spears of mighty tree they come in on every side,
Through our English archery gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they gard[17] to die, which gainéd them no pride.
The Englishmen let their bows be, and pulled out brands that were bright;
It was a heavy sight to see, bright swords on basnets light.[18]
Thorough rich mail and manople[19] many stern they struck down straight,
Many a freke[20] that was full free there under foot did light.
At last the Douglas and the Percy met, like to captains of might and of main;
They swapt together till they both swat, with swords that were of fine Milan.[21]
These worthy frekis for to fight thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent as ever did hail or rain.

---

re of, *ware ath.* [2] Bill, *brilly.*
rour mothers, *on your mothers.*
le, fire, live coal. [5] *Barn*, chieftain.
tone of us, one of us. *Tone* and *tother* were similar and
n contractions from "that one" and "that other."
earl, *a yerle* (Danish "jarl").
n a parti stand, stand apart, on one side.
istes cors on his crown. The curse of Christ be on the head of
o says nay. [10] *I wot*, I know.
ill fight both heart and hand, *I wyll not both harte and hande.*
te (First English "fitt"), a song. [13] *Find*, finish.
we, *sloughe*, slew.
and wough (First English "wa" and "woh"). "Wo," from
-a mimetic word—is the lamentation, "woh," the evil wrought:
sense is of swerve from the right line, then error, evil, &c.
r (First English "swæ'r"), heavy; perhaps "sure." "Shiver-
s been suggested.

[17] *Gard*, made, caused.
[18] *On basnets light*, alight or descend (First English "lihtan") on helmets. The basinet, introduced early in the fourteenth century, was a light helm, basin-shaped, which covered the head closely, and from which, at first, a tippet-like defence of mail, called the camail, hung down over the neck and shoulders. The camail gave place to a gorget of plate about the year 1408.
[19] *Myne ye ple.* The Rev. Walter W. Skeat, in his "Specimens of English Literature from 1394 to 1579," has, I think, solved the riddle of this corruption, by suggesting "*manople*, a French term for a large gauntlet protecting the hand and the whole forearm." Mr. Skeat is a master in Early English, by whom and by the Rev. Dr. Morris the best aids have been provided for any reader of these pages who desires to advance to a more thorough study of our early literature. The book just cited is one of a series which will be spoken of more fully in a note to Skelton's "Colin Clout."
[20] *Freke*, warrior. [21] Milan, *myllan.*

"Hold thee, Percy," said the Douglas, "and in faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl's wagis of Jamy our Scottish king.
Thou shalt have thy ransom free, I hight[1] thee here this thing,
For the manfullest man yet art thou that ever I conquered in field fighting."
"Nay," said the Lord Percy, "I told it thee beforn,
That I would never yielded be to no man of a woman born."
With that there came an arrow hastily forth of a mighty wone;[2]
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas in at the breast-bone.
Through liver and lungs both the sharp arrow is gone,
That never after in all his life-days he spake mo wordés but one,
That was, "Fight ye, my merry men, whilis ye may, for my life-days ben gone!"
The Percy leanéd on his brand and saw the Douglas dee;
He took the dead man by the hand, and said, "Wo is me for thee!
To have saved thy life I would have parted with my lands for years three,
For a better man of heart nor of hand was not in all the north countree."
Of all that see, a Scottish knight, was called Sir Hugh the Montgomerý,[3]
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight, he spended a spear a trusty tree,
He rode upon a coursiere through a hundred archerý,
He never stinted nor never blave[4] till he came to the good Lord Percý.
He set upon the Lord Percy a dint that was full sore;
With a suar spear of a mighty tree clean thorough the body he the Percy bore
Out on the other side,[5] that a man might see, a large cloth yard and more.
Two better captains were not in Christianté than that day slain were there.
An archer of Northumberland saw slain was the Lord Percý,
He bare a bent bow in his hand was made of trusty tree,
An arrow that a cloth yard was long to the hard steel haled he,
A dint that was both sad and sore he sat on Sir Hugh the Montgomerý.
The dint it was both sad and sore that he on Montgomery set,
The swan-feathers that his arrow bare, with his heart-blood they were wet.
There was never a freke one[6] foot would flee, but still in stour[7] did stand,
Hewing on each other while they might dree[8] with many a baleful brand.
This battle began in Cheviot an hour[9] before the noon,
And when evensong bell was rang the battle was not half done.
They took on either hand by the light of the moon,
Many had no strength for to stand in Cheviot the hillis aboon.
Of fifteen hundred archers of England went away but fifty and three,
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland but even five and fiftý;
But all were slain Cheviot within, they had no strength to stand on hy:[10]
The child may rue that is unborn, it was the more pity.
There was slain with the Lord Percy Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger the hinde[11] Hartley, Sir William the bold Herone,
Sir George the worthy Lumley,[12] a knight of great renown,
Sir Ralph the rich Rugby, with dints were beaten down;
For Witherington my heart was wo, that ever he slain should be,
For when both his leggis were hewen in two, yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.
There was slain with the doughty Douglas Sir Hugh the Montgomerý;
Sir Davy Lewdale, that worthy was, his sister's son was he;
Sir Charles a Murray in that place that never a foot would flee;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was, with the Douglas did he dee.
So on the morrow they made them biers of birch and hazel so gay;
Many widows with weeping tears came to fetch their makis[13] away.
Tivydale may carp of care, Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there on the march parti[14] shall never be none.
Word is comen to Edinborough to Jamy the Scottish king,
That doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches, he lay slain Cheviot within.
His hands did he weal[15] and wring; he said, "Alas! and woe is me:
Such another captain Scotland within," he said, "yea faith should never be."

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[1] *Hight*, promise.
[2] *Wone*, or wane, crowd (from First English "wuna," custom, frequency), a great number, as in the "Chester Plays"—
"Rosted fish and honey infere,
Thereof we had good wone."
[3] Montgomery, *Monggon berry*.
[4] *Blave* (First English "belaf"), stayed.
[5] Out on the other side, *athe tothar syde*.
[6] One (*wone*), who on.
[7] *Stour* (Icelandic "styrr"), battle.
[8] *Dree*, endure, suffer. First English "dreógan."
[9] An hour, *a nower*. So also in the original spelling, *a nowe* for an arrow.
[10] *Hy*, high. First English "heáh" and "híh."
[11] *Hinde*, hende, courteous, gentle.
[12] *Lumley*. Mr. Skeat points out that this has hitherto been printed *Lovele* through misreading of a MS. contraction.
[13] *Makis*, mates. First English "maca," a mate or husband; "mace," a wife.
[14] *March parti*, border side.
[15] *Weal*, twist. First English "wealwian," to roll.

Word is comen to lovely London, to the fourth Harry our king,
That Lord Percy, chief tenant of the Marches, he lay slain Cheviot within.
"God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry, "good Lord, if thy will it be,
I have a hundred captains in England," he said, "as good as ever was he;
But Percy, an I brook my life, thy death well quite[1] shall be."
As our noble king made his avow, like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy he did the battle of Homildoun,[2]
Where six and thirty Scottish knights on a day were beaten down;
Glendale glittered on their armour bright, over castle, tower, and town.
This was the hunting of the Cheviot; that tear began this spurn;[3]
Old men that knowen the ground well enough call it the battle of Otterburn.
At Otterburn began this spurn upon a Monenday;
There was the doughty Douglas slain, the Percy never went away.
There was never a time on the march partés sen[4] the Douglas and the Percy met,
But it was marvel an the red blood run not as the rain does in the stret.[5]
Jesu Christ our balis bete,[6] and to the bliss us bring.
Thus was the hunting of the Cheviot. God send us all good ending.

PENNON OF DOUGLAS. (*From Scott's "Border Antiquities."*)

The extant copy of this old ballad ends with the signature, "Expliceth quoth Rychard Sheale," but Richard Sheal was living in 1588, and wrote some bad verse of his own. Of this old poem, which appears to date from the close of the fifteenth century, he could have been only the transcriber. The modernised version of it, probably not older than the time of James I., was that known to Addison, and praised by him. It is also the received version. Some vigour has been smoothed out of the old lines by the later workman, whose version it may be pleasant to compare with the original. Addison's comments shall be given with it in the form of notes.

CHEVY CHASE.[7]

(THE LATER VERSION.)

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all!
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

[1] *Quite*, requited, atoned for.

[2] The Scots were beaten at Homildon, September 14, 1402. Wooler, in Northumberland, is the chief town of the Cheviot district. Near it is Homildon, or Humbledown, in Glendale ward.

[3] That rent caused this kick. [4] *Sen*, since. [5] *Stret*, street.

[6] *Our balis bete*, amend our ills. First English "bealu," bale, evil; "bétan," to amend, remedy, from "bót," a remedy.

[7] "The old song of *Chevy Chase* is the favourite ballad of the common people of England; and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather been the author of it than of all his works. . . . For my own part I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song that I shall give my reader a critick upon it, without any further apology for so doing. The greatest modern criticks have laid it down as a rule, that an heroick poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer, in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatick prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissentions of the barons, who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country. The poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for the instruction of his poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers.

'God save the King, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.'

The next point observed by the greatest heroick poets, hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their country. Thus Virgil's hero was the founder of Rome, Homer's a prince of Greece; and for this reason Valerius Flaccus and Statius, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece and the Wars of Thebes for the subjects of their epic writings. The poet before us has not only found out an

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Piercy took his way;
The child may rue that was unborn
The hunting of that day![1]

The stout Earl of Northumberland,
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers' days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away;
These tidings to Earl Douglas came
In Scotland where he lay,[2]

Who sent Earl Piercy present word
He would prevent the sport.
The English Earl, not fearing him,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt
When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain.
Then having dined, the drivers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all with special care
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Earl Piercy to the quarry went
To view the tender deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised once
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say,

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright,
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight,

"All men of pleasant Tividale
Fast by the river Tweed."
"O cease your sports!" Earl Piercy said,
"And take your bows with speed,[3]

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage to advance!
For there was never champion yet
In Scotland nor in France

"That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold:[4]

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be
That hunt so boldly here;
That without my consent do chase
And kill my fallow deer."

---

hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents." (Addison, *Spectator*, No. 70.)

"The sentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestick simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets: for which reason I shall quote several passages of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several passages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer from thence that the poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature. Had this old song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir Philip Sidney, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude style and evil apparel of this antiquated song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majestick, and the numbers sonorous; at least, the apparel is much more gorgeous than many of the poets made use of in Queen Elizabeth's time." (Addison, *Spectator*, No. 74.)

[1] "What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that stanza. This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

'Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus.'—*Hor.*"
(Addison, *Spectator*, No. 74.)

[2] Of the two preceding stanzas (lines 9—16), with which he joined the tenth (lines 37—40), Addison wrote: "What can be more sounding and poetical, resembling more the majestic simplicity of the ancients?—

——'Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.'"
(Addison, *Spectator*, No. 74.)

[3] "The country of the Scotch warriors, described in these two last verses, has a fine romantick situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse. If the reader compares the foregoing six lines of the song with the following Latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of Virgil—

'Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis
Protendunt longe dextris; et spicula vibrant; . . .
Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt; . . . qui rosea rura Velini,
Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque et flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.'"

[4] 'Turnus ut antevolans tardum precesserat agmen,' &c.

'Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus——'
(Addison, *Spectator*, No. 74.)

At the same time that our poet shows a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people." (Addison, *Spectator*, No. 70.)

The first man that did answer make
Was noble Piercy, he,
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be;

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood
The chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say,[1]

"Ere thus I will outbraved be,
One of us two shall die!
I know thee well! an earl thou art,
Lord Piercy! so am I.

"But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill;

"Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst be he," Lord Piercy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,—
Witherington was his name,—
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stand looking on:
You be two Earls," said Witherington,
"And I a Squire alone.

WITHERINGTON CASTLE.

(Now pulled down. From Buck's Sketch, 1728, in Hodgson's "Northumberland.")

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand!
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand!"

Our English archers bent their bows—
Their hearts were good and true,—
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent;
Two captains moved with mickle might,
Their spears in shivers went.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found,
But many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was great grief to see
How each man chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear!

At last these two stout Earls did meet
Like captains of great might;
Like lions moved they laid on load,
They made a cruel fight.

They fought, until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Till blood adown their cheeks like rain
They trickling down did feel.

"O yield thee, Piercy!" Douglas said,
"And in faith I will thee bring
Where thou shall high advanced be
By James our Scottish king;

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas!" quoth Lord Piercy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born!"

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Who struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow;[2]

Who never spake more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all!
For why? my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy sees my fall."[3]

[1] Upon the next three stanzas Addison wrote: "His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an hero. 'One of us two,' says he, 'must dye: I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: however,' says he, 'tis pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes; rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.'" (Addison, *Spectator*, No. 70.)

[2] "Æneas was wounded after the same manner by an unknown hand in the midst of a parly:

'Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
Incertum qua pulsa manu——'"

(Addison, *Spectator*, No. 74.)

[3] Of the two preceding stanzas Addison said: "When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle and a single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parly, full of heroick sentiments, the Scotch earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall. *Merry Men*, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the Eleventh Book

Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand;
Who said, "Earl Douglas! for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
For sorrow for thy sake!
For sure, a more renownéd knight
Mischance did never take!"[1]

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Piercy;

Sir Hugh Montgomery he was called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

He past the English archers all
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
His body he did gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth yard and more.

So thus[2] did both those nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain;

He had a bow bent in his hand
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth yard long
Unto the head drew he,

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set;
The grey goose-wing that was thereon,
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Piercy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliffe and Sir William,
Sir James that bold barón;

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.[3]

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel that from the field
One foot would never fly;

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,—
His sister's son was he,—
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet saved could not be;[4]

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly;

---

of Virgil's *Æneid* is very much to be admired, where Camilla in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the hero of whom we are now speaking) how the battle should be continued after her death.

'Tum sic exspirans,' &c.

'A gathering mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosie colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell———'

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner; though our poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse—

'Lord Piercy sees my fall.'

——'Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas
Ausonii videre———'"

(Addison, *Spectator*, No. 70.)

[1] "Earl Piercy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought. That beautiful line, *Taking the dead man by the hand*, will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

'At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit,' &c.

'The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd, he wept; then grasp'd his hand, and said,
Poor hapless youth! What praises can be paid
To worth so great———!'"

(Addison, *Spectator*, No. 70.)

[2] "Of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or in Virgil." (Addison, *Spectator*, No. 74.)

[3] "In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behaviour is in the same manner particularised very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him [lines 94—100] in the beginning of the battle (though I am satisfied your little buffoon readers, who have seen that passage ridiculed in Hudibras, will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason I dare not so much as quote it). We meet with the same heroick sentiments in Virgil—

'Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non sumus———?'"

(Addison, *Spectator*, No. 74.)

[4] "One may observe likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain the author has followed the example of the greatest ancient poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons. The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description: for this reason I do not mention this part of the poem but to shew the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of Virgil—

——'Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui,
Diis aliter visum est———'"

(Addison, *Spectator*, No. 74.)

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times
When they were clad in clay.[1]

This news was brought to Edinburgh
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"O heavy news!" King James did say,
"Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he!"

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

"Now God be with him!" said our king,
"Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he!

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed
After on Humble Down;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown,

And of the rest of small account,
Did many hundreds die:[2]
Thus ended the hunting in Chevy Chase
Made by the Earl Piercy.

God save the King, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
Twixt noblemen may cease.[3]

1 "What can be more natural or more moving than the circumances in which he describes the behaviour of those women who d lost their husbands on this fatal day?" (Addison, *Spectator*, o. 74.)

2 On the passage from line 225 to line 250 Addison's note is that the English are the first who take the field, and the last who uit it. The English bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the cotch two thousand. The English keep the field with fifty-three; e Scotch retire with fifty-five; all the rest on each side being slain battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind, is the fferent manner in which the Scotch and English kings receive the ews of this fight, and of the great men's deaths who commanded it." (Addison, *Spectator*, No. 70.)

3 "Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit. If this song had been written in the Gothic manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil." (Addison, *Spectator*, No. 74.)

CHAPTER VII.

WILLIAM DUNBAR AND GAVIN DOUGLAS.
(A.D. 1480 TO A.D. 1522.)

WILLIAM DUNBAR and Gavin Douglas were Scottish poets of high mark in the first years of the sixteenth century, when Scotland was rich in song. Dunbar was born about the year 1460; graduated in 1477 as Bachelor of Arts, and in 1479 as M.A. at St. Andrews, in St. Salvator's College; was, for a time, a Franciscan; afterwards was employed much in the service of James IV., King of Scotland, and received from him, in 1500, a pension of £10 Scots. The buying power of money was much greater then than now, but ten pounds in Scottish currency were not quite three pounds English. The pension was doubled in 1507, and raised from twenty to eighty pounds in 1510. Dunbar wrote, in May, 1503, an allegorical court-poem, "The Thistle and the Rose," on the marriage of King James IV. to Margaret Tudor; and before 1508, when it was first printed, with his "Lament for the Makars," another allegorical poem, on Reason as "The Golden Terge," or shield, by which man is defended against the assaults of Love, till Presence throws her blinding dust into his eyes. Dunbar, with a little body, and a large, free mind, with vigour, humour, tenderness—a range of power found only in few—was the best poet who had yet arisen since the days of Chaucer. How rich the Scottish nation was in song may be inferred from Dunbar's lines, written in 1507 or 1508, as a "Lament for the Makars," or poets, who had died in his time, and whom then, because he was dangerously ill, and in expectation of death (*Timor mortis conturbat me*—"The fear of death disquiets me"), he believed that he was soon to follow.

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARS.[4]

WHEN HE WAS SEIK.

I that in heill[5] was and glaidness,
Am troublit now with great seikness,
And feeblit with infirmitie:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

4 *Makars*, poets. The Greek word ποιητής means *a maker*, and *maker* was the Old English name for *poet*. Thus Sir Philip Sidney wrote in his "Apologie for Poetrie:" "The Greeks called him a poet, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages. It cometh of this word, *poiein*, which is, to make; wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling him a maker; which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences than by my allegation."

5 *Heill* (First English "hæ'lu"), health.

Our pleasance here is all vain glory,
This false warld is but transitory,
The flesh is bruckle,[1] the Fiend is slee:[2]
Timor mortis conturbat me. 8

The state of man does change and vary,
Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now sary,[3]
Now dansand merry, now like to die:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

No state in erd[4] here standis sicker;
As with the wind wavis the wicker,[5]
So wavis this warld's vanitie:
Timor mortis conturbat me. 16

GRADIENTES IN SUPERBIA.
(*From Holbein's "Dance of Death."*)

Unto the Deid goes all estates,
Princes, Prelates, and Potestates,[6]
Baith rich and puir of all degree:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

PERCUTIAM PASTOREM.

He taks the knichtis into[7] field,
Anarmit[8] under helm and shield;
Victor he is at all melee:[9]
Timor mortis conturbat me. 24

SUBITO MORIENTUR.

[1] *Bruckle* (First English "brecan," to break), brittle.
[2] *Slee*, sly, crafty. Icelandic "slægr."
[3] *Sary* (First English "sárig"), from "sár," a sore, wound, sorrow.
[4] *Erd*, earth. First English "eard."
[5] Wicker (Danish "vigre," from "viger," to be pliant), a twig.
[6] *Potestates*, potentates. Latin "potestas," power; plural, "potestates," powers, and also persons in power. The seven stanzas beginning "Unto the Deid" (Death) "gois all Estaitis" were evidently suggested by the emblematic religious spectacle known as the "Dance of Macaber," or the "Dance of Death," once probably set forth by living actors in churches of France, and in the fifteenth century a common subject of religious painting and sculpture. It usually appeared with appropriate texts or descriptive verses, illustrating each representation of death as the leader of the dance of life with men of every degree. In a Latin poem of the twelfth century, ascribed to Walter Map, there is a series of lines in which men of different estates, beginning with the Pope and ending with the pauper, pass before the mind's eye in procession, each declaring that he is on his way to death. It is called a "Lament for Death, and Counsel as to the Living God." The name "Macabre" probably arose from the association of this subject with a painting that illustrated a thirteenth century legend of the lesson given by certain hideous spectres of Death to three noble youths when hunting in a forest. They afterwards arrived at the cell of St. Macarius, an Egyptian anchorite, who was shown in a painting by Andrew Orgagna presenting them with one hand a label of admonition on the vain glory of life, and with the other hand pointing to three open coffins. In one coffin is a skeleton, in one a king. A painting of a Dance of Death at Minden, in Westphalia, had for a traditional date 1383. Another, in the churchyard of the Innocents, at Paris, was certainly painted in 1434. One of the most famous was the Dance of Death at Basle, said to have been painted by order of the prelates who were at the Grand Council of Basle, between the years 1431 and 1443, and also wrongly ascribed to Hans Holbein. It went its own way to death; its destruction was completed in 1805; and it is now known only by such copies as were made. There were such paintings in England also; one was in the cloister of Old St. Paul's, pulled down in 1549, of which Sir Thomas More wrote, "If we not only hear this word Death, but also let it sink into our hearts, the very fantasy and deep imagination thereof, we shall perceive thereby that we were never so greatly moved by the beholding of the Dance of Death pictured in St. Paul's as we shall feel ourselves stirred and altered by the feeling of that imagination in our hearts." Although the evidence is not beyond all question, there is very little doubt that the Dance of Death shown in a series of woodcuts illustrating a volume published at Lyons in 1538 as "Les Simulachres et Historiées Faces de la Mort, autant elegamment pourtraictes que artificiellement imaginées," was from designs by Holbein. From this book, therefore, I have taken illustrations to the stanzas of Dunbar.
[7] *Into*, in.
[8] *Anarmit*, armed.
[9] *Melee* (French "mêlée"), conflict.

That strang[1] unmerciful tyrand
Takes, on the mother's breast soukand,[2]
The babe, full of benignitie:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

HOMO NATUS DE MULIERE.

He takes the champion in the stour,[3]
The captain closit in the tour,[4]
The lady in bour[5] full of beautie:
Timor mortis conturbat me. 32

DUCUNT IN BONIS DIES SUOS.

He spares no lord for his piscence,[6]
Nor clerk for his intelligence;
His awful straik[7] may no man flee:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

[1] *Strang*, strong.
[2] *Soukand*, sucking.
[3] *Stour* (Icelandic "styr"), fight.
[4] *Tour*, tower.
[5] *Bour* (First English "búr"), chamber.
[6] *Piscence*, puissance.
[7] *Straik*, stroke.

INDICE MIHI SI NOSTI OMNIA.

Art-magicians, and astrologis,
Rethors, logicians, theologis,
Them helpis no conclusions slee:[8]
Timor mortis conturbat me. 40

MEDICE, CURA TEIPSUM.

In medicine the most practicians,
Leeches, surgeons, and physicians,
Them self fra death may not supplie:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

I see that Makars, amang the lave,[9]
Plays here their padyanes,[10] syne[11] goes to grave,
Spairit[12] is not their facultie:
Timor mortis conturbat me. 48

[8] *Conclusions slee*, subtle deductions. A syllogism in logic consists of two premises and a conclusion deduced from them. In another sense "conclusions slee" helped Cleopatra, for, observes Octavius, at the close of the play—

"Her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die."

[9] *The lave*, the rest, those left.
[10] *Padyanes*, pageants, formed from the spelling "padgean."
[11] *Syne*, afterwards. [12] *Spairit*, spirit.

He has done piteously devour,
The noble Chaucer, of Makars flow'r,
The Monk of Bury,[1] and Gower, all three:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

The gude Sir Hew of Eglintoun,
Etrik, Heryot, and Wyntoun,
He has ta'en out of this countrie:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

That scorpion fell[2] has done infek[3]
Maister John Clerk, and James Afflek,
Frae ballat-making and tragedie:[4]
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Holland and Barbour he has berevit;[5]
Alace! that he nocht with us leavit
Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lee:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Clerk of Tranent eik he has ta'en,
That made the awnteris[6] of Gawane;
Sir Gilbert Hay endit has he:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He has Blind Harry, and Sandy Traill
Slain with his shot of mortal hail,
Whilk Patrik Johnstoun micht not flee:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He has reft Merseir his endite,[7]
That did in love so lively write,
So short, so quick,[8] of sentence hie:[9]
Timor mortis conturbat me.

He has ta'en Roull of Aberdeen,
And gentle Roull of Corstorphine;
Two better fallows[10] did no man see:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

In Dunfermline he has ta'en Broun,
With Maister Robert Henrisoun;
Sir John the Ross embraced has he:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

And he has now ta'en last of aw,
Good gentle Stobo, and Quintine Schaw,
Of whom all wichtis[11] has pitie:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Good Maister Walter Kennedy,
In point of deid[12] lies verily,
Great ruth it were that so suld be:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Sen he has all my Brether ta'en,
He will not let me live alane,
On forse I maun[13] his next prey be:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Sen[14] for the Death remeid is none,
Best is that we for death dispone,[15]
After our death that live may we:
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Let us next take two short poems by Dunb upon life and its cares.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.
(*From Reisch's "Margarita Philosophica."*)

THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

I seek about this warld unstable,
To find ane sentence conveneable;
But I can not, in all my wit,
Sa true ane sentence find of it,
As say it is deceivable.

[1] *The Monk of Bury*, Lydgate. [2] *Fell*, cruel.
[3] *Infek*, infect, with his scorpion sting.
[4] *Tragedie*, metrical tales—not yet dramatic—of men fallen grievously from high estate.
[5] *Berevit* (First English "bereafian," to seize, rob, spoil), snatched from us.
[6] *Aventeris*, adventures.
[7] *Endite*, composing in verse.
[8] *Quick* (First English "cwic," living), lively.
[9] *Sentence hie*, high thought, weighty and terse in expression. In Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie" (1589) "sentence" is thus defined: "In weighty causes and for great purposes, wise persuaders use grave and weighty speeches, specially in matter of advice or counsel, for which purpose there is a manner of speech to allege texts or authorities of witty sentence, such as smack moral doctrine and teach wisdom and good behaviour: by the Greek original we call him the Director, by the Latin he is called Sententia: we may call him the Sage Sayer, thus . . . . and what our sovereign lady (Queen Elizabeth) writ in defiance of fortune—

'Never think you Fortune can bear the sway
Where Virtue's force can cause her to obey.'"

[10] *Fallows*, fellows.
[11] *Wichtis* (First English "wiht"), wights, beings.
[12] *In point of deid*, at point of death. Walter Kennedy was a fello poet with whom Dunbar had "Flytines," or poetical scolding matche a rough representation of the "tensons" of the South. The scoldin broke no bones, as the tournaments sometimes did, and were as fr as the mock contests of animal strength from any personal ill will.
[13] *On forse I maun*, of need I must. So in Bacon's "Advancemen of Learning:" "If they had considered . . . . the rest of the extern characters of things, as philosophers and in nature, the inquiries must *of force* have been of a far other kind than they are."
[14] *Sen*, since.
[15] *Dispone*, dispose, set ourselves in order.

For yesterday, I did declare
How that the time was saft and fair,
  Come in as fresh as peacock feddar;
  This day it stangis like ane eddar,
Concluding all in my contrair.

Yesterday fair up sprang the flowers,
This day they are all slain with showers;
  And fowlis in forest that sang clear,
  Now weepis with ane dreary cheer,
Full cauld are baith their beds and bowers.

So next to Summer, Winter bein:
Next after comfort, caris keen;
  Next after dark night, the mirthful morrow;
  Next after joy, aye comis sorrow:
So is this warld, and aye has been.

NO TREASURE AVAILS WITHOUT GLADNESS.

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
  The wavering of this wretchit warld of sorrow;
To God be humble, and to thy friend be kind,
  And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow:
  His chance to nicht, it may be thine to-morrow;
Be blyth in heart for ony aventúre.[1]
  For oft with wise men 't has been said aforrow[2]
Without Gladnéss availis no Treasúre.

Mak thee gude cheer of it that[3] God thee sendis,
  For warldis wrak[4] but[5] weilfare nocht availis;
Nae gude is thine, save only that thou spendis,
  Remenant all thou brukis but with bailis:[6]
  Seek to soláce when sadness thee assailis;
In dolour lang thy life may not indure,
  Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sailis;
Without Gladnéss availis no Treasúre.

Follow on pitý, flee trouble and debate,
  With famous[7] folkis hald thy company;
Be charitáble and humble in thine estate,
  For warldly honour lastis but a cry:
  For trouble in erd tak no melancholý;[8]
Be rich in patience, gif thou in guids be puir,
  Who livis merry he livis michtily;
Without Gladnéss availis no Treasúre.

Thou sees thir[9] wretches set with sorrow and care
  To gather guids in all their livis space;
And when their bags are full, their selves are bare,
  And of their riches but the keeping has:
  While others come to spend it that has grace,
Whilk of thy winning[10] no labour had nor cure,[11]
  Tak thou example, and spend with merriness;
Without Gladnéss availis no Treasúre.

Though all the work that e'er had living wicht
  Were only thine, no more thy part does fall
But meat, drink, clais, and of the lave a sicht,[12]
  Yet to the Judge thou sall give compt of all;
  Ane reckoning richt comes of ane ragment[13] small:
Be just and joyous, do to none injúre,
  And Truth sall mak thee strang as ony wall;[14]
Without Gladnéss availis no Treasúre.

The vigour of Dunbar may be represented by a poem introducing such personifications as are hardly to be found in our literature, although it abounds in allegorical verse, before the date of Spenser's "Faërie Queen." This is

THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

Of Februar the fifteen nicht,
Full lang before the dayis licht,
  I lay intill[15] a trance;
And then I saw baith Heaven and Hell:
  Me thocht, amangs the fiendis fell,[16]
  Mahoun[17] gart cry[18] ane Dance
Of shrewis[19] that were never shriven,
  Agains the feast of Fastern's even,[20]
  To mak their observânce.

THE OLD DRAGON.
Harleian MS. 4379, p. 109.

[1] *For ony aventure*, notwithstanding anything that may happen.
[2] *Aforrow*, afore.
[3] *It that*, that which.
[4] *Wrak*, what is thrown up by the waves.
[5] *But*, without.
[6] "All the rest you possess only with sorrows" (*brukis*, First English "brucan," German "brauchen," to possess or use).
[7] *Famous*, of good character, the opposite to infamous in credit and reputation. It is not meant in the sense of "celebrated."
[8] "Do not be cast down because of earthly troubles."
[9] *Thir*, these.
[10] *Winning*, toil to procure.
[11] *Cure* (Latin "cura"), care.
[12] *Of the lave a sicht*, of the rest a sight. Meat and drink enter into a man, his clothing attaches to him in life as another skin; the rest is all the outward show of life, he has sight of it only. The fancy bred of it is—

"Engendered in the eyes
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
  Let us all ring fancy's knell;
  I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell,
  Ding, dong, bell.
So may the outward shows be least themselves,
The world is still deceived with ornament."
("Merchant of Venice," Act iii.)

[13] "A small bill makes a straight reckoning" ("ragman," or "ragment," a long piece of writing, a document, an account to be settled). In the "Vision of Piers Plowman" the Pope's bull is a "ragman" with which the Pardoner "raught rings and brooches." From "ragman-roll" comes "rigmarole."
[14] Compare Chaucer's "And truth thee shall deliver it is no drede," page 50.
[15] *Intill*, in. [16] *Fell*, cruel.
[17] *Mahoun*, Mahomet, identified with the Fiend.
[18] *Gart cry*, caused to be cried or proclaimed.
[19] *Shrews*, evildoers.
[20] *Fastern's even*, the evening before Lent began, when carnival was kept to say good-bye to delights of the flesh with a last bout of mirth and feasting.

He bad gallants gae graith[1] a gyes,[2]
And cast up gamountis[3] in the skies,
As varlets[4] do in France.

[5]Let see, quoth he, now wha begins,
With that the foul Seven Deadly Sins
Begouth to leap at anis.[6]

PRIDE.
From Harleian MS. 4379, p. 113.

And first of all in Dance was Pride,
With hair wyld[7] back, and bonnet on side,
Like to make vaistie wanis;[8]
And round about him, as a wheel,
Hang all in rumples to the heel
His kethat[9] for the nanis:[10]
Mony proud trumpour[11] with him trippit;
Through scaldand fire aye as they skippit
They girned with hideous granis.[12]

* * * * * *

Then Ire came in with sturt[13] and strife:
His hand was aye upon his knife,
He brandished[14] like a beir:[15]

Boasters, braggars, and bargainers,
After him passit in to[16] pairs,
All bodin[17] in feir of weir;[18]

WRATH.
From Harleian MS. 4379, p. 146.

In jackis,[19] and scryppis,[20] and bonnets of steel,
Their legs were chainit to the heel,[21]
Frawart[22] was their affeir:[23]
Some upon other with brandis beft,[24]
Some jaggit[25] others to the heft,[26]
With knivis that sharp could shear.

ENVY.
From Harleian MS. 4379, p. 29.

Next in the Dance followit Envý,
Filled full of feud and feloný,
Hid malice and despite:
For privy hatréd that traitor tremlit:[27]
Him followit mony freik[28] dissemlit,
With fenyeit wordis quite:[29]

---

[1] *Graith* (First English "gerw'dian"), make ready.
[2] *Gyes* (French "guise"), disguise, mask.
[3] *Gamountis*, legs or feet—often applied to pigs' feet. The dancers were to kick up their feet to the skies in gambades. ("Gammont" and "gammon," French "jambon," from "jambe," the leg.)
[4] *Varlets*, young men, pages. The word *varlet* is equivalent to *valet*, which originally meant a youth. Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood ("Dictionary of English Etymology") observes that in the "Romaunt of the Rose" Bel Accueil is called "ung varlet bel et advenant," which Chaucer translates "a lusty bachilere."
[5] Six lines follow this second stanza in the MS., which are a fragment, and which Dr. Laing believes to be not only fragmentary, but also misplaced. He places them here between the first and second stanzas. They seem, however, to satirise pride among clergy, the haughtiness of holy harlots, no matter of laughter even for Mahoun. These are the lines:—

"Helie harlottis on hawtane wyiss,
Come in with mony sindrie gyiss,
Bot yit luche nevir Mahoun,
Quhill preistis come in with bair schevin nekkis;
Than all the Feyndis lewche, and maid gekkis,
Blak-belly and Bawsy-Broun."

"Bawsy-Broun," the Scottish "Brownie," not unlike the English "Robin Goodfellow."
[6] Began to leap at once.
[7] *Wyld*, twisted. Cymric "chwyl," a twist.
[8] *Vaistie wanis*, wasteful (extravagant) fashions. "Wane" (First English "wune"), a mode or fashion.
[9] *Kethat*, cassock.
[10] *For the nanis*, for the nonce.
[11] *Trumpour* (French "trompeur"), deceiver.
[12] They grinned with hideous grins.
[13] Sturt (Danish "styrt," strife), wrath.
[14] *Brandished* (French "brandir"), shook.
[15] *Beir*, storm-wind. Icelandic "byre," tempest; Old Swedish "boer," the wind.
[16] *In to*, in.
[17] *Bodin*, furnished (Icelandic "boa," to prepare, provide). "Well or ill boden" was an old Scottish law term for well or ill provided.
[18] *In feir of weir*, or "in feare of were" (war), was another technical term (from First English "faran," to go; "fær," a journey) for a war march.
[19] *Jacks*, coats, either of mail or quilted with stout leather.
[20] *Scryppis*, bags or pouches used as knapsacks.
[21] *Chainit to the heel*, in chain armour to the heel.
[22] *Frawart*, froward.
[23] *Affeir*, aspect. First English "feorh," the life, the man, the face or aspect.
[24] *With brandis beft*, beat with swords (to "beff" and "baff," to beat; "baff," a blow; Old French "buffe," a stroke; whence English "buffet" and "rebuff").
[25] *Jaggit*, pierced.
[26] *Heft*, hilt.
[27] *Tremlit*, trembled.
[28] *Freik*, a strong man, sometimes used specially of a man apt to find offence; energetic strength having of old been commonly aggressive.
[29] *Fenyeit*, feigned.—*Wordis quite*, innocent words (*quite*, French "quitte," acquitted of offence).

And flattereris in to men's faces;
And backbiteris in secret places,
To lie that had delight;
And rownaris[1] of false lesings,[2]
Alace! that courtis of noble kings
Of them can ne'er be quite.[3] 54

GREED.
Harleian MS. 4379, p. 36.

Next him in Dance came Covetýce,
Root of all evil, and ground of vice,
That never could be content:
Cativis, wretchis, and ockeraris,[4]
Hudpikis,[5] hoarders, and gadderaris,
All with that warlock[6] went:
Out of their throats they shot on other
Het,[7] molten gold, me thocht, a futher,[8]
As fire-flaucht[9] maist fervént;
Aye as they toomit[10] them of shot,
Fiends filled them new up to the throt
With gold of allkin prent.[11] 66

Syne Sweirness,[12] at the second bidding,
Came like a sow out of a midding,
Full sleepy was his grunyie:[13]
Mony sweir bumbard[14] belly huddroun,[15]
Mony slut, daw,[16] and sleepy duddroun,[17]
Him servit aye with sonnyie;[18]
He drew them furth intill[19] a chain,
And Belial with a bridle rein
E'er lashed them on the lunyie:[20]
In Dance they were so slaw of feet,
They gave them in the fire a heat,
And made them quicker of cunyie.[21] 78

Then Lechery, that laithly corpse,[22]
Came berand[23] like a baggit horse,[24]
And Idleness did him lead;
There was with him ane ugly sort,[25]
And mony stinkand foul tramort,[26]
That had in sin been dead:
When they were enterit in the Dance,
They were full strange of countenance,
Like torches burnand red. 97

[Three lines omitted.]

Then the foul monster, Gluttony,
Of wame[27] insatiable and greedý,
To Dance he did him dress:[28]
Him followit mony foul drunkárt,
With can and collop, cup and quart,
In surfeit and excess;
Full mony a waistless wally-drag,[29]
With wamis unwieldable, did furth wag,
In creesh[30] that did incress:
Drink! aye they cried, with mony a gaip,
The fiends gave them hait lead to laip,
Their leveray[31] was na less. 102

Nae minstrels playit to them but doubt,[32]
For gleemen there were halden out,
Be day, and eik by nicht;
Except a minstrel that slew a man,
So to his heritage he wan,
And enterit by brief of richt. 108

Then cried Mahoun for a Hielan' Padyane:[33]
Syne ran a fiend to fetch Makfadyane,
Far northwart in a neuch;[34]
Be he[35] the coronach had done shout,
Ersche men[36] so gatherit him about,

[1] *Rownaris*, whisperers ("rune," a sign in writing, a secret mark, a mystery; "runian," to speak mysteriously, to whisper). At the end of Act ii. of "King John," Faulconbridge speaks of the King of France

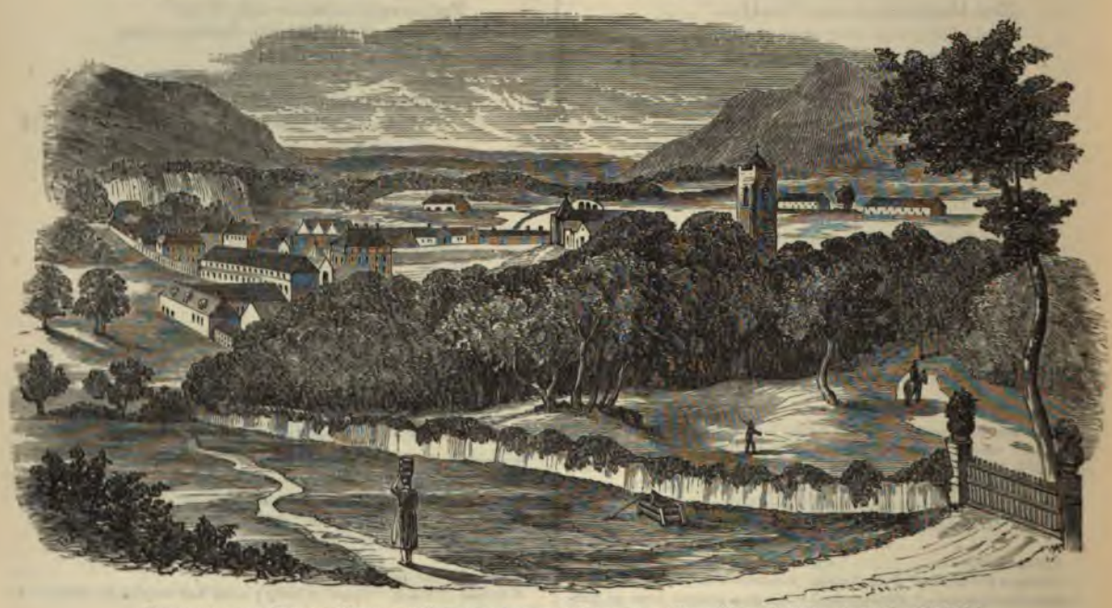
"Whom zeal and charity brought into the field
As God's own soldier, *rounded in the ear*
With that same purpose changer, that sly devil
. . . . . tickling Commodity."

[2] *Lesings*, lies. [3] *Quite*, quit, free.
[4] *Ockeraris* ("okerers," from "ecan," to eke or increase), usurers.
[5] *Hudpikis*, misers. "Hoddypeke" was also a general term of contempt (perhaps from Danish "hud," the skin, and "pikere," to nip).
[6] *Warlock*, wizard, one in compact with the devil.
[7] *Het*, hot.
[8] *Futher*. First a horse-load of fodder, then a weight of 128 lbs., here used indefinitely for any great quantity.
[9] *Fire-flaucht*, fire-flash.
[10] *Toomit*, emptied. Icelandic "tóm," emptiness.
[11] *Allkin prent*, all kinds of print; die, or coinage.
[12] *Sweirness*, laziness. First English "swæ'r," lazy.
[13] *Grunyie*, a contemptuous word for the mouth. French "groin," snout.
[14] *Bumbard*, perhaps droning ("bumbart," Italian "bombare," the drone bee, bumble bee). In Piers Plowman it is said of Rose the Regrater's best ale that "whoso bummed thereof boughte it thereafter," where bumming seems to mean tasting with smack of the lips.
[15] *Belly huddroun*, old Scottish term for a gluttonous sloven. "Huddroun" means one flabby and slovenly. Jamieson derives the corresponding word "hudderin" from the Teutonic "huyderen," to have the udder distended.
[16] *Daw*, sluggard; applied like "slut" to a woman. The word is allied to doze, &c., and means deadening of vital powers.
[17] *Duddroun*, drab. Icelandic "dudra," to be slovenly.
[18] *Sonnyie* (Old French "soign," modern French "soin"), care.
[19] *Intill*, in. [20] *Lunyie*, loin.
[21] *Cunyie*, apprehension.
[22] *Corpse* (French "corps"), body; word not originally limited to the dead body.
[23] *Berand* or *beirand*, roaring. [24] *Baggit horse*, stallion.
[25] *Sort*, set or company.
[26] *Tramort*, dead body in state of corruption.
[27] *Wame*, stomach. [28] *Dress*, prepare.
[29] *Wally-drag*, feeble, puny person. Lord Hailes suggested as derivation "wallowit dreg," a withered outcast; Macpherson, "drochil," diminutive of "droch," a pigmy.
[30] *Creesh*, grease.
[31] *Their leveray*, that which was given to them (livrée," delivered: a servant's livery is so called because given to him by his employer).
[32] *But doubt*, without doubt. Poets have no place in hell. Six lines are deficient in all the MSS. at the beginning of this stanza.
[33] *A Hielan' Padyane*, a Highland pageant or entertainment. The Highlanders were in those days little loved by the lowland Scots, on whom they made descents for plunder, and who were used as auxiliaries in the rough court feuds of the Lowlanders.
[34] *Neuch*, nook, corner. [35] *Be he*, by the time that he.
[36] *Ersche men*. Erse men, Gaels, as the Highlanders were.

FETCHING THE PIPER.
Harleian MS. 4379, p. 125.

In hell great room they took:
Thae tarmigantis,[1] with tag and tatter,
Full loud in Ersche begowth to clatter,
And roup[2] like raven and rook.
The Devil sae deavit[3] was with their yell,
That in the deepest pot[4] of hell
He smorit[5] them with smook!

Two allegorical poems, besides his translation made in 1512–13—the first in our literature—of Virgil's "Æneid," form the substance of the literary work of Dunbar's contemporary, Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, who was born about the year 1474. His father was Archibald, Earl of Angus, known as "Bell-the-Cat." In 1494 he graduated as M.A. in the University of St. Andrews. Among his earlier church preferments was the office of Provost of St. Giles in Edinburgh. This he received about the year 1501, in which the longer of his two allegorical poems, the "Palace of Honour," was completed; and "King Hart," by which he is here to be represented, belongs to the years between 1501 and 1512. Gavin Douglas lost afterwards his two elder brothers at Flodden Field, where fell also the Archbishop of St. Andrews. Queen Margaret nominated Douglas to the primacy, but, unable to make good the appointment against other claimants, he retired, and was made Bishop of Dunkeld in 1515. But his after life was much troubled, and in 1521 he was driven to take refuge in England, where Henry VIII. received him well, but he died of the plague in the next year, 1522.



DUNKELD, WITH BIRNAM WOOD AND DUNSINANE IN THE DISTANCE. (*From Pennant's "Tour in Scotland,"* 1772.)

KING HART.

King Heart, into his comely castle strong
Closit[6] about with craft and mickle ure,[7]
So seemly was he set his folk among,
That he no dout[8] had of misadventûre:

So proudly was he polisht, plain and pure,
With Youth-head and his lusty leavis green,
So fair, so fresh, so likely to endure,
And als[9] so blithe as bird in summer sheen.

For was he never yet with showris shot,
Nor yet o'errun with rouk,[10] or any rain;
In all his lusty lecam[11] not a spot,
Ne never had experience into pain,

[1] *Tarmigants*, termagants. The Crusaders looked upon Mahound as one of the gods of the infidels, and Termagant as another. As Spenser writes ("Faërie Queene," VI. vii. 47): "And oftentimes by Termagant and Mahound they swore."
[2] *Roup*, shouted hoarsely. [3] *Deavit*, deafened.
[4] *Pot*, pit. [5] *Smorit*, smothered.
[6] *Closit*. I retain the past in *it* instead of *ed* throughout, and the plural of nouns in *is* instead of *es*; *into* = in.
[7] *Ure*, use, labour. [8] *Dout*, fear.

[9] *Als*, also.
[10] *Rouk*, mist. First English "racu," rain.
[11] *Lecam* (First English "licham"), body.

But alway into liking, not to layne;[1]
Only to love, and very gentleness,
He was inclinit cleanly[2] to remain,
And wonn[3] under the wing of wantonness. 16

Yet was this worthy wight King under ward;
For was he not at freedom utterly.
Nature had lymmit[4] folk, for their reward[5]
This goodly king to govern and to gy;[6]
For so they cast[7] their time to occupy.
In welthis for to wyne[8] for they him teachit,
All lustis for to lave,[9] and under-lie;
So privily they press him and him preachit. 24

First [there were] Strength and Wantonness,
Green Lust, Disport, Jealousy, and Envý;
Freshness, New Gate,[10] Waste-good, and Wilfulness,
Deliverness,[11] Foolhardiness thereby:
Gentrice,[12] Freedóm, Pitie-privie I espy,
Want-wit, Vain-glory, Prodigality,
Unrest, Night-walk, and felon Gluttony,
Unright, Dim-sight, with Slight, and Subtilty. 32

These were the inward ythand[13] servitoris,
Which governors were to this noble King,
And keepit him inclinit to their curis;
So was there nought in earth that e'er might bring
One of these folk away from his dwelling.
Thus to their term they serve for their reward:
Dancing, disport, singing, revelling,
With Busyness all blithe to please the laird. 40

These folk, with all the femell[14] they might fang,[15]
Which numberit a million and well mo,
That were upbred as servitoris of lang,
And with this King would wonn,[16] in weal and woe,
For favour, nor for ferd,[17] would found[18] him fro;
Unto the time their date be run and past:
That gold, nor good, might gar[19] them from him go,
No grief, nor grame,[20] should grayth[21] them so aghast. 48

Five servitors this King he had without,
That teachit were aye treason to espy.
They watchit aye the wallis round about
For enemies that of hapning aye come by.
One for the day,[22] which judgit certainly,
With care to ken the colour of all hue;
One for the night,[23] that hearknit busily
Out of what airt[24] that ever the winds blew. 56

Syne was there one to taste all nutriment
That to this King was servit at the deiss;[25]
Another was all fovellis for scent.[26]
Of liquor, or of any lusty[27] meiss:
The fifth[28] there was which could all[29] but leiss,[30]
The hot, the cold, the hard, and eke the soft,
A ganand[31] servant both for war and peace.
Yet have these folk their King betrasit oft. 64

Honour perceivit at[32] the Kingis gate,
These folk said all they would not let him in;
Because they said their lord to feast was set,
With all his lusty servants more and myn:[33]
But he a port[34] had enterit with a gyn,[35]
And up he can in haste to the great tower,
And said he should it parall[36] all with fine
And fresh delight with many florist[37] flower. 72

So strong this King him thought his castle stood,
With many tower and turret crownit hie:
About the wall there ran a water void,[38]
Black, stinking, sour, and salt as is the sea,
That on the wallis wiskit,[39] gre by gre[40]
Boldening to rise the castle to confound;
But they within made so great melody,
That for their reird[41] they might not hear the sound. 80

With feastis fell,[42] and full of jollity,
This comely court their King they cast[43] to keep,
That noy[44] have none but newly novelty,
And are not wont for woe to woun[45] and weep,
Full seldom sad[46] ere[47] soundly set to sleep,
No wandreth wait,[48] aye weenis wealth endure
Beholdis not, nor lookis not, the deep,
As them to keep from all misadventúre. 88

Right as the rose upspringis from the root,
In ruby colour red most rich of hue;
Nor waindis[49] not the leavis to outshoot,
For shining of the sun that does renew
Those other flouris greené, white, and blue,
Which have no craft to know the winter weit,
Suppose that summer sheen does them rescue,
That does them while[50] o'erhail with snaw and sleit. 96

Dame Plesaunce had a pretty place beside,
With fresh effeir,[51] and many folk in fere;[52]
The which was parellit[53] all about with pride,
So precious that it prysit was but[54] peer,

---

[1] *Not to layne*, not to lie.
[2] *Cleanly*, altogether; as in "clean forgotten."
[3] *Wonn* (First English "wunian"), dwell.
[4] *Lymmit*, caught.
[5] *For their reward*, for their own profit.
[6] *Gy*, guide.
[7] *Cast*, reckoned.
[8] *Wyne*, dwell.
[9] *Lave*, abase himself to.
[10] *New Gate*, new fangledness.
[11] *Deliverness*, nimbleness (from "libre," free).
[12] *Gentrice*, generosity.
[13] *Ythand*, busy (Icelandic "ithinn," assiduous, from "ith," a-doing).
[14] *Femell*, family, race.
[15] *Fang*, seize.
[16] *Wonn*, dwell.
[17] *Ferd*, force. Old Swedish "faerd."
[18] *Found* (First English "fundian"), depart.
[19] *Gar*, make.
[20] *Grame* (First English), wrath, trouble.
[21] *Grayth*, make (them so terrified) ready to go.
[22] Sight.
[23] Hearing.
[24] *Airt* (Gaelic "aird," cardinal point; German "ort," place), quarter of the heavens.

[25] *Deiss*, dais or high table.
[26] *All fovellis for scent*, for the smelling of all provisions.
[27] *Lusty*, pleasant.
[28] Feeling.
[29] *Could all*, knew all.
[30] *But leiss*, without falsehood.
[31] *Ganand*, fit, belonging to; of the same Northern root as "gain" in the sense of *fit* or *near*—"the gainest way," the nearest way.
[32] Perceivit at, *perseveit to*.
[33] *Myn*, less.
[34] *Port*, gate.
[35] *Gyn*, contrivance, stratagem.
[36] *Parall*, adorn.
[37] *Florist*, flourishing.
[38] *Void*, unsupplied; having no springs to freshen it.
[39] *Wiskit*, plashed.
[40] *Gre by gre*, boldening step by step, gradually swelling.
[41] *Reird* (First English "reord"), speaking.
[42] *Fell*, mettlesome, of much endurance.
[43] *Cast*, reckoned.
[44] *Noy*, annoyance.
[45] *Woun*, to lament aloud, cry woe.
[46] *Sendill sad*, seldom serious.
[47] Ere, *or*.
[48] *No wandreth wait*, expect no difficulty. Icelandic "vandr," bad.
[49] *Waindis*, fears (First English "wandian"); is in no fear that she will not put out her leaves by help of the sunshine.
[50] *While*, at times.
[51] *Effeir*, condition.
[52] *In fere*, together.
[53] *Parellit*, adorned.
[54] *But*, without.

With bulwarks broad, and many bitter beir.[1]
Syn was a bridge, that hedgit was, and strang;
And all that could attain the castle near,
It made them for to mer[2] amiss, and mang.[3] 104

With towers great, and strong for to behold,
So craftily with kirnels[4] carven high;
The fitchand[5] chainis florcist all of gold.
The grounden dartis sharp, and bright to see,
Would make a heart of flint to fald[6] and flee
For terror, if they would the castle sail;[7]
So carven clear that might no cruelty
It for to win in all this world avail. 112

THE CASTLE OF PLEASAUNCE.
From Harleian MS. 4431, page 321.

Servit this Queen Dame Plesaunce, all at right,[8]
First High Apport, Beauty, and Humbleness;
With many others, maidens fair and bright,
Ruth, and Good Fame, Freedom, and Gentleness;
Constancy, Patience, Raddour,[9] and Meekness,
Conning,[10] Kindnéss, Hendness,[11] and Honesty,
Mirth, Lusthead,[12] Liking, and Nobleness,
Bliss and Blithenéss, and puré Piétie. 120

These were the statis worthiest and ding,[13]
With many more, that servit to this Queen.
A legion leil[14] was at her leading,
When her court list semble fair and clean.
In their effeir[15] Fair Service might be seen;
For was there nought that seemed by avise[16]
That no man might the pointing of a prene
Reprove; nor piece, but paintit at devyse.[17] 128

[1] *Bitter beir*, sharp palisade.
[2] *Mer* (Icelandic "merja"), fall into crush or confusion.
[3] *Mang* (First English "mengan," to mix), run into disorder.
[4] *Kirnels* (French "créneler," to indent), the embrasures of battlements. [5] *Fitchand*, hoisting. [6] *Fald*, bow. [7] *Sail*, assail.
[8] *At right*, by right. [9] *Raddour*, modesty. [10] *Conning*, knowledge.
[11] *Hendness*, gentle courtesy. [12] *Lusthead*, cheerfulness.
[13] *Ding*, deserving. [14] *Leil*, loyal. [15] *Effeir*, quality.
[16] Old use of double negative: *be avise*, by its manner, such that any man could find a pin's point of objection to, or piece but what was painted. [17] *At devyse*, with all skill.

Happenit this worthy Queen, upon a day,
With her fresh court arrayit well at right,[18]
Hunting to ride, her to disport and play,
With many a lusty lady, fair and bright.
Her banner sheen displayit, and on hight[19]
Was seen above their headis where they rade;
The green ground was illuminit of the light;
Fresh Beauty had the vanguard and was guide. 1

A legion of these lusty ladies schene[20]
Followit this Queen (truly this is no nay);
Hard by this castle of this King so keen
This worthy folk have walit[21] them a way;
Which did the dayis watches to effray,[22]
For seldom had they seen such folks before,
So merrily they muster, and they play,
Withouten either brag, or boast, or schore.[23] 1

The watchis of the sight were so effrayit,
They ran and told the King of their intent:
"Let not this matter, sir, be long delayit;
It were speidful some folk ye outward sent,
That could rehearse what thing yon people meant;
Syne you again thereof to certify.
For battle bid[24] they boldly on yon bent;
It were but shame to feinyie[25] cowardly." 1

Youth-head upstart, and cleikit[26] on his cloak,
Was broudin[27] all with lusty leavis green:
"Rise, fresh Delight, let not this matter soke;[28]
We will go see what may this muster mean;
So well we shall us it copé[29] between,
There shall nothing pass away unspyit.
Syn shall we tell the King as we have seen,
And there shall nothing truly be denyit." 16

Youth-head forth past, and rode on Innocence,
A milk-white steed that amblit as the wind;
And fresh Delight rode on Benevolence,
Throughout the mead that would not bide behind.
The beamis bright almost had made them blind,
That from fresh Beauty spread under the cloud;
To her they sought, and soon they could her find,
Nor saw they none never was half so proud. 16

The bernis[30] both were basit of[31] the sight,
And out of measure marrit[32] in their mood;
As spriteless folks on blonkis[33] huffit on hight,[34]
Both in a study staring still they stood.
Fair Calling freshly on their wayis yode,[35]
And both their reinis cleikit[36] in her hands;
Syn to her castle rode, as she were wood,[37]
And fastenit up those folks in Venus' bands. 17

[18] *At right*, as it should be. [19] *On hight*, on high.
[20] *Schene*, fair, bright. German "schön."
[21] *Walit*, chosen. [22] *Did to effray*, caused to feel fear.
[23] *Schore*, threatening. [24] *Bid*, offer.
[25] *Feinyie* (First English "fægnian"), to flatter; to flatter ye cowardly with a denial of the danger.
[26] *Cleikit*, snatched. [27] *Broudin*, embroidered.
[28] *Soke*, slacken. [29] *Copé* (French "couper"), divide.
[30] *Bernis* (First English "beornas," chiefs, men), nobles.
[31] *Basit of*, abashed at.
[32] *Marrit* (First English "mearrian," to err), bewildered.
[33] *Blonkis*, horses; perhaps originally white horses.
[34] *Huffit on hight*, hove or lifted on high. [35] *Yode*, went.
[36] *Cleikit*, caught. [37] *Wood*, mad.

Because there come no bodwart[1] soon again,
The King outsent New Gate, and Wantonness,
Green Love, Disport, Waste-good that nought can lane,[2]
And with them freshly feir[3] Foolhardiness:
He bade them spy the case how that it was,
And bring bodwart, ere himself outpast.
They said they should; and soon they can them dress,
Full glad they glide as gromis[4] unaghast. 184

THE SCOUTS.
From Harleian MS. 4380, p. 27.

On ground no greif[5] while they the great host see,
Would they not rest, the rinkis,[6] so they ride.
But fra[7] they saw their suit,[8] and their sembly,[9]
It could them bre,[10] and biggit[11] them to bide.
Dread of Disdain on foot ran them beside,
Said them, "Beware, sen[12] Wisdom is away;
For an ye prick among these folk of pride[13]
A pane[14] ye shall be restit[15] by the way." 192

Foolhardiness full freshly forth he flang,
A fure[16] length far before his feris[17] five;
And Wantonness, suppose he had the wrang,
Him followit on as fast as he might drive.
So they were like among themselves to strive:
The fouresum[18] bade,[19] and huvit[20] on the green,
Fresh Beauty with a whisk came belyve,[21]
And them all restit were they never so keen. 200

With that the fouresum fain they would have fled
Again unto their castle, and their King;
They gave a shout, and soon they have them shed,[22]
And busily they can them bounden bring

[1] *Bodwart*, message. [2] *Lane* (First English "læman"), lend.
[3] *Feir*, companion. [4] *Gromis unaghast*, men without fear.
[5] *Greif*, fault. [6] *Rinkis*, brave men. [7] *Fra*, from the time that.
[8] *Suit*, following. [9] *Sembly*, appearance.
[10] *Bre* (First English "bregean"), cause fear.
[11] *Biggit* (First English "bygan," to bow or bend), inclined.
[12] *Sen*, since. [13] *Of pride*, in or through pride.
[14] *A pane*, in punishment. [15] *Restit*, arrested.
[16] *Fure*, furrow. [17] *Feris*, companions.
[18] *Fouresum*, four together (left after Wantonness had followed Foolhardiness).
[19] *Bade*, remained.
[20] *Huvit*, tarried. [21] *Belyve*, quickly.
[22] *Shed*, divided. First English "sceádan;" German "scheiden."

Again unto their Queen; and bandis thring[23]
About their handis and feet so fast,[24]
While that they made them with their tormenting
Wholly of their livis half aghast.[25] 208

The watchis on the Kingis walls have seen
The chasing of the folk, and their surprise.
Up start King Heart in proper ire and teen,[26]
And boldly bade his folk all with him rise.
"I shall not sit," he said, "and see them thrice
Discomfit clean my men, and put at under;
No, we shall wreak us on another wise,
Set[27] we be few to them be fifty hunder!" 216

Then out they rode all to a randoun[28] right,
This courtly King, and all his comely host,
His buirtlie banner[29] brathit[30] up on hight;[31]
And out they blew with brag and mickle boast
That Lady and her lineage should be lost.
They cried on hight their seinge[32] wonder loud:
Thus come they keenly carpand on the cost;[33]
They prick, they prance, as princes that were wood.[34] 224

THEN OUT THEY RODE.
From Harleian MS. 4380, p. 58.

Dame Plesaunce has her folk arrayit[35] well,
Fra that she saw they would battél abide,
So Beauty with her vanguard gan to reill,[36]
The greatest of their host she can o'erride.
Syne fresh Apport came on the tother side;
So busily she was to battle boune,[37]
That all that e'er she might o'ertake that tide,
Horses and men with brunt[38] she struck all down. 232

[23] *Thring*, press. [24] *Fast*, firmly. [25] *Aghast*, afraid.
[26] *Teen*, vexation. [27] *Set*, though.
[28] *To a randoun*, in swift confusion.
[29] *Buirtlie banner*, war banner. French "bohourt," "bord" In Chaucer, Icelandic "burt," a tilt. In Icelandic "ritha burt" is to ride a tilt, "burt-stöng" is a lance for tilting, and the "buirtly banner" is spread with the gay pomp of a tournament day.
[30] *Brathit*, unfurled. Icelandic, "breitha," to broaden, unfold.
[31] *On hight*, on high. [32] *Seinge*, signal, war-cry.
[33] *Carpand on the cost*: possibly, speaking of the charge. In acts of James II. "coist" was the provision made for watching the borders (Jamieson's Dictionary); but "cost" may be used in the sense of risk, of manner or business, of coast side or region; and the way out is by the stagnant water mentioned in line 75.
[34] *Wood*, mad. [35] *Arrayit*, arranged. [36] *Reill*, roll forward.
[37] *Boune*, ready.
[38] *Brunt*, fiery flash.

Right there King Heart she has in handis ta'en,
And puirly[1] was he present[2] to the Queen;
And she had fairly with a featherit flayne[3]
Woundit the King right wonderful to ween.
Deliverit him Dame Beauty unto sene[4]
His wound to wash, in sobering of his sore;
But always as she castis it to clean,
His malady increases more and more.

Woundit he was, and where yet he na wait;[5]
And many of his folk have ta'en the flight.
He said, "I yield me now to your estate,
Fair Queen! sen[6] to resist I have no might.
What will ye saye me now for what plight?[7]
For that I wot[8] I did you ne'er offence.
And if I have done aught that is unright,
I offer me to your benevolénce."

By this battél were near vanquishit all;
The Kingis men are ta'en, and many slain.
Dame Plesaunce can on freshe Beauty call,
Bade her command the folk to prison plain.
King Heart sore wounded was, but he was fain,[9]
For well he trustit that he should recure.[10]
The Lady and her host went home again,
And many prisoner taken[11] under her cure.[12]

King Heart his castle leavit has full waste,
And Heaviness made captain it to keep.
Radour[13] ran home full fleyit[14] and forchasit,
Him for to hide crap in the dungeon deep.
Langour he lay upon the walls but[15] sleep,
But meat, or drink; the watch horn he blew;
Ire was the porter, that full sore can weep,
And Jealousy ran out; he was ne'er true.

He said he should be spy, and bodwart[16] bring,
Both night and day, how that his master fure.[17]
He followit fast on foot after the King
Unto the castle of Dame Plesaunce pure.
In the prison found he many creätûre;
Some fetterit fast, and others free and large
Where'er them list within the wallis fure.[18]
Soon Jealousy him hid under a targe.[19]

There saw he Lust by law under lock,
In streinye[20] strong fast fetterit foot and hand;
Green Love lay bound with a felloun[21] block,
About the crag was claspit[22] with a band;
Youth-head was loose, and aye about waverand;
Desire lay stockit by a dungeon dure;[23]
Yet Honesty keip him fair farrand,[24]
And Waste-good following him where'er he fure.[25]

[1] *Puirly*, humbly. [2] *Present*, presented.
[3] *Flayne* (First English "flán"), arrow.
[4] Delivered him afterwards unto Dame Beauty.
[5] *Na wait*, did not know. [6] *Sen*, since.
[7] *Plight* (plycht), punishment.
[8] *For that I wot*, for all that I know.
[9] *Fain* (First English "fægen"), glad. [10] *Recure*, recover.
[11] *Taken*. Pronounced *ta'en*. [12] *Cure*, care.
[13] *Radour*, shame. [14] *Fleyit*, put to flight. [15] *But*, without.
[16] *Bodwart*, message. [17] *Fure*, fared. [18] *Fure*, went.
[19] *Targe*, shield. [20] *Streinye*, constraint. [21] *Felloun*, dreadful.
[22] *About the crag was claspit*, that was fastened about the neck.
[23] *Dure*, door.
[24] *Keip him fair farrand*, kept himself free to move.
[25] *Fure*, went.

Discretion was as then but young of age,
He slept with Lust where'er he might him find;
And he again was crabbit at the page.
A ladle full of love, stood him behind,
He swakit[26] in his eyne, and made him blind,
So that from that time forth he might not see:
"Speak thou a word thy four feet shall I bind,
Syn swak thee o'er the wallis in the sea."

Busyness, New Gate, Freshness, and syn Disport,
Freedom, Gentrice, Cunning, and Fair Mannér,
All these were loose daily, and yede athwart
Too close before the dungeon[27] window near
Where wynnit[28] fair Dame Pleasaunce, that was cl
Which has espyit right well their governance;
And, laughing high, commandit timis seir[29]
Them to await upon their observance.

This lusty[30] Queen, within her dungeon strong,
Could dysyde[31] aye her ladies her about.
And as she list she leirit them to mang,[32]
That would be in, all folk that were without.
For High Apport she is her captain stout;
Beauty her banner bearis her beforn;
Dame Chastity her chamberer but[33] doubt;
And Strangéness, her porter, can well scorn.

Fair Calling is great garitour[34] on hight,
That watchis aye the wallis high abone,
And Sweet Semblânce is marshal in her sight;
As she commandis so swyth[35] all is done.
Say, is there nought of music nor of tune?
The ladies sweet they make such melody.
What wight, that might it hear, should judge soo
To angel song, and heavenly harmony.

King Heart into a privy closet crappe,[37]
Was near the dungeon wall, near by the ground
So as he might hear and see, such was his hap,
The mickle mirth, the melody, and sound,
Which from the wallis sweetly can redound
In at his ear, and sink unto his heart;
And therein workis many privy wound,
That does oftsys[38] him strang[39] with stoundis[40] s

Aye sick he is, and ever he has his heal
In battle strong, and has both peace and rest;
The sharp, and als the soft, can with him deal;
The sweet, the sour, both rule, and als unrest;
Dame Danger has of dolour to him drest[41]
A pallioun[42] that no proudness has without,
With tearis wet ar rotten, may not lest,[43]
Fast brikand by the borders all about.

[26] *Swakit*, dashed it violently.
[27] The *donjon* was the keep or stronghold of a castle. not necessarily there was a prison under it, since this part served for safest keeping of the prisoners as well as of th
[28] *Wynnit*, dwelt. [29] *Seir*, several.
[30] *Lusty*, pleasant. [31] *Dysyde*, seat on each side
[32] As she pleased she taught them to overcome.
[33] *But*, without.
[34] *Garitour*, keeper of guard (French "garer"). Ther place of the watcher. [35] *Swyth*, quickly.
[36] Whatever creature heard it would soon deem the song, &c.
[37] *Crappe*, crept. [38] *Oftsys* (oft sithis), oft-times
[39] *Strang*, constrain. [40] *Stoundis*, pains.
[41] *To him drest*, prepared for him. [42] *Pallioun*
[43] Rotted in former time with the wetness of tears, is fast breaking up on all its borders.

But Youth-head had him made a courtly coat,
As green as grass, with golden streamis bright
Broudin[1] about, fast bucklit to his throat;
A worthy weed, well closing, and full light.
A visor, that was painted for the sight,
As ruby red, and part of white among;
Of colours might there none be fresher dight,
But Heaviness had fashioned it all wrong. 336

This worthy King in prison thus could lie,
With all his folk, and could there none out break.
Full oft they can upon Dame Pity cry:
"Fair thing! come down a while, and with us speak.
Come! Fairer way ye might your harmes wreak,
Than thus to murder us that yielden are.
Would ye us rue, where'er we might our reik,[2]
We should men be to you for evermore."[3] 344

Then answered Danger, and said, "That were great doubt,
A maiden sweet among so many men
To come alone, but[4] folk were her about;
That is a craft myself could never ken."
With that she ran unto the Lady keen;
Kneeling, "Madame," she said, "keep Pity fast.
Sithen she ask, no licence to her len;[5]
May she win out,[6] she will play you a cast."[7] 352

Then Danger to the door took good keep,
Both night and day, that Pity should not pass;
While all fordwart,[8] in default of sleep,
She busily as for-travailit[9] she was,
Fair Calling gave her drink into[10] a glass:
Soon after that to sleep she went anon.
Pity was ware that ilk pretty cass,
And privily out at the door is gone. 360

The door on jar it stood; all were asleep,
And Pity down the stair full soon is past.
This Busyness has seen, and gave good keep:
Dame Pity has he hent[11] in armis fast.
He callit on Lust, and he came at the last,
His bandis gart[12] he burst in pieces small:
Dame Pity was greatly fearit and aghast.
By that was Comfort croppin' in o'er the wall. 368

Soon came Delight, and he begouth[13] to dance;
Green Love upstart, and can his spirits ta.[14]
"Full well is me," said Disport, of this chance,
"For now I trust great melody to ma."[15]
All in a rout unto the door they ga;[16]
And Pity put therein first them before.
What was there more, "Out! Harrow! Take, and slay!"
The house is won withouten brag or schore.[17] 376

The curtains all of gold about the bed
Well stentit[18] were where fair Dame Plesaunce lay:
Then new Desire, as greedy as a glede,[19]
Came running in, and made a great deray.[20]

The Queen is wakenit with a felon fray,
Up glifnit,[21] and beheld she was betraysit;
"Yield you, madame," on high can Sir Lust say:
A word she could not speak, she was so abasit. 384

"Yield you, madame;" green Lust could say all soon;
"And fairly shall we govern you and yours.
Our Lord King Heartis will must now be done,
That yet is law among the nether bowers;
O'er long, madame, ye keepit these high towers;
Nor thank we none but Pity us suppleit."[22]
Dame Danger then into a nook she cowers;
And quaking there the Queen she lay for dread. 392

Then Busteousness[23] come with brag and boast,
All that gainstood he struck dead on the floor.
Dame Plesaunce said, "Shall we this way be lost?
Bring up the King, let him in at the door;
In his gentrice[24] right well I dare assure."
Therefore sweet Comfort cried upon the King:
Then Busyness, that cunning creature,
To serve Dame Plesaunce soon there can him bring. 400

So sweet a swell as struck unto his heart
When that he saw Dame Plesaunce at his will.
"I yield me, sir, and do me not to smart,"
(The fair Queen said upon this wise him till)
"I save youris, suppose[25] it be no skill.[26]
All that I have, and all that mine may be,
With all my heart I offer here you till,
And askis nought but ye be true to me." 408

To that which Love, Desire, and Lust devised,
Thus fair Dame Plesaunce sweetly can assent.
Then suddenly Sir Heart him now disguised
On got his amorous cloak or e'er he stent.
Freshly to feast these amorous folk are went.
Blitheness was first brought bodward to the hall;
Dame Chastity, that selie[27] innocent,
For woe went wood, and flew out o'er the wall. 416

The lusty Queen, she sat in middes the deiss;
Before her stood the noble worthy King.
Servit they were of many divers meis,
Full sawris[28] sweet and swyth they could them bring.
Thus they made a merry marshalling:
Beauty and Love a hot burde[29] have begun;
In worship of that lusty feast so ding,[30]
Dame Plesaunce has gart pierce Dame Venus' tun. 424

THE SECOND PART.

Who is at ease, when both are now in bliss,
But fresh King Heart that clearly is above;
And wantis nought in world, that he would wis,[31]
And trustis not that e'er he shall remove.
Seven year, and more, Sir Liking, and Sir Love,
Of him they have the care and governance,
Till at the last befell, and so behove,
A changing new that grievit Dame Plesaunce. 432

[1] *Broudin*, embroidered. [2] *Our reik*, reach over to.
[3] In feudal service the undertaking was to be the chief's man.
[4] *But*, unless.
[5] Keep Pity prisoner; if she ask, give her no liberty.
[6] *Win out*, escape. [7] *A cast*, a cunning trick.
[8] *Fordwart*, utterly deadened. [9] *For-travailit*, overworked.
[10] *Into*, in. [11] *Hent*, seized. [12] *Gart*, made.
[13] *Begouth*, began. [14] *Ta*, take. [15] *Ma*, make.
[16] *Ga*, go. [17] *Schore*, threat.
[18] *Stentit*, stretched (French "estendre").
[19] *Glede* (First English "gleda"), kite.
[20] *Deray* (French "desroy"), disorder.

[21] *Up glifnit*, glanced up from broken sleep. "To gliffen," says Jamieson, "is to open the eyes at intervals in awaking from a disturbed sleep." (Allied through "gleuin," to glow, and "gleam.")
[22] *But Pity us suppleit*, unless Pity had assisted us.
[23] *Busteousness*, violence. [24] Gentrice, generosity.
[25] *Suppose*, although.
[26] *Skill* (Icelandic "skil"), argument, due return.
[27] *Selie*, blessed. [28] *Sawris*, of savour.
[29] *Burde*, friendly contest. [30] *Ding*, worthy. [31] *Wis*, wish.

HEART'S DELIGHT.
From Harleian MS. 4431, p. 376.

A morrowing tide, when that the sun so schene
Out raschit[1] had his beamis from the sky,
An old good man before the gate was seen,
Upon a steed that rode full easily.
He rappit at the gate, but courteously,
Yet at the stroke the great dungeon can din;
Syne at the last he shouted felonly,
And bade them rise, and said he would come in.

Soon Wantonness came to the wall abone,
And cryit o'er, "What folk are ye there out?"
"My name is Age," said he again full sone;
"May thou not hear? Longer how I could shout!"
"What was your will?" "I will come in, but[2] doubt."
"Now God forbid! In faith ye come not here;
Run on thy way, or thou shall bear a route:[3]
And say[4] the porter he is wonder sweir."[5]

Soon Wantonness he went unto the King,
And told him all the case how that it stood.
"That taill I trust be no leasing;
He was to come. That wist I, by the rood.
It does me noy [nathless] in bone and blood,
That he should come so soon! What haste had he?"
The Queen said, "To hold him out were good.
That would I fain were done, an it might be."

Youth-head upstart and kneelit before the King:
"Lord, with your leave, I may no longer bide.
My warisoun[6] (I would that with me bring),
Lord, pay to me, and give me leave to ride.
For might I longer reside you beside
Full fain I would, no war my felloun fa.[7]
For dout of Age, Sir King, ye let me slide;
For an I bide, in faith he will me sla."

[1] *Raschit*, poured. [2] *But*, without.
[3] *Route* (Icelandic "rot"), the stunning by a blow.
[4] *Say*, tell. [5] *Sweir*, lazy.
[6] *Warisoun*, reward, payment.
[7] *No war my felloun fa*, were there not my dreadful foe.

"Sen thou maun pass, fair Youth-head, woe is me!
Thou was my friend, and made me good service.
Fra thou be went[8] never so blythe to be
I make a vow, although that it be nice.
Of all blitheness thy body bears the price.
To warisoun I give thee, ere thou ga,
This fresh visor, was painted at device.
My lust[9] alway with thee see that thou ta.[10]

YOUTH DEPARTING.
From Harleian MS. 4380, p. 117.

"For sake of thee I will no colour red,
Nor lusty white, upon my body bear,
But black and grey; alway while[11] I be dead,
I will none other wanton weedis wear.
Fare well my friend! Thou did me never deir![12]
Unwelcome Age, thou come against my will!
I let thee wit[13] I might thee well forbear.
Thy warisoun should be small, but skill."[14]

Then Youth-head said, "Disport and Wantonness,
My brethren both, dispone you with me ride."
Upstart on foot lively Deliverance;
Said, "Sirs, I pray you take me for your guide.
Trow ye that I shall lie herein to hide
This worthy craft that Nature to me gave?
No! no! this cowardness shall not betide!
Fare on! I shall be foremost of the lave."[15]

Out at a privy postern all they past;
And would not bide all-out to take their leave.
Then Fresh Delight came running wonder fast,
And with a pull got Youth-head by the sleeve:
"Abide! abide! Good fellow, thee not grieve;
Lend me thy cloak, to guise me for a while;
Want I that weed, in faith, I will mischief.
But I shall follow thee within a mile."

Delight came in, and all that saw his back
They weened it had been Youth-head bounden still.
But afterward, when that they with him spake,
They knew it was a feinye[16] made them till.[17]

[8] From the time of your going.
[9] *Lust*, pleasure.
[10] *Ta*, take.
[11] *While*, till.
[12] *Deir*, hurt.
[13] *Wit*, know.
[14] *But skill*, without question.
[15] *The lave*, the rest.
[16] *A feinyie*, a feint.
[17] *Them till*, to them; a feint put upon them. The allegory is

Soon when he had disportit him his fill,
His courtly cloak began to fade of hue;
Thriftless, threadbare, and ready for to spill,[1]
Like failyeit[2] black which was beforetime blue.

Yet would he not away all utterly,
But of retinue feit[3] he him as than;
And, ere he wist, he spendit speedily
The flower of all the substance that he wan:
So wourde[4] he poor and powrit to the pan.[5]
Yet Appetite, his son, he bade dwell still.
But, wit ye well, he was a sorry man;
For fault of good he wantit all his will.

By that was Age enterit, and yet first
His branchis braid out bayr he mony bore.[6]
Unwelcome was the noy, when that they wist,
For following him there came five hundred score
Of hairis[7] that King Heart had ne'er before.
And when that fair Dame Plesaunce had them seen,
She grievit, and she angerit well more;
Her face she wryit about for proper teen.[8]

Scantly had Age restit him there awhile,
When Conscièncе came crying o'er the wall:
"How long think ye to hold me in exile?
Now, on my soul, ye are but lurdanis[9] all!
And some of you, by God, shall have a fall,
May I him meet fra presence of the King.
All false traitors I may you full well call,
That servit well be[10] drawn[11] both head and hing."

Fra[12] Age heard that Conscièncе was coming,
Full soon he rose belyve,[13] and let him in.
Sadness[14] he had, a cloak fra meture muming[15]
He had upon, and was of Age's kin:
It were right hard they two in sunder twin,
Therefore after his back he ran anon.
In mid the close there Conscience met with Sin,
A felloun rout[16] he laid on his rig-bone.[17]

Conscièncé to Sin gave such a dunt,
While to the earth he flew and lay at under;
Yet Conscièncе his breast hurt with the dint:
But Sadness has to put these two in sunder.
Folly and Vice into their wit they wonder
How such a master-man so soon should rise,
In mid the close, on-looking near five hunder,
The Kingis folk to ding and to surprise.

They were adread, and soon have ta'en the flight;
Syne in an hirne[18] to hide soon can them hie.[19]
Then Conscièncе came to the Kingis sight,
Out at a door ran Falsehood, and Envý,
Greedy Desire, and gamesome Gluttony,
Vaunt and Vaingloir, with new green Appetite;
For Conscièncе lookit so felonly,[20]
They ran away out of his presence quite.

"God bless thee lord;" thus Conscièncе can say,
"This while bygone thou has been all too glad."
"Yea, Conscièncе; and yet fain would I play;
But now my heart waxis wonder sad."
"They have been wickit counsellors thou had,
Wist thou the sooth, as thou shall after hear;
For, wit thou well, their burding[21] was bad;
The root is bitter, sharp as any breir.

"Thy treasure have they falsely fra thee ta'en,
These wickit folks thou weenit had been true;
And stolen away fra thee ane and ane.
For think, they never come thee for to glew.[22]
Where is thy garment green and goodly hue?
And thy fresh face, that Youth-head to thee made?
Thou bird[23] think shame, and of thy riot rue,
Saw thou thyself into thy colour sad.

"Now marvel not, suppose[24] I with thee chide;
For, wit thou well, my heart is wonder woe.
Another day, when thou may nothing hide,
I maun accuse thee as thy proper foe.
Of thy vain work first witness thou me to,
When all thy jollity is justified;
It grievis me that thou should graceless go
To waste thy welfare, and thy wealth so wide."

As Conscièncе was chiding thus on hight,
Reason, and Wit, right at the gate they rang,
With rappis loud, for it drew near the night;
Bade let them in, for they had standing lang.
Said Conscience, "In good faith this is wrang!
Give me the key, I shall be porter now."
So came they in, each one through other, thrang,[25]
Syn with a whisk almost I wot not how.

Reason ran on where at[26] Discretion lay,
Into[27] a nook, where no man could him find;
And with his knife he shore the flesh away
That bred upon his eyne, and made him blind.
Syne gave he him the thuid[28] ewin[29] behind;
"Now may thou see. Get up! No longer lie;
And scouner[30] not to ride in rain and wind.
Where'er I be, see that thou be near by."

The King began[31] to speak upon this wise:
"Fair Conscièncе, ye are too crabbit now.
Your sovereign and your lord for to surprise
There is no man of good[32] will you allow.

---

the attempt to keep up by help of Fresh Delight the show of youth when Age is at the door and Youth is gone.

[1] *Spill*, come to destruction.
[2] *Failyeit*, faded.
[3] *Feit*, fetched.
[4] *Wourde*, became.
[5] *Powrit to the pan*, wasted to the skull.
[6] An uninterpreted line.
[7] *Hairis* (First English "hearra;" German "herr"), masters.
[8] *Teen*, vexation.
[9] *Lurdanis*, worthless fellows. Compare the French "lourd" and "lourdin."
[10] *Servit well be*, deserve well to be.
[11] Drawn, hanged, and beheaded.
[12] *Fra*, from the time that.
[13] *Belyve*, quickly.
[14] *Sadness*, seriousness.
[15] *Fra meture muming*. Not interpreted.
[16] *Felloun rout*, violent blow. See Note 3, page 122, in which case the spelling is slightly different.
[17] *Rig-bone*, back-bone ("rig:" First English "hrige," German "rücke").

[18] *Hirne*, corner. First English "hirne."
[19] *Hie*, hasten. First English "higan," to hie or make haste.
[20] *Felonly*, fiercely.
[21] *Burding*, jesting.
[22] *Glew* (First English "gleowian"), make merry.
[23] *Thou bird*, it behoves you to. First English "byreth," German "es gebührt."
[24] *Suppose*, though.
[25] *Thrang*, crowded.
[26] *Where at*, to where.
[27] *Into*, in.
[28] *Thuid*, stroke.
[29] *Ewin*, straight.
[30] *Scouner* (First English "scunian"), shun.
[31] *Begouth*.
[32] *Man of good*, good man.

What have I done that thus has crabbit you?
I followit counsel alway for the best;
And if they were untrue, I dare avow,
Nature did miss[1] such folk upon me cast.

"Nature me bred a beast into[2] my nest,
And gave to me Youth-head first servitor;
That I no foot might find, by east nor west,
But o'er in ward, in tutorship and cure;[3]
And Wantonness who was to me more sure:
Such Nature to me brought, and first devisit
Me for to keep from all misadventúre.
What blame serve[4] I, this way to be surprisit?

"Ye did great miss, Fair Conscience, by your leave,
If that ye were of kin and blood to me,
That slothfully should let your time o'er sleif,[5]
And come thus late. How should ye ask your fee?
The steed is stolen, steik[6] the door; let see
What may avail; Got wot! the stall is toom![7]
And if ye be a counsellor sle,[8]
Why should ye slothfully your time forsume?[9]

"Of my harm and dreary indigence,
If there be ought amiss, methink, perdé,[10]
That ye are cause verray[11] of my offence,
And should sustain the better part for me.
Make answer now. What can ye say? Let see!
Yourself excuse, and make you foul or clean.
Reason, come here, ye shall our judge now be,
And in this cause give sentence us between."

"Sir, by your leave, into my proper[12] cause
Suppose[13] I speak, ye should not be displeasit."
Said Conscience, "This is a villainous cause,
If I should be the cause ye are discasit.
No, young counsél in you so long was seisit,[14]
That has your treasure and your good destroyit.
Right fain would I with measure it were meisit,[15]
For of your harm God wot if I be noyit.

"Ye put great wite[16] that I so long abade,
If that I could with counsel you avail;
Sir, trust well a verrie cause I had,
Or ellis were no reason in my tale.
My term was set by order natural,
To what work alway I must obey;
Nor dare I not by no way make travail,
But where I see my master get a sway.

"For stand he on his feet, and stagger not,
These hundred year shall come into his hald.[17]
But nevertheless, sir, all thing ye have wrought
With help of Wisdom, and his willis wald,[18]
I shall reform it blithely. Be ye bald,[19]
And Youth-head shall have wite[20] of your misdeed.
Therefore require ye Reason mony fald,[21]
That he his rollis rathely[22] to you read."

Reason rose up, and in his rollis he brought.
"If I shall say, the sentence shall be plain;
Do ne'er the thing that e'er may scathe thee ought;
Keep measure and truth, for therein lies no train.[23]
Discretion should aye with King Heart remain;
These other young folk-servants are but fools.
Experience makes Knowledge now again,
And barnis young should learn at old men's schools.

REASON PLEADS.
From Harleian MS. 4431, p. 134.

"Who gustis sweet, and felt ne'er of the sour,
What can he say? How may he season juge?
Who sittis hot, and felt ne'er cold an hour,
What weather is thereout under the luge[24]
How should he wit?[25] That were a marvel huge!
To buy right blue, that never a hue had seen!
A servant be, that never had seen a fuge![26]
Suppose[27] it rhyme it accordis not all clean.[28]

"To wiss the right, and to disuse the wrong,
That is my school to all that list to lere."[29]
"But, Wisdom, if ye should dwell us among,
Methink ye dwell o'er long; put down your spear;
Ye might well make an end of all this weir,[30]
Would ye forth show your worthy document.
For is there none that can forbear
The work of Vice, withoutin your assent."

Wit said, "Sir King, be ware ere ye be woe,
For Foresight has now full long been flemit;[31]
Learn to[32] know thy friend forby[33] thy foe,
If thou will have thy country all well yemit;[34]

---

[1] *Miss*, fault. [2] *Into*, in. [3] *Cure*, care.
[4] *Serve*, deserve. [5] *O'er sleif*, oversleep. [6] *Steik*, shut.
[7] *Toom*, empty. [8] *Sle*, cunning, skilful.
[9] *Forsume* (German "versäumen"), lose by delay.
[10] *Perdé*, par Dieu. [11] *Verray* (French "vrai"), true.
[12] *Into my proper*, in my own. [13] *Suppose*, although.
[14] *Seisit*, settled, in possession. [15] *Meisit*, mitigated.
[16] *Wite*, blame. [17] *Hald*, hold. [18] *Wald*, power.
[19] *Bald*, bold.
[20] *Wite*, blame. Observe in line 638 "wo-rk," as in line 617 "ha-rm."
[21] *Mony fald*, many times. [22] *Rathely*, promptly.

[23] *Trayne*, enticement astray.
[24] *Luge*, arbour of leaves. [25] *Wit*, know.
[26] *Fuge* (French "fouaige"), pick or shovel.
[27] *Suppose*, although.
[28] *Accordis, not all clean*, does not exactly agree.
[29] *List to lere*, like to learn.
[30] *Weir*, war.
[31] *Flemit*, banished. Icelandic "flæma."
[32] *Learn to*. In MS. *Vnto*. [33] *Forby*, besides.
[34] *Yemit*, (First English "giman"), governed.

And be thou well, to hold thee so it seemit;[1]
[Ne'er weening ought to do that was amiss:][2]
After thy death thy deedis must be demit,
By thy desert either to bale or bliss."

Honour he rode the castle round about,
Upon a steed that was as white as milk.
"Is Ease therein?" cryit he with a shout.
Dame Plesaunce spake, her face hid with a silk:
"He is a governor of ours that ilk."[3]
Wit said, "Come in! full welcome to these wanis!"[4]
'I count not all your workis worth a wilk;[5]
Ye shall not harbour me and Ease at once."

Worship of War came on the tother side,
Upon a steed rampand was red as blood.
He cryit on Strength, "Come out man! Be my guide;
I cannot ride out o'er this water wood."[6]
Dame Plesaunce heard, and on her way she yeid[7]
Right to the King, and bade him Strength arrest;
"I would not, sir, for mickle worldly good,
Want Strength an hour whene'er we go to feast.

"In all disport he may us greatly 'vail;
Give him no leave, but hold him while ye may."
The King full well had heard Dame Plesaunce' tale,
And Strength he has arrestit by the way.
"Abide!" he said: "We shall another day
Seek Worship at our will and us advance.
I dread me sore, Sir Strength, of that delay;
For armes has both happy time and chance."

Strength said: "Now I am green, and in my flowers,
Fain would I follow Worship, an I might;
For, if I bide, in faith the fault is yours,
I must obey to you since that is right.
Now see I well, Dame Plesaunce has great sleight;[8]
And fie on Ease that holdis Honour out,
He is the man might bring us all to height;
Lo where he ridis backward with his rout!"

With this Beauty came in the Kingis sight;
Full reverently she kneelit in his presence:
"Dame Plesaunce says, sir, that ye do unright;
Durst I it say unto your high reverence,
Ye have displeasit her high magnificence,
That should let Conscience in her castle come;
He is her foe, and does her great offence,
And oft-times can her servitors o'ercome."

Therewith the King upstart, and turned aback
On Conscience, and all his court in fere;[9]
And to the Queen the right way can he take,
Full suddenly in armis hint the clear;[10]
She wryit about, to kiss she was full sweir.[11]
Then he again full fairly to her spake;
"No! be not wrath with me, my lady dear!
For as I may I shall you merry make.

"Though Conscience and Wisdom me to keep
Be cunning both, I shall them well beguile;
For truely, when they are gone to sleep,
I shall be here within a bonny while;
My solace shall I slyly thus o'ersyle.[12]
Right shall not rest[13] me alway with his rule;
Though I be whilom buxom[14] as a waile,[15]
I shall be crooked while I make [him fule]."[16]

Dame Plesaunce: "My friendis now are fled;
The lusty folk that ye forth with you brought.
Methink these carlis are not courtly clad!
What joy have I of them? I count them nought.
Youth-head, and Fresh Delight, might they be brought;
For with their service I am right well kend.
Fain would I that ye send men and them sought,
Although it were unto the worldis end."

The Queen wourde[17] wrath; the King was sore adred,
For her disdain he could not goodly bear.
They suppit soon, and syne[18] they bownit[19] to bed;
Sadness came in and rownit[20] in his ear!
Dame Plesaunce has perceivit her new fere;[21]
And early, afore the sun, she gan to rise
Out of the bed, and trussed up all her gear.
The King was sound asleep, and still he lies.

Horses and harness hint[22] she has in haste;
With all [her] folk she gan her wayis fare.
By this it was full near mid-day almaist,
Then came Disease[23] in riding with a rair:[24]

THE QUEEN DEPARTS.
From Harleian MS. 4431, p. 155.

"The Queen is went, alas! I wot not where!"
The King began to wake, and heard the beir:[25]
Then Jealousy came strekand[26] up the stair,
To serve the King, and drew him wonder near.

[1] *It seemit*, it beseems you.
[2] This line, wanting in the MS., was added conjecturally by Pinkerton: some other words in this poem, between square brackets, are of his addition.
[3] *Ilk*, same. [4] *Wanis*, dwellings. [5] *Wilk*, whelk.
[6] *Wood*, furious.
[7] *Yeid* (First English "eode"), went.
[8] *Sleight*, cunning. [9] *In fere*, together.
[10] *Hint the clear*, took the fair one.
[11] *Sweir*, slow, heavy. German "schwer."
[12] *O'ersyle*, conceal. [13] *Rest*, arrest, stay.
[14] *Buxom*, bending, yielding, or bow-some (First English "bugsam").
[15] *Waile*, wand. [16] Close of the line dropped in the original.
[17] *Wourde*, became. [18] *Syne*, afterwards. [19] *Bownit*, made ready.
[20] *Rownit*, whispered. [21] *Fere*, companion. [22] *Hint*, taken.
[23] *Disease*, the reverse of ease. [24] *Rair*, roar.
[25] *Beir*, cry. Icelandic "byre," storm-wind.
[26] *Strekand*, quickly moving.

Reason came: "Sir King, I rede ye rise,
There is a great part of this fair day run.
The sun was at the height, and downward hies.
Where is the treasure now that ye have won?
This drink was sweet ye found in Venus' tun!
Soon after this it shall be stale and sour;
Therefore of it I rede no more ye cun:[1]
Let it lie still an please your paramour."

Then Wisdom says, "Shape for some governance,
Sen[2] fair Dame Plesaunce on her ways is went.
In your last days ye may yourself advance,
If that ye wourde of the same indigent.
Go to your place, and you therein present;
The castle yet is strong enough to hold."
Then Sadness said, "Sir King, ye must assent;
What have ye now ado in this waste fold?"

The King has heard their counsel at the last,
And halélie[3] assentit to their saw.
"Make ready soon," he says, "and speed you fast."
Full suddenly they gan the clarion blaw;
On horse they leapt, and rode them all on raw[4]
To his own castle, therein he was bred.
Langour the watch out o'er the kirnal[5] flaw;[6]
And Heaviness to the great dungeon fled.

He cryit, "Sir King, welcome to thy own place!
I have it keepit truely sen thou past.
But I have mickle marvel of thy face,
That changit is like with a winter blast."
"Yea, Heaviness," the King said at the last,
"Now have I this with far more harmis hint,[7]
Which grievis me, when I my comptis cast,
How I fresh Youth-head and his fellows tint."[8]

Strength was as then fast fadit of his flowers
But still yet with the King he can abide;
While at the last in the hochis[9] he cowers,
Then privily out at the gate can slide.
He stole away and went on wayis wide,
And sought where Youth-head and his feris wouned:[10]
Full suddenly, suppose[11] he had no guide,
Behind a hill he has his feris found.

So, on a day, the dayis watches two
Came and said they saw a felloun[12] mist.
"Yea," said Wisdom, "I wist it would be woe:
That is a sign before a heavy trist![13]
That is peril to come, who it wist,
For, on some side, there shall us folk assail."
The King sat still; to travail he nought list;
And hearkened syne a while to Wit his tale.

Desire was daily at the chamber dure,[14]
And Jealousy was ne'er of his presence;
Ire keepit aye the gate, with mickle cure;[15]
And Wretchedness was hied into the spence.[16]

[1] *Cun*, learn, try. [2] *Sen*, since. [3] *Halelie*, wholly.
[4] *On raw*, in row, in order. [5] *Kirnal* (crenel), battlement.
[6] *Flaw*, flew. [7] *Hint*, taken. [8] *Tint*, lost.
[9] *In the hochis*, in the (treasure) chests.
[10] *Feris wouned*, companions dwelt.
[11] *Suppose*, although. [12] *Felloun*, dreadful.
[13] *Trist*, sorrow. [14] *Dure*, door. [15] *Cure*, care.
[16] *Spence*, place where provisions were kept; sometimes also the room in which they were eaten.

"Such folk as these," he said, "to make defence,
With all their family fully hundreds five!"
Sir Ease he was the greatest of reverence;
Best lovit with the King of leid alive.[17]

Unto the gate came riding on a day
Worship of War, which sows Honouris high:
"Go to the King," with sture[18] voice gan he say,
"Speir if any office he has for me;
For, an him list, I will him serve for fee."
Wisdom came to the wall, cryand o'er again:
"Man, seek thy fortune with Adversity;
It is nought here such thing as thee should gain.

"Strength is away, out-stealing like a thief,
Which keepit aye the treasure of estate;
There is no man should cherish thee so lief,
These other flock of worship are full blate."[19]
Worship of War again with Wisdom flate:[20]
"Why would ye not me see when Strength ye had?"
Therewith came Ease; said, "I sit warm and hait,[21]
When they thereout shall be with stouris stade."[22]

Worship says, "War I wot ye have at hand,
Which will assail your wallis high and strong."
Then Wisdom said, "Dame Plesaunce, sweet sembland,
In youth-head would not thole us Worship fang.[23]
Adieu, farewell!" Worship says, "Now I gang
To seek my craft unto the worldis end."
Wisdom sayis, "Take you Disease amang,
And wait on me, as whilom, where ye wend.

"For, do ye not, ye may not well eft heave."[24]
"What is your name?" "Wisdom, forsooth I hight."
"All wrong, God wot! Oft-times, sir, by your leave,
Mine aventúre will shape out of your sight:
But ne'ertheless may fall that ye have right.
Ruth have I none, out-take[25] fortúne and chance,
That man I aye pursue both day and night;
Ease I defy so hangis in his balance."

Right as these two were talkand in fere,[26]
A hideous host they saw come o'er the moor;
Decrepitus, his banner shone not clear,
Was at the hand, with many chieftains sture.[27]
A crudgéback[28] that careful caitiff bure,
And crookit were his loathly limbis baith.
But[29] smirk, or smile, but rather for to smure,[30]
But scoup,[31] or skift,[32] his craft is all to scathe.

Within a while the castle all about,
He siegit fast with many sow[33] and gine:
And they within gave many hideous shout,
For they were wonder woe King Heart to tyne![34]

[17] Best loved of living people by the King. [18] *Sture*, strong.
[19] *Blate*, shy. [20] *Flate*, contested. [21] *Hait*, hot.
[22] *With stouris stade*, encumbered with tumults of battle.
[23] *Thole us Worship fang*, suffer us to take Worship.
[24] *Eft heave*, again de labour. [25] *Out-take*, except.
[26] *In fere*, together. [27] *Sture*, strong.
[28] *Crudgeback*, crouchback, hump. [29] *But*, without.
[30] *Smure* or *smore*, choke, smother.
[31] *Scoup*, freedom of movement. "To scoup" (Icelandic "skopa," to run hither and thither) was to leap or move quickly from place to place. [32] *Skift*, facility in making anything.
[33] *Sow*, a machine used in sieges to cover those who were undermining. [34] *Tyne*, lose.

They grounden ganyeis,[1] and great gunnis syne
They shot without; within they stanis[2] cast.
King Heart says, "Hold the house, for it is mine;
Give it not o'er as long as we may last."

Thus they within had made full great defence,
Aye while they might the wallis have yemit,[3]
Till, at the last, they wantit them dispense,[4]
Evil purveyit folk, and so well stemit![5]
Their tunnis, and their tubbis, were all temit,[6]
And failit was the flesh that was their food;
And at the last Wisdom the best has deemit
Comfort to bid them keep, that he ne goude.[7]

An he be tynt,[8] in peril put we all;
Therefore hold wait,[9] and let him not away.
By this they heard the mickle fore-tower fall,
Which made them in the dungeon to effray.
Then rose there mickle dirdum[10] and deray![11]
The barmekin[12] burst, they entered in at large:
Headwork, Hoast, and Parlasy,[13] made great pay,[14]
And Murmurs more with many spear and targe.

When that they saw no boot[15] was to defend,
Then in they let Decrepitus full tyte.[16]
He sought King Heart, for he full well him kenned,
And with a sword he gan him smartly smite
His back in two, right pertly[17] for despite;
And with the brand brake he both his shins.
He gave a cry, then Comfort fled out quite;
And thus this baleful bargain[18] he begins.

Reason forfoughten[19] [was] and evil drest;[20]
And Wisdom was aye wandering to the door:
Conscience lay [him] down a while to rest,
Because he saw the King wourd[21] weak and poor;
For so in dule[22] he might no longer dure.
"Go send for Deid,"[23] thus said he verament;
"Yet for I will dispone of my treasure,
Upon this wise make I my testament.

[1] *Ganyeis*, arrows.
[2] *Stanis*, stones.
[3] *Yemit*, guarded. First English "giman," to take care of.
[4] Until at last they were without supplies.
[5] *Stemit*, hemmed in.
[6] *Temit*, emptied.
[7] *Ne goude*, did not go from them.
[8] *Tynt*, lost.
[9] *Wait*, watch.
[10] *Dirdum*, uproar (Cymric "dwrdd," a noise, stir, crack, or clap). The word has been fancifully derived from Icelandic "dyra-domr," a judicial sentence pronounced at the defendant's door, because such pronunciation of a sentence would be followed by noise.
[11] *Deray*, disorder.
[12] *Barmekin*, the outermost fortification. Various etymologies are suggested, but probably it is only a corruption of "barbican," an outer defence attached to the gate, as may be seen still in one of the old gates of York, Walmgate Bar.
[13] *Headwork, Hoast, and Parlasy*, Headache, Cough (German "husten"), and Palsy (paralysis).
[14] *Pay*, beating or drubbing. Cymric "pwy," a blow or knock; Greek πάιω (*paiō*), I strike.
[15] *Boot*, help, remedy. Defence did not help them.
[16] *Tyte*, soon.
[17] *Pertly*, briskly.
[18] *Bargain*, battle strife. The wrangling once incident to sale and purchase gave rise to the modern sense of the word "bargain."
[19] *Profoughten*, exhausted with fighting.
[20] *Drest*, beaten.
[21] *Wourde*, became.
[22] *Dule*, distress.
[23] *Deid*, Death.

DEATH IS NEAR.
From Harleian MS. 4431, p. 113.

"To fair Dame Pleasance aye when she list ride
My proud palfrey, Unsteadfastness, I leave,
With fickleness, her saddle set on side;
This ought there none, of reason, her to reve.[24]
To Fresh Beauty, because I could her heve,[25]
Green Appetite her servant for to be;
To crack[26] and cry alway till he her deve,[27]
That I command him straightly till[28] he die.

"Green Lust, I leave to thee at my last end,
Of Fantasy a fostell[29] fillit fow.[30]
Youth-head, because that thou my barne-head[31] kend,
To Wantonness aye will I that thou bow.
To Gluttony, that oft made me o'er fow,
This mickle womb,[32] this rotten liver als,[33]
See that ye bear, and that command I you;
And smartly hang them both abone his hals.[34]

"To Rere-supper,[35] be he among that rout,
Ye me commend; he is a fellow fine!
This rotten stomach that I bear about,
Ye rug[36] it out, and reach it to him syne:
For he has hindered me of many dine,[37]
And many time the mess has gart[38] me sleep;
Mine wittis has he wasted oft with wine,
And made my stomach with hot lustis leap.

"Deliverness[39] has oft times done me good,
When I was young, and stood in tender age;
He gart me run full reckless, by the rood,
At ball and bowl; therefore greet well that page:

[24] *Her to reve*, take from her.
[25] *Heve*, exalt.
[26] *Crack*, boast.
[27] *While he her deve*, until he deafen her.
[28] *Straightly while*, strictly until.
[29] *Fostell*, cask.
[30] *Fow*, full.
[31] *Barne-head*, childhood, childishness.
[32] *Mickle womb*, large belly.
[33] *Als*, also.
[34] *Abone his hals*, over his neck.
[35] *Rere-supper*, second supper.
[36] *Rug*, pluck.
[37] *Dine*, a dinner.
[38] *Gart*, made.
[39] Deliverness, freedom of limb, agility. The Squire, in Chaucer's Prologue, was "wonderly deliver and great of strength."

This heroun chin that swells and will not swage,[1]
Ye bear to him, he bears it at the ball:
And say to him that it shall be his wage:
This hornit urn ye bear to him at all.[2] 928

"To Chastity, that ever[3] innocent,
Here leave I now my conscience for to scour
Of all the wicked rust that through it went.
When she for me the tearis down could pour.
That fair sweet thing, benign in every hour,[4]
That never wist of vice nor violence.
But evermore in marryit with measure.
And clear of lustis cairt experience. 936

"To Freedom shall ye found[5] and fairly bear
This threadbare cloak, sometime was thick of wow:[6]
And bid for my sake that he [shall] it wear
When he has spendit of that he has now.
Ay, when his purse of pennies is not fow.[7]
Where is his freedom then? Full far to seek!
Ah! yon is he, was whilom to allow.[8]
What is he now? No fellow worth a leek. 944

"To Waste-good take and bear Need that I leave;
To Covetise syn give this blaze of fire;
To Vaunt and Voky[9] ye bear this rowm[10] sleeve;
Bid them therein that they take their hire.
To Busyness, that ne'er was wont to tire,
Bear him this stool, and bid him now sit down,
For he has left his master in the mire,
And would not draw him out though he should drown. 952

"Foolhardiness, bear him this broken brow,
And bid him boldly bind it with a clout:
For he has gotten morsels on the mow.[11]
And brought his master oft in mickle doubt.
Then shall ye after fair Dame Danger shout,
And say, because she had me aye at feid,[12]
This broken spear, sometime was stiff and stout,
To her I leave, but see it wants the head." 960

In Gavin Douglas's "Palace of Honour" the nine Muses and chief poets of the ancient and modern world are represented, as on their way to the Court of Venus:—

Yone is (quod thay) the court rethoricall
Of polit termis, sang poeticall,
And constand ground of famous storeis sweit,
Yone is the facound well celestiall,
Yone is the fontane and originall,
Quhairfra the well of Helicon dois fleit,
Yone are the folk that comfortis euerie spreit,
Be fine delit and dite angelicall,
Causand grow leid all of maist gudnes gleit.[13] 9

Yone is the court of plesand steidfastnes,
Yone is the court of constant mareines,
Yone is the court of joyous discipline,
Quhilk causis folk their purpois to expres
In ornate wise, prouokand with gleidnes
All gentill hartis to their lair incline,
Euerie famous poeit men may diuine
Is in yone rout, lo yonder their princes
Thespin, the mother of the musis nine. 1

[63 lines omitted.]

Sa greit ane preis of pepill drew vs neir
The hundreth part thair names ar not heir,
Yit saw I thair of Brutus Albion,
Geffray Chaucer, as *a per se* suns peir
In his vulgare, and morall John Gowcir.
Lydgait the monk raid musing him allone;
Of this natioun I knew also anone
Greit Kennedie, and Dunbar yit vndeid,
And Quintine with ane huttok[14] on his heid. 9

The Quintin here referred to is the Quintin Shaw named also in Dunbar's "Lament for the Makars." Only a song of his is known to be extant, and in addition to the three stanzas just quoted, that shall be taken, without change of spelling, as example of the form of English used by Scottish poets of the time we are now illustrating:—

ADVICE TO A COURTIER.

Suppois[15] the courte you cheir[16] and tretis,
And Fortoun on you schynis and betis,
I rid[17] you than war lufe! war le![18]
Suppois ye sole[19] betwix twa scheittis
Utheris has falit als weil as ye.

Gif changes the wynd, on force ye mon[20]
Bolyn, huke, haik and scheld hald on.[21]
Thairfoir bewar with[22] ane scharpe blawar.
Gif ye be wys avyse heiron
And set your sale a litle lawar.[23]

For gif ye hauld your sale ouir strek[24]
Thair may cum bubbis[25] ye not suspek;
Thair may come contrair ye not knaw;
Thair may cum stormis and caus a lek,[26]
That ye man cap[27] by wynd and waw.[28]

And tho the air be fair and stormles
Yit thair hauld not your sale ouir pres,[29]
For of hie landis thair may cum slaggis,[30]
At Saint Tabbis Heid and Buchan Nes,
And ryve your foir saill[31] all in raggis.

---

[1] *Swage*, quiet its pain. [2] *At all*, anyhow.
[3] *Nelie*, blessed, happy. [4] *Bour*, chamber.
[5] *Found*, go. [6] *Wow*, wool.
[7] *Fow*, full. [8] *To allow*, to praise.
[9] *Voky* (French "vogue"), Vain Fashion.
[10] *Rowm*, spacious.
[11] *Morsels on the mow*, bites on the mouth.
[12] *Feid*, feud.
[13] Causing rude people all to shine with the most goodness, *i.e.*, by softening their manners and lifting their minds.

[14] *Huttock* (French "haute toque"), high cap.
[15] *Suppois*, although. [16] *Cheir*, cherishes. [17] *Rid*, counsel
[18] *War lufe! war le!* Ware luff! ware lee!
[19] *Sole*, sailed.
[20] *On force ye mon*, of needs you must.
[21] *Bolyn* (Old French "bolliner"), tack; *huke*, swerve from course *haik*, anchor; *scheld hald on*, keep in shelter.
[22] *Bewar with*, be on guard against. [23] Sail a little lower.
[24] *Ouir strek*, too stiff, tense. [25] *Bubbis*, blasts. [26] *Lek*, leak
[27] *Cap*, to direct one's course at sea. German "kapp," a landmark
[28] *Waw*, wave. [29] *Your sale ouir pres*, too much press of sail
[30] Blasts may come down from the highlands.
[31] *Foir saill*, foresail.

Be thou vexit, and at undir,
Your freinds will fre[1] and on you wondir.
Thairfoir bewar with our hie lands,
Sic slags[2] may fall, suppois a hundir
War you to help thai have no hands.[3]

Dreid this danger, gud freind and brudir,
And tak example befoir of uther.
Knaw courtis and wynd has oftsys vareit.[4]
Keip weill your cours, and rewle your rudir;
And think with kingis ye are not mareit.

QUOD QUYNTENE SCHAW.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN SKELTON AND SIR DAVID LINDSAY, WITH OTHERS.—A.D. 1500 TO A.D. 1550.

AT the beginning of the sixteenth century allegorical poetry abounded. An allegory of human life, much larger than "King Heart," was finished in 1506 in England by Stephen Hawes, Groom of the Chamber to King Henry VII. It was "The History of Graund Amoure and La Bel Pucell, called *The Pastime of Pleasure*, conteyning the Knowledge of the Seven Sciences, and the Course of Man's Life in this Worlde." While there was in the North William Dunbar writing such allegories as the "Thistle and the Rose," "The Golden Terge," in the South there was John Skelton, who set forth the corruptions of court life in "The Bowge of Court." *Bowge* (from the French *bouche*, mouth) was the word for a courtier's right of eating at the king's expense, and "Bowge of Court" in the poem was the name of an allegorical ship with Court vices on board. But we care most for John Skelton, as Spenser cared for him, because he was a poet who, in Henry VIII.'s time, expressed some of those energetic feelings which were hastening a reformation in the English Church. He was rector of Diss, in Norfolk. The date of his institution to that office is not on record; but he was holding it in 1504, when he witnessed as rector the will of one of his parishioners, and he retained it until his death in 1529, for in July of that year Thomas Clerk was instituted as Skelton's successor. By opposition to corruptions of the Romish Church, and by marrying, although a priest, Skelton made the Dominicans his enemies. His scholarship was honoured by Erasmus, and Henry VII. chose him to be tutor to the royal children. Henry VIII. retained good will for his old master, and Skelton was much at his court. But outspoken denunciations of the spiritual pride and pomp of the higher clergy, and their neglect of spiritual duties, advanced in Skelton to a courageous attack on Wolsey when he was at the height of his power. Wolsey, when only a rising scholar, had been his friend; but as a prelate who seemed to have become the impersonation of that worldliness in spiritual chiefs against which the best men in England were protesting, Skelton joined in attack on him. In a verse of his own—called after him, Skeltonical—that was like the First English in its short lines of varying accentuation, and had occasional alliteration, but to which he added rhymes that danced forward in little shifting torrents—a rustic verse, as he called it, that served admirably to express either a rush of wrath, or the light freaks of playfulness—the scholar poet, whom his enemies called a buffoon, spoke home truths for his countrymen. His fearless speech obliged him to take refuge from the power of Wolsey by claiming the right of sanctuary in Westminster Abbey, and he died sheltered by Abbot Islip in June, 1529. In the following October Wolsey was deprived of the Great Seal, and he survived his fall little more than a year, dying in November, 1530.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.
(*From Holbein's Portrait.*)

Skelton's most direct and bitterest attacks on Wolsey are in his two poems called "Speak, Parrot," and "Why come ye not to Court?" In the latter part of "Colin Clout" Wolsey is pointed at again and again, but there is less in this poem of the mere bitterness of the conflict, although not less of religious earnestness in its delicate blending of the voice of the people with touches of irony. What Skelton battled for in the days of Henry VIII., Spenser sought under Elizabeth, and Milton under the Stuarts. Spenser, indeed, in his first published book was so full of the same zeal that appears in Skelton's "Colin Clout," that he adopted from that poem the name by which he always spoke of himself in his verses.

Under the name of "Colin Clout" John Skelton in the following poem represented the appeal made to grandees of the Church by a poor Englishman. It seems to have been current in manuscript and on the lips of men for some years before it was suffered to be printed (see lines 1230—32). After the

[1] *Fre*, inquire. [2] *Slags*, blasts.

[3] Although there were a hundred to help you, they have no hands. They are powerless against the frown of the exalted, whose ill-will comes down as the blast from the highlands to wreck the ship.

[4] Know courts and winds have ofttimes varied.

Reformation Skelton's popular writings first became current in little printed books, like the undated one "imprinted at London by me, Richard Kele, dwellying in the Powltrie at the long shop under Saynt Myldredes Chyrche."

COLIN CLOUT.

What can it avail
To drive forth a snail,
Or to make a sail
Of an herring's tail?
To rhyme or to rail,
To write or to indite,
Either for delight
Or else for despite;
Or books to compile
Of divers manner style,
Vice to revile
And sin to exile,
To teach and to preach
As reason will reach?

Say this, and say that:—[1]
"His head is so fat,
He wotteth never what,
Nor whereof he speaketh:"
"He cryeth and he creaketh,"
"He pryeth and he peeketh,"
"He chides and he chatters,"
"He prates and he patters,"
"He clitters and he clatters,"
"He meddles and he smatters,"
"He gloses and he flatters."
Or if he speak plain,
Then "He lacketh brain,
He is but a fool,
Let him go to school
On a three-footed stool
That he may down sit,
For he lacketh wit."
And if that he hit

THE FOOL IN BOOKS.
From Sebastian Brandt's "Narrenschiff."

The nail on the head,
It standeth in no stead,
"The devil," they say, "is dead;
The devil is dead."

It may well so be,
Or else they would see
Otherwise, and flee
From worldly vanity,
And foul covetousness,
And other wretchedness,
Fickle falseness,
Variableness
With unstableness.

And if ye stand in doubt
Who brought this rhyme about,
My name is COLIN CLOUT.
I purpose to shake out
All my conning bag[2]
Like a clerkly hag.[3]
For though my rhyme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rain-beaten,
Rusty and moth-eaten,
If ye take well therewith
It hath in it some pith.

For, as far as I can see,
It is wrong with each degree:
For the temporaltie
Accuseth the spiritualtie;
The spiritual again
Doth grudge and complain
Upon the temporal men:

[1] Skelton proceeds to illustrate some courtesies of critics towards a book intended earnestly to do true service in its day. With such comments before the writer, what avails it, he says, that he should ask speed of the snail, or hope to reach the desired port when the common censures of men hoist for him no better sail than a herring's tail to help his good ship on her way. Two contemporaries of Skelton were the German Sebastian Brandt—who died in 1520, and who led the way in sixteenth century satire with his "Navis Stultifera," or "Narrenschiff," in Latin and German—and Alexander Barclay, who made of it a "Ship of Fools" in English verse. The first fool in Brandt's collection is the sort of reader from whom narrow criticism comes, whom Pope called "the bookful blockhead ignorantly read," and whom I reproduce above as figured in Brandt's book. Such illustrations of the text as are drawn from "The Ship of Fools" are copied direct from the original Nuremberg edition of 1494. The illustrations to Barclay are weak copies of them. Another of Skelton's contemporaries was the great scholar Erasmus, who, indeed, knew Skelton personally, and spoke of him as a light and ornament of British literature. Erasmus, when in England in 1509, wrote, not without some suggestion from Brandt's "Ship of Fools," a "Moriæ Encomium"—a Praise of Folly—with like purpose of help to society through satire. Hans Holbein, delighted with this book, adorned the margin of one copy of it with pen-and-ink sketches in illustration of passages that caught his fancy. He enriched the volume with eighty-three such sketches in ten days. The volume is now in the library at Basle. Where any of these sketches are used to illustrate the text they are taken from the best reproductions of them, those in C. Patin's edition of the "Moriæ Encomium," published at Basle in 1676.

[2] *Conning bag*, bag of knowledge.

[3] *Hag.* First English "hæg-steald," a bachelor, youth, soldier, and prince; "hæghed," bachelorhood. So in the other passages where Skelton uses the word, not meaning what we now understand by it. "Ye cast all your courage upon such courtly hags;" and

"Thou canst not but brag
Like a Scottish hag."

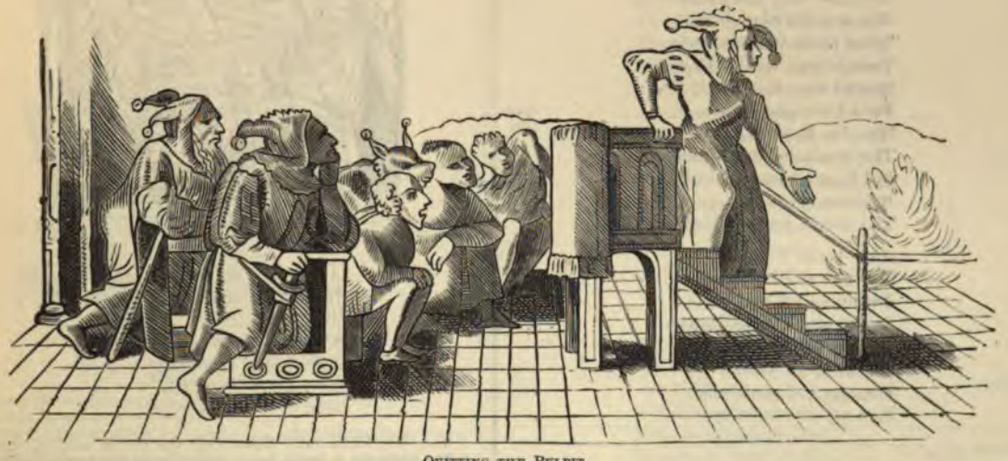
Mr. Dyce, in his admirable edition of Skelton's "Poetical Works," published in 1843, gives the word up.

Thus each of other blother[1]
The tone against the tother.
Alas, they make me shudder!
For in hoder moder,
The church is put in faute;[2]
The prelates ben so haut,
They say, and look so high
As they would fly
Above the starry sky.
Lay men say, indeed,
How they take no heed
Their sely sheep to feed,
But pluck away and pull
The fleeces of their wool,
Unethes[3] they leave a lock
Of wool amongst their flock;
And as for their conning,[4]
A glomming[5] and a mumming,
And make thereof a jape.[6]
They gasp and they gape
All to have promotion,
There is their whole devotion,
With money, if it will hap,
To catch the forked cap.[7]
Forsooth they are too lewd
To say so, all beshrewd!

What trow ye they say more,
Of the bishoppes lore?
How in matters they be raw,
They lumber forth the law
To hearken Jack and Gill
When they put up a bill.

In their provincial cure
They make but little sure,
And meddle very light
In the Church's right;
But ire and venire
And sol-fa so a-la-mi-re,[9]
That the premunire
Is like to be set a-fire
In their jurisdictions
Through temporal afflictions;
Men say they have prescriptions
Against spiritual contradictions,
Accounting them as fictions.

And while the heads do this,
The remenaunt is amiss
Of the clergy all
Both great and small.
I wot never how they wark,
But thus the people bark,
And surely thus they say:
Bishoppes if they may
Small houses would keep,
But slumber forth and sleep
And assay to creep
Within the noble walls
Of the kingés halls,
To fat their bodies full,
Their soulés lean and dull,
And have full little care
How evil their sheep fare.
The temporalitie say plain
How bishops disdain,



QUITTING THE PULPIT.
From Holbein's Illustrations of the "Moriæ Encomium."

And judge it as they will,
For other mennes skill,[8]
Exponding out their clauses,
And leave their own causes.

Sermons for to make,
Or such labour to take;
And, for to say troth,
A great part is for sloth,
But the greatest part
Is for they have but small art,
And right slender conning,
Within their heads wonning.[10]

[1] *Blother*, make windy talk. "Blore," a blast of wind.
[2] *Faute*, fault. [3] *Unethes*, not easily.
[4] *Conning*, knowledge.
[5] *Glomming*, putting on a glum face.
[6] *Jape*, jest. [7] *Forked cap*, mitre.
[8] In spite of other men's reasoning.
[9] *A-la-mi-re*, notes in the scale of music.
[10] *Wonning*, dwelling.

But this reason they take
How they are able to make
With their gold and treasure
Clerks out of measure,
And yet that is a pleasure.

Howbeit some there be
Of that dignity
Full worshipful clerks,
As appeareth by their werks,
Like Aaron and Ure,[1]
The wolf from the door
To werryn[2] and to keep
From their ghostly sheep,
And their spiritual lambs
Sequestered from rams
And from the bearded goats
With their hairy coats;
Set nought by gold ne groats,
Their names if I durst tell.
But they are loth to mell,[3]
And loth to hang the bell
About the cattés neck,
For dread to have a check;
They are fain to play deux decke,
They are made for the beck;
Howbeit they are good men
Much hearted like an hen;
Their lessons forgotten they have
That Becket them gave:
Thomas manum mittit ad fortia,
Spernit damna, spernit opprobria,
Nulla Thomam frangit injuria.[4]
But now every spiritual father,
Men say, they had rather
Spend much of their share
Than be cumbered with care.
Spend! nay, nay, but spare,
For let see who dare
Shoe the mockish mare;
They make her wince and keke,[5]
But it is not worth a leek.
Boldness is to seek[6]
The church for to defend.

Take me as I intend,
For loth I am to offend
In this that I have penned.
I tell you what men say;
Amend when ye may
For *usque ad montem Seir*[7]
Men say ye cannot appeire,[8]

For some say ye hunt in parks
And hawk on hobby[9] larks
And other wanton warks
When the night darks.

What hath laymen to do
The grey goose for to shoe?[10]
Like houndés of hell
They cry and they yell
How that ye sell
The grace of the Holy Ghost:[11]
Thus they make their boast
Throughout every coast;
How some of you do eat
In Lenten season flesh meat,
Pheasants, partridge and cranes,
Men call you therefore profanes.
Ye pick no shrimps nor pranes,[12]
Salt fish, stock fish nor herring,
It is not for your werynge;[13]
Nor in holy Lenten season
Ye will neither beans ne peason
But ye look to be let loose
To a pig or to a goose,
Your gorge[14] not endewed
Without a capon stewed.

"GO YE ALSO INTO THE VINEYARD." (*Holbein.*)

And how when ye give orders
In your provincial borders,
As at *Sitientes*,[15]
Some are *insufficientes*,
Some *parum sapientes*,[16]
Some *nihil intelligentes*,[17]

[1] *Ure*, Urias.
[2] *Werryn* (First English "warian"), ward off.
[3] *Mell*, meddle.
[4] Thomas puts forth his hand to what is strong, he contemns losses, contemns insults; no wrong causes Thomas to break down.
[5] *Keke*, kick.
[6] *To seek*, wanting. So in Milton's "Comus:"—

"I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book."

[7] *As far as Mount Seir* (named in Joshua xv. 10, as on the borders of Judah, "From Baalah westward unto Mount Seir").
[8] *Ye cannot appeire* (French "pire," Latin "pejor"), become worse than you are. This is Mr. Dyce's reading of the lines—

"For *usque ad montem Sare*
Ye cannot appare."

[9] The *hobby* was a small hawk (only the merlin smaller), and was used in catching larks, because, through fear of it, they would not rise while the net was being drawn over them.
[10] "He that meddleth with all things may shoe the gosling." (Heywood.)
[11] Simony. [12] *Pranes*, prawns.
[13] *Werynge*, restriction, covenant. First English "wæ'ran" and "werian," to defend, check; "wæ'r," a caution, compact, pledge, covenant.
[14] The crop of a hawk was called *the gorge*, and Dame Juliana Berners, in the "Book of St. Alban's" (quoted by Mr. Dyce), says "she *enduyth* when her meate in her bowelles falle to dygrestyon."
[15] *Sitientes*, ye who thirst. First word of the Introit of the mass for Passion Sunday. *Sitientes Saturday* was here, and is still abroad, the name for the day before Passion Sunday. (Dyce.)
[16] Little wise.
[17] Understanding nothing.

Some *valde negligentes*,[1]
Some *nullum sensum habentes*,[2]
But bestial and untaught;
But when they have once caught
Dominus vobiscum[3] by the head,
Then run they in every stead,[4]
God wot, with drunken nolls,[5]
Yet take they cure of souls
And wotteth never what they read,
Paternoster, Ave nor Creed,
Construe not worth a whistle
Neither Gospel nor 'Pistle,
Their matins madly said,
Nothing devoutly prayed;
Their learning is so small,
Their primes and houres fall
And leap out of their lips
Like sawdust or dry chips.
I speak not now of all,
But the most part in general.
Of such vagabundus
Speaketh *totus mundus*;[6]
How some sing *Lætabundus*[7]
At every ale stake[8]
With Welcome hake and make![9]
By the bread that God brake
I am sorry for your sake.
I speak not of the good wife,
But of their apostles' life;

The Good Wife. (*Holbein.*)

Cum ipsis vel illis
Qui manent in villis
Est uxor vel ancilla,
Welcome Jack and Gylla!
My pretty Petronilla,
An you will be stilla
You shall have your willa.
Of such Paternoster peaks[10]
All the world speaks.

In you the fault is supposed,
For that they are not apposed[11]
By just examination
In conning and conversation,[12]
They have none instruction
To make a true construction.
A priest without a letter,
Without his virtue be gretter,[13]
Doubtless were much better
Upon him for to take
A mattock or a rake.
Alas, for very shame!
Some cannot decline their name;
Some cannot scarcely read,
And yet he will not dread
For to keep a cure.
This *Dominus vobiscum*,
As wise as Tom a Thrum,
A chaplain of trust
Lay'th all in the dust.

Thus I, Colin Clout,
As I go about,
And wandering as I walk,
I hear the people talk.
Men say, For silver and gold
Mitres are bought and sold;
Then shall no clergy[14] appose
A mitre nor a crose,[15]
But a full purse.
A straw for Goddes curse!
What are they the worse?
For a Simoniac
Is but a Hermoniac,
And no more ye make
Of Simony, men say,
But a child's play.
Over this the foresaid lay
Report how the Pope may
An holy anker[16] call
Out of the stony wall
And him a bishop make,
If he on him dare take
To keep so hard a rule,
To ride upon a mule
With gold all betrapped
In purple and pall belapped;

[1] *Extremely negligent.*
[2] *Having no sense.*
[3] "The Lord be with you," the closing words of the service.
[4] *Stead*, place.
[5] *Nolls*, heads. So Spenser ("Faerie Queene," VII., vii. 39):—

"Then came October, full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the must
Which he was treading."

[6] *Totus mundus*, all the world.
[7] Greatly rejoicing.
[8] *Ale stake.* The old sign for an alehouse was a stake with a garland or bush of twigs at the end of it. Hence our saying that good wine needs no bush, because all take care to remember where they found it. "Hanging out the broom," which is a stake with twigs at the end of it, also has become a phrase for turning one's house into a place of public entertainment.
[9] *Hake and make*, loiterer and mate or comrade. *Hake*, perhaps allied to Dutch "hachelyk," German "häkelig," difficult, troublesome, against one's will. From the root "hage," which is hooked or entangled. In Scottish dialect "hashy" means slovenly, and "hash" "a hashal," a slovern.
[10] *Peaks*, simpletons.
[11] *Apposed*, questioned.
[12] Knowledge and conduct in life. So in the Bible, as in Ps. 1. 23, "To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God."
[13] *Gretter*, greater.
[14] *Clergy*, learning.
[15] *Crose*, crozier. So in Milton's "Lycidas:"—

"Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs.
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped."

[16] *Anker*, anchorite.

Some hatted and some capped,
Richly and warmly bewrapped,
God wot to their great pains,
In rochets of fine Raynes[1]
White as morrow's[2] milk;
Their tabards of fine silk,
Their stirrups of mixt gold begared,[3]
There may no cost be spared;
Their mulés gold doth eat,
Their neighbours die for meat.

What care they though Gill sweat
Or Jack of the Noke?
The poor people they yoke
With summons and citations
And excommunications
About churches and market;
The bishop on his carpet
At home full softe doth sit.
This is a farly fyt[4]
To hear the people jangle,
How warely they wrangle:
Alas! why do ye not handle,
And them all to-mangle.
Full falsely on you they lie
And shamefully you ascrye,
And say as untrulý
As the butterfly
A man might say in mock
Were the weathercock
Of the steeple of Poules;[5]
And thus they hurt their souls
In slandering you for truth.
Alas, it is great ruth!
Some say, Ye sit in thrones
Like princes aquilonis,[6]
And shrine your rotten bones
With pearls and precious stones;
But how the commons groans
And the people moans
For prestes, and for loans[7]
Lent and never paid,
But from day to day delayed,
The commonwealth decayed,
Men say ye are tongue tayde[8]
And thereof speak nothing
But dissimuling and glosing.
Wherefore men be supposing
That ye give shrewd counsél
Against the commune-well
By polling and pillage
In cities and village
By taxing and tollage,
Ye make monks to have the culerage
For covering of an old cottage
That committed is a collage
In the charter of dotage
Tenure par service de sottage
And not par service de socage[9]
After old seigniors
And the learning of Lyttleton Tenures;[10]
Ye have so overthwarted
That good laws are subverted
And good reason perverted.
Religious men are fain
For to turn again
In secula seculorum,
And to forsake their quorum
And vagabundare per forum,[11]
And take a fine *meritorum*
Contra regulam morum,[12]
Aut black *monachorum*,
Aut canonicorum,
Aut Bernardinorum,
Aut crucifixorum,
And to sing from place to place
Like Apostatas.
And the selfsame game
Begun is now with shame
Amongst the sely nuns:
My lady now she runs,
Dame Sybil our abbess,
Dame Dorothy and Lady Bess,
Dame Sare our prioress,
Out of their cloister and quere[13]
With an heavy cheer,
Must cast up their black veils
And set up their fore sails
To catch wind with their ventales—
"What, Colin, there thou shales!"[14]
Yet thus with ill hails
The lay people rails.

And all the fault they lay
On you, prelates, and say
You do them wrong and no right
To put them thus to flight;
No matins at midnight,
Book and chalice gone quite;

[1] *Raynes*, a fine linen made in Rennes, in Brittany.
[2] *Morrow's*, morning's. [3] *Begared*, adorned.
[4] *Farly fit*, strange song. First English "fær'lic," sudden, surprising. So in the opening of the vision of "Piers Plowman:"—
"Me befel a ferly, of fairy methought."
[5] Old St. Paul's, of which various parts were in building during 224 years before its completion in 1312, had a tower and spire 534 feet high, with a ball on the top that could contain ten bushels of grain, and over the ball a cross that was fifteen feet high. In 1444 this spire was fired by lightning, and the damage thus caused was not fully repaired till 1462. The refitted spire was then surmounted with "a stately eagle weathercock of gilt copper," which the mocker from below, missing the ball and cross, could liken to a bright butterfly settled upon it.
[6] *Aquilonis*, on the sides of the north. "Thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north." (Isaiah xiv. 13.)
[7] *Prestes*, forced payments of ready money in advance, and *loans*. In 1523 Wolsey levied a loan of a tenth on lay subjects, and a fourth on the clergy. In 1523 he got a subsidy from the clergy of half their year's revenue, and asked four shillings in the pound of the laity, getting half that sum.
[8] *Tayde*, tied.
[9] Tenure by *socage* was on condition of fixed services. It is u here for the play on words with service of sottage or folly.
[10] Thomas Littleton, of a good Worcestershire family, beca serjeant-at-law in 1455, a Justice of Common Pleas in 1466, a Knigh the Bath a few years later, died in 1481, and was buried in Worce Cathedral. He compiled, perhaps when judge of Common Pleas, famous book on Tenures, which was afterwards the subject of a c mentary by Sir Edward Coke, who looked upon Littleton's "Tenur as "the most perfect and absolute book that was ever written in science."
[11] Vagabondize through the market-place.
[12] Against the rule of manners, or discipline, either of the bl monks or, &c. &c. [13] *Quere*, choir.
[14] "I shayle as a man or horse dothe that gothe croked with legges: *Je vas eschays*. . . *A shayle* with y^e^ knees togyther and fete outwarde: *A eschays*." (Palsgrave, 1530, quoted by Dyce.)

And pluck away the leads
Even over their heads,
And sell away their bells
And all that they have elles;
Thus the people tells,
Railes like rebels,
Reads shrewdly and spells,
And with foundations melis,
And talks like Titivels[1]
How ye break the dead's wills,
Turn monasteries into water-mills,
Of an abbey ye make a grange;
Your works, they say, are strange;
So that their founders' souls
Have lost their bead-rolls,[2]
The money for their masses
Spent among wanton lasses;
The *Diriges* are forgotten,
Their founders lie there rotten,
But where their soulés dwell
Therewith I will not mell.
What could the Turk do more
With all his falsé lore,
Turk, Saracen or Jew?
I report me to you,
O merciful Jesu,
You support and rescue
My style, for to direct
It may take some effect!
For I abhor to write
How the lay fee[3] despite
You prelates, that of right
Should be lanterns of light.
Ye live, they say, in delight
Drowned *in deliciis*
In gloria et divitiis
In admirabili honore,
In gloria, et splendore
Fulgurantis hastæ,
Viventes parum caste.[4]
Yet sweet meat hath sour sauce,
For after *gloria, laus.*[5]
Christ by cruelty
Was nailed upon a tree;
He paid a bitter pension
For mannes redemption,
He drank eysell[6] and gall
To redeem us withal.
But sweet hippocras[7] ye drink
With "Let the cat wink!"
Each wot what each other think;
Howbeit *per assimile*[8]

Some men think that ye
Shall have penalty
For your iniquity.

Nota, what I say
And bear it well away.
If it please not theologys
It is good for astrologys.

An Astrologer. (*Holbein.*)

For Ptolemy told me
The sun sometime to be
In Ariete
Ascendent a degree
When Scorpion descending,
Was so then portending
A fatal fall of one
That should sit on a throne
And rule all things alone.[9]
Your teeth whet on this bone
Amongst you every one,
And let Colin Clout have none
Manner of cause to moan;
Lay salve to your own sore,
For else, as I said before,
After *gloria, laus,*
May come a sour sauce;
Sorry therefore am I,
But truth can never lie.

With language thus polluted
Holy Church is bruited
And shamefully confuted.
My pen now will I sharp
And wrest up my harp
With sharp, twinkling trebles
Against all such rebels
That labour to confound
And bring the Church to the ground;
As ye may daily see
How the lay fee

[1] *Titivillus* is a fiend in the "Mystery of Judgment," in the Wakefield (or Towneley) Mysteries, and represents the sin of the flesh in the moral play of "Mankind." Mr. J. Payne Collier, observing this, objected to the derivation of the word from Latin "titivilitium," a thing of small worth, and preferred the derivation from "totum vile," all vile. Mr. Dyce quotes from Heywood's works, ed. 1598:—

"There is no moe such titifyls in English ground,
To hold with the hare and run with the hound."

[2] *Bead-rolls*, lists of the souls to be prayed for.

[3] *Lay fee*, laity, holders of lay fee or property.

[4] Drowned in delights, in glory and riches, in honour to be wondered at; in glory and the shining of the glittering spear (Habakkuk iii. 11); living with little purity.

[5] Glory, praise.

[6] *Eysell*, vinegar.

[7] Hippocras was wine spiced and sugared.

[8] By like to like, each being rewarded after his deeds.

[9] The reference here is to Wolsey, of whose downfall this was called Skelton's prophecy.

Of one affinity
Consent and agree
Against the Church to be
And the dignity
Of the Bishop's see.
And either ye be too bad
Or else they are mad
Of this to report:
But, under your support,
Till my dying day
I shall both write and say,
And ye shall do the same,
How they are to blame
You thus to defame:
For it maketh me sad
How that the people are glad
The Church to deprave;
And some there are that rave,
Presuming on their wit
When there is never a whit,
To maintain arguments
Against the sacraments.

Some make epilogation
Of high predestination,
And of recidivation[1]
They make interpretation
Of an awkward fashion,
And of the prescience
Of divine essence,
And what hypostasis
Of Christés manhood is.
Such logic men will chop
And in their fury hop
When the good ale-sop
Doth dance in their foretop.
Both women and men
Such ye may well know and ken
That against priesthode
Their malice spread abrode,
Railing heinously
And disdainously
Of priestly dignities,
But their malignities.
And some have a smack
Of Luther's sack
And a brenning spark
Of Luther's wark,
And are somewhat suspect
In Luther's sect;
And some of them bark,
Clatter and carp
Of that heresy art
Called Wiclevista,
The devilish dogmatista,
And some be Hussians
And some be Arians,
Some be Pelagians,
And make much variance
Between the Clergie
And the Temporaltie,
How the Church hath too mickel
And they have too little,
And bring in materialities
And qualified qualities
Of pluralities,
Of trialities,[2]
And of tot quots[3]
They commune like sots
As cometh to their lots,
Of prebendaries and deans,
How some of them gleans
And gathereth up the store
For to catch more and more,

THE PLURALIST. (*Brandt.*)

Of parsons and vicaries
That make many outcries
They cannot keep their wives
From them for their lives.
And thus the losels[4] strives
And lewdly says,[5] by Christ,
Against the sely priest.
Alas! and well a way,
What ails them thus to say?
They might be better advised
Than to be so disguised.
But they have enterprised
And shamefully surmised
How prelacy is sold and bought
And come up of nought;
And where the prelates be
Come of low degree
And set in majesty
And spiritual dignity,
Farewell Benignity!
Farewell Simplicity!
Farewell Humility!
Farewell good Charity!

Ye are so puffed with pride
That no man may abide

[1] *Recidivation*, backsliding.

[2] *Trialities*, three benefices in one holding.

[3] *Tot quots*. So in Barclay's "Ship of Fools," quoted by Dyce —

"Then if this lord hath him in favour, he hath hope
To have another benefice of greater dignitie,
And so maketh a false suggestion to the Pope
For a *tot quot*, or else a pluralitie."

[4] *Losels* or *lorels*, good-for-nothing fellows.

[5] *Lewdly says*, speak without knowledge, as lay people.

Your high and lordly looks.
Ye cast up then your books
And virtue is forgotten:
For then ye will be wroken
Of every light quarrel,
And call a lord a javel,[1]
A knight a knave ye make,
Ye boast, ye face, ye crake,[2]
And upon you ye take
To rule both king and kaiser,
And if ye may have laiser[3]
Ye will bring all to nought.
And that is all your thought.
For the lords temporal
Their rule is very small,
Almost nothing at all.
Men say how ye appal
The noble blood royal.
In earnest and in game
Ye are the less to blame,
For lords of noble blood
If they well understood
How conning[4] might them advance
They would pipe you another dance.
But noblemen born,
To learn they have scorn
But hunt and blow an horn,[5]
Leap over lakes and dikes,
Set nothing by politikes,
Therefore ye keep them base
And mock them to their face.
This is a piteous case,
To you that over the wheel
Great lords must crouch and kneel
And break their hose at the knee,
As daily men may see
And to remembrance call
Fortune so turneth the ball
And ruleth so over all
That honour hath a great fall.

Shall I tell you more? Yea, shall.
I am loth to tell all,
But the commonalty you call
Idols of Babylon
De terra Zebulon,
De terra Naphtalim.[6]
For ye love to go trim,
Brought up of poor estate
With pride inordinate,
Suddenly upstart
From the dung-cart
The mattock and the shule
To reign and to rule,
And have no grace to think
How ye were wont to drink
Of a leather bottle
With a knavish stopple
When mammocks[7] was your meat,
With mouldy bread to eat,
Ye could none other get
To chew and to gnaw
To fill therewith your maw;
Lodging in fair straw,
Couching your drowsy heads
Sometime in lousy beds.
Alas, this is out of mind!
Ye grow now out of kind,
Many one ye have untwined[8]
And made the commons blind.
But *qui se existimat stare*[9]
Let him well beware
Lest that his foot slip,
And have such a trip
And fall in such decay
That all the world may say,
"Come down, in the devil way!"

Yet over all that
Of bishops they chat,
That though ye round your hair
An inch above your ear
And have *aures patentes*
And *parum intendentes*,[10]
And your tonsures be cropped,
Your ears they be stopped;
For Master *Adulator*
And Doctor *Assentator*
And *Blandior blandiris*[11]
With *Mentior mentiris*,[12]
They follow your desirés,
And so they blear[13] your eye
That ye cannot espy
How the male doth wry.[14]
Alas, for Goddes will,
Why sit ye, prelates, still
And suffer all this ill?
Ye bishops of estates
Should open the broad gates
Of your spiritual charge
And come forth at large
Like lanterns of light
In the people's sight,

[1] *Javel*, once a common term of contempt; etymology doubtful.
[2] *Crake*, crack, talk big.
[3] *Laiser*, leisure. [4] *Conning*, knowledge.
[5] Scorn to learn anything except hunting, horn-blowing, &c.
[6] Of the land of Zebulon, of the land of Naphtali. The allusion is to Isaiah viii. 19—22; ix. 1, 2.
[7] *Mammocks*, scraps, leavings.
[8] *Untwined*, destroyed.
[9] He who thinketh that he standeth.
[10] Ears open and little on the stretch.
[11] I fawn, thou fawnest.
[12] I lie, thou liest.
[13] *Blear*, blur. Probably from the Cymric "pluor," dust. The image of throwing dust in the eyes associated "blear" with magical delusion. An old Latin-German dictionary defines "Præstigiæ" as "Pler vor den Augen," blear before the eyes; and Milton makes Comus hurl his

"Dazzling spells into the spungy air
Of power, to cheat the eyes with blear illusion."

[14] *How the male doth wry.* So in Skelton's "Philip Sparrow:"—

"Yet there was a thing
That made the male to wring,
She made him to sing
The song of lovers lay."

And in "Why come ye not to Court?"—

"The countrynge at Cales
Wrang us on the males."

The phrase seems to mean being reduced to extremity. Travellers carried, as we have seen in the "Geste of Robin Hood" (line 984), the money, &c., needed for their journey, in their *mails* or travelling bags. Squeezing or twisting the mail would, therefore, be equivalent to pinching the pocket, and the traveller would be in extremity when his bag was empty enough to be wrung. This is but a doubtful guess at the origin of a saying that has yet to be decisively interpreted.

In pulpits autentike
For the weal publike
Of priesthood in this case;
And always to chase
Such manner of schismatics
And half heretics
That would intoxicate,
That would coinquinate,[1]
That would contaminate
And that would violate
And that would derogate
And that would abrogate
The Church's high estates
After this manner rates,
The which should be
Both frank and free,
And have their liberty
As of antiquity
It was ratified,
And also gratified
By holy synodals
And bulls papals
As it is *res certa*[2]
Contained in *Magna Charta*.
But Master Damian
Or some other man
That clerkly is and can
Well Scripture expound
And his textes ground—
His benefice worth ten pound,
Or scant worth twenty mark,
And yet a noble clerk—
He must do this werk;
As I know a part—
Some Masters of Art,
Some Doctors of Law,
Some learned in other saw,
As in Divinity—
That hath no dignity
But the poor degree
Of the University;
Or else friar Frederick,
Or else friar Dominick,
Or friar Hugulinus,
Or friar Augustinus,
Or friar Carmélus
That ghostly can heal us;
Or else if we may
Get a friar gray,
Or else of the order
Upon Greenwich border
Called Observants,[3]
Or a friar of France.
Or else the poor Scot
It must come to his lot
To shoot forth his shot,
Or of Badwell[4] beside Bury
To postel upon a Kyrie,[5]
That would it should be noted

How Scripture should be quoted,
And so clerkly promoted;
And yet the friar doted.

But, men say, your authoritie
And your noble see
And your dignitie
Should be imprinted better
Than all the friar's letter;
For if ye would take pain
To preach a word or twain,
Though it were never so plain,
With clauses two or three
So that it might be
Compendiously conveyed,
These words should be more weighed
And better perceived
And thankfullerly received,
And better should remain
Among the people plain
That would your words retain,
Than a thousand thousand other
That blabber, bark, and blother,
And make a Welshman's hose[6]
Of the text and of the glose.

WISDOM IS PREACHER. (*Brandt.*)

For protestation made
That I will not wade
Farther in this brook,
Nor farther for to look
In devising of this book,
But answer that I may
For myself alway
Either *analogice*
Or else *categorice*,
So that in divinitie
Doctors that learned be
Nor Bachelors of that Facultie
That hath taken degree

[1] *Coinquinate*, defile.
[2] A thing certain.
[3] The Franciscans called Observants had a settlement by the king's palace at Greenwich, upon land first given to them by Edward IV. Queen Katherine was good to the Greenwich friars; and they so strongly opposed her divorce that Henry VIII. suppressed the order of the Observants throughout England.
[4] Badwell Ash, in Suffolk, which is not far from Bury.
[5] *Postel upon a Kyrie*, write a short gloss (a postil) on a *Kyrie Eleison*.
[6] *Welshman's hose*, also *shipman's hose*, able to suit every leg. "Hereunto they add also a similitude not very agreeable, how the Scriptures be like to a nose of wax or a shipman's hose: how they may be fashioned and plied all manner of ways and serve all men's turns." (Jewel's Defence of his Apology, quoted by Dyce.)

In the University
Shall not be object at by me.
But Doctor Bullatus[1]
Parum literatus[2]
Dominus doctoratus[3]
At the broad gatus,
Doctor Daupatus[4]
And Bachelor *bachelloratus*
(Drunken as a mouse)
At the ale house,
Taketh his pillion[5] and his cap
At the good ale tap
For lack of good wine;
As wise as Robin Swine,
Under a notary's sign
Was made a divine;
As wise as Waltham's calf;[6]
Must preach on Goddés half
In the pulpit solemnly.
More meet in the pillory,
For by Saint Hilary
He can nothing smatter
Of logic or school matter;
Neither *syllogisare*
Nor *enthymemare*,
Nor knoweth his elenches
Nor his predicaments,
And yet he will mell
To amend the gospel,
And will preach and tell
What they do in hell;

THE DEVIL IS TEACHER.[7] (*Holbein.*)

And he dare not well neven[8]
What they do in heaven,
Nor how far Temple Bar is
From the seven starris.
Now will I go
And tell of other mo[9]
Semper protestando
De non impugnando[10]
The four orders of Friars,
Though some of them be liars.
As Limitours[11] at large
Will charge and discharge;
As many a friar, God wot,
Preaches for his groat,
Flattering for a new coat
And for to have his fees;
Some to gather cheese,
Loth are they to lese[12]
Either corn or malt;
Sometime meal and salt,
Sometime a bacon flick[13]
That is three fingers thick
Of lard and of grease,
Their convent to increase.
I put you out of doubt
This cannot be brought about
But they their tongues file
And make a pleasant style
To Margery and to Maud
How they have no fraud;
And sometime they provoke
Both Gill and Jack at Noke
Their duties to withdraw
That they ought[14] by the law
Their curates to content
In open time[15] and in Lent.
God wot, they take great pain
To flatter and to fayne,[16]
But it is an old said saw
That need hath no law.
Some walk about in melotes[17]
In gray russet and hairy coats,
Some will neither gold ne groats,
Some pluck a partridge in remotes,
And by the bars of her tail
Will know a raven from a rail,
A quail, the rail and the old raven:
Sed libera nos a malo.[18] *Amen.*
And by *Dudum*[19] their Clementine
Against curates they repine,

[1] *Bullatus*, swollen as a bubble. [2] Little lettered.
[3] *Doctoratus*, made doctor. [4] *Daupatus*, daw-pate, blockhead.
[5] *Pillion*, from "pileus," a cap, here used for the doctor's hat or cap.
[6] Ray gives the proverb, "As wise as Waltham's calf, that ran nine miles to suck a bull."
[7] Holbein here illustrates a superstition that the Devil taught St. Bernard the use of seven verses out of the Psalms.
[8] *Neven*, name.

[9] *Mo*, more. [10] Always protesting about not impugning.
[11] Chaucer's Hubert the Friar, in the Canterbury Pilgrimage, was a Limitour, that is to say, licensed to hear confession and perform offices of the Church within a certain limit.
[12] *Lese*, lose. [13] *Flick*, flitch.
[14] *Ought*, owed. The friars in a parish sometimes got to themselves the dues payable to its curate.
[15] *Open time*, when there was no fast. [16] *Fayne*, fawn.
[17] *Melots*. "Circuierunt *in melotis*" is the form in the Vulgate for what stands in the Authorised Version, "They wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins." It is from a Greek word μηλωτή, meaning sheepskin or other skin. The melotes worn by monks were usually of badgerskin, reached from the neck to the loins, and were worn in time of active labour. [18] But deliver us from evil.
[19] *Dudum* (lately)—by Pope Boniface VIII., our predecessor—was the beginning of a section of a compilation of decrees, &c., by Clement V., known as the "Clementines." It was the section giving a Papal decree, founded upon the dissension between curates, or parish clergy, and the friars who interfered with their work as hearers of confession and intercepted many of their dues. The Pope backed the Limitours, and gave, by his apostolic power, right to receive confessions, where a prelate refused to grant it to a friar who had been duly presented to him.

And say, properly they are *sacerdotes*
To shrive, assoil and release
Dame Margery's soul out of hell.
But when the friar fell in the well
He could not sing himself thereout
But by the help of Christian Clout.
Another Clementine also,
How Friar Fabian with others mo
Exivit de Paradiso,[1]
When they again thither shall come
De hoc petimus consilium.[2]
And through all the world they go
With *Dirige* and *Placebo*.

But now my mind ye understand,
For they must take in hand
To preach and to withstand
All manner of objections;
For bishops have protections,
They say, to do corrections,
But they have no affections
To take the said directions.
In such manner of cases,
Men say, they bear no faces
To occupy such places,
To sow the seed of graces;
Their hearts are so fainted
And they be so attainted
With covetise and ambition
And other superstition
That they be deaf and dumb
And play silence and glum,
Can say nothing but Mum.
They occupy them so
With singing *Placebo*
They will no farther go.
They had liever to please
And take their worldly ease
Than to take on hand

FLINCHING FROM DUTY. (*Brandt.*)

Worshipfully to withstand
Such temporal war and bate
As now is made of late
Against Holy Church estate
Or to maintain good quarrels.
The lay men call them barrels
Full of gluttony
And of hypocrisy,
That counterfeits and paints
As they were very saints.
In matters that them like
They shew them politike,
Pretending gravitie
And seignioritie
With all solemnitie
For their indemnitie.
For they will have no loss
Of a penny nor of a cross[3]
Of their predial lands
That cometh to their hands,
And as far as they dare set
All is fish that cometh net.

VAIN CARE. (*Brandt.*)

Building royally
Their mansions curiously
With turrets and with towers
With halls and with bowers,
Stretching to the stars
With glass windows and bars;
Hanging about the walls
Cloths of gold and palls,
Arras of rich array
Fresh as flowers in May,
With Dame Diana naked,
How lusty Venus quaked
And how Cupid shaked
His dart and bent his bow
For to shoot a crow,
And how Paris of Troy
Danced a lege de moy,
Made lusty sport and joy
With Dame Helen the queen.
With such stories bidene
Their chambers well beseen;
With triumphs of Cæsar
And of Pompeius war,

[1] Departed out of Paradise. [2] As to this we ask for counsel. [3] The cross on pieces of money led to a saying of an empty purse the devil might dance in it.

Of renown and of fame
By them to get a name;
Now all the world stares,
How they ride in goodly chairs
Conveyed by elephants
With laureate garlants,
And by unicorns
With their seemly horns;
Upon these beastes riding,
Naked boyes striding,
With wanton wenches winking.
Now truly to my thinking
That is a speculation
And a meet meditation
For prelates of estate
Their courage to abate
From worldly wantonness
Their chambers thus to dress
With such perfectness
And all such holiness,
Howbeit they let down fall
Their churches cathedral.

Squire, knight, and lord
Thus the church remord;
With all temporal people
They run against the steeple,
Thus talking and telling
How some of you are melling,
Yet soft and fair for swelling,
Beware of a queen's yelling.
It is a busy thing
For one man to rule a king
Alone and make reckoning
To govern over all
And rule a realm royal
By one man's very wit.
Fortune may chance to flit,
And when he weeneth to sit
Yet may he miss the quysshon:[1]
For I read a proposition
Cum regibus amicare
Et omnibus dominari,
Et supra te pravare;[2]
Wherefore he hath good ure
That can himself assure
How fortune will endure.

Then let reason you support.
For the Commonalty doth report
That they have great wonder
That ye keep them so under.
Yet they marvel so much less
For ye play so at chess,
As they suppose and guess,
That some of you but late
Hath played so checkmate
With lords of great estate,
After such a rate,
That they shall mell[3] nor make,
Nor upon them take
For king nor kaiser's sake,
But at the pleasure of one
That ruleth the roast alone.

[1] Quysshon, cushion.
[2] To be friend with the king, and master over all, and tyrant over thyself.
[3] Mell, meddle.

VAIN FORCE. (*Holbein.*)

Alas, I say, alas!
How may this come to pass,
That a man shall hear a mass
And not so hardy[4] on his head
To look on God in form of bread,
But that the parish clerk
Thereupon must hark,
And grant him at his asking
For to see the sacring?
And how may this accord,
No man to our sovereign lord
So hardy to make suit,
Nor yet to execute
His commandment,
Without the assent
Of our President;
Nor to express to his person,
Without your consentation
Grant him his license
To press to his presence,
Nor to speak to him secretly,
Openly nor privily,
Without his President be by
Or else his substitute
Whom he will depute?
Neither Earl nor Duke
Permitted? By Saint Luke
And by sweet Saint Mark,
This is a wondrous wark!

That the people talk this
Somewhat there is amiss.
The devil cannot stop their mouths
But they will talk of such uncouths,[5]
All that ever they ken
Against spiritual men.
Whether it be wrong or right
Or else for despite,
Or however it hap
Their tongues thus do clap,

[4] *Hardy*, bold.
[5] *Uncouths*, things hitherto unknown.

And through such detraction
They put you to your action;
And whether they say truly
As they may abide thereby,
Or else that they do lie,
Ye know better than I.
But now *debetis scire*[1]
And groundly *audire*,[2]
In your convenire[3]
Of this premunire,
Or else in the mire
They say they will you cast;
Therefore stand sure and fast.
Stand sure and take good footing,
And let be all your mooting,[4]
Your gazing and your touting,[5]
And your partial promoting
Of those that stand in your grace;
But old servants ye chase,
And put them out of their place.

Make ye no murmuration
Though I write after this fashion;
Though I, Colin Clout,
Among the holy rout
Of you that clerks be
Take now upon me
Thus copiously to write;
I do it for no despite.
Wherefore take no disdain
At my style rude and plain,
For I rebuke no man
That virtuous is; why than
Wreak ye your anger on me?
For those that virtuous be
Have no cause to say
That I speak out of the way.
Of no good bishop speak I,
Nor good priest I escry,[6]
Good friar nor good canon,
Good monk nor good clerk,
Nor yet of no good werk.
But my recounting is
Of them that do amis
In speaking and rebelling,
In hindering and disavailing
Holy Church our mother
One against another;
To use such despiting
Is all my whole writing;
To hinder no man,
As near as I can,
For no man have I named;
Wherefore should I be blamed?
Ye ought to be ashamed
Against me to be gramed,[7]
And can tell no cause why
But that I write truly.

Then if any there be
Of high or low degree,
Or of the temporaltie,
That doth think or ween
That his conscience be not clean,
And feeleth himself sick
Or touched on the quick,
Such grace God them send
Themself to amend,
For I will not pretend
Any man to offend.
Wherefore as thinketh me
Great idiots they be,
And little grace they have
This treatise to deprave;
Nor will hear no preaching
Nor no virtuous teaching,
Nor will have no reciting
Of any virtuous writing,
Will know none intelligence
To reform their negligence,
But live still out of fashion
To their own damnation.
To do shame they have no shame,
But they would no man should them blame
They have an evil name,
But yet they will occupy the same.
With them the Word of God
Is counted for no rod,
They count it for a railing
That nothing is availing.
"The preachers with evil hailing
Shall they daunt us prelates
That be their primates?
Not so hardy on their pates![8]
Hark, how the losel prates
With a wide weasand!
Avaunt, Sir Guy of Gaunt![9]
Avaunt, lewd priest, avaunt!
Avaunt, Sir Doctor Deuyas![10]
Prate of thy matins and thy mass,
And let our matters pass!
How darest thou, dawcock, mell!
How darest thou, losel,
Allegate the Gospel
Against us of the Counsel?
Avaunt, to the devil of hell!
Take him, Warden of the Fleet,
Set him fast by the feet!
I say, Lieutenant of the Tower,
Make this lurdain for to lower!
Lodge him in Little Ease![11]
Feed him with beans and pease!

[1] Ye ought to know. [2] Hear. [3] Coming together.
[4] *Mooting*, contesting. [5] *Touting*, prying, seeking.
[6] *Escry* (Old French "escrier"), cry out against.
[7] *Gramed*, angered.

[8] Not so bold, on pain of their heads.

[9] Mr. Dyce has pointed out that the Sir Guy referred to once twice by Dunbar, in reference to "the spreit of Gy," once also by S David Lindsay, when he tells James V. how he played with him in h childhood, and appeared "sumtime like the grialie gaist of Gy," not the Sir Guy of romance, but a Guy of Alost, who, in the ye 1423, much troubled his widow by appearing to her eight days aft his death, whereupon she took counsel with the friars of her city. A Dyce adds: "As Gaunt is the old name of Ghent, and as Alost is abo thirteen miles from that city, perhaps the reader may be inclined think—what I should greatly doubt—that Skelton also alludes to t same story." In one of the flyting poems against Garnesche, Skelt refers to the same ghost in the lines—

"She callyd yow Sir Gy of Gaunt,
Nosyd lyke an olyfaunt."

[10] *Deuyas*, deuce-ace.

[11] *Little Ease*, a term for the pillory or stocks, or an ingenious unis of both.

The King's Bench or Marshalsy
Have him thither by and by!
The villain preacheth openly
And declareth our villainy,
And of our free simpleness
He says that we are reckless[1]
And full of wilfulness,
Shameless and merciless,
Incorrigible and insatiate;
And after this rate
Against us doth prate.

"At Paul's Cross or elsewhere,
Openly at Westminstere,
And Saint Mary Spital
They set not by us a whittle.[2]
At the Austen Friars
They count us for liars,
And at Saint Thomas of Ackers[3]
They carp us like crackers,
How we will rule all at will
Without good reason or skill,
And say how that we be
Full of partialitie,
And how at a prong[4]
We turn right into wrong,
Delay causes so long
That right no man can fong;[5]
They say many matters be born
By the right of a ram's horn.[6]
Is not this a shameful scorn
To be teared thus and torn?
How may we this endure?
Wherefore we make you sure,

One of the Heretics. (*Holbein.*)

[1] *Reckless* (First English "regol-leas," German "regel-los"), out of rule.
[2] First English "hwytel," a whittle, knife. Dyce's text has whistle." MS., "shetyll."
[3] St. Thomas of Acon or Acars (Acre, in the Holy Land) was near the conduit in Cheapside.
[4] *At a prong*, at a prank, freakishly.
[5] *Fong*, get hold of.
[6] *The right of a ram's horn*, crookedness.

Ye preachers shall be yawed,[7]
And some shall be sawed,[8]
As noble Ezechiâs[9]
The holy prophet was;
And some of you shall die
Like holy Jeremy;[10]
Some hanged, some slain,
Some beaten to the brain;
And we will rule and reign
And our matters maintain
Who dare say thereagain
Or who dare disdain
At our pleasure and will?
For be it good or be it ill,
As it is, it shall be still,
For all Master Doctor of Civil
Or of Divine, or Doctor Drivel,
Let him cough, rough or snivel,
Run God, run Devil,
Run who may run best,
And let take all the rest:
We set not a nutshell
The way, to Heaven or to Hell."

Lo, this is the guise nowadays!
It is to dread, men says,
Lest they be Sadducos,
As they be said sayne[11]
Which determined plain
We should not rise again
At dreadful doomis day.
And so it seemeth they play
Which hate to be corrected
When they be infected,
Nor will suffer this book
By hook nor by crook
Printed for to be,
For that no man shall see
Nor read in any scrolls
Of their drunken nolls,
Nor of their noddy polls,
Nor of their sely souls,
Nor of some witless pates
Of divers great estates,
As well as other men.

Now to withdraw my pen,
And now awhile to rest,
Me seemeth it for the best.

The forecastle of my ship
Shall glide and smoothly slip
Out of the wavés wood[12]
Of the stormy flood,
Shoot anchor and lie at road,
And sail not far abroad
Till the coast be clear
And the lode-star appear.
My ship now will I steer

[7] *Yawed*, hewed.
[8] It was Isaiah who, according to a Jewish tradition, was sawn in two by order of King Manasseh.
[9] Ezekiel is said to have been murdered in Babylon by a Jewish prince whom he had convicted of idolatry.
[10] There was a tradition of Jeremiah that the Jews at Tahpanhes, irritated at his rebukes, at last stoned him to death.
[11] *Said sayne*, said to be.
[12] *Wood*, raging.

Toward the Port Salu
Of our Saviour Jesu,
Such grace that He us send
To rectify and amend
Thinges that are amis
When that His pleasure is.
Amen.

FAC-SIMILE OF WOODCUT FROM THE LAST PAGE OF R. KELE'S EDITION OF "COLIN CLOUT."

There are charming passages in Skelton's book of "Philip Sparrow,"[1] written in the person of a simple-hearted nun, who laments the death of a pet bird; but that poem is too long to be added to "Colin Clout." Let us hear a little song of Skelton's before parting from him, and let it be written without change of its old spelling. He was laureated as poet by his university—that being a kind of graduation common in his time—and at court answered with these lines the question, "Why wear ye CALLIOPE embroidered with letters of gold?"

Calliope
As ye may se
Regent is she
Of poetes al,
Which gave to me
The high degre
Laureat to be
Of fame royall;
Whose name enrolde
With silke and golde
I dare be bolde
Thus for to were.
Of her I holde
And her housholde;
Though I wax olde
And somdele sere,
Yet is she fayne,
Voyde of disdayn,
Me to retayne
Her serviture.
With her certayne
I wyll remayne,
As my souerayne
Moost of pleasure,
Maulgre tous malheureux.

The Scottish poet William Dunbar served James IV. of Scotland. The career of the Scottish poet David Lindsay—called sometimes the poet of the Scottish Reformation—is associated with the life of James V. When, in August, 1513, James IV. fell at Flodden, Lindsay, second son of Lord Lindsay of Byres, was a young man of about three-and-twenty, page in immediate attendance upon the one-year-old son of the fallen king. He remained in attendance on the child, who had become King James V. In the spring of 1514, the mother of the infant king married again. She was sister to King Henry VIII., being that Margaret of England whose Scottish marriage William Dunbar had celebrated in his poem of "The Thistle and the Rose." She took in second marriage the young Archibald, Earl of Angus, nephew to Gavin Douglas, the poet. As Regent, in the interests of England, she was superseded in May, 1515, by the Duke of Albany, who was of royal Scottish blood and of French training. Feuds followed. The Douglases, into whose family the Queen Dowager had married, were identified with the English or unpatriotic party. The Duke of Albany, more Frenchman than Scot in training, escaped when he could to Paris. In April, 1520, there was a battle in the streets of Edinburgh between Douglases and Hamiltons; the encounter known as "Cleanse the Causeway," in which seventy-two were killed. Archibald Angus then held Edinburgh with an

[1] Well-chosen extracts from "Philip Sparrow" and from "Why come ye nat to Court?" will be found in "Specimens of English Literature, from 1394 to 1579," with introduction, notes, and glossarial index, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. This LIBRARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE is not meant to supply students with text-books, but to bring, if it may be, into many thousand homes a sense of the delightfulness and helpfulness of the best English writing in all times. I seek, as far as I can, to bring the soul of England near even to the poorest handicraftsman who can read, and am not afraid to ask any sensible boy or girl to take so much trouble as the notes show to be necessary for a reasonable understanding of each piece. Some readers who have here had their first taste of our old literature, and desire closer acquaintance with it, may be glad now to be told where they can get the necessary help. In 1867 Dr. Richard Morris published a volume of "Specimens of Early English selected from the Chief English Authors, A.D. 1250—A.D. 1400, with Grammatical Introduction, Notes and Glossary." The work next appeared in two volumes or parts, under the joint editorship of Dr. Morris and the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, our two foremost workers at old English; Part I. containing specimens of the earliest literature of England to the end of the thirteenth century; Part II. illustrating the literature of the fourteenth century, A.D. 1298—A.D. 1393. Mr. Skeat has added to these the book just cited, forming practically a Part III., as "Specimens of English Literature from A.D. 1394 to A.D. 1579." These three books give a series of specimens of Early English Literature taken, without change of spelling, from the old MSS. and books, and furnished with due aids to a full study of their language. By thorough use of them any one may go far on the way to an exact knowledge of Early English.

armed force; but his Tudor wife had turned against him, and in November, 1521, she warmly welcomed the Duke of Albany back to his Regency after a five years' absence. Her brother, King Henry of England, bade the Scots banish Albany. They met his threats by threatening the English border, in 1522, with an army of eighty thousand men. That army did nothing. Feuds and distractions filled the land with confusion, which we find painted in a little poem by Dunbar's friend and opponent in many a lively flyting-match, Walter Kennedy, a younger son of the first Lord Kennedy. Jack Upland was, in England as in Scotland, the name that stood for the poor countryman. The Uponlandis Mous, it will be remembered, was Robert Henryson's name for the Country Mouse, who visited in turn her cousin the Burges Mous. Thus Walter Kennedy represented

JOCK UP-A-LAND'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE COURT IN THE NONAGE OF KING JAMES V.

Now is the king in tender age,
O Christ, conserve him in his yld[1]
To do justice to man and page
That gars[2] our land lie lang untillied,
Though we do doubly pay their wage,
Puir commons presently are pill'd.
They ride about in sic a rage,
By firth and forest, muir and field,
With bow, buckler, and brand.[3]
So where they ride intill the rye
The deil mot sane[4] the company,
I pray it fra my heart truly.
This said Jock Up-a-land.

He that was wont to bear the barrows
Betwixt the bakehus and the brewhus,
On twenty shilling now he tarrows[5]
To ride the hiegait[6] by the plews.
But were I king, and had good fallows,
In Norway they should hear of news:
I should him take, and all his marrows,[7]
And hang them high upon yon yews,
And thereto plights my hand.
And all those lords and barons grit[8]
Upon a gallows should I knit,
That thus down-treadit has our whit.[9]
This said Jock Up-a-land.

But would ilk lord that our law leads
To husbands[10] reason do with skill,
To chack[11] those chieftains by the heads
And hang them high upon a hill,
Then husbands labour might their steads[12]
And priests might patter and pray their fill;
For husbands should not have sic pleads,[13]
And sheep and nolt[14] might lie full still
And stacks and ricks might stand.
For sen they raid amang our doors,
With splent[15] on spald[16] and jousty spurs,
There grew na fruit until[17] our furs.[18]
This said Jock Up-a-land.

Tak a puir man[19] a sheep or twae
For hunger, or for fault of food
To five or sax wee bairns or mae,
They will him hang in halters rude;
But gif ane tak a flock or sae,
A bow of ky,[20] and let them blood,
Full safely may he ride or gae;
I wit not gif these laws be good,
I shrew them first them fand.
O Jesu, for thy holy passióun
Grant to him grace that wears the crown
To ding these mony kings all down!
This said Jock Up-a-land.

One way of beating down "these many kings" seemed to the English party to be a prompt investiture of James V. in his royal office. In 1524, the age of thirteen, the boy was "erected" king and held in a captivity that hardly pretended to be freedom. Until the year 1524 David Lindsay had always been the child's friend and companion, but his new keepers parted the king from those of his old followers who too faithfully represented Scottish nationality, Lindsay among them. In May, 1528, the king, who was then seventeen years old, escaped to Stirling, asserted his authority, drove Angus to England, confiscated his estates, and began to reign as independent sovereign. Then Lindsay returned to him, and through poem after poem poured into the king's ear faithful and strict reminders of his duty. One of these poems—the only one in which the poet speaks to the king for himself as well as for his country—was "Lindsay's Complaint." This and all else that his friend wrote in the way of admonition the king took in good part; indeed, it seems to have been after the address to him of the "Complaint" that James, in 1530, made Lindsay Sir David, and gave him office as Lion King of Arms, with security for the payment of his salary. From that date, therefore, at the age of forty, he became Sir David Lindsay; Lindsay of the Mount, an estate bought by him a few miles from Cupar Fife. All Lindsay's poems are didactic, and in his "Complaint," even while the professed object of the poem is to remind the king of his own claims, he writes as one whose care is above all things for the claims of Scotland on her king.

LINDSAY'S COMPLAINT.

Sir, I beseech thine excellence
Hear my complaint with patiénce.
My dolent heart does me constrain
Of my infortune to complain,

[1] *In his yld*, when old. [2] *Gars*, make.
[3] *Brand*, sword. [4] *Sane*, bless.
[5] *Tarrows*, delays. [6] *Hiegait*, highway.
[7] *Marrows*, companions. [8] *Grit*, great. [9] *Whit*, wheat.
[10] *Husbands*, cultivators of the ground about their homes.
[11] *Chack*, seize. [12] Might cultivate their homesteads.
[13] *Pleads*, disputes, sorrows.
[14] *Nolt*, black cattle. Icelandic "naut;" English "neat;" Scottish "nout."
[15] *Splent*, hanging sleeve.
[16] *Spald* (French "espaule"), shoulder. [17] *Until*, unto.
[18] *Furs*, furrow. First English "furh."
[19] *Tak a puir man*, if a poor man should take.
[20] *A bow of ky*, a herd of cattle.

Howbeit I stand in great doubtance
Whom I shall wyte of[1] my mischance:
Whether Saturnis cruelty
Regnand in my nativity
By bad aspect which works vengeance,
Or others' heavenly influence;
Or gif I be predestinate
In court to be infortunate,
Which has so long in service been
Continually with king and queen,
And enterit to thy majesty
The day of thy nativity.
Wherethrough my friendis ben ashamit
And with my foes I am defamit,
Secand that I am not regardit
Nor with my brether in court rewardit;
Blamand my slothful negligence
That seekis not some recompence.
When divers men does me demand,
"Why gettis thou not some piece of land
As well as other men has gotten?"
Then wish I to be dead and rotten,
With sic extreme discomforting
That I can make no answering.
I would some wise man did me teach
Whether that I should flatter or fleich.[2]
I will not flyte, that I conclude,
For crabbing of thy celsitude;[3]
And to flatter I am defamit:
Want I reward, then am I shamit.
But I hope thou shall do as weill
As did the father of fameill
Of whom Christ makis mentioun,
Whilk, for a certain pensioun,
Fet men to work in his vineyard,
But who came last got first reward;
Wherethrough the first men were displeasit,
But he them prudently amesit,[4]
For though the last men first were servit
Yet gat the first that they deservit.
So I am sure thy Majesty
Shall once reward me ere I die,
And rub the rust off my ingine[5]
Which ben, for languor, like to tine,[6]
Although I beir[7] not like a bard,
Long service earnis aye reward.
I cannot blame thine excellence
That I so long want recompence.
Had I solistit[8] like the lave[9]
My reward had not been to crave;
But now I may well understand
A dumb man yet wan never land,
And in the court man gets no thing
Without inopportune asking.
Alas! my sloth and shamefulness
Debarrit fra me all greediness.
Greedy men that are diligent
Right oft obtainis their intent,

[1] *Wyte of*, blame for.
[2] *Fleich*, wheedle.
[3] "I resolve that I will not scold lest I should irritate your highness."
[4] *Amesit*, appeased.
[5] *Ingine* ("ingenium"), wit.
[6] *Tine*, perish.
[7] *Beir*, roar.
[8] *Solistit*, solicited.
[9] *Lave*, rest.

And failyeis[10] not to conqueis[11] lands,
And namely[12] at young princes' hands
But I took ne'er none other cure
In special but for thy plesour.
But now I am na mair despaird
But I shall get princely reward,
The whilk to me shall be mair glore
Nor them thou did reward afore.
When men does ask ought at a king,
Should ask his grace a noble thing,
To his excellence honórabill
And to the askér profitabill.
Though I be in my asking lidder,[13]
I pray thy grace for to consider:
Thou has made both lords and lairds,
And has gi'en mony rich rewairds
To them that was full far to seek
When I lay nightly by thy cheek.
I take the Queenis grace, thy mother,
My Lord Chanc'lare and mony other,
Thy nowreis[14] and thy old mistréss
I take them all to bear witness.
And Willie Dile, were he alive,
My life full weill he could descrive:
How as a chapman bears his pack,
I bore thy grace upon my back,
And sometimes straddlings on my neck
Dansand with mony bend and beck.
The first syllabis that thou did mute[15]
Was "Pa Da Lin;"[16] upon the lute
Then playt I twenty springis[17] perque
Which was great pieté[19] for to hear.
From play thou never let me rest
But gynkartoun[20] thou lovit aye best:
And aye when thou come from the sch
Then I behovit to play the fool:
As I at length into my Dreme[21]
My sundry service did expreme.
Though it ben better, as sayis the wise
Hap to the court than good servise,[22]
I wait[23] thou lovit me better than
Nor[24] now some wife does her gude ma
Then men to other did record,
Said Lindsay would be made a lord:
Thou has made lords, sir, by Saint Geil
Of some that has not servit so weill.

To you, my lords, that standis by,
I shall you show the causes why;

[10] *Failyeis*, fail.
[11] *Conqueis*, acquire whether by art or valour.
[12] *Namely*, especially.
[13] *Lidder*, sluggish, behind others.
[14] *Nowreis* (French "nourrice"), nurse.
[15] *Mute*, articulate. Latin "mutire," to mutter.
[16] *Pa Da Lin*,—play, David Lindsay.
[17] *Springis*, quick cheerful tunes. French "espringier,"
[18] *Perqueir* (French "par cœur"), by heart, from memo
[19] *Pieté* (French "piété"), affection, love, piety.
[20] *Gynkartoun*, a dance tune.
[21] *Into my Dreme*, in my Dream. Lindsay's "Dream" poem he wrote for King James after his escape to indep contained a vision of Earth, Hell, and Heaven, and of t the people, personified in John the Commonweal, as earn to the young king of his duty. The "Dream" was foll "Complaint."
[22] At court chance is better than good service.
[23] *Wait*, wot, know.
[24] *Than—nor*, then—than. [25] *Geill*, Giles.

Gif ye list tarry, I shall tell
How my infortune first befell.
I prayit daily on my knee,
My young maister that I might see
Of eild in his estate royal
Having power imperial;
Then trustit I, without demand,
To be promovit to some land.
But my asking I gat o'er soon
Because a clips[1] fell in the moon
The whilk all Scotland made asteir.
Then did my purpose run arrear,
The which were longsome to declare,
And als my heart is wonder sare[2]
When I have in remembrance
The sudden change to my mischance.
The King was but twelve years of age[3]
When new rulers come in their rage,
For Commonweill makand no cair
But for their profit singulair.
Imprudently, like witless fools,
They took that young Prince from the schools
Where he, under obedience,
Was lernand virtue and science,
And hastily plat in his hand
The governance of all Scotland.
As who would, in a stormy blast,
When mariners ben all aghast
Through danger of the scis[4] rage,
Would take a child of tender age
Whilk never had been on the sey
And to his bidding all obey,
Giving him whole the governal
Of ship, marchand and marinal,[5]

THE SHIP OF FOOLS. (*Brandt.*)

For dread of rockis and foreland.
To put the rudder in his hand
Without God's grace is no refúge;
Gif there be danger, ye may juge.[6]
I give them to the devil of hell
Which first devisit that counsell.
I will not say that it was treason,
But I dare swear it was no reason.
I pray God, let me never see ryng[7]
In to this relm so young a king.
I may not tarry to decide it
How then the Court a while was guidit
By them that peirtly[8] took on hand
To guide the King and all Scotland;
And als longsome for to declare
Their facund flattring wordis fair.

Sir, some would say, "Your Majesty
Shall now go to your liberty;
Ye shall to no man be coactit
Nor to the school no more subjectit,
We think them very natural fools
That learns o'er mickle at the schools.
Sir, ye maun leir[9] to run a speir
And guide you like a man of weir,[10]
For we shall put sic men about you
That all the world and more shall dout[11] you." 170
Then to his grace they put a gaird[12]
Which hastily gat their rewaird.
Ilk man, after their qualitie
They did solist[13] his majestie:
Some gart him raffle[14] at the racquet,
Some harled him to the hurly hacket,[15]
And some to show their courtly courses
Would ride to Leith and run their horses,
And wightly wallop[16] over the sands;
Ye neither sparit spurs nor wands;
Castand galmoundis[17] with bends and becks,
For wantonness some brake their necks.
There was no play but cards and dice,

DICE PLAY. (*Holbein.*)

[1] *A clips*, an eclipse.
[2] *Sare*, sore.
[3] The reference is to the "erection" of the king by the English party in August, 1524, when the boy was brought from Stirling to Edinburgh, and received the sceptre, crown, and sword of honour in the Tolbooth.
[4] *Seis*, sea's.
[5] *Marchand and marinal*, merchant and mariner. The wealth of the ship (or state), and those to whose care it was trusted.
[6] *Juge*, judge.
[7] *Ryng in* to, reign in.
[8] *Peirtly*, openly.
[9] *Leir*, lern.
[10] *Weir*, war.
[11] *Dout*, fear.
[12] *Gaird*, guard.
[13] *Solist*, solicit.
[14] *Raffle*, play for stakes.
[15] Dragged him to hurling the hatchet.
[16] *Wightly wallop*, briskly gallop.
[17] *Galmoundis*, gambades, prancings of trained horses.

And aye Sir Flattery bore the price,
Roundand[1] and rowkand[2] one to other:

"Tak thou my part," quoth he, "my brother,
And make betwix us sicker bandis
When ocht shall vaik[3] amangs our handis
That ilk man stand to help his fallow."—

"I hald thereto, man, by Allhallow,
Swa thou fish not within my boundis."—

"That shall I not, by Godis woundis,"
Quod he, "but erar[4] tak thy part."—

"Swa shall I thine, by Goddis hart;
And gif the Thesaureir[5] be our friend
Then shall we get baith tak[6] and teind.[7]
Take he our part, then who dare wrong us
But we shall part the pelf among us.
But haste us, while the King is young,
And let ilk[8] man keep well a tongue,
And in ilk quarter have a spy
Us to advértise hastily
When any casualities
Shall happen in till[9] our countries.
Let us make sure provisioun
Ere he come to discretioun.
No more he wate than does a sante[10]
What thing it ben to have or wante,
So ere he be of perfect age
We shall be sicker of our wage;
And syne, let ilka carle crave[11] other
That mouth speak mair."

Quoth he, "My brother,
Fore God, nor I rax in a rape,[12]
Thou might give counsel to the Pape."

Thus labourit they within few years
That they become no page's peers,
So hastily they made a hand;
Some gatherit gold, some conqueist land.
"Sir," some would say, "by Saint Denice,
Give me some fat benefice,
And all the profit ye shall have:
Give me the name, take you the lave."
But, by his bows[13] were well come hame
To make service he would think shame,
Syne, slip away withoutin more
When he had gottin that he sang for.
Methought it was a piteous thing
To see that fair young tender King
Of whom these gallants stood no awe
To play with him pluck-at-the-craw.[14]
They became rich, I you assure
But aye the Prince remanit pure.[15]

There was few of that garisoun
That lernit[16] him any good lessoun,
But some to crake and some to clatter,
Some made the fool and some did flatter.
Quoth one, "The devil stick me with a knife,
But, sir, I know a maid in Fife."
"Hold thy tongue, brother," quoth another,
"I know a fairer by fifteen futher:[17]
Sir, when ye please to Lithgow pass,
There shall ye see a lusty lass!"—
"Now trittle trattle trollylow,"
Quoth the third man, "thou does but mow!
When his grace comes to fair Stirling,
There shall he see a dayis derlyng."[18]—

[Four lines omitted.]

Thus every man said for himself
And did amongst them part the pelf.
But I, alas! ere ever I wust[19]
Was trampit down into the dust
With heavy charge, withouten more,
But I wist ne'er yet wherefore,
And hastily, before my face,
Another slippit in my place
Which richély gat his rewaird
And stylit was the Ancient Laird.
That time I might make no defence,
But took, perforce, in patience,
Prayand to send them a mischance
That had the Court in governance
The which against me did malyng[20]
Contrar the pleasure of the King.
For well I knew his grace's mind
Was ever to me true and kind,
And contrar their intention
Gart pay me well my pension.[21]
Though I awhile wantit presénce
He let me have no indigence.
When I durst neither peep nor look
Yet would I hide me in a nook
To see those uncouth vanities,
How they, like any busy bees,
Did occupy their golden hours
With help of their new governours.
But, my Complaint for to complete,
I gat the sour and they the sweet.
Als John Macreary the Kingis fule
Gat double garments again the yule,
Yet, in his maist triumphant glore,
For his reward gat the grand gore.[22]
Now in the court seindell[23] he goes
In dread men stramp upon his toes;
As I that time durst not be seen
In open court for baith my eyne.
Alas, I have no time to tarry
To show you all the fery fary;[24]
How those that had the governance
Among themselves raised variance,

[1] *Roundand*, whispering.
[2] *Rowkand*, with defamatory whispering.
[3] *Ocht shall vaik*, anything shall become vacant; when there is any place to be filled.
[4] *Erar*, sooner, rather. [5] *Thesaurier*, treasurer.
[6] *Tak*, lease. [7] *Teind*, tithe. [8] *Ilk*, each.
[9] *In till*, in. [10] He knows no more than a saint.
[11] *Crave*, dun, importune. Let each man dun any other who might speak more, *i.e.*, have closer intimacy with the king.
[12] *Rax in a rape*, stretch in a rope. "I'll be hanged if you are not able to teach a Pope."
[13] *Bows*, herds. By the time he got his cattle in his fold.
[14] *Craw*, crow. [15] *Pure*, poor.

[16] *Lernit*, taught. [17] *Futher*, cartloads. [18] *Derlyng*, darling
[19] *Wust*, knew. [20] *Malyng*, malign.
[21] While the king was in the hands of Angus and his faction although Lindsay and other faithful friends of the national party were removed from his presence, James required that Lindsay's pension as his attendant should still be paid.
[22] *Gore*, a hem of cloth, gore or train. Sometimes also a gown of many widths, as in Chaucer's "Sir Thopas."
[23] *Seindell*, seldom. [24] *Fery fary*, bustle and confusion.

And who most to my scathe consentit
Within few yearis sore repentit,
When they could make me no remeid:
For they were hurlit out by the heid,
And others took the governing
Well worse than they in alkin[1] thing.
They lordis took no more regard
But who might purchase best reward.
Some to their friends gat beneficeis
And other some gat bishopreis.
For every lord as he thought best
Brought in a bird to fill the nest,
To be a watchman to his marrow,[2]
They gan to draw at the cat harrow.[3]

The proudest prelates of the kirk
Was fain to hide them in the mirk[4]
That time, so failyeit was their sight
Sen syne they may not thole[5] the light
Of Christ's true Gospel to be seen,
So blindit is their corporal eyne
With worldly lustis sensual,
Taking in realms the governal,
Baith guiding court and sessioun
Contrar to their professioun,
Whereof I think they should have shame
Of spiritual priests to take the name.
For Isaias in to[6] his wark
Calls them like dogs that cannot bark,
That callit are priests and cannot preach
Nor Christis law to the people teach.
Gif for to preach ben their profession
Why should they mell with court or session,
Except it were in spiritual things;
Referring unto lords and kings
Temporal causes to be decidit?
Gif they their spiritual office guidit
Ilk man might say they did their pairts.[7]
But gif they can play at the cairts[8]
And mollet[9] moylie[10] on a mule
Though they had never seen the school,
Yet at this day, as well as than,[11]
Will be made sic ane[12] spiritual man.
Princes that sic prelatis promovis
Account thereof to give behovis;
Which shall not pass but[13] punishment
Without they mend and sore repent,
And with due ministratioun
Work after their vocatioun.
I wish that thing which will not be,
These perverst prelates are so hie,[14]
From time that they ben callit lords
They are occasion of discords,

[1] *Alkin*, every kind of. [2] *Marrow*, companion.
[3] *To draw the cat harrow*, to thwart one another.
[4] *Mirk*, darkness. [5] *Thole*, endure.
[6] *In to*, in. The reference is to Isaiah lvi. 10, 11: "His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are shepherds which cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter."
[7] *Pairts*, parts. [8] *Cairts*, cards.
[9] *Mollet*, mollly, go effeminately. French "mollet," delicate, effeminate.
[10] *Moylie*, mildly. [11] *Than*, then.
[12] Such one will be made. [13] *But*, without.
[14] So Skelton. "The prelates ben so hault," &c.

And largely will propinis hight[15]
To gar ilk lord with other fight,
Gif for their part it may avail.
So, to the purpose of my tale.

That time in Court rose great debate
And every lord did strive for state
That all the realm might make no redding[16]
While on each side there was bloodshedding
And feildit[17] either in land or burgh
At Lithgow, Melrose, and Edinburgh.
But to deplore I think great pain
Of noble men that there was slain,
And also longsome to be reportit
Of them which to the court resortit;
As tyrants, traitors, and transgressors,
And common public plain oppressors,
Men murdresaris[18] and common thieffis
In to[19] that court gat, all, reliefis.
There was few lords in all their lands
But to new Regents made their bands.
Then rais a reik[20] ere ever I wist
The which gart all their bandis brist,[21]
Then they alone which had the guiding
They could not keep their feet from sliding!
But of their livis they had such dreid
That they were fain to trot o'er Tweed.

Now, potent prince, I say to thee
I thank the Holy Trinity
That I have livit to see this day
That all that world is went away,
And thou to no man art subjectit
Nor to such counsellors coactit.
The four great virtues cardinals
I see them with the principals:
For JUSTICE holds her sword on hie
With her bálance of equitie,
And in this realm has made such order
Both through the Hieland and the Border,
That Oppression and all his fallows
Are hangit high upon the gallows.
Dame PRUDENCE has thee by the head,
And TEMPERANCE does thy bridle lead,
I see Dame FORCE[22] make assistance
Berand thy targe of assurance,
And lusty Lady Chastity
Has banished Sensuality.
Dame Riches takes on thee such cure[23]
I pray God that she long endure,
That Poverty dare not be seen
In to thy house for both her eyne,
But from thy grace fled many miles
Among the hunters in the isles.
Dissimulance dare not show her face
Which wont was to beguile thy grace;

[15] *Propinis hight*, promise presents.
[16] *Redding*, recovery.
[17] *Feildit*, were at feud. [18] *Murdresaris*, murderers.
[19] *In to*, in.
[20] *Rais a reik*, rose a smoke, disturbance. "A reik in the house" is "a row in the house."
[21] Which caused all their bands to burst. This was the young king's escape to Stirling in May, 1528, and his prompt vengeance upon Angus, who fled to the English court.
[22] *Force*, courage. Prudence, Justice, Courage, and Temperance were the four of the twelve virtues in the ethical system on which all were said to hinge; called, therefore, "cardinal."
[23] *Cure*, care.

Folly is fled out of the toun
Which aye was contrar to resoun;
Policy and Peace begins to plant,
That virtuous men can nothing want;
And as for slothful idle loons
Shall fetterit be in the galleons.[1]
John Upland ben full blithe I trow
Because the rise bush[2] keeps his cow;
So is there nought, I understand,
Without good order in this land
Except the Spiritualitie.
Prayand thy grace thereto have eye,
Cause them make ministratioun,
Conform to their vocatioun,
To preach with unfeignit intents
And truly use the sacraments,
After Christ's institutionis
Leaving their vain traditionis
Which does the selie sheep illude
Whom for Christ Jesus shed his blude;
As superstitious pilgrimágis,
Prayand to gravin imáges

Image Worship. (*Holbein.*)

Express against the Lord's command.
I do thy grace to understand
Gif thou to mennis laws assent
Against the Lord's commandiment—
As Jeroboam and many mo
Princes of Israel also
Assenters to idolatrie
Which punisht were right piteouslie
And from their realms were rootit out—
So shall thou be, withouten doubt,
Both here and hin[3] withouten more
And want the everlasting glore.

But gif thou will thy heart incline
And keep his blessit law divine,
As did the faithful patriarchs
Both in their wordis and their warks,
And as did many faithful kyngs
Of Israel during their ryngs,[4]
As King David and Salomone,
Which images would suffer none
In their rich temples for to stand
Because it was not God's command,
But destroyit all idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thou may see,
Whose rich reward was heavenly bliss,
Which shall be thine, thou doand this.

Sen thou hast chosen such a guard
Now am I sure to get reward;
And sen thou art the richest kyng
That ever in this realm did ryng,
Of gold and stonis precióus
Most prudent and ingenious,
And has thy honour done avance
In Scotland, England, and in France,
By martial dedis honourâble,
And art to every virtue able,
I wot thy grace will not misken me
But thou will either give or len me.
Would thy grace lend me to a day
Of gold a thousand pound or tway,
And I shall fix, with good intent,
Thy grace a day of paiement,
With sealit obligatioun
Under this protestatioun:
When the Bass and the Isle of May
Beis set upon the Mount Sinai;
When the Lomond beside Falkland
Beis liftit to Northumberland;
When kirkmen yairnis[5] no dignitie,
Nor wivis no soveranitie;
Winter but[6] frost, snow, wind, or rain,—
Then shall I give thy gold again.
Or I shall make the payement
After the Day of Jugément,
Within a moneth at the least,
When Saint Petér shall make a feast
To all the fishers of Aberlady,
So thou have mine acquittance ready.
Failand thereof by Saint Philane
Thy grace gets ne'er a groat again.

Gif thou be not content of this
I maun request the King of bliss
That He to me have some regard
And cause thy grace me to reward.
For David king of Israel,
Which was the great Prophét Royâl,
Says God has wholly at his command
The hearts of princes in his hand,
Even as he list them for to turn
That maun they do without sojourn;
Some to exalt to dignitie,
Some to deprive in povertie,
Sometime of lewd men to make lords
And sometime lords to bind in cords,

[1] Made galley-slaves.
[2] *Rise bush*, young shoots in the wood.
[3] *Hin*, when gone hence.
[4] *Ryngs*, reigns.
[5] *Yairnis*, yearn for.
[6] *But*, without.

And them all utterly destroy
As pleases God that Royal Roy.
For thou art but an instrument
To that great King Omnipotent:—
So when pleasis His excellence
Thy grace shall make me recompence;
Or He shall cause me stand content
Of quiet life and sober rent,
And take me, in my latter age,
Unto my simple hermitage,
And spend it that my elders won
As did Methusalem in his town.

Of this Complaint, with mind full meek,
Thy grace's answer I beseek.

The young king, with a rough animal energy that led him into many faults, had at least two of the cardinal virtues, Courage, and after his own fashion a love of Justice. He took, throughout his life, in

JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.
From Pinkerton's "Iconographia Scotica."

kindly part all his friend Lindsay's preaching. He could jest back at his censor in verse of his own, for he loved literature, and some ascribe to him, among other pieces, a clever variation upon "Peebles to the Play," called "Christ's Kirk on the Green." But while the king jested back he assented heartily to the spirit of much of Lindsay's counsel, and sought by swift action to protect the poor from plunder. He had been only a year his own master, and was but eighteen, when, in the course of an endeavour to put down with a strong hand the lawless free-booting upon the border, he seized among others, in 1529, John Armstrong, of Gilnock Hill, in Liddesdale, and hanged him with forty-eight of his men at Carlenrig Chapel, about ten miles above Hawick. John Armstrong had acquired great wealth by his plunder, and as most of it was taken from the English, there were sympathisers on the Scottish side of the border to establish him as hero of a ballad. The author of this old ballad contrived to glorify Johnnie Armstrong by representing him as caught by a treachery of which history is silent. History only tells us that John Armstrong deserved hanging, made sundry offers for his life, and was hanged in spite of them. This is the ballad of

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG.

Sum speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,
And siclyke men of hie degrie;
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
Some time called laird of Gilnockie.

The King he writes a luving letter,
With his ain hand sae tenderly;
And he hath sent it to Johnnie Armstrang,
To come and speak with him speedily.

The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene;
They were a gallant company:
We'll ride and meet our lawful King,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.

Make kinnen[1] and capon ready then,
And venison in great plenty,—
We'll welcome hame our royal King,
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie.

They ran their horse on the Langum Howm,
And brake their spears with meikle main;
The ladies lukit frae their loft windows,
"God bring our men well back again!"

When Johnnie came before the King,
With all his men sae brave to see;
The King he movit his bonnet to him,
He ween'd he was a king as well as he.

"May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me;
For my name is Johnnie Armstrang,
And subject of yours, my liege," said he.

"Away, away, thou traitor strang,
Out of my sight thou may'st sune be!
I grantit never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin with thee."

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king,
And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee,
Full four and twenty milk-white steeds,
Were a' foal'd in ae year to me.

"I'll gie thee all these milk-white steeds,
That prance and nicher at a speer,
With as meikle gude Inglis gilt,
As four of their backs do bear."

"Away, away, thou traitor," &c.

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king.
And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee,
Gude four and twenty ganging mills,
That gang thro' a' the year to me.

[1] *Kinnen*, cony, rabbit.

"The four and twenty mills complete,
Sall gang for thee thro' all the year,
And as meikle of gude red wheat
As all their happers dow[1] to bear."

"Away, away, thou traitor," &c.

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king,
And a great gift I'll gie to thee:
Bauld four and twenty sister's sons
Sall for thee fecht, tho' all[2] suld flee."

"Away, away, thou traitor," &c.

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king,
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee:
All between here and Newcastle town
Sall pay their yearly rent to thee."

"Away, away, thou traitor," &c.

"Ye lied, ye lied now, King," he says,
"Although a king and prince ye be,
For I luid[3] naething in all my life,
I dare well say it, but honesty;

"But a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deer.
But England suld have found me meal and malt,
Gif I had liv'd this hundred year.

"She suld have found me meal and malt,
And beef and mutton in all plentie;
But ne'er a Scots wife could have said
That e'er I skaith'd her a pure flie.

"To seik het water beneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great folie;
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there's nane for my men and me.

"But had I kend or I came frae hame
How thou unkind wadst ben to me,
I wad have kept the border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee.

"Wist England's King that I was ta'en,
O gin a blyth man wald he be!
For anes I slew his sister's son,
And on his breist-bane brak a tree."

John wore a girdle about his middle,
Imbroidered o'er with burning gold,
Bespangled with the same metal,—
Maist beautiful was to behold.

There hang nine targats[4] at Johnies hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound:
What wants that knave that a king suld have,
But the sword of honour and the crown.

"O where gat thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly abune thy brie?"[5]
"I gat them in the field fechting,
Where, cruel King, thou durst not be.

"Had I my horse and my harness gude,
And riding as I wont to be,
It suld have bene tauld this hundred year,
The meeting of the King and me.

"God be with thee, Kirsty, my brither,
Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun,
Lang mayst thou dwell on the border side,
Or thou see thy brither ride up and down.

"And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee;
But an thou live this hundred year,
Thy father's better thou'lt ne'er be.

"Farweil, my bonny Gilnockhall,
Where on Esk side thou standest stout;
Gif I had liv'd but seven years mair,
I wald have gilt thee round about."

John murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant companie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men die.

Because they sav'd their country dear
Frae Englishmen, nane were sae bauld,
While Johnie liv'd on the Border syde,
Nane of them durst come near his hald.

[1] *Dow*, are able. First English "dugan."
[2] *All*, that is, all others.
[3] *Luid*, loved.
[4] *Targats*, tassels.
[5] *Brie*, brow.

CHAPTER IX.

COURTLY POETS: WYATT, SURREY, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1520 TO A.D. 1558.

THE spirit of reform was quickened by the spread of culture. Young Englishmen of good means visited Italy, and when they came home they brought with them into society Italian fashions. In Italy wit was in fashion, poetry was cultivated. Dante (b. 1265, d. 1321) had made in Italy the strong beginning of Modern Literature in Europe, followed by two other great poets, Petrarch (b. 1304, d. 1374) and Boccaccio (b. 1313, d. 1375), who were the living heads of European Literature when our Chaucer began to write. Lorenzo de' Medici (b. 1448, d. 1492) had maimed liberty in Florence, but he wrote poems and patronised those poets and artists whom preceding days of freedom had developed. Ariosto (b. 1474, d. 1533) was the great living Italian singer in the days of our William Dunbar, John Skelton, Gavin Douglas, and Sir David Lindsay of the Mount. But Tasso—born some eleven years after Ariosto's death—was only a boy of fourteen in 1558, the year of the accession of Elizabeth. Our English Spenser was about nine years younger than his contemporary Tasso. Two English poets of the reign of Henry VIII.—Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey—represented influence of Italy on English Literature. They imitated also various forms of the verse then written in Southern Europe which found favour at the court of France.

Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, of Allington Castle.

in Kent, was born in 1503, and became M.A. of Cambridge at the age of seventeen. He was made a gentleman of King Henry VIII.'s bedchamber, was knighted in 1537, and went as ambassador to the Emperor Charles V. in Spain. He spoke French, Italian, and Spanish, was skilled in all exercises that became a gentleman, and had, as his verse shows, the right spirit of his country. Henry VIII. delighted in him, but he suffered at one time from his Majesty's distrust, and, in the winter of 1540-41, Sir Thomas

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

From the Copy of Holbein's Portrait in Chamberlaine's "Portraits of Illustrious Persons of the Court of Henry VIII."

was in the Tower, charged with disrespect to the king and treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole. In the Tower he wrote these lines :—

WYATT BEING IN PRISON TO BRYAN.

Sighs are my food; my drink are my tears;
Clinking of fetters would such music crave:
Stink, and close air, away my life it wears;
Poor Innocence is all the hope I have.
Rain, wind, or weather, judge I by mine ears;
Malice assaults that righteousness should have.
Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heal again;
But yet, alas! the scar shall still remain.

Acquitted in the summer of 1541, and again befriended by the king, Wyatt withdrew to Allington; while there he wrote a Paraphrase in verse of the seven Penitential Psalms, and three Satires, imitated from the Latin and Italian, through which he spoke his mind on life. In the autumn of 1542 he died of a fever, caught in riding fast through bad weather to meet, at King Henry's command, an ambassador from Charles V.

The first of Wyatt's three Satires is based upon Horace's story of the Town and Country Mouse, which we have had already from Robert Henryson; the second is a free version from the Florentine poet Luigi Alemanni, who lived and wrote in Wyatt's time, and was only about eight years his senior. The fitness of this Satire, as an utterance of Wyatt's own mind, when, after his imprisonment in the Tower, he withdrew to Allington, will be found to account fully for his choice of model.

OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE. (TO JOHN POINS.)

Mine own John Poins, since ye delight to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the press of Courts, whereso they go,
Rather than to live thrall under the awe
Of lordly looks; wrappéd within my cloak,
To will and lust learning to set a law:
It is not that, because I scorn or mock
The power of them to whom fortúne hath lent
Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke;
But true it is, that I have always meant
Less to esteem them than the common sort
Of outward things that judge in their intent,
Without regard what inward doth resort.
I grant sometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my heart. Me list not to report
Blame by honour, and honour to desire.
But how may I this honour now attain,
That cannot dye the colour black a liar?
My Poins, I cannot frame my tongue to feign;
To cloke the truth for praise, without desert,
Of them that list all vice for to retain.
I cannot honour them that set their part
With Venus and Bacchús all their life long;
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.
I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong,
To worship them like God on earth alone,
That are as wolves these sely lambs among.
I cannot with my words complain and moan,
And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint;
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot speak and look like as a saint;
Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure;
And call craft, counsaile; for lucre still to paint.
I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer,
With innocént blood to feed my self fat,
And do most hurt, where that most help I offer.
I am not he that can allow the state
Of high Cæsár, and damn Cato to die,
That with his death did scape out of the gate
From Cæsar's hands, if Livy doth not lie,
And would not live where liberty was lost:
So did his heart the common wealth apply.
I am not he, such eloquence to boast,
To make the crow in singing as the swan;
Nor call the lion of coward beasts the most,
That cannot take a mouse, as the cat can;
And he that dieth for hunger of the gold,
Call him Alexander; and say that Pan
Passeth Apollo in music many fold;
Praise Sir Thopas for a noble tale,
And scorn the story that the Knight told;[1]
Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale;

[1] The allusion is to two pieces in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales:" (1) the rhyme of Sir Thopas, given by Chaucer as a caricature of the prolix conventionality of many of the old romances, and cut short by Harry Bailly, host of the Tabard, as unendurable; and (2) the "Knight's Tale" of Palemon and Arcite, wherein Chaucer has sung in his own best way of love and chivalrous adventure.

Grin when he laughs that beareth all the sway,
Frown when he frowns, and groan when he is pale;
On others' lust[1] to hang both night and day.
None of these points would ever frame in me:
My wit is nought, I cannot learn the way.
And much the less of things that greater be;
That asken help of colours[2] to devise
To join the mean with each extremity;
With nearest virtue aye to cloke the vice;
And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To press the virtue that it may not rise.
As, drunkenness good fellowship to call;
The friendly foe, with his fair double face,
Say he is gentle and courteous therewithal;
Affirm that favel[3] hath a goodly grace
In eloquence; and cruelty to name
Zeal of justice, and change in time and place;
And he that suffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitiful; and him true and plain
That raileth reckless unto each man's shame;
Say he is rude, that cannot lie and feign;
The lecher, a lover; and tyranny
To be the right of a prince's reign.
I cannot, I, no, no! it will not be.
This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleeves that weigh, as thou mayst see,
A chip of chance more than a pound of wit.
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk,
And in foul weather at my book to sit,
In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalk.
No man doth mark whereso I ride or go.
In lusty leas[4] at liberty I walk;
And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe,
Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel.
No force[5] for that; for it is ordered so
That I may leap both hedge and dike full wele.
I am not now in France to judge the wine,
With savoury sauce the delicates to feel;
Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline
Rather than to be, outwardly to seem.
I meddle not with wits that be so fine.
Nor Flanders cheer lets[6] not my sight to deem
Of black and white, nor takes my wit away
With beastliness; such do those beasts esteem.
Nor I am not where truth is given in prey
For money, poison, and treasón, of some
A common practice, uséd night and day.
But I am here in Kent and Christendom,
Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme:
Where if thou list, mine own John Poins, to come,
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

To this let us add a few of Wyatt's smaller poems:—

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE.

A face that should content me wond'rous well
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
Of lively look, all grief for to repel;
With right good grace so would I that it should
Speak, without word, such words as none can tell.
The tress also should be of crispéd gold.
With wit and these perchance I might be tried,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

OF HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.

Tagus, farewell! that westward with thy streams
Turns up the grains of gold already tried;
For I, with spur and sail, go seek the Thames,
Gainward the sun that sheweth her wealthy pride
And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,[7]
Like bended moon that leans her lusty side,
My King, my Country, I seek, for whom I live.
O mighty Jove, the winds for this me give.

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN.

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue.
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean
May hurt and heal; then if that this be true,
I trust sometime my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joinéd with some wealth.

OF DISSEMBLING WORDS.

Throughout the world, if it were sought,
Fair words enough a man shall find:
They be good cheap; they cost right nought;
Their substance is but only wind.
But well to say, and so to mean,
That sweet accord is seldom seen.

THE CAREFUL LOVER COMPLAINETH, AND THE HA LOVER COUNSELLETH.

"Ah! Robin!
Jolly Robin!
Tell me how thy leman doth,
And thou shalt know of mine."

"My lady is unkind, perdie!"—
"Alack, why is she so?"—
"She loveth another better than me,
And yet she will say, no."—
"I find no such doubleness;
I find women true.
My lady loveth me doubtless,
And will change for no new."—
"Happy art thou while that doth last;
But I say as I find:
That woman's love is but a blast,
And turneth like the wind."

Response.

"But if thou wilt avoid thy harm,
This lesson learn of me:
At others' fires thyself to warm,
And let them warm with thee."

[1] *Lust*, pleasure. See Note 2, page 38.
[2] *Colours*, outward seemings as distinguished from the inner truth. The word used in that sense in Latin was commonly so applied in old English (as by Bacon when he wrote of the "Colours of Good and Evil"), and still lives in such phrases as "a colourable pretext," &c.
[3] *Favel*, flattery.
[4] *Leas*, pastures.
[5] *No force*, no matter.
[6] *Lets*, hinders.
[7] *That Brutus sought by dreams.* Brut or Brutus, great-grand of the Trojan Æneas, was, according to Geoffrey of Monmou chronicle, and the old poems formed from it by Wace and Layam the founder and name-father of Britain. As he was leading captive Trojans from Greece he had in a temple of Diana a proph dream of the fair land in the West (Britain) that he was to win, where he was to build a new Troy, Troy-novant, or London.

Le Plaintif.

"Such folks shall take no harm by love,
That can abide their turn;
But I, alas! can no way prove
In love, but lack and mourn."

EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath lov'd thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS NOT TO FORGET HIS STEADFAST FAITH AND TRUE INTENT.

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can.
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not, oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been and is
The mind that never meant amiss:
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approv'd,
The which so long hath thee so lov'd,
Whose steadfast faith yet never mov'd:
Forget not this!

THE COMPLAINT OF A DESERTED LOVER.

"How should I
Be so pleasant
In my semblant
As my fellows be?"

Not long ago
It chanced so,
As I did walk alone,
I heard a man
That now and than
Himself did thus bemoan.

"Alas!" he said,
"I am betray'd
And utterly outdone;
Whom I did trust,
And think so just,
Another man hath won.

"My service due
And heart so true
On her I did bestow;
I never meant
For to repent
In wealth, nor yet in woe.

"Each western wind
Hath turned her mind,
And blown it clean away;
Thereby my wealth,
My mirth, and health,
Are driven to great decay.

"Fortúne did smile
A right short while,
And never said me nay;
With pleasant plays
And joyful days
My time to pass away.

"Alas! alas!
The time so was;
So never shall it be,—
Since she is gone,
And I alone
Am left, as you may see.

"Where is the oath?
Where is the troth
That she to me did give?
Such feignéd words,
With sely bourds,
Let no wise man believe.

"For even as I
Thus woefully
Unto myself complain;
If ye then trust,
Needs learn ye must
To sing my song in vain.

"How should I
Be so pleasant
In my semblant
As my fellows be?"

THE RE-CURED LOVER EXULTETH IN HIS FREEDOM.

I am as I am, and so will I be;
But how that I am none knoweth truly.
Be it evil, be it well, be I bond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be.

I lead my life indifferently;
I mean no thing but honesty;
And though folks judge full diversely
I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoice, nor yet complain,
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,
And use the mean, since folks will feign;
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasure or pain.

Divers do judge as they do trow,
Some of pleasure and some of woe;
Yet for all that no thing they know;
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But since judgers do thus decay,
Let every man his judgment say;
I will it take in sport and play,
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God him send;
Who judgeth evil, God them amend;
To judge the best therefore intend;
For I am as I am, and so will I end.

Yet some there be that take delight
To judge folks' thought for envy and spite;
But whether they judge me wrong or right,
I am as I am, and so do I write.

Praying you all that this do read
To trust it as you do your creed;
And not to think I change my weed,
For I am as I am, howe'er I speed.

But how that is, I leave to you;
Judge as ye list, false or true,
Ye know no more than afore ye knew;
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.

And from this mind I will not flee;
But to you all that misjudge me
I do protest, as ye may see,
That I am as I am, and so will be.

Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey were, in Henry VIII.'s reign, the first introducers of the Sonnet into English Literature. Wyatt, the elder man, was also a more exact imitator of the form of the sonnet as the practice of Petrarch had maintained and established it. The Earl of Surrey's imitations of the Petrarchan sonnet were defective as to their mechanism in several respects. Wyatt overlooked only one condition, namely, that the last two lines should not rhyme as a couplet; and for his use of a closing couplet he had authority in the practice of Dante's contemporary, Cino da Pistoia, and of other Italian masters. In Wyatt's sonnets there is always a couplet at the close, in Petrarch's never. Otherwise Wyatt observed accurately the division of the fourteen lines into two quatrain forming eight lines of opening, and two terzette forming six lines for the delivery of the though He observed that there should be only two rhym running through the two quatrains, that the seco quatrain should echo the rhyming of the first, a that the two rhymes have, with Petrarch, an arrang ment that he preferred and seldom departed fr (*a b b a*). Wyatt observed also that there shou be three rhymes running through the two terzett Surrey not merely ended his sonnets with couple but was essentially irregular in the arrangement their rhymes. Here, for instance, is one of Wyat sonnets:—

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

Farewell Love! and all thy laws for ever;
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more.
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore
To perfect wealth my wit for to endeavour.
In blind errour when I did persever,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store,
But scape forth thence, since liberty is lever.[1]
Therefore, farewell! go, trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority.
With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts;
For, hitherto though I have lost all my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to clime.

His fellow-poet, the Earl of Surrey, wrote th lines—

ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest:
Whose heavenly gifts increaséd by disdain;
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast:
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head, where wisdom mysteries did frame;
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain,
As on a stithe,[2] where that some work of fame
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern, and mild; where both did grow
Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice:
Amid great storms, whom grace assured so,
To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.

A hand, that taught what might be said in rhyme;
That reft Chaucér the glory of his wit.
A mark, the which (unperfected for time)
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue, that served in foreign realms his king;
Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame
Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth by travail unto fame.

An eye, whose judgment none affect could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposéd, void of guile.

[1] *Lever*, dearer. [2] *Stithe*, anvil.

A heart, where dread was never so imprest
To hide the thought that might the truth advance!
In neither fortune loft, nor yet represt,
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corpse,[1] where force and beauty met:
Happy, alas! too happy, but for foes,
Lived, and ran the race that nature set;
Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,
Witness of faith, that never shall be dead;
Sent for our health, but not received so.

Thus for our guilt this jewel have we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.
From the Copy of Holbein's Portrait in Chamberlaine.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who was about fourteen years younger than Sir Thomas Wyatt the poet, and survived him but five years, was the elder son of Thomas, Earl of Surrey, by his second wife, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. Henry Howard became Earl of Surrey in 1526, at the age of about seven, when his father succeeded to the dukedom of Norfolk. Two years later the boy served as cupbearer to King Henry VIII., and from the time when he was fifteen he was in regular attendance upon the king's person. His father loved literature; his mother had been an especial friend to Skelton; and the Earl of Surrey soon acquired fame at court as a poet who could write skilfully in the Italian fashion, and vigorously too in his own way as a high-spirited, energetic, and somewhat headstrong young lord. His exercises in the writing of love-sonnets were inscribed to a little girl at court, the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, whose family claimed affinity with the Tuscan line of the Giraldi of Florence. Gerald Fitzgerald and his five uncles had risen in rebellion; he had been made prisoner, and attainted as a traitor. He died in the Tower in 1534, leaving little Elizabeth (Surrey's "Geraldine"), aged six, an object of compassion to the court. She was brought to England, and placed at Hunsdon with her second cousin, the Princess Mary. The Earl of Surrey was then seventeen years old, and had been contracted in marriage, a year or two before, to the Earl of Oxford's daughter, Lady Frances Vere. In the following year, 1535, when Surrey's age was eighteen, and Geraldine's was seven, Surrey married. In 1536 his first son, Thomas, was born; and in 1539 his second son, Henry. Geraldine also married early, and was Lady Antony Brown, though but nineteen years of age, in 1547, the year of Surrey's execution.

It had always been required that sequences of sonnets showing a poet's skill in running up and down the scale of the one chiefly-appointed theme, should be inscribed to ladies who were not in any close personal relation of love to the poet. Without that understanding, reputations would have been continually compromised. Ladies were, doubtless, as unwilling then as now to be courted aloud on the housetops, and the old Courts of Love had, in fact, kept strict guard over the line between publicity of rhyming and the privacies of personal affection. Dante's Beatrice first appears in his sonnets as a child of eight, and she died young, Simon dei Bardi's wife, to whom honour was added by the poet who associated her with his ideal verse. Laura was in her eighteenth year when she married Hugues de Sades, and she was the mother of eleven children when she died at the age of about forty, Petrarch still celebrating her in a form of verse by which no one could be offended, because in its own day it was seldom misunderstood. The world never saw a line of verse written by Dante to his own wife, or by Petrarch to the mother of his son John and his daughter Francesca. Following, therefore, what had become an established fashion, when Surrey proved his courtly skill in the writing of love-sonnets, he dedicated them, not to his wife—his words to her were for her ear alone—but to a child of the court, whom it was kindly to distinguish as the theme of his exercises in conventional love rhetoric. The following sonnet is that which proves Elizabeth Fitzgerald to have been the Earl of Surrey's Geraldine:—

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE GERALDINE

From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat.
The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast:
Her sire an earl, her dame of prince's blood.
From tender years, in Britain doth she rest,
With king's child; where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne:
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.

[1] *Corpse* (French "corps"), the body. In old English, not necessarily the dead body.

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind; her virtues from above;
Happy is he that can obtain her love!

The next piece will serve to illustrate Surrey's skill as an imitator of Petrarch. It is translated from Petrarch's first canzone, which is placed between his tenth and eleventh sonnets, and consists in the original, as here, of fourteen lines, although it is not a true sonnet in its structure. It is, nevertheless, as near an approach to a sonnet as anything else left us by Surrey:—

COMPLAINT THAT HIS LADY, AFTER SHE KNEW OF HIS LOVE, KEPT HER FACE ALWAY HIDDEN FROM HIM.

I never saw my lady lay apart
Her cornet black, in cold nor yet in heat,
Sith first she knew my grief was grown so great;
Which other fancies driveth from my heart,
That to myself I do the thought reserve,
The which unwares did wound my woful breast;
But on her face mine eyes might never rest.
Yet since she knew I did her love and serve,
Her golden tresses clad alway with black,
Her smiling looks that hid thus evermore,
And that restrains which I desire so sore.
So doth this cornet govern me alack!
In summer, sun, in winter's breath, a frost;
Whereby the light of her fair looks I lost!

In 1542 Surrey served under his father, who led an English force across the border, and was at the burning of Kelsal. After his return he was imprisoned awhile in the Fleet for breaking citizens' windows. One of his two comrades in that freak was the only son of Wyatt the poet, Thomas Wyatt the younger, who was about three years younger than Surrey, and who was executed in 1554 for rebellion against the marriage of Queen Mary with Philip of Spain. Surrey playfully excused his offence of window-breaking in this

SATIRE AGAINST THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

London! hast thou accusèd me
Of breach of laws? the root of strife!
Within whose breast did boil to see,
So fervent hot, thy dissolute life;
That even the hate of sins that grow
Within thy wicked walls so rife,
For to break forth did convert so,
That terror could it not repress.
The which, by words since preachers know
What hope is left for to redress,
By unknown means it likèd me
My hidden burthen to express.
Whereby it might appear to thee
That secret sin hath secret spite;
From Justice' rod no fault is free,
But that all such as work unright
In most quiet, are next ill rest.
In secret silence of the night
This made me, with a reckless breast,
To wake thy sluggards with my bow:
A figure of the Lord's behest,
Whose scourge for sin the Scriptures shew.
That as the fearful thunder's clap
By sudden flame at hand we know;
Of pebble stones the soundless rap,
The dreadful plague might make thee see
Of God's wrath that doth thee enwrap.
That Pride might know, from conscience free,
How lofty works may her defend;
And Envy find, as he hath sought,
How other seek him to offend:
And Wrath taste of each cruel thought
The just shape, higher in the end:
And idle Sloth, that never wrought,
To heaven his spirit lift may begin:
And greedy Lucre live in dread,
To see what hate ill got goods win.
The lechers, ye that lusts do feed,
Perceive what secrecy 's in sin:
And gluttons' hearts for sorrow bleed,
Awakèd, when their fault they find.
In loathsome vice each drunken wight
To stir to God, this was my mind.
Thy windows had done me no spight;
But proud people, that dread no fall,
Clothèd with falsehood and unright
Bred in the closures of thy wall,
Wrested to wrath my fervent zeal
Thou hast; to strife, my secret call.
Induréd hearts no warning feel.
O! shaméless! is dread then gone?
Be such thy foes, as meant thy weal?
O! member of false Babylon!
The shop of craft! the den of ire!
Thy dreadful doom draws fast upon.
Thy martyrs' blood by sword and fire,
In heaven and earth for justice call.
The Lord shall hear their just desire!
The flame of wrath shall on thee fall!
With famine and pest laméntably
Stricken shall be thy lechers all;
Thy proud towérs, and turrets high
Enemies to God, beat stone from stone;
Thine idols burnt that wrought iniquity;
When none thy ruin shall bemoan.
But render unto the righteous Lord,
That so hath judgéd Babylon,
Immortal praise with one accord.

In October, 1543, the Earl of Surrey was a volunteer with the army in France before Landrécy. In the following July, 1544, he went to the wars again, and, as marshal of the English camp, he conducted the retreat from Montreuil. In August, 1545, he crossed the Channel again in command of an expedition for defence of Boulogne. He was recalled from Boulogne in April, 1546; found enemies at court; and in December, 1546, was arrested and sent to the Tower. A royal quartering in his arms was made the ground of an accusation of treason, and in the last days of Henry VIII., on the 21st of January, 1547, only a week before the king's death, the Earl of Surrey was beheaded on Tower Hill. His father, who had also been arrested, escaped a similar end because his death-warrant was not yet signed when King Henry died.

A much-loved follower of Surrey's was Thomas Clere, youngest son of Sir Robert Clere, of Ormesby, in Norfolk, and Alice, daughter of Sir William Boleyn. Clere, whose family traced its origin back to the counts of Cleremont, in Normandy, before the Conquest, was present at the coronation of his cousin, Anne Boleyn; loved a daughter of Sir John Shelton, in Norfolk; but died, aged twenty-eight, of a hurt received while he was protecting his wounded master from danger at one of the gates of Montreuil. He was buried in a chapel at Lambeth, with these lines by the Earl of Surrey placed over his tomb:—

EPITAPH ON CLERE.

Norfolk sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead;
Clere, of the Count of Clerémont, thou hight;
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,
And saw'st thy cousin crownéd in thy sight.
Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thou chase;[1]
(Aye, me! whilst life did last that league was tender!)
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze,
Landrécy burnt, and battered Boulogne render.
At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure,[2]
Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will;
Which cause did thee this pining death procure,
Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfil.
Ah! Clere! if love had booted, care, or cost,
Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.

Surrey paraphrased some of the Psalms, and the first five chapters of Ecclesiastes. He also translated the second and fourth books of Virgil's Æneid into blank verse, a measure then being tried in Italy, and by him first introduced into our literature. These opening lines of the second book were the first lines of blank verse written in English:—

They whisted all, with fixéd face attent,
When prince Æneas from the royal seat
Thus gan to speak. O Queen! it is thy will
I should renew a woe cannot be told:
How that the Greeks did spoil, and overthrow
The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy:
Those ruthful things that I myself beheld;
And whereof no small part fell to my share.
Which to express, who could refrain from tears?
What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?
What stern Ulysses' wagéd soldier?
And lo! moist night now from the welkin falls;
And stars declining counsel us to rest.
But since so great is thy delight to hear
Of our mishaps, and Troyè's last decay;
Though to record the same my mind abhors,
And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin.

The two following pieces by the Earl of Surrey are in a favourite metre of Henry VIII.'s time, consisting of alternate lines of twelve syllables (Alexandrines) and fourteen (service metre, or long measure, the common measure of the early versions of the Psalms). This combination has been called Poulterer's measure.

[1] *Chase*, chose. [2] *Recure*, recovery.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH HIS OWN ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST IF THEY HAD SKILL TO UNDERSTAND IT.

Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear.
And every thought did shew so lively in mine eyes, [rise.
That now I sighed, and then I smiled, as cause of thought did
I saw the little boy in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God to scape the rod, a tall young man to be.
The young man eke that feels his bones with pains opprest,
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest.
The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more.
Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three, [degree.
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change
And musing thus I think, the case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever seek to change.
Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my withered skin,
How it doth show my dented chews, the flesh was worn so thin.
And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me say:
"Thy white and hoarish hairs, the messengers of age,
That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life doth assuage;
Bid thee lay hand and feel them hanging on thy chin;
The which do write two ages past, the third now coming in.
Hang up therefore the bit of thy young wanton time:
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life define."
Whereat I sighed, and said: "Farewell! my wonted joy;
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me to every little boy;
And tell them thus from me: their time most happy is,
If, to their time, they reason had, to know the truth of this."

A CARELESS MAN SCORNING AND DESCRIBING THE SUBTLE USAGE OF WOMEN TOWARD THEIR LOVERS.

Wrapt in my careless cloak, as I walk to and fro,
I see how Love can shew what force there reigneth in his bow:
And how he shooteth eke a hardy heart to wound;
And where he glanceth by again, that little hurt is found.
For seldom is it seen he woundeth hearts alike;
The one may rage, when t'other's love is often far to seek.
All this I see, with more; and wonder thinketh me
How he can strike the one so sore, and leave the other free.
I see that wounded wight that suffereth all this wrong,
How he is fed with yeas and nays, and liveth all too long.
In silence though I keep such secrets to myself,
Yet do I see how she sometime doth yield a look by stealth,
As though it seemed, "Iwis, I will not lose thee so:"
When in her heart so sweet a thought did never truly grow
Then say I thus: Alas! that man is far from bliss,
That doth receive for his relief none other gain but this.
And she that feeds him so, I feel and find it plain,
Is but to glory in her power, that over such can reign.
Nor are such graces spent but when she thinks that he,
A wearied man, is fully bent such fancies to let flee.
Then to retain him still, she wrasteth new her grace, [brace.
And smileth, lo! as though she would forthwith the man em-
But when the proof is made, to try such looks withal,
He findeth then the place all void and freighted full of gall.
Lord! what abuse is this! Who can such women praise,
That for their glory do devise to use such crafty ways?
I, that among the rest do sit and mark the row,
Find that in her is greater craft, than is in twenty mo',
Whose tender years, alas! with wiles so well are sped:
What will she do when hoary hairs are powdered in her head?

The same measure was used by Thomas, Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, in Northamptonshire, who wrote in

THOMAS, SECOND LORD VAUX.
From the Copy of Holbein's Portrait in Chamberlaine.

Queen Mary's reign. The following lines by Lord Vaux were first printed in "The Paradise of Dainty Devices" (1576).

OF A CONTENTED MIND.

When all is done and said, in the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss that hath a quiet mind:
And, clear from worldly cares, to deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life in thinking to be spent.

The body subject is to fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps is casual every hour:
And Death in time doth change it to a clod of clay;
Whenas the mind, which is divine, runs never to decay.

Companion none is like unto the mind alone; [or none.
For many have been harmed by speech, through thinking, few,
Fear oftentimes restraineth words, but makes not thought to cease; [peace.
And he speaks best, that hath the skill when for to hold his

Our wealth leaves us at death; our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtues of the mind unto the heavens with us we have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake, I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life to deem in thinking spent.

The introduction of a rhyme at the cesura, or musical pause, of the longer line in this measure breaks each of its couplets into a four-lined stanza. We have an example of this, by the same poet, in what a MS. copy describes as "a dytte or sonet made by the Lord Vaus, in the time of the noble quene Marye, representing the image of Death." The first, third, and eighth stanzas of this poem, with a line from the last but one transferred to the third, were chosen by Shakespeare for the grave-digger's song in the fifth act of "Hamlet;" the clown giving, of course, his rudely remembered version of them:—

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

. . . . . .

But Age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

. . . . . .

A pickaxe and a spade, a spade.
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

So Shakespeare's clown quoted it. This is the po itself, as written in Queen Mary's reign by L Vaux:—

THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

I loathe that I did love,
In youth that I thought sweet,
As time requires for my behove
Methinks they are not meet.

My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Grey hairs upon my head.

For Age with stealing steps
Hath clawed me with his crutch,
And lusty Life away she leaps
As there had been none such.

My Muse doth not delight
Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For Reason me denies
This youthly idle rhyme;
And day by day to me she cries,
"Leave off these toys in time."

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say, limping Age will lodge him now,
Where Youth must give him place.

The harbinger of Death,
To me I see him ride;
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth bid me to provide

A pickaxe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

Methinks I hear the clerk,
That knolls the careful knell,
And bids me leave my woeful work,
Ere Nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot
That Youth did laugh to scorn,
Of me that clean shall be forgot,
As I had not been born.

Thus must I Youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear;
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it bear.

Lo, here the baréd skull,
By whose bald sign I know,
That stooping Age away shall pull
Which youthful years did sow.

For Beauty with her band
These crooked cares hath wrought,
And shippéd me into the land
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust:
As ye of clay were cast by kind,
So shall ye waste to dust.

BEAUTY AND THE BARED SKULL.
From a Monument in the Church of St. Mary-le-Savoy.[1]

This piece was first printed in Tottel's Miscellany, a collection issued in June, 1557, which gathered into itself poems from many minds, but was chiefly remarkable as including the first printed collection of the poems of the Earl of Surrey and of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Tottel's Miscellany—"Songes and Sonnettes, written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Haward, late Earle of Surrey, and other. Apud Richardum Tottel, 1557. Cum privilegio"—went through eight editions in Elizabeth's reign, and was followed by other gatherings of fugitive verse into books with various names. Richard Tottel, the printer who issued the collection, seems to have had it made for him by Nicholas Grimald, a Huntingdonshire man, who had studied at both Universities, was a Fellow of Merton, and lectured on Rhetoric at Christchurch.

[1] The monument is figured in Mr. J. T. Smith's "Antiquities of London." The lady to whom it was erected died in 1572.

He is said to have been imprisoned as a Protestant in Mary's reign, to have saved his life by recantation, and to have died about five years after the accession of Elizabeth. One of Grimald's own contributions to Tottel's Miscellany is this:—

OF FRIENDSHIP.

Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend?

WEALTH THAT PASSES.
From Geffrey Whitney's "Emblemes" (1586).

Our health is soon decayed; goods, casual, light, and vain;
Broke have we seen the force of power, and honour suffer stain.
In body's lust man doth resemble but base brute;
True virtue gets and keeps a friend, good guide of our pursuit,
Whose hearty zeal with ours accords in every case;
No term of time, no space of place, no storm can it deface.
When fickle fortune fails, this knot endureth still;
Thy kin out of their kind may swerve, when friends owe thee good will.
What sweeter solace shall befall than one to find
Upon whose breast thou mayst repose the secrets of thy mind?
He waileth at thy woe, his tears with thine be shed;
With thee doth he divide his joys, so lefe[2] a life is led.
Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see,
One soul a wonder shall it seem in bodies twain to be;
In absence present, rich in want, in sickness sound,
Yea, after death alive, mayst thou by thy sure friend be found.
Each house, each town, each realm, by steadfast love doth stand:
While foul debate breeds bitter bale in each divided land.
O Friendship, flower of flowers! O lively sprite of life!
O sacred bond of blissful peace, the stalworth staunch of strife!
Scipio with Lælius[3] didst thou conjoin in care;
At home, in wars, for weal and woe, with equal faith to fare;

[2] *Lefe*, loved. First English "leôf."

[3] Lælius, called the Wise, distinguished himself in war and peace; served Rome as General, as Consul, and as Ambassador; is said to have helped Terence in his comedies; and was the intimate friend of Scipio Africanus the younger. In this last character he is made to appear in Cicero's treatise "De Amicitiâ" as the interpreter of Friendship. Cicero even compared Lælius with Socrates in a passage of his "De Officiis," which Nicholas Grimald, who translated the

Gisippus eke with Tite, Damon with Pythias;
And with Menœtius' son Achill by thee combinéd was:
Eurialus and Nisus gave Virgil cause to sing;
Of Pylades do many rhymes, and of Orestes, ring;
Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith his friend to find:
Oh that the wives in these our days were to their mates so kind!
Cicero, the friendly man, to Atticus, his friend,
Of Friendship wrote; such couples, lo! doth lot but seldom lend.
Recount thy race now run, how few there shalt thou see
Of whom to say, "This same is he that never failéd me."
So rare a jewel then must needs be holden dear,
And as thou wilt esteem thyself, so take thy chosen fere;[1]
The tyrant in despair no lack of gold bewails,
But "Out, I am undone," saith he, "for all my friends fails!"
Wherefore, since nothing is more kindly for our kind,
Next wisdom, thus that teacheth us, love we the friendly mi

Akin to the theme of Friendship is this poem Tottel's collection: it is by an unknown author:—

OF THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

The flickering Fame that flieth from ear to ear,
And aye her strength increaseth with her flight,
Gives first the cause why men to hear delight
Of those whom she doth note for beauty bright.
And with this Fame, that flieth on so fast,
Fancy doth hie when Reason makes no haste.

And yet, not so content, they wish to see
And thereby know if Fame have said aright.
More trusting to the trial of their Eye
Than to the bruit that goes of any wight.
Wise in that point—that lightly will not 'lieve;
Unwise, to seek that may them after grieve.

Who knoweth not how Sight may Love allure
And kindle in the heart a hot desire:
The Eye to work that Fame could not procure?
Of greater cause there cometh hotter fire.
For, ere he wit, himself he feeleth warm,
The Fame and Eye the causers of his harm.

Let Fame not make her known whom I shall know,
Nor yet mine Eye therein to be my guide:
Sufficeth me that virtue in her grow,
Whose simple life her father's walls do hide.
Content with this I leave the rest to go,
And in such choice shall stand my wealth and woe.

Two of Grimald's contributions to the Miscella are in blank verse; and as these are our first origin poems in a form of verse that, as perfected by Shak speare and Milton, has become distinctly Englis one of them is here given:—

THE DEATH OF ZOROAS, AN EGYPTIAN ASTRONOME IN THE FIRST FIGHT THAT ALEXANDER HAD WI THE PERSIANS.

Now clattering arms, now raging broils of war,
'Gan pass the noise of dreadful trumpets'[2] clang
Shrouded with shafts, the heaven; with cloud of darts
Covered, the air; against full fatted bulls
As forceth kindled ire the lions keen,
Whose greedy guts the gnawing hunger pricks,
So Macedons against the Persians fare.[3]
Now corpses hide the purpurde[4] soil with blood;
Large slaughter on each side, but Perses more

whole book, thus rendered:—"As it is a point of lightness unmeasurably to bear adversity: so it is no less, unmeasurably to use prosperity: and a continual evenness in all a man's life, and one cheer evermore and one manner of face, it is commendable, as we have heard of Socrates, and also of Caius Lælius." The friendship of Titus and Gisippus is the theme of the eighth novel of the tenth day in Boccaccio's "Decameron." Their story was known in many versions. It was in the "Clericalis Disciplina" of Petrus Alphonsus, a collection formed in the twelfth century from old Arabian and other tales. It found its way into the "Gesta Romanorum;" it was used by Boccaccio, by Gower, and by Lydgate. These are the incidents of the tale as told in the "Decameron." When Octavius Cæsar, afterwards Emperor Augustus, was a triumvir, young Titus Quintus Fulvius, a Roman gentleman's son, was sent to Athens to study philosophy. There he was fellow-student with an Athenian youth, Gisippus, son of Chremes, an old family friend, at whose house in Athens Titus lived. For three years Titus and Gisippus learnt philosophy together under Aristippus, and they became fast friends. Chremes then died, and his son Gisippus was soon afterwards persuaded that he ought to marry. He was betrothed, therefore, to the fair Sophronia. But when Titus saw that damsel, he fell sick of love for her. Gisippus, having found the cause of his friend's malady, to save him from unhappiness, resigned to him his bride; but he contrived secretly to transfer her by a stratagem, lest, if he resigned her simply and openly, she might be given to a third person, and Titus still left in despair. Soon afterwards, the death of his father obliged Titus to return to Rome. His secret marriage had then to be disclosed, and he successfully opposed philosophy and stout words to the rage of all objectors. But Gisippus, left at Athens, fell so much into discredit with his friends, and into such poverty, that at last he went to Rome to see what his friend Titus could do for him. He put himself in his friend's way, but was not recognised. He thought himself slighted, became desperate, careless of life, and went hungry and moneyless into a cave. Into the same cave, towards daybreak, came two thieves, who fought over their plunder until one killed his companion and fled. When Gisippus had seen this, he resolved to end life without laying hands upon himself, by suffering the officers of justice to arrest him for the murder. He declared himself guilty, was taken to the judgment-hall, and there received sentence to be crucified. But Titus had come into the hall, and Titus recognised in the condemned man his friend Gisippus. To save his friend, Titus declared himself to be the murderer. Then said the Prætor to Gisippus, "How could you, not under torture, accuse yourself of the crime another has committed?" Gisippus lifted up his eyes, and saw that it was Titus who was offering his life to save him. A contest then began between the friends, each urgently declaring himself guilty and the other innocent. But the real murderer had also come into the hall, and the contest of the two friends spurred him to confession. When these things were told to Octavius Cæsar he had all three brought before him, heard from each his motive for the accusation of himself, and freed the two friends because they were innocent, the thief also for their sakes. Boccaccio ended his elaboration of this tale with praise of Friendship. Of the friendships cited in this poem by Nicholas Grimald, that of Damon and Pythias is of Damon condemned to death by Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, but allowed to visit his home before execution, on condition that his friend Pythias should suffer for him if he did not return by an appointed time. The time came; Pythias offered his life; Damon returned; the friends contended, each anxious to die for the other; and the wondering tyrant, who had no friends, pardoned both. Homer sang of the friendship of Achilles for Patroclus, son of Menœtius. Nisus, in the ninth book of Virgil's "Æneid," died in battle while seeking the rescue of his friend Euryalus. Their friendship became proverbial, like that of Damon and Pythias; like that between Orestes and Pylades, who helped him to avenge the murder of Agamemnon, and who married his sister Electra; or like the fabled friendship between Theseus and Pirithous.

[1] *Fere* (First English "fera" and "gefera"), companion.
[2] *Dreadful trumpets* were first written and printed "taratantara."
[3] *Fare*, go. First English "farath" and "fare," from "faran to go.
[4] *Purpurde*, purpled.

Moist fields bebled;[1] their hearts and numbers bate,
Fainted while they give back, and fall to flight:
The lightning Macedon, by swords, by gleaves,[2]
By bands and troops of footmen with his guard
Speeds to Darie; but him his nearest kin,
Oxate, preserves with horsemen on a plump[3]
Before his car, that none the charge could give.
Here grunts, here groans, eachwhere strong youth is spent.
Shaking her bloody hands, Bellone among
The Perses soweth all kind of cruel death:
With throat yeut he roars; he lieth along,
His entrails with a lance through girded quite;
Him smites the club; him wounds far-striking bow,
And him the sling, and him the shining sword;
He dieth; he is all dead; he pants; he rests.

Right over stood, in snow-white armour brave,
The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clerk,
To whom the heavens lay open, as his book;[4]
And in celestial bodies he would tell
The moving, meeting, light, aspect, eclipse,
And influence, and constellations all;
What earthly chances would betide, what year
Of plenty stored, what sign forewarnéd dearth;
How winter gendreth snow; what temperature
In the prime-tide doth season well the soil;
Why summer burns; why autumn hath ripe grapes;
Whether the circle quadrate may become;
Whether our tunes heaven's harmony can yield;
Of four begins among themselves how great
Proportion is; what sway the erring lights
Doth send in course 'gain that first moving heaven;
What grees one from another distant be;
What star doth let the hurtful fire to rage,
Or him more mild what opposition makes;
What fire doth qualify Mavors's fire;
What house each one doth seek; what planet reigns
Within this hemisphere or that; small things
I speak: whole heaven he closeth in his breast.

This sage, then, in the stars had spied: the fates
Threatened him death, without delay; and, sith[5]
He saw he could not fatal order change,
Forward he pressed in battle, that he might
Meet with the ruler of the Macedons,
Of his right hand desirous to be slain,
The boldest beorn,[6] and worthiest in the field.
And as a wight now weary of his life,
And seeking death, in first front of his rage
Comes desperately to Alexander's face;
At him, with darts, one after other, throws,
With reckless words and clamour him provokes;
And saith, "Nectanab's bastard,[7] shameful stain

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[1] *Bebled*, stained with blood.

[2] *Gleaves* (French "glaives"), broad swords. The word may also have been applied sometimes to halberds.

[3] *On a plump*, in a cluster or mass. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Double Marriage," "Here's a whole plump of rogues;" and George Chapman writes of visiting "islands and the plumps of men." The notion of mass or thickness is in the word in its modern sense, as when cheeks are said to be plump.

[4] The old romance of Alexander expatiated with much relish upon incidents of battle:—

> "All that Alisaundre hit,
> Horse and mon down he smit.
> He rode forth through the press,
> Was there none to his prowéss."

Grimald, in this poem, develops in romance fashion—except as to metre—an incident suggestive of the thought that some folks' brains are too good to be spilt. In the following lines, meant to express the reach of human wisdom to the stars, such knowledge includes, as it did in Elizabeth's reign and long after, a study of the "aspect" and "influence" of the heavenly bodies. In all mundane things, it was believed, the heavenly idea works through the soul of the world. This was an imagined spirit not composed of the four elements, but a fifth essence—and therefore called quintessence—a certain first thing above and beside them. Such spirit animates the body of the world and works in it, producing all its powers, as the soul works in the body of a man. There is nothing so base as to contain no spark of this virtue; but where it abounds most, power is greatest. It abounds most in the heavenly bodies. The purest light or fire was supposed to be in the highest heaven, called, therefore, from the Greek word for fire, the "empyrean"—"He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire" (Psalm civ. 4). All that lives, it was said, lives by its inclosed fire. Such power, therefore, came down with utmost force in the pure light of the stars, so that things influenced (*i.e.* flowed in upon) by their rays, were conformed to their nature. By this spirit the several powers of the planets, and stars higher than the planets, were poured into herbs, stones, metals, and animals, each having such qualities or tendencies as the combination of the heavenly bodies at some specially influential time, as in the moment of a man's birth, or the predominance of certain aspects during any time, might cause to predominate. Thus the planet Saturn was of a dark leaden hue, and its influence was strongest upon lead and heavy metals; upon the black bile—cause of melancholy, which word signifies *black bile* in a man; among animals, its influence was strongest upon reptiles, and such creatures as are nocturnal, solitary, slow, unclean; upon hoarse birds, as the ravens; upon plants like mandragora, rue, hellebore, pine, cypress, yew; upon such as bear fruit black, bitter, or repulsive to the smell—all such things are saturnine. To this belief Milton refers in "Lycidas," when he would have a vale full of sweet flowers, and therefore as little as may be under the dark "aspect" of Saturn:

> "Call the vales, and bid them hither cast
> Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
> Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
> Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
> On whose fresh lap *the swart star sparely looks.*"

Then follows the muster-roll of flowers opposite to the saturnine: primrose, jessamine, pink, violet, musk-rose, &c. Zoroas knows also, it may be observed, whether the circle can be squared. He knows in what proportions the "four begins"—that is, the four elements—are blended to build up the different parts of the world. The Pythagoreans looked on the number four as the fountain of Nature, the Tetractys, and by it they swore. Zoroas knows how the erring or wandering lights—*i.e.*, the planets, so called from a Greek word meaning to wander—affect by their courses "the first moving heaven," the *primum mobile*. In the astronomy of Elizabeth's days—Ptolemy's—the Earth, itself motionless, was in the centre of our world, surrounded by successive spheres: first that of the revolution of the Moon about us (the Moon being reckoned first of the Seven Planets); then the successive spheres of the six other "erring lights"—Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn; then an eighth sphere, the Firmament, in which the Fixed Stars were set. Beyond these was a starless sphere, the outermost, having for its centre the centre of the Earth; and since the outermost sphere was supposed to originate the movements of the rest, it was called "the first moving heaven"—"the *primum mobile*." Zoroas knows "what grees"—*i.e.*, how many degrees—one sphere was distant from another, and whether earthly music could sound like the music of the spheres. It was a doctrine of the ancients that harmonies of sound and motion ruled the world. According to the several virtues of the planets were their several sounds that blended to produce the heavenly diapason. Our earthly music, when akin to that of any planet, would draw down especially that planet's influence. If two planets in the sky together shed opposing influences, then Zoroas can tell how the opposition of one would affect the power of the other. "What house each one doth seek" is a reference to the ancient division of the zodiac into twenty-eight days, or mansions, each giving some special power to the planet that is in it. Thus the Moon being in the first house, Alnath, or the Ram's horns, was said to cause discords, journeys. In the second house, farther on in Aries, Allothaim, she was said to favour the finding of treasures or the holding fast of captives. "Small things I speak," said Grimald. I suggest as well as I can that Zoroas has human wisdom reaching to the stars. He knows more than my words can tell—"whole heaven he closeth in his breast."

[5] *Sith*, since.

[6] *Beorn* (in the Miscellany spelt "beurn"), chieftain. A First English word.

[7] The mediæval romance of Alexander made him in magical way son of Philip's wife Olympia and the magician Nectanabus.

Of mother's bed! Why losest thou thy strokes
Cowards among? Turn thou to me, in case
Manhood there be so much left in thy heart!
Come, fight with me, that on my helmet wear
Apollo's laurel, both for learning's laud,
And eke for martial praise; that in my shield
The seven-fold sophie[1] of Minerve contain;
A match more meet, sir king! than any here."

The noble prince amoved, takes ruth upon
The wilful wight, and with soft words again,
"O monstrous man," quoth he, "whatso thou art,
I pray thee live! ne do not with thy death
This lodge of lore, the Muses' mansion mar!
That treasure-house this hand shall never spoil.
My sword shall never bruise that skilful brain,
Long gathered heaps of science soon to spill;
O how fair fruits may you to mortal men
From wisdom's garden give! How many may
By you the wiser and the better prove!
What error, what mad mood, what frenzy, thee
Persuades to be down sent to deep Averne,
Where no arts flourish, nor no knowledge 'vails?"

For all these saws, when thus the sovereign said,
Alighted Zoreas: with sword unsheathed
The careless king there smote above the greave,[2]
At the opening of his cuisses[3] wounded him,
So that the blood down railed[4] on the ground.
The Macedon, perceiving hurt, gan gnash:
But yet his mind he bent, in any wise,
Him to forbear: set spurs unto his steed,
And turned away, lest anger of his smart
Should cause revenger hand deal baleful blows.

But of the Macedonian chieftain's knights,
One, Meleager, could not bear this sight,
But ran upon the same Egyptian rank,[5]
And cut him in both knees:—he fell to ground:
Wherewith a whole rout came of soldiers stern,
And all in pieces hewed the sely sege.[6]

But happily the soul fled to the stars,
Where, under him, he hath full sight of all
Whereat he gazed here with reaching look.

The Persians wicked such sapience to forego,
The very muse,[7] the Macedonians wished

He would have lived:—King Alexander self
Deemed him a man unmeet to die at all;
Who won like praise for conquest of his ire,
As for stout men in field that day subdued;
Who princes taught how to discern a man
That in his head so rare a jewel bears.
But over all, those same Camenes,[8] those same
Divine Camenes, whose honour he procured,
As tender parent doth his daughter's weal,
Lamented; and for thanks, all that they can,
Do cherish him deceased, and set him free
From dark oblivion of devouring death.

Among the additional poems of uncertain ship that appeared in the second edition of Miscellany, published a few weeks after the another of

THE PRAISE OF A TRUE FRIEND.

Whoso that wisely weighs the profit and the pleas
Of things wherein delight by worth is wont to rip
Shall find no jewel is so rich ne yet so rare
That with the friendly heart in value may compare

What other wealth to man by Fortune may befall
But Fortune's changed cheer may reave a man of
A friend no wreck of wealth, no cruel cause of wo
Can force his friendly faith unfriendly to forego.

If Fortune friendly fawn and lend thee wealthy st
Thy friend's conjoinéd joy doth make thy joy the
If frowardly she frown and drive thee to distress,
His aid relieves thy ruth and makes thy sorrow le

Thus Fortune's pleasant fruits by friends increasé
The bitter, sharp, and sour by friends allayed to th
That when thou dost rejoice, them doubled is thy j
And eke in cause of care, the less is thy annoy.

Aloft if thou do live as one appointed here
A stately part on stage of worldly state to bear,
Thy friend, as only free from fraud, will thee advi
To rest within the rule of mean, as do the wise.

He seeketh to foresee the peril of thy fall;
He sindeth out thy faults and warns thee of them
Thee, not thy luck, he loves: whatever be thy cas
He is thy faithful friend, and thee he doth embrace

If churlish cheer of chance have thrown thee into
And that thy need ask aid, for to relieve thy fall:
In him thou secret trust assured art to have,
And succour not to seek, before that thou can crave

This is thy friend to thee the comfort of thy pain,
The glazer of thy state, the allayer of thy pain.
In wealth and woe thy friend another self to thee.
So 'twixt man to man a God the proverb saith to be.

[illegible] will bring thee friends in [illegible]
[illegible] shall prove thee friends in [illegible]
[illegible] wish in choose thy friend, with virtue him en
[illegible] in the ground, so shall it not be vain.

[1] Sophie, wisdom personified, because wisdom was said to be compounded of the seven sciences, three forming the trivium and four the quadrivium.

[2] Greave, from the old French "greve," the shank. "greaves," armour for the legs.

[3] Cuisses, armour for the thighs. So in Part I. of "Henry IV.":—

"I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs."

[4] Railed. So Spenser, "Faerie Queene," I. vii. 41:—

"Much wondred at the thing, yet nought dismayd,
That stroke or streame could any entrance find.
Long while they thus beat one another downe,
Their mightie armes and dinted blades entwine,
So doe they both themselves quite out of breath,
And hidden fire smoke from their nostrils throw,
As two fierce bulls, which fortune to be met,
Both for their love, and for their pasture fight."

[5] Rank, rush.

[6] Sege, seat.

[7] Muse, Clio, the Muse of History.

[8] Camenes, the Muses.

GASCOIGNE PRESENTING A BOOK TO QUEEN ELIZABETH. (*From the King's MS.* 18, A. xlviii.)

CHAPTER X.

REIGN OF ELIZABETH—"THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES;" THE "MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES;" GASCOIGNE'S "STEEL GLASS;" MINOR POETS.—FROM A.D. 1558 TO A.D. 1579.

From Lyly's Euphues. First Edition (1579).

GREAT energies of thought, quickened and diffused by the spread of the art of printing, had given new impulse to every form of human work during the half century before Elizabeth was queen. The first book printed with movable types, a Bible, had been completed in 1455, two years after the fall of the Roman Empire in the East. The taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 had driven into exile learned Greeks, who maintained themselves by teaching their language, and making the philosophy of Plato known in Florence, Paris, and elsewhere. Spread of Greek studies made Plato an ally of those who were battling against corruptions of Church discipline. Advance of thought added questions of Church doctrine to questions of Church discipline. Debate about the limit of authority rose higher as it won new ground. In 1492 Columbus first discovered for Spain the West India Islands. In 1497 Sebastian Cabot first saw the mainland of America. In 1506 Columbus died, and the power of Spain—much used to sustain in Europe the principle of absolute authority in Church and State—was backed by the wealth of a New World. Personal desires of Henry VIII. made a way by which the best thought of England could lead swiftly onward towards the reformation of the Church. The short reign of Edward VI. gathered into one power many of the forces thus developed. Reaction under Mary strengthened and embittered in many earnest minds such resolution as helped England's advance under Elizabeth. Elizabeth came to the throne young, queen of a people beset by strong enemies, and not yet in the first rank among the nations; but in her time her country grew in stature mightily. As energies of thought thus quickened brought England into conflict with the power of Spain, new force and freedom came into our literature. All the great conflicts of the time dealt with essentials of life, about which, however we may differ, it is good for men to care. Occupation upon low care lowers life, but it is lifted to its highest by true care about essentials. A religious sense of duty is the mainspring of the English character. It is a mainspring that has many a flaw of human imperfection in it; but there it is, and we

are safe until it breaks. England is strong by labour of many generations, with all inevitable drawbacks from the prejudices, ignorances, and shortcomings of men, to find out the right and do it for the love of God. As the right sought by a nation in a day of conflict and the peril dared for it is greater, greater also and livelier will be the expression of its human energies, and higher heavenward will be its reach of thought. Whoever tells the story of our literature, has to show that the development of English power during the reign of Elizabeth, along almost every line of thought, was of this kind. These volumes are planned only to illustrate what I endeavour elsewhere to describe;[1] the brief narrative in which the series of specimens is set being designed only to tell when and by whom each piece was written, as far as that can be told, adding here and there such information as may serve to secure fuller enjoyment of good fare.

The land was full of song in Elizabeth's time. Music of the voice was cultivated, part songs and madrigals were a common social pleasure. Educated men, who had no thought of calling themselves men of letters, could write pleasant verse, and sing it too. To be able to write pleasant verse was a mark of good breeding in England as in Italy, and this was caused, in some degree, by imitation of Italian fashions. Much of the verse written, and more or less valued, in Elizabeth's reign, has passed away. The very good remains; but of the good, perhaps there has been as much lost as preserved. Miscellanies like that of Richard Tottel, already described, served to retain for us many pieces that would otherwise have passed out of memory. Tottel's was very popular, and went through eight editions, the last being in 1587. Next to that came, in 1576, "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," collected by Richard Edwards, a Somersetshire man and a musician, who was master of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel Royal. As he trained the children of the chapel to act, for her Majesty's pleasure, interludes and plays of his own writing, he will appear, also, in another volume, among our first dramatists. Here is a song of his own, from "The Paradise of Dainty Devices:"—

WISDOM.

Whoso will be accounted wise, and truly claim the name,
By joining virtue to his deeds he must achieve the same.
But few there be that seek thereby true wisdom to attain:
O God, so rule our hearts therefore such fondness to refrain.

The wisdom which we most esteem, in this thing doth consist,
With glorious talk to show in words our wisdom when we list:
Yet not in talk but seemly deeds our wisdom we should place,
To speak so fair and do but ill doth wisdom quite disgrace.

To bargain well and shun the loss, a wisdom counted is,
And thereby through the greedy coin no hope of grace to miss.
To seek by honour to advance his name to brittle praise,
Is wisdom which we daily see increaseth in our days.

But heavenly wisdom sour seems, too hard for them to win,
But weary of the suit they seem, when they do once begin:
It teacheth us to frame our life, while vital breath we have,
When it dissolveth earthly mass, the soul from death to save.

By fear of God to rule our steps from sliding into vice
A wisdom is which we neglect, although of greater price:
A point of wisdom also this we commonly esteem,
That every man should Be indeed that he desires to Seem.

To bridle that desire of gain which forceth us to ill,
Our haughty stomachs, Lord, repress, to tame presuming will:
This is the wisdom that we should above each thing desire,
O heavenly God, from sacred throne, that grace in us inspire!

And print in our repugnant hearts the rules of wisdom true,
That all our deeds in worldly life may like thereof ensue:
Thou only art the living spring from whom this wisdom flows,
Oh wash therewith our sinful hearts from vice that therein grows!

From Richard Edwards's contributions to the miscellany of his own collection let us take also a song of May:—

MAY.

When May is in his prime, then may each heart rejoice;
When May bedecks each branch with green, each bird strains forth his voice,
The lively sap creeps up into the blooming thorn,
The flowers, which cold in prison kept, now laughs[2] the frost to scorn.
All Nature's imps triúmphs, while joyful May doth last;
When May is gone, of all the year the pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hue, May breeds and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout every limb, May makes the merry mood.
May pricketh tender hearts, their warbling notes to tune.
Full strange it is, yet some, we see, do make their May in June.
Thus things are strangely wrought, whiles joyful May doth last;
Take May in time, when May is gone, the pleasant time is past.

All ye that live on earth, and have your May at will,
Rejoice in May, as I do now, and use your May with skill.

[1] In "A First Sketch of English Literature," published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, and in "English Writers," published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, a much longer work which is in progress, and of which the sections hitherto published are at present (1875) out of print.

[2] *Flowers . . . laughs; imps . . . triumphs.* This is not a false concord, but use of the Northern plural in *s*. A chief mark of distinction between Northern, Midland, and Southern English was the plural of the indicative present: Northern, *es;* Midland, *es;* Southern, *eth*. The plural in *s* was frequent in Shakespeare, though it is, of course, seldom retained in modern editions. Many examples will be found in Dr. Abbott's "Shakespearian Grammar," a book most valuable, not only to all who read Shakespeare with care, but to the good student of grammar, for its systematic illustration of Elizabethan English. In "Hamlet," act iii., sc. 2, Shakespeare wrote—

> "The great man down, you mark his favourites flies,
> The poor advanced makes friends of enemies."

Here, because of the rhyme, the passage is only to be accommodated to modern grammar by making the noun singular and damaging the sense. In "Macbeth," act ii., sc. 1, both sense and rhyme are too stubborn to allow of change; printer must print, and reader must read to the end of time—

> "Whiles I threat he lives;
> Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives."

Use May, while that you may, for May hath but his time;
When all the fruit is gone it is too late the tree to climb.
Your liking, and your lust, is fresh whiles May doth last,
When May is gone of all the year the pleasant time is past.

Still drawing our illustrations from Edwards's "Paradise of Dainty Devices," we will add to the examples already given of the skill of Lord Vaux as a poet[1] one piece more:—

NO PLEASURE WITHOUT SOME PAIN.

How can the tree but waste and wither[2] away,
That hath not some time comfort of the sun;
How can that flower but fade and soon decay,
That always is with dark clouds overrun?
Is this a life? nay death you may it call,
That feels each pain, and knows no joy at all.

What foodless beasts can live long in good plight,
Or is it life where senses there be none;
Or what availeth eyes without their light?
Or else a tongue to him that is alone;
Is this a life? nay death you may it call,
That feels each pain, and knows no joy at all.

Whereto serve ears, if that there be no sound,
Or such a head where no device doth grow,
But all of plaints, since sorrow is the ground
Whereby the heart doth pine in deadly woe?
Is this a life? nay death you may it call,
That feels each pain, and knows no joy at all.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, is the author of the next two pieces from "The Paradise of Dainty Devices:"—

HIS MIND NOT QUIETLY SETTLED, HE WRITETH THUS.

Even as the wax doth melt, or dew consume away
Before the sun, so I, behold,[3] through careful thoughts decay:
For my best luck leads me to such sinister state,
That I do waste with others' love that hath myself in hate:
And he that beats the bush the wishéd bird not gets,
But such, I see, as sitteth still and holds the fowling nets.

The drone more honey sucks that labours not at all,
Than doth the bee to whose most pain least pleasure doth befall:
The gardener sows the seeds whereof the flowers do grow,
And others yet do gather them that took less pain, I know:
So I the pleasant grape have pulléd from the vine,
And yet I languish in great thirst while others drink the wine.

Thus like a woeful wight I wove my web of woe, [grow:
The more I would weed out my cares the more they seem to
The which betokeneth hope forsaken is of me,
That with the careful culver climbs the worn and withered tree
To entertain my thoughts and there my hap to moan,
That never am less idle, lo, than when I am alone.

[1] See page 160.

[2] Pronounced wi'r. See Note 18, page 84.

[3] *Behold* (First English "behealden") may be used here in a sense still attached to the corresponding German word "behalten." As through sun's heat wax melts or dew consumes, so I, through careful thoughts, behold decay. But there is ejaculated "lo" in the last line, to which this "behold," used in the common sense, may correspond. If so read, it should be placed between commas.

FANCY AND DESIRE.

Come hither, shepherd's swain.—"Sir, what do you require?"
I pray thee, show to me thy name.—"My name is Fond Desire."
When wert thou born, Desire?—"In pomp and pride of May."
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?—"By Fond Conceit, men say."
Tell me, who was thy nurse?—"Fresh youth in sugared joy."
What was thy meat and daily food?—"Sad sighs with great annoy."
What hadst thou then to drink?—"The savoury lover's tears."
What cradle wert thou rocked in?—"Hope devoid of fears."
What lull'd thee then asleep?—"Sweet speech, which likes me best."
Tell me, where is thy dwelling-place?—"In gentle hearts I rest."
What thing doth please thee most?—"To gaze on beauty still."
Whom dost thou think to be thy foe?—"Disdain of my good will."
Doth company displease?—"Yes, surely, many one."
Where doth Desire delight to live?—"He loves to live alone."
Doth either time or age bring him unto decay?—
"No, no, Desire both lives and dies a thousand times a day."
Then, Fond Desire, farewell, thou art no mate for me;
I should be loth, methinks, to dwell with such a one as thee.

The author of the next two pieces, also taken from Richard Edwards's collection, was William Hunnis:—

IF THOU DESIRE TO LIVE IN QUIET REST, GIVE EAR AND SEE BUT SAY THE BEST.

If thou delight in quietness of life,
Desire to shun from broils, debate, and strife,
To live in love with God, with friend and foe,
In rest shalt sleep when others cannot so.

Give ear to all, yet do not all believe,
And see the end, and then do sentence give:
But say, for truth, of happy lives assigned
The best hath he that quiet is in mind.

HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL.

In hope the shipman hoisteth sail, in hope of passage good;
In hope of health the sickly man doth suffer loss of blood;
In hope the prisoner linked in chains hopes liberty to find:
Thus hope breeds health, and health breeds ease to every troubled mind.

In hope desire gets victory, in hope great comfort springs;
In hope the lover lives in joys, he fears no dreadful stings;
In hope we live, and may abide such storms as are assigned:
Thus hope breeds health, and health breeds ease to every troubled mind.

In hope we easily suffer harm, in hope of future time;
In hope of fruit the pain seems sweet that to the tree doth climb;
In hope of love such glory grows, as now by proof I find,
That hope breeds health, and health breeds ease to every troubled mind.

The next piece taken to illustrate the singing in

"The Paradise of Dainty Devices" is also by a poet little known to fame, Francis Kinwelmarsh :—

WHO WILL ASPIRE TO DIGNITY,
BY LEARNING MUST ADVANCED BE.

The poor that live in needy rate
By Learning do great riches gain;
The rich that live in wealthy state
By Learning do their wealth maintain:
Thus rich and poor are furthered still
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceits of frantic youth
The golden gist of Learning stays;
Of doubtful things to search the truth
Learning sets forth the ready ways:
O happy him do I repute
Whose breast is fraught with Learning's fruit.

There grows no corn within the field
That ox and plough did never till;
Right so the mind no fruit can yield
That is not led by Learning's skill:
Of Ignorance comes rotten weeds,
Of Learning springs right noble deeds.

Like as the captain hath respect
To train his soldiers in array;
So Learning doth man's mind direct
By Virtue's staff his life to stay:
Though friends and fortune waxeth scant,
Yet learned men shall never want.

You imps, therefore, in youth be sure
To fraught your minds with learned things;
For Learning is the fountain pure
Out from the which all glory springs:
Whoso therefore will glory win,
With Learning first must needs begin.

DIVES INDOCTUS.[1]
No. 189 of Alciat's Emblems.

[1] *Dives Indoctus.* Phryxus of the Greek legend stands here for the rich man without learning who commits himself to the wide seas upon the Golden Fleece; but the Golden Fleece, being a sheep's, has only a sheep's head to guide it. Andrea Alciat, or Alzate (for Alciatus) was the Latin form of a name derived from his birthplace, Alzate, in the district of Como), was a great Italian lawyer died in 1559, and produced in the course of his life a famous vo of emblematic pictures, each with a few Latin verses to explai The book was very frequently reprinted, and produced a taste such emblem writing that we shall afterwards find illustrated in verse of Wither and Quarles. I add Alciat's lines to the al emblem. They mean:—Phryxus swims over the waters sitting the precious Fleece, and fearless mounts through the sea the ye Sheep. And what is that? The man dull in perception, but wi rich treasure, whom the judgment of a wife or servant rules.

"Tranat aquas residens pretioso in vellere Phryxus,
Et flavam impavidus per mare scandit ovem.
Et quid id est? Vir sensu hebeti, sed divite gaza,
Conjugis aut servi quem regit arbitrium."

The next piece, taken from the same collecti by Jasper Heywood, a Roman Catholic, the s John Heywood, a celebrated writer of interl Jasper Heywood translated also several of the of Seneca.

LOOK OR[2] YOU LEAP.

If thou in surety safe wilt sit,
If thou delight at rest to dwell,
Spend no more words than shall seem fit,
Let tongue in silence talk expel:
In all things that thou seest men bent,
See all, say naught, hold thee content.

In worldly works degrees are three,
Makers,[3] Doers, and Lookers-on;
The Lookers-on have liberty,
Both the others to judge upon:
Wherefore in all, as men are bent,
See all, say naught, hold thee content.

The Makers oft are in fault found;
The Doers doubt of praise or shame;
The Lookers-on find surest ground,
They have the fruit set free from blame:
This doth persuade in all here meant,
See all, say naught, hold thee content.

The proverb is not south and west,
Which hath be said long time ago,—
Of little meddling cometh rest,
The busy man ne'er wanted woe:
The best way is in all world's sent,[4]
See all, say naught, hold thee content.

Here is, also from the "Paradise of Da Devices," a friendly admonition by one Ric Hill :—

A FRIENDLY ADMONITION.

Ye stately wights that live in quiet rest
Through worldly wealth which God hath given to y
Lament with tears and sighs from doleful breast,
The shame and power that vice obtaineth now.
Behold how God doth daily proffer grace,
Yet we disdain repentance to embrace.

The suds of sin[5] do suck into the mind,
And cankered vice doth virtue quite expel,

[2] *Or*, ere, before.
[3] *Makers*, those who invent things to be done. The makers pl the *doers* execute.
[4] *Sent*, assent, agreement.
[5] *Suds of sin.* "Suds," from "seethe" (First English "seoth to boil, past participle "soden," modern "sodden"). Associatio the word with soap of the washtub is an accident. "In the end

No change to good, alas! can resting find,
Our wicked hearts so stoutly do rebel.
Not one there is that hasteth to amend,
Though God from heaven his daily threats do send.

We are so slow to change our blameful life,
We are so pressed to snatch alluring vice,
Such greedy hearts on every side be rife,
So few that guide their will by counsel wise
To let our tears lament the wretched case,
And call to God for undeserved grace.

You worldly wights that have your fancies fixed
On slipper joy of terrain[1] pleasure here,
Let some remorse in all your deeds be mixed,
Whiles you have time let some redress appear:
Of sudden death the hour you shall not know,
And look for death, although it seemeth slow.

Oh be no judge in other men's offence,
But purge thyself and seek to make thee free,
Let every one apply his diligence,
A change to good within himself to see.
O God, direct our feet in such a stay,
From cankered vice to shame the hateful way!

Here, still from the same collection, are some Golden Precepts by A. Boucher :—

GOLDEN PRECEPTS.

Perhaps you think me bold that dare presume to teach,
As one that runs beyond his race, and rows beyond his reach:
Sometime the blind do go where perfect sights do fall,
The simple may sometimes instruct the wisest heads of all.

If needful notes I give that unto virtue tend, [lend ·
Methinks you should of rights vouchsafe your listening ears to
A whetstone cannot cut, yet sharps it well we see,
And I though blunt may whet your wit, if you attentive be.

First these among the rest I wish you warely heed,
That God be served, your prince obeyed, and friends relieved at need:
Then look to honest thrift both what and how to have,
At night examine so the day that bed be thought a grave.

Seek not for others' goods, be just in word and deed,
For got with shifts are spent with shame, believe this as thy creed:
Boast not of nature's gifts, nor yet of parents' name,
For virtue is the only mean to win a worthy fame.

Ere thou dost promise make, consider well the end,
For promise passed be sure thou keep, both with thy foe and friend:
Threat not revenge too much, it shows a craven's kind,
But to prevail and then forgive declares a noble mind.

Forget no friendship's debt, wish to requite at least,
For God and man, yea all the world, condemns the ungrateful beast:
Wear not a friendly face with heart of Judas' kiss,
It shows a base and vile conceit, and not where valour is.

Fly from a fawning flirt, and from a cogging mate,
Their love breeds loss, their praise reproach, their friendship breeds but hate:
Seek not to loose by wiles that law and duty binds,
They be but helps of bankrupts' heads, and not of honest minds.

The motions of the flesh, and choler's heat restrain,
For heaps of harms do daily hap, where lust or rage doth reign:
In diet, deeds, and words, a modest mean is best,
Enough sufficeth for a feast but riot finds no rest.

And so, to make an end, let this be borne away,
That virtue always be thy guide, so shalt thou never stray.

The last selection from the "Paradise of Dainty Devices" shall be this piece by Master Thorn :—

NOW MORTAL MAN BEHOLD AND SEE,
THIS WORLD IS BUT A VANITY.

Who shall profoundly weigh or scan the assured state of man,
Shall well perceive by reason than,[2]
That where is no stability, remaineth nought but vanity.

For what estate is there think ye throughly content with his degree,
Whereby we may right clearly see,
That in this vale of misery, remaineth nought but vanity.

The great men wish the mean estate, mean men again their state do hate,
Old men think children fortunate;
A boy a man would fainest[3] be: thus wandereth man in vanity.

The countryman doth daily swell with great desire in court to dwell;
The courtier thinks him nothing well
Till he from court in country be, he wandereth so in vanity.

The sea doth toss the merchant's brains to wish a farm and leave those pains,
The farmer gap'th at merchant's gains:
Thus no man can contented be, he wandereth so in vanity.

If thou have lands or goods great store, consider thou thy charge the more,
Since thou must make account therefore;
They are not thine but lent to thee, and yet they are but vanity.

If thou be strong or fair of face, sickness or age doth both disgrace,
Then be not proud in any case;
For how can there more folly be, than for to boast of vanity?

Now finally be not infect with worldly cares, but have respect
How God reward'th his true elect,
With glorious felicity, free from all worldly vanity.

Another poet who, like Richard Edwards, ranks with our first dramatists, was Thomas Sackville,

was an old phrase of being in difficulty, akin to the modern phrase "in hot water," to represent exposure to the seethings of passion.

[1] *Terrain*, earthly.

[2] *Than*, then.

[3] *Fainest*, most fain, most gladly (First English "fægen," glad). As the *g* between two weak vowels was softened to *y*, "fain" is the old word spelt as pronounced quickly.

Lord Buckhurst. He was a poet only in his early manhood; in his later years he was a grave statesman, became under Elizabeth High Treasurer of England, and was Earl of Dorset under James I.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, IN LATER LIFE.
From a Painting engraved for "Lodge's Portraits."

He died in 1608, nearly half a century after the date of his taking part with Thomas Norton in the writing of "Gorboduc," our first English tragedy, and when he had lived to see the greatest works of Shakespeare first produced upon the stage. In the days when he wrote "Gorboduc" he was studying law in the Inner Temple as Mr. Thomas Sackville; for the play was first acted at Christmas, 1561, and he was not knighted and made a baron as Lord Buckhurst until 1567. In the present volume Thomas Sackville is to be remembered not as dramatist but as author of an introduction or Induction to a proposed series of poems moralising for the admonition of men high in power the falls of those who had in former time risen as high as they, and been degraded from their high estate. The plan of such a series of narratives had been first conceived by Boccaccio, and developed in a Latin prose book, "Of the Falls of Illustrious Men" ("De Casibus Illustrium Virorum"). This had been very popular in the latter part of the fourteenth and throughout the fifteenth century. It suggested to Chaucer the series of "Tragedies," or records of reverse of happy fortune, in his "Monk's Tale." From a version of it by a French poet, Laurent de Premierfait, Lydgate had rhymed his "Falls of Princes."[1] In Queen Mary's time, when such reverses were always before men's eyes, a printer suggested a series of such tales from English history, that was to be called a "Mirror for Magistrates," whereby they might see as in a glass the instability of power and the need of a wise use of it. Thomas Sackville who was then a youth of nineteen or twenty—his age was but twenty-two at the accession of Elizabeth, and the "Mirror" was planned in 1555—fastened upon this idea, presently wrote a prologue or induction to the proposed series, in which Sorrow herself, personified, led the poet to the shades below, where the ghosts of the great as they passed by, told the sad stories of their fall on earth. Sackville wrote besides his Induction one "tragedy," the "Complaint of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham," but he wrote no more. The "Mirror" was worked out by others who introduced the Induction with a less lofty prelude of their own in prose. Of Sackville's verses Edmund Spenser paid high tribute when in a sonnet he addressed him as one

> "Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record
> In golden verse, worthy immortal fame."

The series was enlarged from time to time during Elizabeth's reign by the work of different men, but none rose to the level of

THOMAS SACKVILLE'S "INDUCTION TO THE MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES."

The wrathful Winter, 'proaching on apace,
With blustering blasts had all ybar'd the treen,
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green;
The mantles rent, wherein enwrappéd been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets[2] torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoiléd of her beauty's hue;
And soot[3] fresh flowers, wherewith the summer's queen
Had clad the earth, now Boreas' blasts down blew;
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defac'd
In woeful wise bewail'd the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly;
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within; for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walk'd about.

When lo, the night with misty mantles spread,
'Gan dark the day, and dim the azure skies;
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bloody Mars, to will him not to rise,
While she herself approach'd in speedy wise;
And Virgo hiding her disdainful breast,
With Thetis now had laid her down to rest.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius' dart,
Whose bow prest[4] bent in sight, the string had slipp'd,
Down slid into the Ocean flood apart,
The Bear, that in the Irish seas had dipp'd
His grisly feet, with speed from thence he whipp'd;
For Thetis, hasting from the Virgin's bed,
Pursued the Bear, that ere she came was fled.

And Phaeton now, near reaching to his race
With glist'ring beams, gold streaming where they beat,
Was prest to enter in his resting place:

[1] See page 53.

[2] *Tapets*, tapestries, used metaphorically for foliage.
[3] *Soot*, sweet.
[4] *Prest* (French "prêt"), ready.

Thou canst not dure,[1] with sorrow thus attaint: "[2]
And, with that word of Sorrow, all forfaint
She lookéd up, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo, thus she gan to say:

"Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou seest distrain'd
With wasting woes that never shall aslake,
Sorrow I am; in endless torments pain'd
Among the Furies in the infernal lake,
Where Pluto, god of hell, so grisly black,
Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste
Doth reave remembrance of each thing forepast:

"Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to bemoan of those
Whom Fortune, in this maze of misery,
Of wretched chance, most woeful Mirrors chose;
That, when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most sure,
Thou mayst soon deem no earthly joy may dure."

Sorrow.
No. 48 of Alciat's Emblems.

Whose rueful voice no sooner had out bray'd
Those woeful words wherewith she sorrow'd so,
But out, alas, she shright,[3] and never stay'd,
Fell down, and all to-dash'd[4] herself for woe:
The cold pale dread my limbs gan overgo,
And I so sorrow'd at her sorrows eft,[5]
That, what with grief and fear, my wits were reft.

I stretch'd myself, and straight my heart revives,
That dread and dolour erst did so appale;
Like him that with the fervent fever strives,
When sickness seeks his castle health to scale;
With gather'd spirits so forc'd I fear t' avale:[6]
And, rearing her, with anguish all fordone,
My spirits return'd, and then I thus begun:

"O Sorrow, alas! sith Sorrow is thy name,
And that to thee this drear doth well pertain,
In vain it were to seek to cease the same:
But, as a man himself with sorrow slain,
So I, alas! do comfort thee in pain,
That here in sorrow art forsunk so deep,
That at thy sight I can but sigh and weep."

I had no sooner spoken of a stike,[7]
But that the storm so rumbled in her breast
As Æolus could never roar the like;
And showers down rainéd from her eyen so fast,
That all bedrent[8] the place, till at the last,
Well easéd they the dolour of her mind,
As rage of rain doth swage the stormy wind:

For forth she pacéd in her fearful tale:
"Come, come," quoth she, "and see what I shall show
Come, hear the plaining and the bitter bale
Of worthy men by Fortune overthrow:[9]
Come thou, and see them rueing all in row,
They were but shades that erst in mind thou roll'd:
Come, come with me, thine eyes shall them behold."

What could these words but make me more aghast,
To hear her tell whereon I mus'd whilere?[10]
So was I maz'd therewith, till, at the last,
Musing upon her words, and what they were,
All suddenly well lesson'd was my fear;

---

[1] *Dure*, last, hold out (Latin "durare," to make hard). What is hard can hold together, lasts, is durable.

[2] *Attaint*, attainted (the *ed* dropped after the final *t*), bathed, soaked in, stained, dyed through. Latin "tingere;" French "teindre."

[3] *Shright*, shrieked, cried aloud. German "schreien."

[4] *To-dashed*. The *to* was an intensive prefix to verbs, like the German *zer*. Verbs with this prefix were often doubly emphasised by the use of the word *all*.

[5] *Eft* (First English "æft" and "eft"), again. It was very commonly used as a First English prefix to verbs, equivalent to Latin *re*. "I so re-sorrowed at her sorrow."

[6] *Avale*, let fall, lower. French "avaler;" Latin "ad vallem," to the lower ground. The word is in *avalanche*, and is English still in the abbreviation *vail*, as when Sir Walter Scott writes of a man's "vailing his bonnet." Observe in reading this line and two lines lower that *spirits* has only the value of a monosyllable. So other poets have used it, including Milton—

> "Laid thus low,
> As far as gods and heavenly essences
> Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
> Invincible."

("Paradise Lost," I. 139). And again, line 146—

> "Have left us this our spirit and strength entire."

[7] *Spoken of a stike*, spoken of a sigh, or stifled groan. The last line had been "That at thy sight I can but sigh and weep." "Steigh" is still used in Scotland, as defined by Jamieson, as "a stifled groan as from one in distress or bearing a heavy load;" "stech" and "stegh" meaning to puff and groan. Or the word may be First English "stice," a stab or piercing: "Scarcely had I spoken of myself as pierced with grief" (referring to the line in which Sackville had said he was "a man himself with sorrow slain"), and thereat, or at the naming of a heavy sigh, as before, at the naming of sorrow, Sorrow laments with keen renewal of her pain. Another word "stike" means a stanza, the sense given in Nares's Glossary to this word, with the remark, "He had exactly spoken a stanza before he says this." Such an interpretation might have served for a bad poet.

[8] *Bedrent*, drenched. First English "drincan" was to drink; "drencan," to make drink, or drench. The prefix *be*, once common before verbs and often but weakly intensive, was afterwards retained or employed where it had force, and usually with a sense of "all round" completeness, as in *beset*, set about on all sides; *besprinkled*. So here *bedrent*, drenched all round about—with showers from the eyes of Sorrow.

[9] *Overthrow*, overthrown. There is similar elision of the final *n* in line 68: "Such fall of peers as in this realm had be."

[10] *While ere*. First English "hwil," a space of time; "hwile," for a space of time: "ér," ere, before.

For to my mind returnéd, how she tell'd[1]
Both what she was, and where her won[2] she held.

Whereby I knew that she a goddess was,
And, therewithal, resorted to my mind
My thought, that late presented me the Glass
Of brittle state, of cares that here we find,
Of thousand woes to silly men assign'd:
And how she now bid me come and behold,
To see with eye that erst in thought I roll'd.

Flat down I fell, and with all reverence
Adoréd her, perceiving now that she,
A goddess, sent by godly Providence,
In earthly shape thus show'd herself to me,
To wail and rue this world's uncertainty:
And while I honour'd thus her godhead's might,
With plaining voice these words to me she shright.[3]

"I shall thee guide first to the grisly lake,
And thence unto the blissful place of rest,
Where thou shall see, and hear, the plaint they make
That whilom here bare swing[4] among the best:
This shalt thou see: but great is the unrest
That thou must bide, before thou canst attain
Unto the dreadful place where these remain."

And, with these words, as I upraiséd stood,
And gan to follow her[5] that straight forth pac'd,
Ere I was ware, into a desert wood
We now were come, where, hand in hand embrac'd,
She led the way, and through the thick so trac'd,
As, but I had been guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight.

But lo, while thus amid the desert dark
We passéd on with steps and pace unmeet,
A rumbling roar, confus'd with howl and bark
Of dogs, shook all the ground under our feet,
And struck the din within our ears so deep,
As, half distraught, unto the ground I fell,
Besought return, and not to visit hell.

But she, forthwith, uplifting me apace,
Remov'd my dread, and with a steadfast mind
Bade me come on; for here was now the place,
The place where we our travail end should find:
Wherewith I rose, and to the place assign'd
Astoin'd I stalk,[6] when straight we approached near
The dreadful place, that you will dread to hear.

An hideous hole all vast, withouten shape,
Of endless depth, o'erwhelmed with ragged stone,
With ugly mouth and grisly jaws doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itself in one:
Here enter'd we, and yeding forth,[7] anon
An horrible loathly lake we might discern,
As black as pitch, that clepéd[8] is Avern.

A deadly gulf; where nought but rubbish grows,
With foul black swelth[9] in thicken'd lumps that lies,
Which up in th' air such stinking vapours throws,
That over there may fly no fowl but dies
Choak'd with the pestilent savours that arise:
Hither we come; whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place:

And, first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament,
With thoughtful care, as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Toss'd and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer,[10] and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain, proffer'd here and there:
Benumb'd of speech, and with a ghastly look
Search'd every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair,

---

[1] *Tell'd*, "tealde," modified here into "telde," instead of "tolde," which was the usual form. So "feahte" (fetched) was modified into "fet," and "creáp" (from "creopan," to creep) into "crep."

[2] *Won* or *wun*, dwelling. First English "wunian" (German "wohnen"), to dwell.

[3] *Shright*. See line 122.

[4] *Swing*, sway.

[5] *To follow her*. Sackville is led by Sorrow to the shades as Æneas was led by the Sibyl and Dante by Virgil. Sackville had both Virgil and Dante in his mind as he went on his own way to the classical Hell, and peopled it, according to the tone of his poem, with personifications all his own, not inferior to those of Dunbar in "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," and worthy precursors of those of Spenser in "The Faërie Queene."

[6] *Astoin'd I stalk*. "Astoined" is used in the original sense of the word. Servius, the grammarian, wrote, at the beginning of the fifth century, "He is properly called 'attonitus' (astonished), in whom the flash of lightning and the sound of thunders near him have caused stupor." The root, as in "thunder" (Latin "tonitru," French "tonnerre," German "donner"), is *ton* = din, noise. First English "stunian," to stun, make stupid with noise. Milton used the word—and the word "amazed," lost in a gulf (First English "mase," a gulf or whirlpool)—most accurately when he said of the angels prone on the gulf of fire with the pursuing thunders at their back that they lay "astounded and amazed." Here, also, Sackville stalks on—*i.e.*, advances warily—astoined with the "rumbling roar" and din struck in his ear so deep that had caused him to fall to the ground and flinch from advance. To stalk (First English "stælcan") is to go softly or warily, as in deer-stalking; so a "stalking-horse" was used that one might advance warily under cover of it. One form of wary advance was by the use of stilts, and from this the modern sense of stalking for walking, as if upon very tall legs, is derived. That is not the sense in which Sackville used the word.

[7] *Yeding forth*, going forward. "Yede" is equivalent to "eode," went, the past of "gan," to go. It is here transformed into an independent verb, meaning to go, and was so used also by Spenser. When the Red Cross Knight was about to fight his crowning battle with the Dragon, "then bade the knight his lady yede aloof." When it had resigned, or all but resigned, its original place as a past tense to "went," yede seems to have set up as a verb on its own account.

[8] *Clepéd*, called. First English "clypian," to call.

[9] *Swelth*, perished matter. First English "sweltan," to die; "swylt," death.

[10] *Cheer*, the countenance. Old French "chère" and "chière;" Italian "cera" and "ciera," face, aspect; Greek κάρα; Low Latin "cara," the head. "Faire bonne chère" is to entertain with a friendly face; "faire mauvaise chère," to hold down the head. According to the presence or absence of the face of kindly welcome, the "cheer" for a guest was good or bad. The term afterwards was transferred from the spirit to the substance, and "good cheer" soon meant abundance of good food. So in Marlowe's "Faustus," Mephistopheles proposes a visit to the Pope; Faustus doubts their welcome. Mephistopheles says that does not matter, they will take his food, and uses "good cheer" for food in direct antithesis to its

'Stoin'd and amaz'd[1] at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next, within the entry of this lake,
Sat full Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire:
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When full Revenge, with bloody foul pretence
Had show'd herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met:
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,[2]
Hearing, alas! upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was lean, and someдeal[3] pin'd away,
And eke his hands consumèd to the bone;
But what his body was I cannot say,
For on his carcass raiment had he none
Save clouts and patches, piecèd one by one;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometimes some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
And on the which full daint'ly would he fare:
His drink, the running stream; his cup, the bare
Of his palm clos'd; his bed, the hard cold ground:
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With louder ruth on him, and on his feres,[4]
In thoughtful care forth then our pace we held;
And, lo, and by, another shape appears,
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breres,
His knuckles knubb'd, his flesh deep dented in,
With bawdy[5] hands, and hard ytannèd skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light, even peeping[6] in our eyes,
When he is up, and to his work yrun:
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath:
Small keep[7] took he, whom Fortune frownéd on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown; but, as a living death,
So, dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fere[8] was he,
And of our life in earth the better part;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be;
Without respect, esteeming equally
King Crœsus' pomp and Irus' poverty.[9]

And next, in order sad Old Age we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forwaste:
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek.

But and[10] the cruel fates so fixed be
That time forpast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he:
That, in such wither'd plight and wretched pain
As eld,[11] accompanied with his loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit,
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it;
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought.

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[1] *Stoined and amazed* (see Note 6, page 173). *Amaze, amay* (allied to *dismay*, and *amate* seem to have been three words of similar but not absolutely like meaning, each from a different source. The image in *amaze* was of the "maze" or whirlpool; *amay* was from "magan," to have power, with a negative prefix. Danish "afmagt," a swoon; Italian "smagare," to discourage; Spanish "desmayer;" Provençal "esmaguer;" French "s'esmaier," to be sad with care;" "esmay," sorrowful thought, and of such relationship dismay, amay. But in *amate*, there is a confusion with "mat," the word used by Chaucer in the "Knight's Tale," in speaking of the pity of Theseus for the suppliant women, "when he saw them so pitous and so maat." This was an old word with a first sense of dead, as in Middle Latin "matare," to kill, then of being driven into a corner and beaten (as in check-mate, i.e. *shah mat*, the king is dead, or dead-beaten), or of utmost deprival of powers, whether of bodily power, as in the German "matt," weary, or of power of mind, as in the Italian "matto" and English "mad." Even *mat* or *wine* that has lost its living force—become flat—is called by the Germans "matt." All these etymologies produced words similar in sense *amaze, amay, amate*; and the precise sense of one might now and then be given to another in the writer's mind.

[2] *Fet, fetched.* First English "feccan," to fetch; past, "feahte."

[3] *Someдeal, some part; deal* meaning a part ("dæ'lan," to deal, or divide).

[4] *Feres, companions.* First English "fera," a companion.

[5] *Bawdy*, besmeared by toil and exposure. First English "tawian," to tan or prepare hides, by soaking and beating them.

[6] *Even peeping* (*even* pronounced *e'en*), peeping in our eyes from t horizon as from ground low as ourselves, level with us as we lie.

[7] *Keep*, heed. To "take keep" was to pay attention, to lay hold a thing by giving attention to it.

[8] *Fere*, companion.

[9] *Irus.* The type of poverty is taken from the beggar in t eighteenth book of Homer's "Odyssey." Crœsus and Irus had be paired by Ovid as the types of wealth and poverty: "Irus et subitò qui modo Crœsus erat" (And suddenly he is Irus who j now was Crœsus).

[10] *And* or *an*, if.

[11] *Eld*, age. First English "yld" and "eld."

But who had seen him sobbing, how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forpast, as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth all were his youth forgone,
He would have mus'd and marvell'd much whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crookback'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four,
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pill'd,[1] and he with eld forlore;
His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door,
Fumbling and drivelling as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was plac'd,
Sore sick in bed, her colour all forgone,
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat, but broths alone:
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sickness past recure,[2]
Detesting physick and all physick's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see!
We turn'd our look, and, on the other side,
A grisly shape of Famine might we see,
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cried
And roar'd for meat, as she should there have died;
Her body thin, and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas! was gnawn on everywhere,
All full of holes, that I ne might refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seem'd a shade
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay,[3]
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself, as she that hath no law:
Gnawing, alas! her carcass all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shright in so huge wise,
As made hell-gates to shiver with the might:
Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale Death
Enthrilling[4] it, to reave her of her breath.

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law;
Against whose force in vain it is to fight:
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triúmph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayéd me:
His body dight with nought but bones, pardé,
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razéd towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule, above the best)
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted and never ceas'd,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd:
His face forhew'd[5] with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

In midst of which, depainted there, we found
Deadly Debate, all full of snaky hair
That with a bloody fillet was ybound,
Out breathing nought but discord everywhere:
And round about were portray'd, here and there,
The hugy hosts, Darius and his power,
His kings, princes, his peers, and all his flower

Whom great Macedo vanquish'd there in fight,
With deep slaughtér, despoiling all his pride,
Pierc'd through his realms and daunted all his might:[6]
Duke Hannibal beheld I there beside,
In Canna's field victor how he did ride,
And woeful Romans that in vain withstood,
And consul Paulus cover'd all in blood.[7]

Yet saw I more the fight at Trasimene,
And Treby field,[8] and eke when Hannibal
And worthy Scipio last in arms were seen
Before Carthago gate, to try for all
The world's empire, to whom it should befall.
There saw I Pompey and Cæsar clad in arms,
Their hosts allied and all their civil harms;

With conqueror's hands, forbath'd in their own blood,
And Cæsar weeping over Pompey's head;
Yet saw I Sylla and Marius[9] where they stood,
Their great cruêlty, and the deep bloodshed
Of friends: Cyrûs I saw and his host dead,

[1] *Pill'd*, bald, deprived of hair. In Part I. of "King Henry VI.," act i., sc. 3, the Duke of Gloucester calls the Bishop of Winchester a "pield priest," alluding contemptuously to his bald shaven crown. In line 534, Henry of Buckingham's *pill'd* cloak means a cloak bare of wool, threadbare.

[2] *Recure*, recovery.

[3] "Hunger eats through stone walls" ("Honger eet door steenen muuren") was a Dutch proverb current also in England. It is recognised as a proverb in "Coriolanus," where Caius Marcius says that the people "said they were an-hungry, sighed forth proverbs 'That hunger broke stone walls,' that 'dogs must eat,' that 'meat was made for mouths,'" &c.

[4] *Enthrilling it*, drilling or forcing it in. First English "thirlian," to make a hole, drill, pierce; "thirel" and "thyrl," a hole; "nasu-thyrl," the nose-thrill or nostril. A sound or tale is *thrilling* when it pierces us.

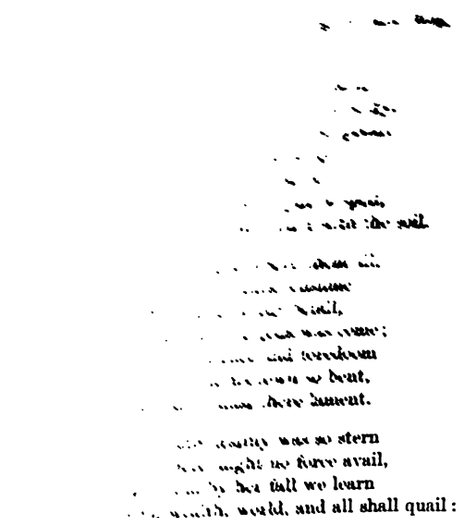
[5] *Forhew'd*, all hewed or hacked about. Use of the prefix *for* as an intensive runs through the poem.

[6] Battle of Arbela, B.C. 331.

[7] Lucius Æmilius Paulus, defeated by Hannibal at Cannæ, B.C. 216.

[8] Hannibal won the battle of Trebia B.C. 218, that at Lake Trasimenus B.C. 217, but was overcome by Scipio B.C. 202.

[9] *Sylla and Marius*. The *a* in Sylla suffers elision before the *a* in *and*.



430

440

450

460

470

I can no more, but tell how there is seen
Fair Ilium fall in burning red gledes[10] down,
And, from the soil, great Troy, Neptunus' town.

Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw,
That fill'd with tears as doth the springing well,
We passéd on so far forth till we saw
Rude Acheron, a loathsome lake to tell,
That boils and bubs up swelth[11] as black as hell;
Where grisly Charon, at their fixéd tide,[12]
Still ferries ghosts unto the farther side.

The aged god no sooner Sorrow spied
But, hasting straight unto the bank apace,
With hollow call unto the rout he cried,
To swerve apart, and give the goddess place:
Straight it was done, when to the shore we pace,
Where, hand in hand as we then linkéd fast,
Within the boat we are together plac'd.

And forth we launch full fraughted to the brink:
When, with the unwonted weight, the rusty keel
Began to crack as if the same should sink:
We hoise up mast and sail, that in a while
We fetch'd the shore, where scarcely we had while[13]
For to arrive, but that we heard anon
A three-sound bark confounded all in one.

We had not long forth pass'd, but that we saw
Black Cerberus, the hideous hound of hell,
With bristles rear'd, and with a three-mouth'd jaw
Fordinning the air with his horrible yell,
Out of the deep dark cave where he did dwell:
The goddess straight he knew, and by and by,
He peas'd[14] and couch'd, while that we passéd by.

Thence come we to the horrour and the hell,
The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell;
The wide waste places, and the hugy plain;
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain;
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan;
Earth, air, and all resounding plaint and moan.

Here puled the babes, and here the maids unwed
With folded hands their sorry chance bewailed;
Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead
That slew themselves when nothing else availed;
A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that wailed
With sighs, and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfere,[15]
That, oh, alas! it was a hell to hear.

We stayed us straight, and with a rueful fear
Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes
The vapour'd tears down stilléd[16] here and there,
And Sorrow eke, in far more woeful wise,
Took on with plaint, upheaving to the skies
Her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout
Gan all in heaps to swarm us round about.

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[1] Tomyris, queen of a Scythian tribe, in battle with whom Cyrus the elder was killed B.C. 529, was said to have thrown his head into a vessel filled with human blood, that it might drink its fill of what it loved.

[2] *Thebes I saw.* Reference is to the story in the "Thebaid" of Statius, one of the most popular Latin books in and before Sackville's time.

[3] *Weird* (First English "wyrd"), fate. "Wyrd" takes also the form *weird*, as in "the *weird* sisters" of Macbeth who became rulers of his destiny.

[4] *Lin*, cease. First English "linnan," to cease or part from.

[5] *Prest*, ready.

[6] *No boot but bale*, no remedy but woe. First English "bót," a remedy; "bealu," bale, woe, evil. "Bad is your best."

[7] *Sporcled*, scattered. From Latin "spargere," to scatter.

[8] *Empaled*, enclosed, surrounded. [9] *Bayne*, bath.

[10] *Gledes*, glowing embers, coals of fire. First English "gléd," a live coal, a burning.

[11] *Swelth*, dead matter.

[12] *Tide* (First English "tíd"), time.

[13] *While* ("hwíl"), space of time.

[14] *Peas'd*, became quieted, appeased.

[15] *Yfere*, together.

[16] *Stilled*, dropped (Latin "stillare," to drop). From the condensing of the vapour formed into drops are derived the words *still*, *distil*, *distillery*, &c.

"Lo here," quoth Sorrow, "princes of renown,
That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheel,
Now laid full low; like wretches whirléd down
Ev'n with one frown, that stay'd but with a smile:
And now behold the thing that thou erewhile
Saw only in thought; and, what thou now shalt hear,
Recount the same to kesar, king, and peer."

Then first came Henry, Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all pill'd, and quite forworn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him now her scorn:
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretch'd hands he joins as fast,
With rueful cheer and vapour'd eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His hair all torn, about the place it lay;
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropt away:
His eyes they whirl'd about withouten stay,
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice,
At each of which he shriekéd so withal,
As though the heavens rivéd with the noise:
Till at the last, recovering his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel Fortune, weeping, thus he plained.

The printing of a "Mirror for Magistrates," so introduced, was begun under Queen Mary, in 1555, but stopped by Stephen Gardiner, who was then Chancellor. The accession of Elizabeth made its appearance possible, and the book was first issued in 1559, edited by William Baldwin and George Ferrers, both poets, one a printer's son, bred as an ecclesiastic, and the other bred to law. Sackville's contribution, which appeared in the second part, published in 1563, was introduced with this information about it:—Baldwin says to his fellow-workers, "I have here the Duke of Buckingham, King Richard's chief instrument, written by Master Thomas Sackville." "Read it, we pray you," said hey. "With a good will," quoth I, "but first you hall hear his preface or induction." "Hath he nade a preface?" quoth one. "What meaneth he hereby, seeing that none other hath used the like rder?" "I will tell you the cause thereof," quoth , "which is this. After that he understood that ome of the Council would not suffer the book to be rinted in such order as we had agreed and deter-ined, he purposed with himself to have gotten at y hands the Tragedies that were before the Duke Buckingham's, which he would have preserved in e volume, and from that time backward, even to e time of William the Conqueror, he determined continue and perfect all the story himself, in such der as Lydgate (following Bochas) had already ed. And therefore, to make a meet Induction into e matter, he devised this poesy; which, in my dgment, is so well penned that I would not have y verse thereof left out of our volume."

As first issued in 1559, the "Mirror for Magis-tes" contained nineteen tragedies in verse, following a prose introduction, setting forth that Richard Baldwin took the place of Boccaccio, to whom the complaints of the unfortunate had been addressed in the book on "The Falls of Princes;" that certain friends "took upon themselves every man for his part to be sundry personages;" that as Boccaccio—and therefore Lydgate—left off at a time corresponding to the end of our Edward III.'s reign, they would carry on the series from that date, beginning with Richard II.'s reign; and as Boccaccio forgot among his miserable princes such as were of our own nation, in this Mirror which was to be held up for the admonition of England, all the examples should be drawn from English history. The series was then opened by George Ferrers with the tragedy of

From Lyly's Euphues, 1579.

THE FALL OF ROBERT TRESILIAN, CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND, AND OTHER HIS FELLOWS, FOR MISCONSTRUING THE LAWS, AND EXPOUNDING THEM TO SERVE THE PRINCE'S AFFECTIONS, ANNO 1388.[1]

In the sad register of mischief and mishap,
Baldwin we beseech thee with our names to begin,
Whom unfriendly Fortune did train unto a trap,
Whenas we thought our state most stable to have bin.
So lightly lose they all, which all do ween to win.

[1] In 1386, the chief favourites of Richard II.—then twenty years old—were Sir Michael de la Pole, whom the King had just made Earl of Suffolk, and Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who had been created Marquis of Dublin. His uncle Thomas, whom he had at the same time created Duke of Gloucester, headed an opposition to misgovernment by profligate advisers. De la Pole was impeached by the House of Commons, fined, and imprisoned; and in November the authority of the king was superseded by a Commission of Regency that was to reform the state during its year of power. Richard consulted secretly with Robert Tresilian, his Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and other of his judges, who told him that the abettors of the Commission were traitors; and he resolved, if he could secure a majority in the next Parliament, to bring them to trial before these judges, who had already pronounced against them. But the Duke of Gloucester and those who acted with him were informed of the king's plans. They raised a force, followed Richard to London, were joined at Waltham Cross by the Earls of Derby and Warwick, and there, on the 14th of November, 1387, before a Commission of State that went out to meet them, they "appealed," or challenged, the chief advisers of the king as traitors. On the following Sunday, the lords appellant, backed by strong military force, came in full armour, but with all outward show of homage, before the king in Westminster Hall, to tell him that they sought to remove the traitors who were about him, and that these were Alexander Nevile, Archbishop of York; Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland; Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk; Robert Tresilian, false judge; and Sir Nicholas Brumber, false knight, of London. The king promised to call a Parliament to decide the quarrel. Meanwhile the threatened men escaped. De Vere raised 5,000 men in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Wales, but was defeated at Radcot Bridge, on the 20th of December. Six days afterwards the lords appellant were at Clerkenwell with 40,000 men. The Lord Mayor gave up to them the keys of the City; the King gave up to them the keys of the Tower. When Parliament met there was but one possible result of the impeachment of the Archbishop of York, Vere, De la Pole, Tresilian, and Bramber. They were impeached as traitors who had conspired for the overthrow of the Commission and the destruction of its members, and "by falsehood induced the king to give them his love, trust, and credence; making him hate his faithful lords and lieges, by whom he ought of right rather to be governed." All the accused were found guilty, and Tresilian was one of those who were immediately executed. The other judges, who are supposed to appear with him in the poem—Lockton, Holt, Belknap, &c.—were banished.

Learn by us ye Lawyers and Judges of this Land,
Upright and uncorrupt in doom alway to stand.

And print ye this precedent to remain for ever,
Enroll and record it in tables made of brass,
Engrave it in marble that may be razed never,
Where Judges of the Law may see, as in a glass,
What guerdon is for guile, and what our wages was
Who for our Prince's will, corrupt with meed and awe,
Gainst Justice wretchedly did wrest the sense of Law.

A change more new or strange when was there ever seen,
Than Judges from the Bench to come down to the Bar,
And Councillors that were most nigh to King and Queen
Exiléd their country, from court and council far?
But such is Fortune's play, which can both make and mar,
Exalting to most high that was before most low,
And turning tail again, the lofty down to throw.

And such as, late afore, could stoutly speak and plead
Both in court and country, careless of the trial,
As mummers mute do stand without advice or rede,
All to seek of shifting, by traverse or denial,
Which have seen the day when, for a golden ryal,[1]
By finesse and cunning, could have made black seem white,
And most extorted wrong to have appearéd right.

Whilst thus on bench above we had the highest place,
Our reasons were too strong for any to confute:
But when at bar beneath we came to plead our case,
Our wits were in the wane, our pleading very brute.
Hard it is for prisoners with judges to dispute:
When all men against one, and none for one shall speak,
Who weens himself most wise may chance be too too weak.

To you therefore that sit, these few words will I say,
That no man sits so sure but he may haply stand:
Wherefore whilst you have place, and bear the swing and sway,
By favour without force let points of Law be scann'd.
Pity the poor prisoner that holdeth up his hand,
Ne lade him not with law who least of law hath known,
Remember ere ye die, the case may be your own.

Behold me one unfortunate amongst this flock,
Tresilian call'd sometime, Chief Justice of this land,
A gentleman by birth, no stain was in my stock,
Locketon, Holte, Belknap, with other of my band,
Which the Law and Justice had wholly in our hand,
Under the second Richard a Prince of great estate,
To whom, and us also, blind Fortune gave the mate.

In all our Common Laws our skill was so profound,
Our credit and authority such and so high esteemed,
That what we did conclude was taken for a ground,
Allowéd was for Law what so to us best seemed,
Both life, death, lands, and goods, and all by us was deemed:
Whereby with easy pain, great gain we did in fet,[2]
And everything was fish that came unto our net.

At sessions and sizes we bare the stroke and sway,
In patents and commission of quorum still chief:
So that to whether side soever we did weigh,
Were it by right or wrong, it passed without reprief.[3]
The true man we let hang somewhiles to save a thief;
Of gold and of silver our hands were never empty;
Offices, farms, and fees, fell to us in great plenty.

But what thing may suffice unto the greedy man?
The more he hath in hold, the more he doth desire:
Happy and twice happy is he, that wisely can
Content himself with that which reason doth require,
And moileth for no more than for his needful hire:
But greediness of mind doth seldom keep the size,
To whom enough and more doth never well suffice.

For like as dropsy patients drink and still be dry,
Whose unstanch't greedy thirst no liquor can allay,
And drink they ne'er so much, yet thirst they by and by,
So catchers and snatchers do toil both night and day,
Not needy, but greedy, still prowling for their prey.
O endless thirst of gold, corrupter of all laws,
What mischief is on mould[4] whereof thou art not cause

Thou madest us forget the faith of our profession,
When serjeants we were sworn to serve the common law,
Which was, that in no point we should make digression
From approvéd principles, in sentence nor in saw:
But we unhappy wights without all dread and awe
Of the Judge eternál, for world's[5] vain promotion,
More to man than God did bear our whole devotion.

The Laws we did interpret and statutes of the land,
Not truly by the text, but newly by a glose:
And words that were most plain, when they by us were scann
We turnéd by construction to a Welchman's hose,[6]
Whereby many a one both life and land did lose:
Yet this we made our mean to mount aloft on mules,
And serving times and turns, perverted laws and rules.

Thus climbing and contending alway to the top,
From high unto higher, and then to be most high,
The honey dew of Fortune so fast on us did drop,
That of King Richard's counsel we came to be most nigh:
Whose favour to attain we were full fine and sly.
Alway to his profit where anything might sound,
That way (all were it wrong) the laws we did expound.

So working law like wax, the subject was not sure
Of life, of land, nor goods, but at the Prince's will,
Which causéd his kingdom the shorter time to dure:
For claiming power absolute both to save and spill,
The Prince thereby presumed his people for to pill,
And set his lusts for law, and will had reason's place,
No more but hang and draw, there was no better grace.

Thus the King outleaping the limits of his Law,
Not reigning but raging, as youth did him entice,
Wise and worthy persons from court did daily draw,
Sage counsel set at nought, proud vaunters were in price.
And roisters bare the rule, which wasted all in vice:
Of riot and excess grew scarcity and lack,
Of lacking came taxing, and so went wealth to wrack.

[1] *A golden ryal.* Of gold coins once current, the George Noble weighed three pennyweight; the Angel Noble, three pennyweight seven grains and a quarter; the Real, four pennyweight twenty-three grains, which was about fourteen grains more than the old Noble. "A table of the weight and valuation of several pieces of gold" is in Arthur Hopton's "Concordancy of Yeares," printed for the Stationers' Company in 1612.

[2] *Fet*, fetch.

[3] *Reprief*, reproof.

[4] *On mould*, on the earth.

[5] *World's*, pronounced as two syllables by rolling of the *r*; so the lines above, "po-int."

[6] *A Welchman's hose.* See Note 6, page 138.

Of virtuous life, not in the fleshly line:
For blood is brute, but gentry is divine.

Experience doth cause me thus to say,
And that the rather for my countrymen
Which vaunt and boast themselves above the day
If they may strain their stock from worthy men:
Which let be true, are they the better then?
Nay far the worse if so they be not good,
For why, they stain the beauty of their blood.

How would we mock the burden-bearing mule,
If he would brag he were an horse's son,
To press his pride (might nothing else him rule),
His boasts to prove, no more but bid him run:
The horse for swiftness hath his glory won,
The bragging mule could ne'er the more aspire,
Though he should prove that Pegas was his sire.

Each man may crack[1] of that which was his own;
Our parents' good is theirs, and no whit ours:
Who, therefore, will of noble birth be known,
Or shine in virtue like his ancestours,
Gentry consisteth not in lands and towers:
He is a churl though all the world were his,
Yea Arthur's heir, if that he live amis.

For virtuous life a gentleman doth make
Of her possessor, all be he poor as Job,
Yea though no name of elders he can take:
For proof take Merlin fathered by an Hob.[2]
But whoso sets his mind to spoil and rob,
Although he come by due descent from Brut,[3]
He is a churl, ungentle, vile, and brute.

Well, thus did I, for want of better wit,
Because my parents naughtly brought me up:
For gentlemen (they said) was nought so fit
As to attaste by bold attempts the cup
Of conquest's wine, whereof I thought to sup:
And therefore bent myself to rob and rive
And whom I could of lands and goods deprive.

Henry the Fourth did then usurpe the crown,
Despoil'd the King, with Mortimer the heir:
For which his subjects sought to put him down,
And I, while Fortune offered me so fair,
Did what I might his honour to appair:[4]
And took on me to be the Prince of Wales,
Enticed thereto by prophesies and tales.

For which, such mates as wait upon the spoil
From every part of Wales unto me drew:
For loitering youth, untaught in any toil,
Are ready aye all mischief to ensue.
Through help of these so great my glory grew,
That I defied my King through lofty heart,
And made sharp war on all that took his part.

See luck, I took Lord Raynold Gray of Rithen,
And him enforced my daughter to espouse,
And so perforce I held him still, and sithen
In Wigmore land through battle rigorous,
I caught the right heir of the crownéd house,
The Earl of March, Sir Edmund Mortimer,
And in a dungeon kept him prisoner.

Then all the Marches 'longing unto Wales,
By Severn west I did invade and burn:
Destroyed the towns in mountains and in vales,
And rich in spoils did homeward safe return:
Was none so bold durst once against me spurn.
Thus prosperously doth Fortune forward call
Those whom she minds to give the sorest fall.

When fame had brought these tidings to the King
(Although the Scots then vexéd him right sore)
A mighty army 'gainst me he did bring:
Whereof the French King being warn'd afore,
Who mortal hate against King Henry bore,
To grieve our foe he quickly to me sent
Twelve thousand Frenchmen, unto the fight all b

A part of them led by the Earl of March,
Lord James of Burbon, a renownéd Knight,
Withheld by winds, to Wales-ward forth to march,
Took land at Plymouth privily on night:
And when he had done all he durst or might,
After that many of his men were slain,
He stole to ship and sailéd home again.

Twelve thousand moe in Milford did arrive,
And came to me then lying at Denbigh:
With arméd Welchmen thousands double five,
With whom we went to Worcester well nigh,
And there encampt us on a mount on high,
T' abide the King, who shortly after came,
And pitchéd down his field, hard by the same.

There eight days long our hosts lay face to face,
And neither other's power durst assail:
But they so stopt the passages the space,
That vitailes could not come to our avail,
Wherethrough constrain'd, our hearts began to fail,
So that the Frenchmen shrank away by night,
And I with mine to the mountains took our flight.

The King pursuéd greatly to his cost,
From hills to woods, from woods to valleys plain:
And by the way his men and stuff he lost.
And when he saw he gainéd nought but pain,
He blew retreat and gat him home again:
Then with my power I boldly came abroad,
Taken in my country for a very god.

Immediately there fell a jolly jar[5]
Betweene the King and Percy's worthy bloods,

[1] *Crack*, boast.

[2] *Fathered by an Hob.* According to legend, Merlin, renowned for his wisdom, had no better father than an incubus or hobgoblin. Hob was a rustic name used to represent a clown. Shakespeare made Coriolanus scorn "to beg of Hob and Dick;" and hobgoblin implied something of a "lubber fiend."

[3] *Brut*, the mythical great-grandson of Æneas, by whom the British nation was said to have been founded. See Note 7, page 154.

[4] *Appair*, impair.

[5] *A jolly jar.* This is an early example of what now seems to l common misuse of the word derived from the French "joli." It cent fascination of a joyous youth was first associated with it. sense in which Milton uses the word in "L'Allegro," "just youthful jollity." The idea would easily be transferred to joy mirth, and as in much mirth there is loudness and confusion, might get to such a combination of ideas as jolly discord. But probably, enough to say that when jolly, like good, came to be simply for giving force to a word, "a jolly jar" would be no gre contradiction of terms than "a good thrashing." Indeed, the

Which grew at last unto a deadly war:
For like as drops engender mighty floods,
And little seeds sprout forth great leaves and buds,
Even so small strifes, if they be suffered run,
Breed wrath and war and death ere they be done.

The King would have the ransom of such Scots
As these the Percies ta'en had in the field:
But see how strongly Lucre knits her knots,
The King will have, the Percies will not yield,
Desire of goods some craves, but granteth seeld:
Oh cursed goods, desire of you hath wrought
All wickedness, that hath or can be thought.

The Percies deemed it meeter for the King
To have redeemed their Cousin Mortimer,
Who in his quarrel all his power did bring
To fight with me, that took him prisoner,
Than of their prey to rob his soldier:
And therefore will'd him see some mean were found,
To quite forth him whom I kept vilely bound.

Because the King mislikéd their request,
They came themselves and did accord with me,
Complaining how the Kingdom was opprest
By Henry's rule: wherefore we did agree
To pluck him down, and part the Realm in three:
The north part theirs, Wales wholly to be mine,
The rest, to rest to th' Earl of March's line.

And for to set us hereon more agog,
A Prophet came (a vengeance take them all)
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
Whom Merlin doth a Mouldwarp[1] ever call,
Accurst of God, that must be brought in thrall
By a Wolf, a Dragon, and a Lion strong,
Which should divide his Kingdom them among.

This crafty dreamer made us three such beasts,
To think we were the foresaid beasts indeed:
And for that cause our badges and our crests
We searchéd out, which scarcely well agreed:
Howbeit the Heralds, apt at such a need,
Drew down such issues from old ancestors
As prov'd these ensigns to be surely ours.

Ye crafty Welchmen, wherefore do ye mock
The noblemen thus with your feigned rimes?
Ye noblemen, why fly ye not the flock
Of such as have seduc'd so many times?
False prophesies are plagues for divers crimes,
Which God doth let the devilish sort devise,
To trouble such as are not godly wise.

And that appeared by us three beasts indeed,
Through false persuasion highly borne in hand
That in our feat we could not choose but speed,
To kill the King and to enjoy his land:
For which exploit we bound ourselves in band
To stand contented each man with his part,
So folly did assure our foolish heart.

But such, they say, as fish before the net
Shall seldom surfeit of the prey they take:
Of things to come the haps be so unset
That none but fools may warrant of them make:
The full assur'd success doth oft forsake,
For Fortune findeth none so fit to flout
As careless sots,[2] which cast no kind of doubt.

How say'st thou, Henry Hotspur, doe I lie?
For thou right manly gav'st the King a field,
And there wast slain because thou wouldst not fly:
Thine uncle Thomas Percy, forced to yield,
Did cast his head (a wonder seen but seeld)
From Shrewsbury town to the top of London Bridge.
Lo thus fond hope did both their lives abridge.

When Henry this great victory had won,
Destroyed the Percies, put their power to flight,
He did appoint Prince Henry his eldest son,
With all his power to meet me if he might:
But I, discomfit through my partner's fight,
Had not the heart to meet him face to face,
But fled away, and he pursued the chase.

Now, Baldwin, mark, for I, call'd Prince of Wales,
And made believe I should be he indeed,
Was made to fly among the hills and dales,
Where all my men forsook me at my need;
Who trusteth loiterers seeld hath lucky speed:
And when the Captain's courage doth him fail,
His soldiers' hearts a little thing may quail.

And so Prince Henry chaséd me, that lo
I found no place wherein I might abide:
For as the dogs pursue the silly doe,
The brache[3] behind, the hounds on every side,
So traced they me among the mountains wide:[4]
Whereby I found I was the heartles hare,
And not the beast the prophet did declare.

And at the last: like as the little roach
Must else be eat or leap upon the shore
When as the hungry pikerel doth approach,
And there find death which it escaped before:
So double death assaulted me so sore
That either I must unto mine enemy yield,
Or starve for hunger in the barren field.

Here shame and pain awhile were at a strife,
Pain bade me yield, shame bade me rather fast:
The one bade spare, the other bade spend my life,
But shame (shame have it) overcame at last.
Then hunger gnew, that doth the stone wall brast,

...tensives may be joined in such a phrase as "a jolly good thrashing." ...till, it is just possible to question whether the word "jolly" in the ...ter be really derived from "joli." There was an old word, "joll," ...joul," or "jowl," meaning to strike against anything, to clash ...idently. It occurs in the graveyard scene in "Hamlet:"—"That ...kull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave 'jowles' ...to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone that did the first mur...er!" Again, in "As You Like It," "They may joll horns together ...e any deer in the herd." In Palsgrave's "Dictionary" there is ...jolle," meaning to beat; and Mr. Halliwell, in his "Dictionary of ...rchaic and Provincial Words," quotes, in illustration, the line, "Ther ...ey jolledе Jewes thorow." It is conceivable that such a word may ...int to an origin for the phrase "jolly jar" that would make the ...jective directly fit.

[1] *Mouldwarp*, mole, so called from its throwing up the earth. First ...nglish "molde," earth, and "weorpan" (German "werfen"), to ...row.

[2] *Sots*, fools. See Note 1, page 17.

[3] *Brache*, a dog for tracking game. French "braquer," to direct, bend; "braconnier," a poacher.

[4] Glendower's last refuge was among the mountains of Snowdon.

And made me eat both gravel, dirt, and mud,
And last of all, my dung, my flesh, and blood.

This was mine end, too horrible to hear,
Yet good enough for life that was so ill,
Whereby, O Baldwin, warn all men to bear
Their youth such love, to bring them up in skill.
Bid Princes fly false prophet's lying bill,
And not presume to climb above their states:
For they be faults that foil men, not their fates.

TH. PHAER.

The next piece tells "how Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was, for his covetous and traiterous attempt, put to death at York, anno 1407;" and the next, being the shortest of his various contributions, will serve as a specimen of the work of Baldwin himself. He tells in it

HOW RICHARD PLANTAGENET, EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, INTENDING THE KING'S DESTRUCTION, WAS PUT TO DEATH AT SOUTHAMPTON, ANNO DOM. 1415.[1]

Haste maketh waste, hath commonly been said,
And secret mischief selde hath lucky speed:
A murdering mind with proper poise is weigh'd,
All this is true, I find it in my creed.
And therefore, Baldwin, warn all states take heed
How they conspire another to betrap,
Lest mischief meant light in the miner's lap.

For I Lord Richard heir Plantagenet
Was Earl of Cambridge and right fortunate,
If I had had the grace my wit to set
To have content me with mine own estate:
But O false honors, breeders of debate,
The love of you our lewd hearts doth allure,
To lose ourselves by seeking you unsure.

Because my brother Edmund Mortimer
Whose eldest sister was my wedded wife,—
I mean that Edmund that was prisoner
In Wales so long, through Owen's busy strife,—
Because I say that after Edmund's life,
His rights and titles must by law be mine,
For he ne had, nor could encrease his line;

Because the right of Realm and Crown was ours,
I searchéd means to help him thereunto:
And where the Henries held it by their powers,
I sought a shift their tenures to undo,
Which being force, sith force or sleight must do,
I void of might, because their power was strong,
Set privy sleight against their open wrong.

But sith the death of most part of my kin
Did dash my hope, throughout the father's days
I let it slip, and thought it best begin
Whenas the son should dread least such assays:
For force through speed, sleight speedeth through delays,
And seeld doth treason time so fitly find,
As when all dangers most be out of mind.

Wherefore while Henry of that name the fift,
Prepar'd his army to go conquer France,
Lord Scroope and I thought to attempt a drift
To put him down, my brother to advance:
But wer 't God's will, my luck, or his good chance,
The King wist wholly whereabout we went,
The night before to shipward he him bent.

Then were we straight as traitors apprehended,
Our purpose spied, the cause thereof was hid,
And therefore, lo, a false cause we pretended,
Wherethrough my brother was from danger rid:
We said for hire of French King's coin we did
Behight[2] to kill the king: and thus with shame
We stain'd ourselves, to save our friend from blame.

When we had thus confest so foul a treason,
That we deserved we suffered by the law.
See, Baldwin, see, and note, as it is reason,
How wicked deeds to woful ends do draw.
All force doth fail, no craft is worth a straw
To attain things lost, and therefore let them go,
For might rules right, and will though truth say no.

W. BALDWIN.

The first series ended with a nobly written poem on Edward IV., sleeping in dust after the pomps and pains of life, which had been written by John Skelton, when he was a young man of about five-and-twenty, soon after King Edward's death in 1483. It was so good and so apt to the purpose of his book, that Baldwin could not easily know it and leave it unused. Four years later, in 1563, there was a new edition of "The Mirror for Magistrates," with eight new tragedies; and it is in this that Sackville's "Induction" and his tragedy of "Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham," first appeared.

The next step towards providing in "The Mirror" a series of moralised tragedies drawn from the whole sequence of English history was made by John Higgins, a clergyman and schoolmaster at Winsham, in Somersetshire. John Higgins published, in 1575, a series of tragedies, rhymed and moralised by himself, beginning with Albanact (who was son of Brut, the mythical Trojan founder of Britain, and first king of Albany or Scotland), and telling how he was slain by King Humber in the year before Christ 1085. From this date Higgins carried his sequence down to the time of Roman Britain. It was called "The First Part of the Mirror for Magistrates," and opened by John Higgins, its author, with the following

INDUCTION.

When Summer sweet with all her pleasures past,
And leaves began to leave the shady tree,
The winter cold increaséd on full fast,
And time of year to sadnes movéd me:
For moisty blasts not half so mirthful be
As sweet Aurora brings in spring-time fair,
Our joys they dim, as winter damps the air.

The nights began to grow to length apace,
Sir Phœbus to th' Antarctique gan to fare:
From Libra's lance to the Crab he took his race
Beneath the line, to lend of light a share.
For then with us the days more darkish are,

[1] See act ii., scene 2, of Shakespeare's "King Henry V."

[2] *Behight*, promise. First English "behátan" or "behe'tan," = promise, vow.

More short, cold, moist, and stormy cloudy clit,[1]
For sadness more than mirths or pleasures fit.

Devising then what books were best to read,
Both for that time and sentence grave also,
For conference of friend to stand in stead,
When I my faithful friend was parted fro,
I gat me straight the Printer's shop unto,
To seek some work of price I surely meant,
That might alone my careful mind content.

Amongst the rest I found a book so sad
As time of year or sadness could require:
The Mirrur named for Magistrates he had,
So finely penned as heart could well desire:
Which when I read so set my heart on fire,
Eftsoons it me constrain'd to take the pain,
Not left with once, to read it once again.

And as again I viewed this work with heed,
And markéd plain each party paint his Fall:
Methought in mind, I saw those men indeed,
Eke how they came in order Princely all;
Declaring well, this life is but a thrall,
Sith those on whom for Fortune's gifts we stare
Oft soonest sink in greatest seas of care.

For some perdie, were Kings of high estate,
And some were Dukes, and came of regal race:
Some Princes, Lords, and Judges great that sate
In counsel still, decreeing every case:
Some other Knights that vices did embrace,
Some Gentlemen, some poor exalted hie:
Yet every one had played his tragedie.

A Mirror well it might be called, a glass
As clear as any crystal under sun:
In each respect the Tragedies so pass,
Their names shall live that such a work begun.
For why, with such decorum is it done,
That Momus' spite with more than Argus' eyes,
Can never watch to keep it from the wise.

Examples there for all estates you find:
For Judge (I say) what justice he should use;
The Nobleman to bear a noble mind,
And not himself ambitiously abuse;
The Gentleman ungentleness refuse;
The rich and poor and every one may see
Which way to love and live in due degree.

I wish them often well to read it than,[2]
And mark the causes why those Princes fell.
But let me end my tale that I began:
When I had read these Tragedies full well,
And past the winter evenings long to tell,
One night at last I thought to leave this use,
To take some ease before I changed my Muse.

Wherefore away from reading I me gate,
My heavy head waxt dull for want of rest:
I laid me down, the night was waxéd late,
For lack of sleep mine eyes were sore opprest:
Yet fancy still of all their deaths increast,
Methought my mind from them I could not take,
So worthy wights, as causéd me to wake.

At last appearéd clad in purple black
Sweet Somnus' rest which comforts each alive,
By ease of mind that wears away all wrack,
That noisome night from weary wits doth drive,
Of labours long the pleasures we achieve;
Whereat I joy'd, sith after labours past
I might enjoy sweet Somnus' sleep at last.

But he by whom I thought myself at rest,
Revivéd all my fancies fond before:
I more desirous, humbly did request
Him shew th' unhappy Albion Princes yore:
For well I wist, that he could tell me more,
Sith unto divers Somnus erst had told
What things were done in elder times of old.

Then straight he forth his servant Morpheus[3] call'd,
"On Higgins here thou must" (quoth he) "attend;
The Britain Peers to bring (whom Fortune thrall'd)
From Lethean lake, and th' ancient shapes them lend;
That they may shew why, how, they took their end."
"I will" (quoth Morpheus) "shew him what they were;"
And so methought I saw them straight appear.

One after one they came in strange attire,
But some with wounds and blood were so disguis'd,
You scarcely could by reason's aid aspire
To know what war such sundry deaths devis'd;
And severally those Princes were surpris'd.
Of former state these states gave ample show,
Which did relate their lives and overthrow.

Of some the faces bold and bodies were
Distain'd with woad, and Turkish beards they had:
On th' over lips mutchatoes[4] long of hair,
And wild they seem'd, as men despairing mad;
Their looks might make a constant heart full sad,

[1] *Clit*, dirty, sticky with mud, or, if a verb, daubed, soiled, or darkened. In literature, the word "clit" is known only in this passage, and Nares gave it up. But in Scottish dialect "clytrie" is filth; to "cloiter" is to be engaged in dirty work, and Jamieson defines "cloitery" as "work which is not only wet and nasty, but slimy." In the very valuable series of "Original and Reprinted Glossaries," edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat for the English Dialect Society, Captain Harland gives, among Swaledale words, "clart" (sounded *klaat*), to daub, and "clarty" (sounded *klaati*), dirty, clammy. In the same series, the "Reprinted Thanet Glossary" of the Rev. J. Lewis (1736) gives the noun "clite" as meaning "a clay mire;" and the "Glossary" of the Rev. John Hutton's "Tour to the Caves in the West Riding of Yorkshire" (1781), gives the verb "clate," to daub. Probably the root is that of clay, First English "clæg," from "clifian," German "kleben," to cleave or stick. It may be serviceable to some readers if in this place I call attention to the substantial help given by the English Dialect Society to those who study words. It was founded in 1873. It establishes a common centre for the collection of material towards a complete record of the words used in Provincial English, and of the limits of the use of each. It publishes (subject to proper revision) MS. collections of Provincial Words made by private observers, reprints glossaries not generally accessible, and is issuing a Bibliographical List of the works that have been published, or are known to exist in MS., illustrative of the various dialects of English. The work of the society is under Mr. Skeat's direction, and the publications make, in quantity and quality, a liberal return for an annual half-guinea. The treasurer of the English Dialect Society is the Rev. J. W. Cartmell, Christ's College, Cambridge.

[2] *Than*, then.

[3] *Morpheus*, god of dreams, was so called from the shapes seen in dreams. Greek μορφή, form, shape, figure.

[4] *Mutchatoes*, corrupted from Italian "mustacchio," or Spanish "mostacho." Our word was not first taken from the French "moustache," and trace of the final *o* is common still in our pronunciation of it.

And yet I could not so forsake the view,
Nor presence, ere their minds I likewise knew.

For Morpheus bade them each in order tell
Their names and lives, their haps and hapless days
And by what means from Fortune's wheel they fell,
Which did them erst unto such honors raise.
Wherewith the first not making moe delays,
A noble Prince, broad wounded breast that bare,
Drew near, to tell the cause of all his care.

Which when methought to speak he might be bold,
Deep from his breast he threw an uncouth sound:
I was amaz'd his gestures to behold,
And blood that freshly trickled from his wound
With echo so did half his words confound
That scarce a while the sense might plain appear:
At last, me thought, he spake as you shall hear.

This prince was King Albanact. Higgins's First Part ended in Roman British times, and as the series before issued by Baldwin and Ferrers began in the latter part of the fourteenth century, there was a gap between them which was partly filled up in 1578 by Thomas Blenerhasset, with a few tragedies drawn from our history between the times of the Romans in Britain and the Norman Conquest. The several parts were afterwards joined and harmonised; Drayton's "Life and Death of Thomas Cromwell" was included in it, and the book was completed in the next reign, in 1610, with "A Winter Night's Vision: being an addition of such Princes especially famous, who were exempted in the former Historie," by Richard Niccols, of Magdalene Hall, Oxford.

When the Elizabethan dramatists arose, this "Mirror for Magistrates," showing high truths of life in homely phrase with many a proverb intermixed, became one of the sources wherefrom tragic stories could be drawn. These dramatists, also, soon made blank verse their own. The measure was, as we have seen, first used among us in Henry VIII.'s reign, by the Earl of Surrey, at a time when it was being tried in Italy, and it was adopted in two short poems by Grimald; but it took no root in our literature, outside the drama, before Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." In Queen Elizabeth's time it was established among the dramatists by Marlowe, and perfected by Shakespeare. But off the stage there was in her reign no poem of any length written in blank verse except Gascoigne's "Steel Glass" in 1576, and, fourteen years later, a topographical poem on the River Lea.

George Gascoigne was a scholar and a soldier, as his portrait indicates, and his frequent use of a motto in which Mars and Mercury were blended: "As well by Mars as by Mercury" (*Tam Marti quam Mercurio*). After training at Cambridge and Gray's Inn, he translated a comedy from Ariosto and a tragedy from Euripides, published original poems, and fought as a captain under William of Orange against tyranny of Spain in the Netherlands. He was about forty years old when he published his satire in blank verse, designed, as its title expressed, to hold up an honest old-fashioned Mirror—true as

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.
From the Edition of his "Steele Glas," published in 1576.

steel—to the faults and vices of his countrymen. His patron was Lord Grey of Wilton, a sturdy Elizabethan Puritan, whom young Edmund Spenser, a few years later, served as secretary in Ireland; and to this nobleman George Gascoigne dedicated—

THE STEEL GLASS.[1]

The Nightingale, whose happy noble heart,
No dole can daunt, nor fearful force affright;
Whose cheerful voice doth comfort saddest wights,
When she herself hath little cause to sing;
Whom lovers love because she plains their griefs,
She wrays their woes and yet relieves their pain;
Whom worthy minds always esteemed much,
And gravest years have not disdained her notes:
(Only that king, proud Tereus by his name,
With murdering knife did carve her pleasant tongue,

[1] *The Steel Glass.* Polished metal was the first form of artificial mirror. Moses "made the laver of brass, and the foot of it of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women" (Exodus xxxviii. 8). Silver mirrors were used by the Roman ladies, often large enough to reflect the whole figure; they used, also, mirrors of a white metal, formed of copper and tin, that needed sponge and powdered pumice-stone to keep them bright. Not only the costliness of silver caused an artificial white metal to be used, although that metal is the most powerful reflector; silver absorbs, it is said, only nine per cent. of the incident light, while speculum metal (an alloy of two parts copper to one of tin) absorbs thirty-seven per cent., but the silver is more liable to tarnish. Reflecting surfaces were made also of polished stone, and of glass coloured to destroy its transparency and give it a reflecting power like that of highly-polished marble, akin to which was "the beryl glass with foils of lovely brown" that Gascoigne praises. The use of burnished steel as a reflector was too obvious to be long overlooked. Our first mirror was usually a round hand-mirror, kept in a case to preserve it from rust. Gascoigne speaks, in his "Epilogue," of having shut his glass too hastily. Exposed mirrors on walls and tables were not common until they ceased to be of metal. The first mention of the use of transparent glass, made to reflect by covering its back with lead, is in the "Perspectiva" of John Peckham, who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1279 to 1292. But these early glass mirrors were little used. Perhaps they were inferior to those of metal, being made at first by pouring molten lead over the glass plate while yet hot from the furnace, and afterwards by the use of an amalgam of tin. It was not until the

To cover so his own foul filthy fault):
This worthy bird hath taught my weary Muse
To sing a song, in spite of their despite
Which work my woe, withouten cause or crime,
And make my back a ladder for their feet
By slanderous steps and stairs of tickle talk
To climb the throne wherein myself should sit.
O Philomene, then help me now to chant!
And if dead beasts or living birds have ghosts
Which can conceive the cause of careful moan,
When wrong triúmphs and right is overtrod,
Then help me now, O bird of gentle blood,
In barren verse to tell a fruitful tale,
A tale, I mean, which may content the minds
Of learned men, and grave philosophers.[1]

And you, my lord; whose hap hath heretofore
Been, lovingly to read my reckless rhymes,
And yet have deigned with favour to forget
The faults of youth which passed my hasty pen,
And therewithal, have graciously vouchsafed
To yield the rest much more than they deserved;
Vouchsafe, lo now, to read and to peruse
This rhymeless verse which flows from troubled mind.
Since that the line of that false caitiff king
Which ravishéd fair Philomene for lust,
And then cut out her trusty tongue for hate,
Lives yet, my lord, which words I weep to write.

They live, they live, alas! the worse my luck,
Whose greedy lust, unbridled from their breast,
Hath rangéd long about the world so wide
To find a prey for their wide open mouths,
And me they found, O woeful tale to tell!
Whose harmless heart perceived not their deceit.

But that my lord may plainly understand
The mysteries of all that I do mean,
I am not he whom slanderous tongues have told
(False tongues indeed, and crafty subtle brains)
To be the man which meant a common spoil
Of loving dames whose ears would hear my words
Or trust the tales deviséd by my pen.
I n'am a man, as some do think I am;
(Laugh not, good lord), I am indeed a dame,
Or at the least, a right hermaphrodite.
And who desires at large to know my name,
My birth, my line, and every circumstance,
Lo read it here,—Plain-dealing was my sire,
And he begat me by Simplicity;
A pair of twins at one self burden born
My sister and I into this world were sent.
My sister's name was pleasant Poesis,
And I myself had Satira to name;
Whose hap was such, that in the prime of youth,
A lusty lad, a stately man to see,
Brought up in place where pleasures did abound
(I dare not say, in court, for both mine ears)
Began to woo my sister, not for wealth,
But for her face was lovely to behold,
And therewithal her speech was pleasant still.
This noble's name was calléd Vain Delight,
And in his train he had a comely crew
Of guileful wights: False Semblant was the first,
The second man was Fleering[2] Flattery,
Brethren belike, or very near of kin,
Then followed them Detraction and Deceit.
Sim Swash did bear a buckler[3] for the first,
False Witness was the second stemly[4] page;
And thus well armed, and in good equipage,
This gallant came unto my father's court
And wooed my sister, for she elder was
And fairer eke, but out of doubt at least
Her pleasant speech surpasséd mine so much,
That Vain Delight to her addressed his suit.
Short tale to make, she gave a free consent,
And forth she go'th to be his wedded make,[5]
Enticed, percase, with gloss of gorgeous show,
Or else, perhaps, persuaded by his peers
That constant love had harboured in his breast,
Such errors grow where such false prophets preach

Howso it were, my sister liked him well,
And forth she go'th, in court with him to dwell,
Where when she had some years y-sojournéd,
And saw the world, and markéd each man's mind,
A deep desire her loving heart inflamed
To see me sit by her in seemly wise,

sixteenth century that glass mirrors were brought into more general use, by improvement of their manufacture in the famous Venetian glassworks, established originally in 1291, at Murano. It occurred to the glassworkers at Murano to cover the back of a mirror-plate, by a very simple process, with a smooth tin-foil saturated with quicksilver. Glass mirrors of rare brilliancy were thus obtained, and Murano, in Gascoigne's time, was beginning to draw customers for its looking-glasses from all parts of Europe. These glasses could be set against a wall as ornaments, could be as much as even four feet long for the luxurious, and were not only beautiful themselves, but seemed to give some of their lustre to the faces they so perfectly reflected; whereas it could certainly be said for the old steel hand-mirrors that they did not flatter.

[1] Procne and Philomela (Philomene), says the story, were two daughters of Pandion, king of Athens, and Procne married Tereus, king of Thrace. When Philomela went to see her sister she was cruelly maltreated by her brother-in-law, who finally cut out her tongue, closely imprisoned her, and told her sister that she was dead. Twelve years afterwards she told her story by a piece of needlework that was sent to Procne. Procne, in wild guise of a bacchanal, released her sister, and dished up for Tereus his son Itys to eat. Then Tereus, when he knew what had been done, pursued the women, but was changed by the gods into a lapwing. Procne was at the same time turned into a swallow, Itys into a pheasant, and Philomel into a nightingale,

"And nightingale now named which Philomela hight
Delights, for fear of force, to sing always by night;
But when the sun to west doth bend his weary course,
Then Philomene records the ruth which craveth just remorse,
And for her foremost note Tereu! Tereu! doth sing,
Complaining still upon the name of that false Thracian king."

George Gascoigne wrote a poem upon Philomene, from which those lines are quoted, and in the dedication of it to his singular good lord (Lord Gray of Wilton), he says that, having written the opening lines of his "Steel Glass," "I called to mind that twelve or thirteen years past I had begun an elegy or sorrowful song called 'The Complaint of Philomene,' the which I began to devise riding by the highway between Chelmsford and London, and being overtaken by a sudden dash of rain, I changed my copy and struck over into the '*De Profundis*,' which is placed among my other poesies, leaving 'The Complaint of Philomene' unfinished, and so it hath continued until this present month of April, 1575, when I begun my 'Steel Glass.' And because I have in mine exordium to 'The Steel Glass' begun with nightingale's notes, therefore I have not thought amiss now to finish and piece up the said 'Complaint of Philomene,'" &c., which he did, and by the 16th of April had it finished.

[2] *Fleering*, blandly false. Icelandic "flærth," falsehood, falsehood with the notion of blandness; so "flærthar-senna," siren song. (Cleasby and Vigfussen's "Icelandic Dictionary.")

[3] *Sim Swash did bear a buckler.* Swashbuckler was a common Elizabethan name for a bully. "Swash" meant noise and bluster. German "schwätzen," Dutch "zwetsen," to chatter idly; or from "swash," meaning a noisy sound, by addition of intensive *s* to *wash*.

[4] *Stemly*, vapouring or fuming. First English "stém," steam, vapour, smoke.

[5] *Make*, mate. See Note 13, page 104.

That company might comfort her sometimes
And sound advice might ease her weary thoughts.
And forth with speed, even at her first request,
Doth Vain Delight his hasty course direct,
To seek me out his sails are fully bent,
And wind was good to bring me to the bower
Whereas she lay, that mourned days and nights
To see herself so matched and so deceived.
And when the wretch, I cannot term him bet,[1]
Had me on seas full far from friendly help,
A spark of lust did kindle in his breast,
And bade him hark to songs of Satira.
I silly soul, which thought nobody harm,
'Gan clear my throat, and strave to sing my best;
Which pleased him so and so enflamed his heart,
That he forgot my sister Poesis,
And ravished me to please his wanton mind.
Not so content, when this foul act was done,
Y-fraught with fear lest that I should disclose
His incest, and his doting dark desire,
He caused straightways the foremost of his crew,
With his compeer, to try me with their tongues:
And when their guiles could not prevail to win
My simple mind from track of trusty truth,
Nor yet Deceit could blear mine eyes through fraud,
Came Slander then, accusing me,[2] and said,
That I enticed Delight to love and lust.
Thus was I caught, poor wretch, that thought none ill.
And furthermore, to cloak their own offence,
They clapped me fast in cage of Misery,
And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
Until this thief, this traitor, Vain Delight,
Cut out my song, with razor of Restraint,
Lest I should wray this bloody deed of his.
And thus, my lord, I live a weary life,
Not as I seemed, a man sometimes of might,
But womanlike, whose tears must 'venge her harms.
And yet, even as the mighty gods did deign
For Philomele, that though her tongue were cut,
Yet should she sing a pleasant note sometimes:
So have they deigned, by their divine decrees,
That with the stumps of my reprovéd tongue,
I may sometimes Reprover's deeds reprove,
And sing a verse to make them see themselves.

Then thus I sing this silly song by night,
Like Philomene, since that the shining sun
Is now eclipsed, which wont to lend me light.

And thus I sing, in corner closely couched,
Like Philomene, since that the stately courts
Are now no place for such poor birds as I.

And thus I sing, with prick against my breast,
Like Philomene, since that the privy worm
Which makes me see my reckless youth misspent
May well suffice to keep me waking still.

And thus I sing, when pleasant spring begins,[3]
Like Philomene, since every jangling bird
Which squeaketh loud shall never triumph so
As though my muse were mute and durst not sing.

And thus I sing, with harmless true intent,
Like Philomene, whenas, percase, meanwhile
The cuckoo sucks mine eggs by foul deceit,
And licks the sweet which might have fed me first.

And thus I mean in mournful wise to sing
A rare conceit, God grant it like my lord,[4]
A trusty tune from ancient cliffs conveyed,
A plain-song note which cannot warble well.

For whiles I mark this weak and wretched world,
Wherein I see how every kind of man
Can flatter still and yet deceives himself,
I seem to muse from whence such error springs,
Such gross conceits, such mists of dark mistake,
Such Surcudrie,[5] such weening over well,
And yet indeed such dealings too too bad.
And as I stretch my weary wits to weigh
The cause thereof, and whence it should proceed,
My battered brains, which now be shrewdly bruised,
With cannon-shot of much misgovernment,
Can spy no cause but only one conceit,
Which makes me think the world go'th still awry.

I see, and sigh, because it makes me sad
That peevish pride doth all the world possess,
And every wight will have a looking-glass
To see himself yet so he seeth him not:[6]
Yea shall I say? a Glass of common glass,
Which glistereth bright and shows a seemly show,
Is not enough; the days are past and gone,
That beryl glass, with foils of lovely brown,
Might serve to show a seemly favoured face.
That age is dead and vanished long ago
Which thought that Steel both trusty was and true,
And needed not a foil of contraries,
But showed all things even as they were in deed.
Instead whereof, our curious years can find
The Crystal Glass which glimpseth brave and bright,
And shows the thing much better than it is,
Beguiled with foils of sundry subtle sights,
So that they Seem, and covet not to Be.

This is the cause, believe me now, my lord,
That realms do rue[7] from high prosperity;
That kings decline from princely government;
That lords do lack their ancestors' good will;

[1] *Bet*, better, the original form of comparative.

[2] Gascoigne's allegory here is levelled against those who in his day were saying that poetry and satire only ministered to vain delight. He says that where they have no higher calling, it is because they have been forced out of their true path; but speaking in the character of satire, he holds it slander to say that the English satirist exists only for false pleasure of the idle. Five or six years after the date of the "Steel Glass"—when the attacks on poetry had grown more violent—Sir Philip Sidney wrote in prose his "Defence of Poesy"—the first piece of high criticism in our language—to repel the accusations made against the poets by those who declared them to be corrupters of the commonwealth. Sidney not only replied to every clause of the indictment, but he argued that the poet's place was foremost among men who are helpers of mankind.

[3] *When spring begins.* Gascoigne is writing this early in April. S Note 1, page 185.

[4] God grant my Lord may like it.

[5] *Surcudrie*, presumption. See Note 13, page 50.

[6] To see himself in such form that it shall not be himself as really is.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion!
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
And e'en devotion!"

sang Robert Burns long afterwards.

[7] *Rue*, fall. Latin "ruo."

That knights consume their patrimony still,
That gentlemen do make the merchant rise;
That ploughmen beg, and craftsmen cannot thrive;
That clergy quails and hath small reverence;
That laymen live by moving mischief still;
That courtiers thrive at latter Lammas day;[1]
That officers can scarce enrich their heirs;
That soldiers starve, or preach at Tyburn cross;[2]
That lawyers buy, and purchase deadly hate;
That merchants climb, and fall again as fast;
That roisterers brag above their betters' room;
That sycophants are counted jolly guests;
That Lais leads a lady's life aloft,
And Lucrece lurks with sober bashful grace.

This is the cause, or else my Muse mistakes,
That things are thought which never yet were wrought,
And castles built above in lofty skies
Which never yet had good foundation.
And that the same may seem no feignéd dream,
But words of worth and worthy to be weighed,
I have presumed my lord for to present
With this poor Glass, which is of trusty Steel,
And came to me by will and testament
Of one that was a glass-maker indeed.

Lucilius[3] this worthy man was named,
Who at his death bequeathed the Crystal Glass
To such as love to Seem but not to Be;
And unto those that love to see themselves,
How foul or fair soever that they are,
He gan bequeath a Glass of trusty Steel,
Wherein they may be bold always to look
Because it shows all things in their degree.
And since myself, now pride of youth is past,
Do love to Be, and let all Seeming pass,
Since I desire to see myself indeed
Not what I would but what I am or should,
Therefore I like this trusty Glass of Steel,

Wherein I see a frolic favour frounced[4]
With foul abuse of lawless lust in youth;
Wherein I see a Samson's grim regard
Disgracéd yet with Alexander's beard;[5]
Wherein I see a corpse of comely shape,
And such as might beseem the court full well,
Is cast at heel by courting all too soon;
Wherein I see a quick capacity
Bewrayed with blots of light inconstancy;[6]
An age suspect, because of youth's misdeeds;
A poet's brain possessed with lays of love;
A Cæsar's mind and yet a Codrus' might;
A soldier's heart suppressed with fearful dooms;
A philosópher foolishly fordone.
And to be plain, I see Myself so plain,
And yet so much unlike that most I Seemed,
As were it not that reason ruleth me,
I should in rage this face of mine deface,
And cast this corpse down headlong in despair,
Because it is so far unlike itself.

And therewithal, to comfort me again,
I see a world of worthy government:
A commonwealth with policy so ruled
As neither laws are sold, nor justice bought,
Nor riches sought, unless it be by right;
No cruelty nor tyranny can reign;
No right revenge doth raise rebellion;
No spoils are ta'en although the sword prevail;
No riot spends the coin of commonwealth;
No rulers hoard the country's treasure up;
No man grows rich by subtlety nor sleight;
All people dread the magistrate's decree,
And all men fear the scourge of mighty Jove.
Lo this, my lord, may well deserve the name
Of such a land as milk and honey flows.
And this I see, within my Glass of Steel,
Set forth even so, by Solon, worthy wight,
Who taught King Crœsus what it is to Seem,
And what to Be, by proof of happy end.[7]
The like Lycurgus,[8] Lacedemon king,
Did set to show, by view of this my Glass,
And left the same, a Mirror to behold,
To every prince of his posterity.

But now, aye me,[9] the glozing Crystal Glass

[1] *Latter Lammas Day.* Lammas Day was the 1st of August, on which day, in First English times, votive offerings were made in church of loaves as the first fruits of harvest. Hence the name Hlafmæsse, the Loaf-mass, Lammas, from First English "hlaf," a loaf. Lammas Day was one of the four cross quarter days: Whitsuntide, Lammas, Martinmas, and Candlemas, once not less familiar than Lady Day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas. Latter Lammas Day was a proverbial word for a Lammas Day that came after all the loaves were given.

[2] *Preach at Tyburn Cross,* in allusion to the dying speeches often made at the gallows.

[3] *Lucilius.* At Rome, Caius Lucilius (B.C. 148—103) was the inventor of satire. The banter of rude verses of the people developed among the Greeks into idyllic poetry, but in Rome took commonly the form of personal lampoons. There was also in Rome the satura, said to be named from the "satura lanx," a plate of various fruits offered to the gods, and to mean, like the plate of many fruits, a medley. The satura was, in jocular verse, dialogue with music and dancing, but without connected plot or unity of purpose. In one direction these rude beginnings of literature were associated with the rise of a regular drama; in another direction they were developed into such work as the metrical miscellanies of Ennius and Pacuvius; in another they prepared the way for the new satire of Lucilius. Professor Sellar, in his "Roman Poets of the Republic," writes of Lucilius, that although his art appears to have been rude and incomplete, "yet he was undoubtedly the first Roman writer who used his materials with the aim and in the manner which poetical satire has permanently assumed. . . The new satire differed from Latin comedy in form and style, and still more in its earnest national purpose." This is exactly what George Gascoigne meant in citing him as "one that was a glass-maker indeed," from whom he derived as a satirist his own "poor glass."

[4] *Frounced* trimmed with plaits and puckers. French "froncer," to wrinkle:—

> "Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career
> Till civil-suited Morn appear,
> Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
> With the Attic boy to hunt,
> But kercheft in a comely cloud." ("Il Penseroso.")

[5] *Alexander's beard.* Here there is a side-note to the first edition of the "Steel Glass:"—"Alexander Magnus had but a small beard."

[6] The side-note here is, "He which will rebuke men's faults shall do well not to forget his own imperfections."

[7] In the fabled interview between Solon and Crœsus (Wisdom and Wealth), the last words of Solon were: "He, therefore, whom Heaven blesses with success to the last we hold to be the happy man. But the happiness of him who still lives and has the dangers of life to meet seems to us no better than that of a champion before one knows how the strife will end, and while the crown is doubtful."

[8] The famous laws of Lycurgus were designed, says Plutarch, to secure within Sparta the conquest of luxury and to exterminate the love of riches. No man was at liberty to live as he pleased, "each man concluding that he was born not for himself but for his country," and the lawgiver considered the happiness of a state "like that of a private man, as flowing from virtue and self-consistency."

[9] The preceding paragraph had for its marginal note, "Common Wealth." This paragraph had written in its margin "Common Woe."

Doth make us think that realms and towns are rich
Where favour sways the sentence of the law;
Where all is fish that cometh to the net;
Where mighty power doth overrule the right;
Where injuries do foster secret grudge;
Where bloody sword makes every booty prize;
Where banqueting is counted comely cost;
Where officers grow rich by princes' pens;
Where purchase comes by covine and deceit;
And no man dreads, but he that cannot shift,
Nor none serve God but only tongue-tied men.

The KNIGHT should fight for to defend the same,
The PEASANT he should labour for their ease,
And PRIESTS should pray for them and for themselves.

But out alas, such mists do blear our eyes,
And crystal gloss doth glister so therewith,
That KINGS conceive their care is wondrous great
Whenas they beat their busy restless brains,
To maintain pomp and high triumphant sights;
To feed their fill of dainty delicates;
To glad their hearts with sight of pleasant sports;

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO HUNSDON HOUSE, 1571.[1]

From a Painting ascribed to Mark Gerards, and engraved in Vertue's "Historical Prints."

Again I see, within my Glass of Steel,
But four estates to serve each country soil,
The King, the Knight, the Peasant, and the Priest.
The KING should care for all the subjects still,

To fill their ears with sound of instruments;
To break with bit the hot courageous horse;
To deck their halls with sumptuous cloth of gold;
To clothe themselves with silks of strange device;
To search the rocks for pearls and precious stones,
To delve the ground for mines of glistering gold,
And never care to maintain peace and rest;
To yield relief when needy lack appears;
To stop one ear until the poor man speak;
To seem to sleep when Justice still doth wake
To guard their lands from sudden sword and fire;
To fear the cries of guiltless suckling babes,
Whose ghosts may call for vengeance on their blood,
And stir the wrath of mighty thundering Jove.

I speak not this by any English King,
Nor by our Queen, whose high foresight provides
That dire debate is fled to foreign realms

The reader will observe that its description is, line for line, the reverse of that which preceded: "As neither laws are sold nor justice bought" has for its opposite, "Where favour sways the sentence of the law;" "Nor riches sought, unless it be by right," has for its opposite, "Where all is fish that cometh to the net;" and so with each succeeding line in the two pictures of "Common Wealth" and "Common Woe."

[1] This copy from the picture supposed by George Vertue, who engraved it, to represent a visit of Queen Elizabeth to Hunsdon House in 1571, and certainly representing a stately reception of her Majesty about that time, will serve to illustrate various points in the luxury of costume, &c., condemned by Gascoigne. The Queen, in her canopy chair, is being conveyed into the house by six gentlemen, preceded by the nobleman who is her host, and Knights of the Garter in their collars, followed by the hostess in her best ruff and stomacher, and by a train of ladies.

Whiles we enjoy the golden fleece of peace.
But there to turn my tale from whence it came,
In olden days, good Kings and worthy Dukes
(Who saw themselves, in Glass of trusty Steel)
Contented were with pomps of little price,
And set their thoughts on Regal Government.

An order was,[1] when Rome did flourish most,
That no man might triúmph in stately wise,
But such as had, with blows of bloody blade,
Five thousand foes in foughten field fordone.
Now he that likes to look in Crystal Glass,
May see proud pomps in high triumphant wise
Where never blow was dealt with enemy.

When Sergius[2] deviséd first the mean
To pen up fish within the swelling flood
And so content his mouth with dainty fare,
Then followed fast excess on Princes' boards,
And every dish was charged with new conceits
To please the taste of uncontented minds.
But had he seen the strain of strange device
Which epicures do now-a-days invent
To yield good smack unto their dainty tongues,
Could he conceive how Prince's paunch is filled
With secret cause of sickness oft unseen,
Whiles lust desires much more than nature craves,
Then would he say that all the Roman cost
Was common trash, compared to sundry sauce
Which Princes use to pamper appetite.

O Crystal Glass, thou settest things to show,
Which are, God know'th, of little worth indeed!
All eyes behold, with eager deep desire,
The falcon fly, the greyhound run his course,
The baited bull, the bear at stately stake,
These interludes, these new Italian sports,
And every gawd, that glads the mind of man:
But few regard their needy neighbour's back,
And few behold by contemplation
The joys of heaven, ne yet the pains of hell,
Few look to law, but all men gaze on lust.
A sweet consent of Music's sacred sound
Doth raise our minds, as rapt, all up on high:
But sweeter sounds, of concord, peace, and love,
Are out of tune and jar in every stop.

To toss and turn the sturdy trampling steed,
To bridle him, and make him meet to serve,
Deserves, no doubt, great commendation.
But such as have their stables full y-fraught
With pampered jades, ought therewithal to weigh
What great excess upon them may be spent,
How many poor, which need not brake nor bit,
Might therewithal in godly wise be fed,
And Kings ought not so many horse to have.
The sumptuous house declares the prince's state,
But vain excess bewrays a prince's faults.

Our bombast hose,[3] our treble double ruffs,
Our suits of silk, our comely guarded capes,[4]

[1] Here there is a side reference in the original edition to the third chapter of the second book of "Valerius Maximus."

[2] Though there is no side reference here, it is again from "Valerius Maximus" that Gascoigne takes his illustration. The first chapter of the ninth book of "Memorable Sayings and Doings" illustrates luxury; and its first example is that lover of fish dinners, C. Sergius Orata, who invented hanging baths, and who also, "that his gullet might not be subject to the will of Neptune," made private seas of his own, by intercepting the tides, and stocked them with varieties of fish, that his table might be well supplied however the wind blew. Sergius Orata built for himself houses by the Lucrine Lake that he might get his shell-fish the fresher; and when an action was brought against him by Considius, a public officer, for encroachment on the public rights of water, L. Crassus, in pleading against him, said that "his friend Considius was wrong in supposing that if Orata were away from the lake he would want oysters, for if he was not allowed to look for them there he would discover them among the tiles upon his house-top."

[3] *Our bombast hose* were "slops" or "trunk-hose," stuffed often to an enormous size with bombast or cotton (Latin "bombax," cotton). It is the idle stuffing of which the name was applied figuratively to bombastic speech. Doublets known as "pease-cod-bellied doublets" were also slashed, quilted, and stuffed with four or five pounds of bombast in each; silk, satin, taffeta, gold and silver stuff being among the material used for them. At the beginning of Elizabeth's reign an arrangement was planned in the Parliament House to enable those to sit who were most gorgeously stuffed. Sometimes the hose were stuffed with hair, or with other things. Witness a story told in Harleian MS. 2014 ("Historical Collections concerning Chester," written about 1656, by one of the family of Randle Holme). In a chapter upon changes of fashion this writer says:—"About the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign, A.D. 1578, the slops or trunk-hose with pease-cod-bellied doublets were much esteemed, which young men used to stuff with rags and other like things, to extend them in compass, with as great eagerness as women did take pleasure to wear great and stately verdingales, for this was the same in effect, being a kind of verdingale breeches; and so excessive were they herein, that a law was made against such as did so stuff their breeches to make them stand out. Whereof, when a certain prisoner in those times was accused of wearing his breeches contrary to the law, he began to excuse himself of the offence, and endeavoured by little and little to discharge himself of that which he did wear within them. He drew out of his breeches a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, a comb, and nightcaps, with other things of use, saying, 'Your lordship may understand that, because I have no safer a storehouse, these pockets do serve me for a home to lay by my goods in; and though it be a strait prison, yet it is a storehouse big enough for them, for I have many things more yet of value within them.' And so his discharge was accepted and well laughed at. And they commanded him that he should not alter the furniture of his storehouse, but that he should rid the hall of his stuff and keep them as it pleased him." The use of lawn and cambric for ruffs began in the second year of Elizabeth, and Mistress Dingham van der Plasse came to London, where she taught for twenty shillings the art of making starch, and for five pounds the art of using it. But ruffs grew to be so large and complicated that wire skeletons, called "supportasses," became requisite to keep them duly spread. A prose censor of fashion, Philip Stubbes, in his "Anatomie of Abuses," published in 1585, called starch the devil's liquor; and he told how at Antwerp, on the 22nd of May, 1582, a fearful judgment fell on a rich merchant's daughter who, in adorning herself for her wedding, lost patience over the difficulty of getting her ruffs starched to her mind. At last she wished that the devil might take her if she wore any of these ruffs again. A gentleman then entered, asked the cause of her annoyance, and politely set her ruffs so much to her taste, that she not only wore them again, but admired herself in them, and admired also the young man who had so pleased her. Then the young man kissed her, and in so doing wrung her neck asunder. She died; she became black and blue, with a face "ogglesome to behold;" and when she was to be carried out for burial, her coffin was so heavy that five strong men were unable to lift it. The standers-by marvelled at this, and caused the coffin to be opened, "when they found the body to be taken away, and a black cat, very lean and deformed, sitting in the coffin, a setting of great ruffs and frizzling of hair to the great fear and wonder of all the beholders."

[4] *Guarded capes* were the little cloaks, various in colour and rich material, worn over the doublets, and guarded or trimmed with velvet, lace, or gold or silver fringe. Such fringes were called "guards," because originally meant to protect the edge of the material; but, as luxury advanced, they were superfluous fringings and lacings. In the "Merchant of Venice," Bassanio says of Lancelot, "Give him a livery more guarded than his fellows'." The *knit silk stocks* were the nether stocks or stockings which had parted from the upper stocks in the hose that once clothed the whole leg, and were now made of all available materials, including silk, and of all colours. They were "cunningly knit," said Stubbes, and "curiously indented in every point with quirks, clocks, open seams, and everything else

Our knit silk stocks, and Spanish leather shoes,
(Yea velvet serves oft-times to trample in)
Our plumes, our spangs,[1] and all our quaint array,
Are pricking spurs provoking filthy pride,
And snares unseen which lead a man to hell.

How live the Moors which spurn at glistering pearl,
And scorn the costs which we do hold so dear?
How? how but well? and wear the precious pearl
Of peerless truth amongst them publishéd,
Which we enjoy, and never weigh the worth.
They would not then the same, like us, despise,
Which, though they lack, they live in better wise
Than we, which hold the worthless pearl so dear.
But glittering gold,—which many years lay hid,
Till greedy minds 'gan search the very guts
Of earth and clay to find out sundry moulds,
As red and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and silver, metals of mischief,—
Hath now enflamed the noblest Princes' hearts
With foulest fire of filthy avarice;
And seldom seen that Kings can be content
To keep their bounds which their forefathers left:
What causeth this, but greedy gold to get?
Even gold, which is the very cause of wars,
The nest of strife, and nourice of debate,
The bar of heaven and open way to hell.

But is this strange? when Lords, when Knights and Squires,
Which ought defend the state of commonwealth,
Are not afraid to covet like a King?
O blind desire! O high aspiring hearts!
The country Squire doth covet to be Knight,
The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Earl or Duke,
The Duke a King, the King would Monarch be,
And none content with that which is his own.
Yet none of these can see in Crystal Glass,
Which glistereth bright, and blears their gazing eyes,
How every life bears with him his disease.
But in my Glass, which is of trusty Steel,
I can perceive how Kingdoms breed but care,
How Lordship lives, with lots of less delight
(Though cap and knee do seem a reverence,
And court-like life is thought another heaven)
Than common people find in every coast.

The gentleman, which might in country keep
A plenteous board, and feed the fatherless
With pig and goose, with mutton, beef, and veal,
Yea, now and then, a capon and a chick,
Will break up house and dwell in market towns
A loitering life, and like an epicure.

But who, meanwhile, defends the commonwealth?
Who rules the flock, when shepherds so are fled?
Who stays the staff, which should uphold the state?
Forsooth good sir, the lawyer leapeth in,
Nay rather leaps both over hedge and ditch,
And rules the roast,[2] but few men rule by right.

PROSPEROUS LAW.
From the Monument of Judge Glanville in Tavistock Church.[3]

O Knights, O Squires, O gentle bloods y-born,
You were not born all only for yourselves:
Your country claims some part of all your pains.
There should you live, and therein should you toil
To hold up right and banish cruel wrong,
To help the poor to bridle back the rich,
To punish vice and virtue to advance,
To see God served and Belzebub suppressed.
You should not trust lieutenants in your room,
And let them sway the sceptre of your charge,
Whiles you, meanwhile, know scarcely what is done,
Nor yet can yield account if you were called.
The stately Lord, which wonted was to keep
A court at home, is now come up to court,
And leaves the country for a common prey
To pilling, polling, bribing, and deceit:
All which his presence might have pacified,
Or else have made offenders smell the smoke.
And now the youth which might have servéd him
In comely wise with country clothes y-clad,
(And yet thereby been able to prefer
Unto the prince, and there to seek advance)
Is fain to sell his lands for courtly clouts,
Or else sits still, and liveth like a lout;
Yet of these two, the last fault is the less.
And so those imps[4] which might in time have sprung
Aloft, good lord, and served to shield the state,
Are either nipped with such untimely frosts,
Or else grow crookt, because they be not pruned.

These be the Knights, which should defend the land,
And these be they which leave the land at large.
Yet here, percase, it will be thought I rove
And run astray besides the king's high way,
Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell,
And such as show most perfect in my Glass,

accordingly." The shoes of the men were as elaborate as those of the women, which were "some of black velvet, some of white, some of green and some of yellow, some of Spanish leather and some of English, stitched with silk, and embroidered with gold and silver all over the foot, with other gewgaws innumerable."

[1] *Spangs*, clasps or buckles. First English (and Modern German) "spange," a clasp buckle or stud. But the name was applied generally to small dress ornaments of glittering metal, and acquired the sense of "spangle" before that word was formed from it by help of the diminutive suffix.

[2] *Rules the roast.* Has the chief place at the table, with its use his disposal.

[3] Judge Glanville, here figured from Polwhele's History of Dev shire, died in the year 1600. The very comfortable figure on monument was painted to resemble life, and there was a superstiti belief that its eyes moved sometimes as an omen of coming mis in the parish.

[4] *Those imps.* From First English "impun," to engraft, came sense of "imp," as shoot or scion, son of a house. Thus Lord Ba spoke of "those most virtuous and goodly young imps, the Duk Suffolk and his brother." See Note 2, page 30.

Is meant no more but worthy soldiers
Whose skill in arms and long experience
Should still uphold the pillars of the world.
Yes, out of doubt, this noble name of Knight
May comprehend both duke, earl, lord, knight, squire,
Yea Gentlemen, and every gentle born.
But if you will constrain me for to speak
What soldiers are, or what they ought to be
(And I myself of that profession),
I see a crew, which glister in my Glass,
The bravest band that ever yet was seen:
Behold, behold, where Pompey comes before,
Where Manlius and Marius ensue,
Æmilius and Curius I see,
Palamedes and Fabius Maximus,
And eke their mate Epaminondas, lo,
Protesilaus and Phocion are not far,
Pericles stands in rank amongst the rest,
Aristoménes may not be forgot
Unless the list of good men be disgraced.

Behold, my lord, these soldiers can I spy
Within my glass, within my true Steel Glass.

I see not one therein which seeks to heap
A world of pence by pinching of dead pays,[1]
And so beguiles the prince in time of need
When muster day and foughten field are odd,
Since Pompey did enrich the common heaps,
And Paulus, he Æmilius surnamed,
Returned to Rome no richer than he went,
Although he had so many lands subdued,
And brought such treasure to the common chests,
That fourscore years the state was after free
From grievous task and imposition.
Yea since, again, good Marcus Curius
Thought sacrilege himself for to advance
And see his soldiers poor or live in lack.

I see not one within this Glass of mine,
Whose feathers flaunt and flicker in the wind
As if he were all only to be marked;
When simple snakes, which go not half so gay,
Can leave him yet a furlong in the field,
And when the pride of all his peacock's plumes
Is daunted down with dastard dreadfulness.
And yet, in town, he jetted[2] every street,
As though the god of wars, even Mars himself,
Might well by him be lively counterfeit,
Though much more like the coward Constantine.
I see none such, my lord, I see none such,
Since Phocion, which was indeed a Mars,
And one which did much more than he would vaunt,
Contented was to be but homely clad.
And Marius, whose constant heart could bide
The very veins of his forwearied legs
To be both cut, and carvéd from his corpse,
Could never yet contented be to spend
One idle groat in clothing nor in cates.

I see not one, my lord, I see not one
Which stands so much upon his painted sheath,
Because he hath perchance at Boulogne[3] been
And loiteréd since then in idleness,
That he accounts no soldier but himself;
Nor one that can despise the learned brain
Which joineth reading with experience.[4]
Since Palamedes and Ulysses both
Were much esteeméd for their policies,
Although they were not thought long trainéd men.
Epaminodas eke was much esteemed,
Whose eloquence was such in all respects
As gave no place unto his manly heart.
And Fabius, surnaméd Maximus,
Could join such learning with experience
As made his name more famous than the rest.

These bloody beasts appear not in my Glass
Which cannot rule their sword in furious rage
Nor have respect to age nor yet to kind,
But down go'th all where they get upper hand;
Whose greedy hearts so hungry are to spoil,
That few regard the very wrath of God
Which grievéd is at cries of guiltless blood.
Pericles was a famous man of war,
And victor eke in nine great foughten fields
Whereof he was the general in charge.
Yet at his death he rather did rejoice
In clemency than bloody victory.
"Be still," quoth he, "you grave Athenians,"
Who whisperéd and told his valiant facts,
"You have forgot my greatest glory got:
For yet by me, nor mine occasion,
Was never seen a mourning garment worn."
O noble words, well worthy golden writ!
Believe me, lord, a soldier cannot have
Too great regard whereon his knife should cut.

Ne yet the men which wonder at their wounds,
And show their scars to every comer by,
Dare once be seen within my Glass of Steel,
For so the faults of Thraso and his train[5]
(Whom Terence told to be but bragging brutes)
Might soon appear to every skilful eye.
Bold Manlius could close and well convey
Full thirty wounds and three upon his head,
Yet never made nor bones[6] nor brags thereof

What should I speak of drunken soldiers,
Or lechers lewd, which fight for filthy lust?
Of whom that one can sit and bib his fill,
Consume his coin, which might good courage yield
To such as march and move at his command,
And makes himself a worthy mocking stock,
Which might deserve by sober life great laud.

[1] *Pinching of dead pays.* Taking money from government for payment of his men, and leaving the names of dead men in the register that he may put into his own pocket the pay sent for them. An officer who does this betrays his prince when the day of battle comes, and the troop arrayed against the public enemy does not accord with his official muster-roll.

[2] *Jetted* (French "jeter," to throw), strutted, affectedly threw his body about in walking. So in "Twelfth Night," Fabian says of Malvolio, "How he jets under his advanced plumes!"

[3] *At Boulogne.* He was at the capture of Boulogne, in Henry VIII.'s time, September 15, 1544, and has passed all the thirty years since in idleness.

[4] So Gascoigne is proud to do, *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*; and he is now exercising his "learned brain" upon citation of many ancient Greeks and Romans, whose deeds are recorded in all Greek and Roman histories. But Gascoigne's allusions are very commonly drawn from his readings in the nine books of "Memorable Sayings and Doings," collected by Valerius Maximus in the days of Tiberius.

[5] *Thraso*, a bragging soldier in "Eunuchus," one of the comedies of Terence.

[6] *Made no bones*, made no difficulty in discussing. On the other hand, giving one "a bone to gnaw," was giving something that would keep him occupied.

That other dotes, and driveth forth his days
In vain delight and foul concupiscence,
When works of weight might occupy his head.
Yea therewithal, he puts his own fond head
Under the belt of such as should him serve,
And so becomes example of much evil,
Which should have served as lantern of good life,
And is controlled, whereas he should command.
Augustus Cæsar, he which might have made
Both feasts and banquets bravely as the best,
Was yet content in camp with homely cates,
And seldom drank his wine unwateréd.
Aristoménes deignéd to defend
His dames of prize whom he in wars had won,
And rather chose to die in their defence
Than filthy men should soil their chastity.
This was a wight well worthy fame and praise.

O captains come, and soldiers come apace,
Behold my Glass, and you shall see therein
Proud Crassus' bags consumed by covetise,
Great Alexander drowned in drunkenness,
Cæsar and Pompey split with privy grudge,
Brennus beguiled with lightness of belief,
Cleomenes by riot not regarded,[1]
Vespasian disdainéd for deceit,
Demetrius light set by for his lust,
Whereby at last he died in prison pent.

Hereto, percase, some one man will allege,
That princes' pence are purséd up so close,
And fairs do fall so seldom in a year,
That when they come provision must be made
To fend the frost in hardest winter nights.

Indeed I find, within this Glass of mine,
Justinian, that proud ungrateful prince,
Which made to beg bold Belisarius
His trusty man which had so stoutly fought
In his defence with every enemy;
And Scipio condemns the Roman rule
Which suffered him that had so truly served
To lead poor life, at his Linternum farm,
Which did deserve such worthy recompense;
Yea herewithal, most soldiers of our time
Believe for truth that proud Justinian
Did never die without good store of heirs;
And Roman's race cannot be rooted out,—
Such issue springs of such unpleasant buds.

But, shall I say? this lesson learn of me,
When drums are dumb and sound not dub-a-dub,
Then be thou eke as mewet[2] as a maid,
(I preach this sermon but to soldiers),
And learn to live within thy bravery's bounds.
Let not the mercer pull thee by the sleeve
For suits of silk, where cloth may serve thy turn;
Let not thy scores come rob thy needy purse;
Make not the catchpole rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a gentle? live with gentle friends,
Which will be glad thy company to have,
If manhood may with manners well agree.

[1] *Regarded*, pronounced "regard," the final *ed* being lost in the final d of the root-word.

[2] *Mewet* (French "muet"), mute.

Art thou a serving man? then serve again,
And stint to steal as common soldiers do.

Art thou a craftsman? take thee to thine art,
And cast off sloth, which loitereth in the camps.

Art thou a ploughman presséd for a shift?
Then learn to clout thine old cast cobbled shoes,
And rather bide at home with barley bread
Than learn to spoil, as thou hast seen some do.

Of truth, my friends, and my companions eke,
Who lust by wars to gather lawful wealth
And so to get a right renownéd name
Must cast aside all common trades of war,
And learn to live as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me all too long
Because he bare such compass in my glass.
High time were then to turn my weary pen
Unto the Peasant coming next in place.
And here to write the sum of my conceit,
I do not mean alonely[3] husbandmen,
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and sow,
Which swink[4] and sweat whiles we do sleep and snort,
And search the guts of earth for greedy gain.
But he that labours any kind of way
To gather gains and to enrich himself,
By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests,
And all the rest that live in commonwealth,
So that his gains by greedy guiles be got,
Him can I count a Peasant in his place.
All officers, all advocates at law,
All men of art which get goods greedily,
Must be content to take a Peasant's room.

A strange device, and sure my lord will laugh
To see it so digested in degrees.
But he which can in office drudge and drag
And crave of all, although even now-a-days
Most officers command that should be craved;
He that can share from every pension paid
A Peter penny[5] weighing half a pound;
He that can pluck Sir Bennet[6] by the sleeve,
And find a fee in his plurality;
He that can wink at any foul abuse,
As long as gains come trolling in therewith,
Shall such come see themselves in this my Glass,
Or shall they gaze, as godly good men do?
Yea, let them come: but shall I tell you one thing?
How e're their gowns be gathered in the back
With organ pipes of old King Henry's clamp,
How e'er their caps be folded with a flap,

[3] *Alonely*, alone. Gascoigne, it will be observed, keeps to the p of his satire, and deals successively with the four orders into wh he had divided society: Kings, Knights, Peasants, and Priests. makes his division comprehensive by reckoning under the Kni every man, whatever his station in life, who has the spirit of a gen man; and under the Peasants, every man who is not a gentlema heart, whatever the world may call him. These two classes are between the civil and spiritual powers, the Kings he began with, the Priests with whom he means to end.

[4] *Swink*, labour. First English "swincan," to toil.

[5] *A Peter penny*. The original Peter penny was a penny to the P from thirty pence of yearly rent in land.

[6] *Sir Bennet*. The pluralist clergyman, of whom a share is s from the new living corruptly given to him. The title "Sir" once commonly given to priests and curates. The Christian n Bennet, being a form of "Benedictus," was apt for the represe tion of a priest.

How e'er their beards be clippéd by the chin,
How e'er they ride or mounted are on mules,
I count them worse than harmless homely hinds
Which toil in deed to serve our common use.

Strange tale to tell, all officers be blind,
And yet their one eye, sharp as Lynceus'[1] sight,
That one eye winks as though it were but blind,
That other pries and peeks in every place.
Come naked Need, and chance to do amiss,
He shall be sure to drink upon the whip.
But privy Gain, that bribing busy wretch,
Can find the means to creep and couch so low,
As officers can never see him slide
Nor hear the trampling of his stealing steps.
He comes, I think, upon the blind side still.

MISUSED AUTHORITY.

From the Woodcut in "Foxe's Martyrs" (edition 1576) of the burning of Rose Allen's hand by Edmund Tyrrell, as she was going to fetch drink for her Mother lying sick in her bed.

These things, my lord, my Glass now sets to show,
Whereas long since all officers were seen
To be men made out of another mould.
Epaminond, of whom I spake before,
Which was long time an officer in Thebes
And toiled in peace as well as fought in war,
Would never take or bribe or rich reward,
And thus he spake to such as sought his help:
"If it be good," quoth he, "that you desire,
Then will I do it for the virtue's sake:
If it be bad, no bribe can me infect.
If so it be for this my Commonweal,
Then am I borne and bound by duty both
To see it done withouten further words;
But if it be unprofitable thing,
And might impair, offend, or yield annoy
Unto the State which I pretend[2] to stay,
Then all the gold," quoth he, "that grows on earth
Shall never tempt my free consent thereto."

[1] *Lynceus* was one of the Argonauts, famous as the most keen-eyed of mortals. He killed Castor and was killed by Pollux. Some said that he killed both, spying them from the top of Mount Taygetus when they were hidden far away below within the trunk of a hollow oak.

[2] *Pretend* (Latin "prætendo"), I set myself forth.

How many now will tread Zaleucus'[3] steps?
Or who can bide Cambyses'[4] cruel doom?
Cruel? nay just (yea soft and peace, good Sir),
For Justice sleeps, and Truth is jested out.

Oh that all kings would, Alexander like,
Hold evermore one finger straight stretched out,
To thrust in eyes of all their master thieves!
But Brutus died without posterity,
And Marcus Crassus had none issue male;
Cicero slipt unseen out of this world,
With many mo which pleaded Roman pleas,
And were content to use their eloquence
In maintenance of matters that were good.
Demosthenes in Athens used his art,
Not for to heap himself great hoards of gold,
But still to stay the town from deep deceit
Of Philip's wiles, which had besiegéd it.
Where shall we read that any of these four
Did ever plead, as careless of the trial?
Or who can say they builded sumptuously,
Or wrung the weak out of his own by wiles?
They were, I trow, of noble houses born,
And yet content to use their best devoir
In furthering each honest harmless cause.
They did not rout like rude unringéd swine
To root nobility from heritage;
They stood content, with gain of glorious fame
Because they had respect to equity,
To lead a life like true Philosophers.
Of all the bristle-bearded Advocates
That ever loved their fees above the cause,
I cannot see scarce one that is so bold
To show his face, and feignéd physnomy
In this my Glass: but if he do, my lord,
He shows himself to be by very kind
A man which means, at every time and tide,
To do small right, but sure to take no wrong.

And master Merchant, he whose travail ought
Commodiously to do his country good
And by his toil the same for to enrich,
Can find the mean to make monopolies
Of every ware that is accounted strange,
And feeds the vein of courtier's vain desires
Until the court have courtiers cast at heel,
Quia non habent vestes Nuptiales.[5]

O painted fools, whose harebrained heads must have
More clothes at once than might become a king;
For whom the rocks[6] in foreign realms must spin,
For whom they card, for whom they weave their webs,
For whom no wool appeareth fine enough,
(I speak not this by English courtiers
Since English wool was ever thought most worth)
For whom all seas are tosséd to and fro,

[3] *Zaleucus*, a legislator of Locris, declared that, for a certain offence, the penalty should be loss of two eyes. His own son was found guilty of that offence. When he had been deprived of one of his eyes, Zaleucus, to save his son from complete blindness and yet keep the laws unbroken, gave one of his own eyes to complete the payment of the penalty.

[4] Cambyses sentenced an unjust judge to be skinned, had his skin made into a covering for the judge's bench, and required the condemned man's own son to sit as a judge upon it.

[5] Because they have not wedding garments on.

[6] *Rocks*, distaffs. The rock, or distaff, is the staff from which the flax was pulled in spinning.

For whom these purples come from Persia,
The crimosine and lively red from Inde:
For whom soft silks do sail from Sericane,
And all quaint costs do sail from farthest coasts:
Whiles in meanwhile, that worthy Emperor[1]
Which ruled the world, and had all wealth at will,
Could be content to tire his weary wife,
His daughters and his nieces every one,
To spin and work the clothes that he should wear,
And never cared for silks or sumptuous cost,
For cloth of gold, or tinsel figury,
For baudkin,[2] broidry, cutworks, nor conceits.
He set the ships of merchantmen on work
With bringing home oil, grain, and savoury salt,
And such like wares as servéd common use.

Yea, for my life, those merchants were not wont
To lend their wares at reasonable rate
To gain no more but *cento por cento*,[3]
To teach young men the trade to sell brown paper,
Yea morrice bells, and billets too sometimes,
To make their coin a net to catch young fry.
To bind such babes in father Derby's bands,[4]
To stay their steps by statute-staple's[5] staff,
To rule young roisterers with recognisance,
To read arithmetic once every day
In Wood Street, Bread Street, and in Poultry,[6]
Where such schoolmasters keep their counting-house[7]
To feed on bones when flesh and fell[8] is gone,
To keep their birds full close in caitiff's cage
(Who being brought to liberty at large,
Might sing perchance, abroad, when sun doth shine,
Of their mishaps, and how their feathers fell)
Until the canker may their corpse consume.
These knacks,[9] my lord, I cannot call to mind,
Because they show not in my Glass of Steel.

But holla: here I see a wondrous sight,
I see a swarm of saints within my Glass:
Behold, behold, I see a swarm indeed
Of holy saints, which walk in comely wise,
Not decked in robes, nor garnishéd with gold,
But some unshod, yea some full thinly clothed,
And yet they seem so heavenly for to see
As if their eyes were all of diamonds,
Their face of rubies, sapphires, and jacints,
Their comely beards and hair of silver wires,
And to be short, they seem angelical.
What should they be, my lord, what should they be?

O gracious God, I see now what they be.
These be my Priests, which pray for every state;
These be my Priests, divorcéd from the world,
And wedded yet to heaven and holiness;
Which are not proud, nor covet to be rich;
Which go not gay, nor feed on dainty food;
Which envy not, nor know what malice means;
Which loathe all lust, disdaining drunkenness;
Which cannot feign, which hate hypocrisy;
Which never saw Sir Simonie's deceits;
Which preach of peace, which carp[10] contentions;
Which loiter not, but labour all the year;
Which thunder threats of God's most grievous wrath,
And yet do teach that mercy is in store.
Lo these, my lord, be my good praying Priests,
Descended from Melchisedec by line,
Cousins to Paul, to Peter, James, and John:
These be my Priests, the seasoning of the earth
Which will not lose their savouriness, I trow.

GASCOIGNE'S PRIESTS.
From the Engraved Title-page to Vol. II. of "Foxe's Martyrs" (Edition 1576).

Not one of these, for twenty hundred groats,
Will teach the text that bids him take a wife,
And yet be cumbered with a concubine.

[1] Charlemagne. In the life of Charlemagne, left by his secretary, Eginhard, there is a record of the spinning and weaving required by him from his daughters; his wearing golden raiment on state days, but otherwise home-spun, so that "his dress differed little from that of the common people;" and of his energy in developing all the resources of the empire that had passed away from Rome, and under him extended from the Baltic to the Ebro, from the Atlantic to the Lower Danube, from the Adriatic to the German Ocean.

[2] *Baudkin*, a rich Persian web of silk and gold.

[3] A hundred per cent. profit.

[4] *Father Derby's bands*, handcuffs; still vulgarly called "Darbies." In the absence of any known origin for the word, it may be observed that while *by*, as a Northern suffix, means a dwelling-place, *dá* represents, in Icelandic, the state of one who cannot stir a limb, and *dár* is its adjective. A playful word might have been formed out of such elements; but probably was not.

[5] *By statute staple's staff.* "Statute-staple" or "statute-merchant" was a bond acknowledged before the Mayor of the Staple and one of the clerks of the statutes-merchant, or other appointed persons, and sealed with the seals of the debtor and of the king.

[6] Wood Street and the Poultry remained for some time the City Counters, or debtors' prisons. *Poultry* is here pronounced in three syllables, "Poul-tr-y."

[7] *Counting-house.* Gascoigne is suggesting that by "recognisance"—obligation of record to pay a debt by a certain day—extravagant youth may be brought to learn arithmetic in the counters, where they have schoolmasters who will keep their bones in when their flesh is gone; will hold them caged until they rot. The cruelty of the old laws of imprisonment for debt survived the reign of Elizabeth through many generations.

[8] *Fell*, skin.

[9] *Knacks*, little tricks or dexterous ways. Nares, upon this word, quotes from Tyrwhit a reference to Cotgrave's interpretation of *matissiner des mains*, "to move, *knacke*, or waggle the fingers like a juggler, player, jester," &c., and agrees with Tyrwhit in opinion that the juggler's cracking or snapping of his fingers while showing his sleight of hand gave rise to the word. The word is formed from the sound. In Danish "knek" is a crack, and "knekke," to crack; "knekke med Fingerne," to make the fingers snap. From this would come the secondary sense of an ingenious trifle, "a knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap." ("Taming of the Shrew," iv. 3.)

[10] *Carp contentions.* Latin "carpere," to pluck. Pluck off and remove contentions, as one plucks the blighted roses from a bush. To "carp," in the sense of favouring contention, is to pick quarrels, as one may pick roses for one's recreation.

Not one of these will read the holy writ
Which doth forbid all greedy usury,
And yet receive a shilling for a pound.
Not one of these will preach of patience,
And yet be found as angry as a wasp.
Not one of these can be content to sit
In taverns, inns, or ale-houses all day,
But spends his time devoutly at his book.
Not one of these will rail at rulers' wrongs,
And yet be blotted with extortion.
Not one of these will paint out worldly pride,
And he himself as gallant as he dare.
Not one of these rebuketh avarice,
And yet procureth proud pluralities.
Not one of these reproveth vanity
Whiles he himself, with hawk upon his fist
And hounds at heel, doth quite forget his text.
Not one of these corrects contentions
For trifling things, and yet will sue for tithes.
Not one of these, not one of these, my lord,
Will be ashamed to do even as he teacheth.

My Priests have learned to pray unto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their lip-laboúr.
My Priests can fast, and use all abstinence
From vice and sin, and yet refuse no meats.
My Priests can give, in charitable wise,
And love also to do good almés deeds,
Although they trust not in their own deserts.
My Priests can place all penance in the heart,
Without regard of outward ceremonies.
My Priests can keep their temples undefiled,
And yet defy all superstition.

NOT GASCOIGNE'S PRIESTS.

From the Engraved Title-page to Vol. II. of "Foxe's Martyrs" (Edition 1576).

Lo now, my lord, what think you by my Priests?
Although they were the last that showed themselves,
I said at first, their office was to pray;
And since the time is such e'en now-a-days,
As hath great need of prayers truly prayed,
Come forth my Priests, and I will bid your bedes.[1]
I will presume (although I be no priest)
To bid you pray as Paul and Peter prayed.

[1] *Bedes*, prayers. First English "béd," a prayer.

Then pray, my Priests, yea pray to God himself,
That he vouchsafe, even for his Christ's sake,
To give His Word free passage here on earth,
And that his church which now is militant
May soon be seen triumphant over all,
And that he deign to end this wicked world,
Which walloweth still in sinks of filthy sin.

Eke pray, my Priests, for princes and for kings,
Emperors, monarchs, dukes, and all estates,
Which sway the sword of royal government,
(Of whom our Queen, which lives without compare,
Must be the chief in bidding of my bedes,
Else I deserve to lose both bedes and boons)
That God give light unto their noble minds,
To maintain Truth, and therewith still to weigh,
That here they reign not only for themselves,
And that they be but slaves to Commonwealth,
Since all their toils and all their broken sleeps
Shall scant suffice to hold it still upright.

Tell some in Spain[2] how close they keep their closets,
How seld the wind doth blow upon their cheeks,
Whileas meanwhile their sunburnt suitors starve
And pine before their process be preferred.
Then pray, my Priests, that God will give his grace
To such a prince, his fault in time to mend.
Tell some in France how much they love to dance,
While suitors dance attendance at the door.
Yet pray, my Priests; for prayers princes mend.
Tell some in Portugal how cold they be,
In setting forth of right religion:
Which more esteem the present pleasures here
Than stablishing of God his holy Word.
And pray, my Priests, lest God such princes spit
And vomit them out of his angry mouth.
Tell some Italian princes, how they wink
At stinking stews, and say they are, forsooth,
A remedy to quench foul filthy lust,
Whenas indeed they be the sinks of sin.
And pray, my Priests, that God will not impute
Such wilful acts unto such princes' charge,
When he himself commandeth every man
To do none ill that good may grow thereby.

And pray likewise for all that rulers be
By king's commands, as their lieutenants here,
All Magistrates, all Counsellors, and all
That sit in office or authority.
Pray, pray, my Priests, that neither love nor meed
Do sway their minds from furthering of right,
That they be not too faintish nor too sour,[3]
But bear the bridle evenly between both,
That still they stop one ear to hear him speak
Which is accusèd, absent as he is:
That evermore they mark what mood doth move
The mouth which makes the information,
That faults forpast (so that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed the bounds of loyalty)
Do never quench their charitable mind
Whenas they see repentance hold the reins
Of heady youth, which wont to run astray:

[2] Gascoigne has not left England out of sight, while he names here Spain, France, Portugal, and Italy, or presently afterwards Liege and Rome.

[3] *Too faintish nor too sour*, equivalent to too slack nor too strict.

That malice make no mansion in their minds
Nor envy fret to see how virtue climbs.
The greater birth the greater glory sure,
If deeds maintain their ancestors' degree.

Eke pray, my Priests, for them and for yourselves,
For Bishops, Prelates, Archdeans, Deans, and Priests,
And all that preach or otherwise profess
God's holy word, and take the cure of souls.
Pray, pray that you, and every one of you,
May walk upright in your vocatiön,
And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,
To lend a light and lantern to our feet.

Say therewithal, that some (I see them, I,
Whereas they fling in Flanders all afar;
For why, my Glass will show them as they be)
Do neither care for God nor yet for devil,
So liberty may launch about at large.
And some again (I see them well enough
And note their names, in Liege land where they lurk)
Under pretence of holy humble hearts,
Would pluck adown all princely diadem.
Pray, pray, my Priests, for these; they touch you near.[1]

Shrink not to say that some do Roman like
Esteem their pall and habit overmuch.
And therefore pray, my Priests, lest pride prevail.
Pray that the souls of sundry damnéd ghosts
Do not come in and bring good evidence
Before the God which judgeth all men's thoughts
Of some whose wealth made them neglect their charge,
Till secret sins untouched infect[2] their flocks
And bred a scab which brought the sheep to bane.
Some other ran before the greedy wolf
And left the fold unfended from the fox,
Which durst not bark nor bawl for both their ears.
Then pray, my Priests, that such no more do so.

Pray for the nurses of our noble realm,
I mean the worthy Universities,
(And Cantabridge shall have the dignity,
Whereof I was unworthy member once)
That they bring up their babes in decent wise:
That Philosóphy smell no secret smoke
Which Magic makes in wicked mysteries:
That Logic leap not over every stile
Before he come a furlong near the hedge,
With curious quids to maintain argument;
That Sophistry do not deceive itself,
That Cosmográphy keep his compass well,
And such as be Historiographers

HISTORIOGRAPHERS.

From "Holinshed's Chronicle" (Edition of 1577).

Trust not too much in every tattling tongue
Nor blinded be by partiality.
That Physic thrive not overfast by murder;
That Numbering men, in all their evens and odds
Do not forget that Only Unity
Unmeasurable, Infinite, and One.
That Geométry measure not so long
Till all their measures out of measure be;
That Music with his heavenly harmony
Do not allure a heavenly mind from heaven,
Nor set men's thoughts in worldly melody
Till heavenly hierarchies be quite forgot;
That Rhetoric learn not to over-reach;
That Poetry presume not for to preach
And bite men's faults with Satire's córrosives,
Yet pamper up her own with poultices,
Or that she dote not upon Erato,[3]
Which should invoke the good Calliope;[4]
That Astrológy look not over high,
And 'light meanwhile in every puddled pit:
That Grammar grudge not at our English tongue
Because it stands by monosyllaba
And cannot be declined as others are.

[1] Gascoigne began the Steel Glass early in April, 1575, and, as a memorandum at the side shows, he was two-thirds of the way through it—at the reference to Charlemagne, line 770—on the 9th of August. Probably, therefore, he writes these lines about September, 1575. In the preceding July, while Gascoigne was at work upon his poem, the Conferences at Breda for the establishment of peace in Holland had come to an end. While the conferences were going on, the union between Holland and Zealand was completed, and in July, 1575, Prince William of Orange formally accepted the government of Zealand. Complete refusal of allegiance to Spain was only at that time being resolved upon, and help was being sought from Queen Elizabeth. Gascoigne had shown his sympathy with the struggle for religious liberty by embarking for Holland in March, 1572, and, after a narrow escape from shipwreck, taking a captain's commission under Prince William of Orange. It was in such war that he saw service, and earned his right to call himself a votary of Mars as well as Mercury. He won honour as a soldier, but quarrelled with his colonel, and was not happy in his camp. There were men in it with a spirit opposed to his, who derided and distrusted him. He wished to throw up his commission, but William had faith in him, and gave him 300 guilders beyond his pay, with promise of promotion, for his personal valour at the siege of Middleburg. Afterwards, when Gascoigne was surprised by 3,000 Spaniards while sharing the command of 500 Englishmen lately landed, and withdrew with them at night under the walls of Leyden, the Dutch refused to open their gates, and left the little band to fall into the hands of the enemy. George Gascoigne remained four months a prisoner, and then returned to England. He had thus experience of the weak side of the spirit of freedom even in the Dutch for whom he had fought, and he had no respect whatever for the Flemish rioters, who sacked hundreds of churches, but after the capitulation of Mons, in September, 1572, disavowed the Prince of Orange, and gave back to Spain what Mr. Motley calls "their ancient hypocritical and cowardly allegiance." Gascoigne also, strong in the reverence of his time for royal authority, was out of accord with any suggestion of a Dutch Republic

[2] *Infect* for *infected*. See Note 7, page 96; also Notes 6, page 29, and 4, page 88.

[3] *Erato* was the Muse of Amatory Poetry.

[4] *Calliope*, so named as of sweet voice (Greek, καλὴν ὄπιν), was the Muse of Eloquence and of Heroic Song.

Pray thus, my Priests, for Universities;
And if I have forgotten any Art
Which hath been taught or exercisèd there,
Pray you to God the good be not abused
With glorious show of overloading skill.

Now these be past, my Priests, yet shall you pray
For Common People, each in his degree,
That God vouchsafe and grant them all His grace.
Where should I now begin to bid my bedes?
Or who shall first be put in common place?
My wits be weary, and my eyes are dim,
I cannot see who best deserves the room.
Stand forth good Piers, thou Ploughman by thy name,—
Yet so the Sailor saith I do him wrong:
That one contends his pains are without peer;
That other saith that none be like to his.
Indeed they labour both exceedingly.
But since I see no shipman that can live
Without the plough, and yet I many see
Which live by land that never saw the seas:
Therefore I say, stand forth Piers Ploughman first,[1]
Thou winn'st the room by very worthiness.

Behold him, Priests, and though he stink of sweat
Disdain him not: for shall I tell you what?
Such climb to heaven before the shaven crowns.
But how? Forsooth, with true humility.
Not that they hoard their grain when it is cheap;
Not that they kill the calf to have the milk;
Not that they set debate between their lords
By earing up the baulks[2] that part their bounds;
Nor for because they can both crouch and creep,
The guilefulest men that ever God yet made,
Whenas they mean most mischief and deceit;
Nor that they can cry out on landlords loud,
And say they rack their rents an ace too high,
When they themselves do sell their landlord's lamb
For greater price than ewe was wont be worth.
I see you, Piers; my Glass was lately scoured.
But for they feed, with fruits of their great pains,
Both king and knight and priests in cloister pent:
Therefore I say, that sooner some of them
Shall scale the walls which lead us up to heaven
Than corn-fed beasts, whose belly is their god,
Although they preach of more perfection.

And yet, my Priests, pray you to God for Piers,
As Piers can pinch it out for him and you.
And if you have a Paternoster spare,
Then shall you pray for Sailors (God them send
More mind of Him whenas they come to land,
For toward shipwreck many men can pray)
That they once learn to speak without a lie,
And mean good faith without blaspheming oaths;
That they forget to steal from every freight,
And for to forge false cockets,[3] free to pass;
That manners make them give their betters place,
And use good words though deeds be nothing gay.

But here, methinks, my Priests begin to frown,
And say, that thus they shall be overcharged,
To pray for all which seem to do amiss;
And one I hear, more saucy than the rest,
Which asketh me, when shall our prayers end?
I tell thee, Priest, when Shoemakers make shoes
That are well sewed, with never a stitch amiss,
And use no craft in uttering of the same;
When tailors steal no stuff from gentlemen;
When tanners are with curriers well agreed,
And both so dress their hides that we go dry.
When cutlers leave to sell old rusty blades,
And hide no cracks with solder nor deceit;
When tinkers make no more holes than they found;
When thatchers think their wages worth their work;
When colliers put no dust into their sacks;
When maltmen make us drink no firmenty;[4]
When Davie Diker digs and dallies not;
When smiths shoe horses as they would be shod;
When millers toll not with a golden thumb;
When bakers make not barm bear price of wheat;
When brewers put no baggage in their beer;
When butchers blow not over all their flesh;
When horse-coursers beguile no friends with jades;
When weaver's weight is found in housewife's web.
But why dwell I so long among these louts?
When mercers make more bones to swear and lie;
When vintners mix no water with their wine;
When printers pass none errors in their books;
When hatters use to buy none old cast robes;
When goldsmiths get no gains by soldered crowns;
When úpholsters sell feathers without dust;
When pewterers infect no tin with lead;
When drapers draw no gains by giving day;[5]
When parchmenters put in no ferret silk;
When surgeons heal all wounds without delay.
Tush, these are toys, but yet my Glass show'th all.
When púrveyors provide not for themselves;

[1] While Piers Ploughman is here, as in Piers Ploughman's Creed, simply representative of the poor labourer upon the soil, phrases in Gascoigne's lines about him show that he had read Langland's great poem in which the "Vision of Piers Plowman" was identified with a vision of Christ and the heavenward labour upon earth. The Reformation had caused a revival of the book. It had been printed in 1550 by Robert Crowley, vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, when there were three editions of it; it had been again printed by Reginald Wolfe in 1553, and again by Owen Rogers in 1561.

[2] *Earing up the baulks*, ploughing up the ridges, removing the landmarks. First English "erian," to plough. In Scotland a strip of land two or three feet broad left unploughed is still called a bauk or bawk (Jamieson).

[3] *Cockets*, certificates that their cargoes had paid duty. The name is derived from the seal on them—*coket* meaning a seal.

[4] *Firmenty*, from Latin "frumentum," corn. As a food this is whole wheat, free from husk, boiled in milk, sweetened and flavoured. Here it means grain merely boiled or steeped, and not made into good malt by giving time and care to produce germination, and the consequent development of its sugar.

[5] *Gains by giving day*, perhaps by giving credit, but I rather think by yielding or failing of day, "giving" in the sense in which ice is said to give, the sense George Herbert applies to the word in the lines—

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber never gives;"

or, in "Timon of Athens"—

"Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter."

Drapers were said to take advantage of failure of light, and to keep their shops purposely dark, that they might more readily deceive customers in selling their fabrics. This was the charge made against them in Gower's "Vox Clamantis," when Gower recited, as Gascoigne is reciting here, the evils of society that called for cure. Gower's words are ("Vox Clamantis," bk. v., lines 779, 780):—

"Fraus etiam pannos vendet quos lumine fusco
Cernere te faciet; tu magis inde cave."

("Fraud also sells cloths that he will make you see and choose in a dusk light; let that make you more wary.")

When takers take no bribes, nor use no brags;
When customers conceal no covine used;
When searchers see all corners in a ship,
And spy no pence by any sight they see;
When shrives do serve all process as they ought;
When bailiffs strain[1] none other thing but strays;
When auditors their counters cannot change;
When proud surveyors take no parting pence;
When silver sticks not on the teller's fingers,
And when receivers pay as they receive:
When all these folk have quite forgotten fraud.
Again, my Priests, a little, by your leave!
When sycophants can find no place in court,
But are espied for echoes, as they are;
When roisterers ruffle not above their rule,
Nor colour craft by swearing precious coles:[2]
When fencers' fees are like to apes' rewards,
A piece of bread, and therewithal a bob;[3]
When Lais lives not like a lady's peer,
Nor useth art in dyeing of her hair.

When all these things are ordered as they ought,
And see themselves within my Glass of Steel,
Even then, my Priests, may you make holiday,
And pray no more but ordinary prayers.
And yet therein, I pray you, my good Priests,
Pray still for me, and for my Glass of Steel,
That it nor I do any mind offend
Because we show all colours in their kind.
And pray for me, that since my hap is such
To see men so, I may perceive myself:
O worthy words to end my worthless verse!
Pray for me; Priests, I pray you pray for me.[4]

These closing lines, in accord with the tone of the whole poem, distinguish from the petty spite of the self-satisfied mocker, who miscalls himself a satirist when striving to make all things appear lower than himself, the voice of the man whose mind is fixed on essentials of life, and who seeks by satire to lift others above a tyranny of mean cares to a chief care for the truth that makes them free. The fresh luxuriance of thought and fancy in Elizabeth's reign showed itself even in dress, and was busy over the small uses of society while occupied intently also with essentials. Then rose the satirists and prophets who dealt with the trivial excesses as if that had been a time when all the emphasis of life was laid on these. By some it was. A trifler might excel in trifling, as a statesman might excel in statesmanship. Frivolity in dress and walk and way of speech was intensified into a fine art that required much occupation of the idler's time.

But human life was rich in its own music. As men sing at their work when health is vigorous, and the world's cares are gladly made occasions for the exercise of strength, so in the days of Elizabeth strength and activity made poets, the much thinking came of much to do. The very care over the soil was sung about, and in a way that blended, even with the homely rhyming of agricultural maxims, the religious undertone that had Man's Duty for its never-ending theme. It was in 1557 that Thomas Tusser, then about forty years old, first published his "Hundreth Good Pointes of Husbandrie." He had been trained at Eton and Cambridge, had begun his career in life at Court, but settled down, at last, upon a Suffolk farm. His hundred points of good husbandry, arranged in quatrains, became "Five Hundred" by 1573, and seven years afterwards he died. Tusser's book has its place among our longer English poems.

The first known verse of Walter Raleigh was praise of Gascoigne's "Steel Glass," prefixed to the first edition of it. These are the lines by "Walter Rawely of the Middle Temple."

IN COMMENDATION OF THE STEEL GLASS.

Sweet were the sauce would please each kind of taste;
The life likewise were pure that never swerved:
For spiteful tongues in cankered stomachs[5] placed
Deem worst of things which best, percase, deserved.
But what for that? This medicine may suffice,—
To scorn the rest and seek to please the wise.

[1] *Strain*, distrain.

[2] *Coles*. The sense is doubtful. A "cole-prophet" was a false prophet. Coles may be only "caules," cole, cabbage; and the roysterer may "swear cabbage is precious," as the false prophet sets us crying "in the name of the prophet, figs."

[3] *Bob*, jerk or rap.

[4] Gascoigne's "Steele Glas," and his "Complainte of Phylomene," are given exactly as first published, together with "Certain Notes of Instruction," by Gascoigne, on the making of English verse, and George Whetstone's metrical "Remembrance of the well-imployed Life and Godly End of George Gascoigne, Esq.," in one of Mr. Edward Arber's "English Reprints," at the price of one shilling. Prefixed to this edition is an excellent digest of what is known about Gascoigne. Mr. Arber has made it the pleasure of his life to work hard for the diffusion among English readers of many good old English books that were, before his time, seen only by the very few. It occurred to him boldly to publish, at the cost even of cheap railway literature, such scarce books as it had been thought only possible to print expensively by private and limited subscription. Without wealth to support the enterprise, or more time for it than the well-used intervals of leisure from the work he lived by, Mr. Arber began his labours on behalf of English literature with indomitable energy and English pluck. He not only edited all his books himself, taking the greatest pains to give, true to every stop and letter, accurate texts of their original editions, and furnishing each with a biographical and bibliographical summary that condensed a biography of his own ascertaining—or carefully verified by himself at every point—into a few pages of small print, but he became himself their publisher, and took on himself the whole business of diffusing what he had himself produced. More than a hundred thousand little volumes of such books as even students twenty years ago might read about and talk about but seldom hoped to see, have been diffused in this way, and Mr. Arber's enterprise has grown with its success. His name is now, through his good work, honourably known to all close students of English, and his "English Reprints" are here heartily commended to the knowledge of all readers who take interest in English literature. As he is his own publisher, the simplest way of getting one of his books is by writing for it to his address, and enclosing to him its price, for which the book is returned post free. The address is, Edward Arber, F.S.A., Fallbarrow, Bowes, Southgate, Herts. The only work of his in which, from its nature, Mr. Arber has been obliged to fall back on the old method of publishing by subscription is his "Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London, A.D. 1554 to A.D. 1640." This includes the whole Elizabethan time, and is valuable chiefly to the student of literary history. To him it is indispensable; and although its subscription price may be beyond the purse of a poor scholar, the poor scholar will have ground of complaint against any public library to which he looks for means of knowledge if it has neglected to secure a copy. To compensate for the high price by giving a commercial value to the copies of this "Transcript," no more will be issued after the subscription list has closed with the publication of the last of the four volumes.

[5] *Tongues in . . . . stomachs*. *Stomach* originally meant the throat (Greek *στόμα*, the mouth; *στόμαχος*, Latin "stomachus," the throat or gullet, as connected with the mouth). The word is used here in

Though sundry minds in sundry sort do deem,
  Yet worthiest wights yield praise for every pain:
But envious brains do nought or light esteem
  Such stately steps as they cannot attain.
    For whoso reaps renown above the rest
    With heaps of hate shall surely be oppress.

Wherefore, to write my censure[1] of this book,
  This Glass of Steel unpartially doth show
Abuses all to such as in it look,
  From prince to poor, from high estate to low.
    As for the verse, who list like trade to try,
    I fear me much, shall hardly reach so high.

We must not part from Gascoigne without showing how he could write a song. Here, therefore, is a song of his :—

THE LULLABY.

Sing lullabies, as women do,
  With which they charm their babes to rest;
And lullaby can I sing too,
  As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child,
And, if I be not much beguiled,
Full many wanton babes have I
Which must be still'd with lullaby.

First lullaby my youthful years;
  It is now time to go to bed;
For crooked age and hoary hairs
  Have wore the haven within mine head.
With lullaby, then, Youth, be still,
With lullaby content thy will;
Since courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

Next lullaby my gazing Eyes
  Which wonted were to glance apace;
For every glass may now suffice
  To shew the furrows in my face.
With lullaby, then, wink awhile;
With lullaby your looks beguile;
Let no fair face or beauty bright
Entice you eft[2] with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton Will,
  Let Reason's rule now rein thy thought,
Since all too late I find by skill[3]
  How dear I have thy fancies bought.
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubt appease;
For, trust in this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus lullaby my Youth, mine Eyes,
  My Will, my ware and all that was;
I can no more delays devise,
  But welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave,
With lullaby your dreams deceive:
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.

We turn to other poets, and still find the true note in them all, however various the form of utterance or measure of the skill in song. Barnaby Googe, son of a Recorder of Lincoln, was born about 1538 at Alvingham, in Lincolnshire, and received part of his education at each of the old universities. In 1560 he translated a Latin satirical poem called "The Zodiac of Life," then newly produced by an Italian writer—probably Piero Angelo Manzolli, calling himself Marcellus Palingenius, because his name made by an anagram Marzello Palingenio. In 1562-3, while Barnaby Googe was in Spain, a little volume of his "Eclogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets" was printed by his friend L. Blundeston, who gave it to the world. After he came home from Spain Googe married, produced more verse, chiefly in translations, and had eight children, the eldest a son who was twenty-eight years old when his father died in 1594. Barnaby Googe's eight Eclogues deserve honourable remembrance as almost or altogether the earliest pastorals in Southern English. In the North they were preceded by Robert Henryson's "Robin and Makyn."[4] Clement Marot, who died in 1544, had introduced pastoral poetry into France, blending it subtly with the religious thought bred of the contests of his time. His shepherds were the good and bad pastors of the Church; his god Pan was the God whom the contending Christians alike worshipped; and the plea for purity of life and for the charities of Christian intercourse was warmly felt in Marot's verse by the English Protestants who read him. They applied his lines to the persecutions of the Huguenots in France and to the persecutions suffered—not by Protestants alone—by many in England for that which they held to be the sacred truth. The days were yet to come, and they are not yet altogether come, when among signs of a love of Truth there shall be none more familiar than a brotherly regard for all who seek it faithfully, though many believe that they find it where we think it is not to be found. In the following eclogue—third of his set of eight—Barnaby Googe preludes with a dialogue of war between two rams, the heads of rival flocks, and the sore crippling of one; then passes, in a strain not unlike that of Marot, to a pastoral image of the bitter strife between the creeds and of the persecution in the reign of Mary.

that sense, and with the old association of pride, &c., with movements or sensations in the throat—"the rising gorge." So in Shakespeare's "King Richard II.," it is said of Bolingbroke and Mowbray, "High-stomach'd are they both and full of ire;" and in French, "s'estomacher" is to account one's self offended. This use of the word *stomach* did not point lower than the mouth and throat, and Raleigh is only shaping an old metaphor to his mind when he speaks of "Spiteful tongues in cankered stomachs placed."

[1] *Censure*, opinion or judgment. Latin "censura," from "censeo," I reckon, estimate, assess, judge, think. So we speak of a "census" of the population. In minds unstrengthened by right culture there is a perverse belief that they can only raise themselves by lowering whatever stands beside them. Therefore, when all the world turned critical before the schoolmaster was well abroad, "censure," that simply meant expression of opinion, with a sense even of some admitted value to be ascertained, came to mean chiefly or only condemnation.

[2] *Eft*, again.

[3] *Skill*, reason. See Note 21, page 76, and Note 26, page 121.

[4] See pages 74—76.

ECLOGUE.

MENALCAS. CORYDON.

Menalcas.

A pleasant weather, Corydon, and fit to keep the field
This moon hath brought; hear'st you the birds, what joyful tunes they yield? [prick,
Lo how the lusty lambs do course, whom springtime heat doth
Behold again the aged ewes with bouncing leaps do kick;
Amongst them all, what ails thy ram, to halt so much behind?
Some sore mischance hath him befall'n, or else some grief of mind,
For wont he was of stomach stout and courage high to be,
And lookéd proud amongst the flock, and none so stout as he.

Corydon.

A great mishap and grief of mind is him befall'n of late,
Which causeth him, against his will, to lose his old estate.
A lusty flock hath Tityrus that him Damœtas gave,
Damœtas he, that martyr, died, whose soul the heavens have!
And in this flock full many ewes of pleasant form do go,
With them a mighty ram doth run that works all wooers woe.
My ram, when he the pleasant dames had viewéd round about,
Chose ground of battle with his foe and thought to fight it out.
But all too weak, alas! he was, although his heart was good,
For when his enemy him spied he ran with cruel mood,
And with his crooked weapon smote him sore upon the side
A blow of force, that staid not there but to the legs did glide,
And almost lamed the wooer quite; such haps in love there be.
This is the cause of all his grief and wailing that you see.

Menalcas.

Well, Corydon, let him go halt, and let us both go lie
In yonder bush of juniper; the beasts shall feed hereby.
A pleasant place here is to talk. Good Corydon, begin,
And let us know the Town's estate that thou remainest in.

Corydon.

The Town's estate? Menalcas, oh, thou mak'st my heart to groan,
For Vice hath every place possess'd, and Virtue thence is flown!
Pride bears herself as goddess chief, and boasts above the sky,
And Lowliness an abject lies with Gentleness her by;
Wit is not joined with Simpleness, as she was wont to be,
But seeks the aid of Arrogance and Crafty Policy;
Nobility begins to fade, and carters up do spring, [thing.
Than which no greater plague can hap, nor more pernicious
Menalcas, I have known myself, within this thirty year,
Of lords and ancient gentlemen a hundred dwelling there,
Of whom we shepherds had relief, such gentleness of mind
Was placéd in their noble hearts as none is now to find:
But haughtiness and proud disdain hath now the chief estate,
For Sir John Straw and Sir John Cur will not degenerate.
And yet they dare account themselves to be of noble blood:
But fish bred up in dirty pools will ever stink of mud.
I promise thee, Menalcas, here I would not them envý
If any spot of gentleness in them I might espy,
For if their natures gentle be, though birth be ne'er so base,
Of gentlemen, for meet it is, they ought have name and place.
But when by birth they base are bred, and churlish heart retain,
Though place of gentlemen they have, yet churls they do remain.
A proverb old hath oft been heard, and now full true is tried:
An ape will ever be an ape, though purple garments hide.
For seldom will the mastiff course the hare or else the deer,
But still, according to his kind, will hold the hog by th' ear.
Unfit are dunghill knights to serve the town with spear in field, [shield.[1]
Nor strange it seems, a sudden chop, to leap from whip to
The chiefest man in all our town, that bears the greatest sway,
Is Corydon (no kin to me), a neat-herd th' other day.
This Corydon, come from the cart, in honour chief doth sit,
And governs us, because he hath a crabbéd clownish wit.
Now see the churlish cruelty that in his heart remains:
The selie sheep that shepherds good have fostered up with pains,
And brought away from stinking dales on pleasant hills to feed,
O cruel, clownish Corydon! O curséd carlish seed!
The simple sheep constrainéd he their pasture sweet to leave,
And to their old corrupted grass[2] enforceth them to cleave.
Such sheep as would not them obey, but in their pasture bide,
With cruel flames they did consume and vex on every side;
And with the sheep the shepherds good—O hateful hounds of hell!—
They did torment, and drive them out in places far to dwell.

A MARTYRDOM UNDER MARY.
From "Foxe's Martyrs" (Edition of 1576).

There diéd Daphnis for his sheep, the chiefest of them all;
And fair Alexis flamed in fire who never perish shall.[3]

[1] *From whip to shield*, from the carter's whip to bearing arms as a gentleman. All this is introduction to the character of Corydon, by whom Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, is represented. The reference is to the burning of heretics under Mary. Stephen Gardiner was the illegitimate son of a bishop and the brother-in-law of a king; but Edmund Bonner was the son of a poor sawyer's wife in Worcestershire. At the accession of Elizabeth he refused to take the oath of allegiance, ceased to be Bishop of London, and was imprisoned. As he died in 1569, he was living, and a prisoner, when this eclogue was published. Barnaby Googe was a youth of eighteen or more at the time of the burning of Cranmer, and the eclogue, although published in 1563, may have been written in Mary's reign. If it was not then written, he is thinking himself back into her days. The sheep are the congregations.

[2] *Their old corrupted grass.* The flocks of the clergy brought, under Edward VI., "away from stinking dales, on pleasant hills to feed," were sent back, under Mary, to "their old corrupted grass," and those were burnt who refused to quit the better spiritual pasture, while the pastors who sustained them were either burnt or exiled—driven out "in places far to dwell."

[3] *Daphnis . . . . Alexis.* Daphnis, "the chiefest of them all," was Latimer; Alexis, perhaps Ridley, probably Cranmer.

O shepherds, wail for Daphnis' death, Alexis' hap lament,
And curse the force of cruel hearts that them to death have sent!
I, since I saw such sinful sights, did never like the town,
But thought it best to take my sheep and dwell upon the down
Whereas I live a pleasant life, and free from cruel hands.
I would not leave the pleasant field for all the townish lands,
For sith that pride is placéd thus, and vice set up so high,
And cruelty doth rage so sore, and men live all awry,
Think'st thou that God will long forbear his scourge and plague to send
To such as Him do still despise and never seek to mend?
Let them be sure He will revenge when they think least upon.
But, look! a stormy show'r doth rise which will fall here anon.
Menalcas, best we now depart. My cottage us shall keep,
For there is room for thee and me and eke for all our sheep.
Some chestnuts have I there in store, with cheese and pleasant whey;
God sends me victuals for my need, and I sing care away.[1]

George Turbervile, a scholar liberally trained, who served as secretary with an English ambassador at St. Petersburg, and was living in 1594, published "Translations from Ovid" in 1567, "Poems" in 1570, and "Translations of Tragical Tales from the Italian" in 1576. The two next poems were written by him.

ALL THINGS ARE AS THEY ARE USED.

Was never aught, by Nature's art
Or cunning skill, so wisely wrought,
But man by practice might convart
To worser use than Nature thought:
Ne yet was ever thing so ill,
Or may be of so small a price,
But man may better it by skill,
And change his sort by sound advice.
So that by proof it may be seen
That all things are as is their use,
And man may alter Nature clean,
And things corrupt by his abuse.

What better may be found than flame,
To Nature that doth succour pay?
Yet we do oft abuse the same
In bringing buildings to decay:
For those that mind to put in use
Their malice, moved to wrath and ire,
To wreak their mischief will be sure
To spill and spoil thy house with fire.
So Physic, that doth serve for ease
And to recure[2] the grievéd soul,
The painful patient may disease,
And make him sick that erst was whole.
The true man and the thief are leeke,[3]
For sword doth serve them both at need,
Save one by it doth safety seek
And th' other of the spoil to speed.
As law and learning doth redress
That otherwise would go to wrack,
E'en so doth it oft times oppress
And bring the true man to the rack.
Though poison pain the drinker sore
By boiling in his fainting breast,
Yet is it not refused therefore,
For cause sometime it breedeth rest;
And mixed with medicines of proof
According to Machaon's[4] art,
Doth serve right well for our behoof
And succour sends to dying heart.
Yet these and other things were made
By Nature for the better use,
But we of custom take a trade
By wilful will them to abuse.

So nothing is by kind so void
Of vice, and with such virtue fraught,
But it by us may be annoyed,[5]
And brought in track of time to naught.
Again there is not that so ill
Below the lamp of Phœbus' light,
But man may better,—if he will
Apply his wit to make it right.

THAT NO MAN SHOULD WRITE BUT SUCH AS DO EXCEL.

Should no man write, say you, but such as do excel?
This fond device of yours deserves a bauble and a bell.
Then one alone should do, or very few indeed,
For that in every art there can but one alone exceed.
Should others idle be, and waste their age in vain,
That mought, perhaps, in after time the prick and price attain?
By practice skill is got, by practice wit is won;
At games you see how many do to win the wager run;
Yet one among the moe[6] doth bear away the bell:
Is that a cause to say the rest in running did not well?
If none in physic should but only Galen deal,
No doubt a thousand perish would whom physic now doth heal.
Each one his talent hath, to use at his device,
Which makes that many men as well as one are counted wise.
For if that wit alone in one should rest and reign,
Then God the skulls of other men did make but all in vain.
Let each one try his force, and do the best he can,
For thereunto appointed were the hand and leg of man.
The poet Horace speaks against thy reason plain,
Who says 'tis somewhat to attempt, although thou not attain
The scope in every thing: to touch the high'st degree
Is passing hard; to do thy best sufficing is for thee.

Of those writers who in seeking their own highest work have done the highest service to their kind, Thomas Churchyard wrote a short poem that may follow this of Turbervile's. Churchyard, who contributed the story of "Jane Shore" to the "Mirror for Magistrates," was born of a good family in Shrewsbury, and liberally trained. When he had spent much of his means at Court, he was in the household of the Earl of Surrey. He went afterwards to the wars, and was twice a prisoner. He

[1] There are only three known copies of the edition published in March, 1563, of "Eglogs, Epytaphes and Sonnettes. Newly written by Barnabe Googe." From one of these copies Mr. Arber has given an exact reproduction of the text, in one of his "English Reprints," for a shilling.

[2] *Recure*, recover. [3] *Leeke*, like.

[4] *Machaon's art.* Machaon, son of Æsculapius, was a famous physician, who took part in the Trojan war. His name was used by the poets for a physician generally. So Martial wrote, "Quid tibi cum medicis? Dimitte Machaonas omnes." (What have you to do with doctors? Pack off all the Machaons.)

[5] *Annoyed*, made hurtful or hateful. *Annoy* has been traced by Diez to the Latin "in odio," in hate. The old derivation was from "noxa," hurt or harm, noxious, hurtful; and that seems to be the sense in the word as used by Turbervile.

[6] *Moe*, more.

lived through Elizabeth's reign; died, more than eighty years old, in 1604; and is said to have been buried near the grave of Skelton, whose praise he blended in this piece with reminder of the duty of Englishmen to hold by the memory of

OUR ENGLISH POETS.

If sloth and tract of time that wears each thing away
Should rust and canker worthy Arts, each thing would soon decay.
If such as present are forego the people past,
Ourselves should soon in silence sleep and lose renown at last.
No soil, no land, so rude but some wise men can show:
Then should the learned pass unknown whose pens and skill did flow?
God shield our sloth were such or world so simple now
That knowledge 'scaped without reward, which searcheth virtue through
And paints forth vice aright and blames abuse in men,
And shows what life deserves rebuke and who the praise of pen.
You see how foreign realms advance their Poets all,
And ours are drownèd in the dust or flung against the wall.
In France did Marot reign, and neighbour thereunto
Was Petrarch marching full with Dante. Who erst did wonders do
Among the noble Greeks was Homer full of skill,
And where that Ovid nourisht was the soil did flourish still
With letters high of style; but Virgil won the bays
And past them all for deep engýne,[1] and made them all to gaze
Upon the books he made. Thus each of them, you see,
Won praise and fame, and honour had each one in their degree.
I pray you then, my friends, disdain not for to view
The works and sugar'd verses fine of our rare poets new,
Whose barb'rous language rude perhaps ye may mislike,
But blame them not that rudely play if they the ball do strike.
Nor scorn your Mother-Tongue, O babes of English breed!
I have of other language seen, and you at full may read,
Fine verses trimly wrought and couched in comely sort,
But never I, nor you, I trow, in sentence plain and short
Did yet behold with eye in any foreign tongue
A higher verse, a statelier style that may be read or sung
Than is this day in deed our English verse and rhyme,
The grace whereof doth touch the Gods and reach the clouds sometime.
Through earth and waters deep the pen by skill doth pass,
And featly nips the world's abuse, and shows us in a glass
The virtue and the vice of every wight alive.
The honeycomb that bee doth make is not so sweet in hive
As are the golden leaves that drop from poet's head
Which do surmount our common talk as far as gold doth lead.
The flour is sifted clean, the bran is cast aside,
And so good corn is known from chaff and each fine grain is spied.
"Piers Plowman" was full plain, and Chaucer's spreet[2] was great,
Earl Surrey had a goodly vein, Lord Vaux the mark did beat;
And Phaer did hit the prick in things he did translate;
And Edwards had a special gift; and divers men of late
Have helped our English tongue that first was base and brute.
Oh, shall I leave out Skelton's name, the blossom of my fruit,
The tree whereon indeed my branches all might grow!
Nay, Skelton wore the laurel wreath and passed in schools, ye know;
A poet for his art whose judgment sure was high,
And had great practice of the pen; his works they will not lie.
His terms to taunts did lean, his talk was as he wrate,—
Full quick of wit, right sharp of words, and skilful of the state;
Of reason ripe and good, and to the hateful mind,
That did disdain his doings still, a scorner of his kind.
Most pleasant every way, as Poets ought to be,
And seldom out of Prince's grace, and great with each degree.
Thus have you heard at full what Skelton was indeed:
A further knowledge shall you have if you his books do read.
I have of mere good-will these verses written here
To honour virtue as I ought, and make his fame appear
That won the garland gay of Laurel-leaves but late.
Small is my pain, great is his praise that did such honour get.

[1] *Engyne* (Latin "ingenium"), inborn ability.
[2] *Spreet*, spirit.

Thomas Churchyard, as a Shropshire man when Shropshire was within the jurisdiction of the Lord President of Wales, wrote a long poem descriptive of Welsh places and people, called "The Worthiness of Wales." The following lines from it—which serve as prelude to the mention of a ruined castle—form by themselves a little poem:—

A DISCOURSE OF TIME.

O Tract of Time, that all consumes to dust,
We hold thee not for thou art bald behind;
The fairest sword or metal thou wilt rust,
And brightest things bring quickly out of mind.
The trimmest towers and castles great and gay,
In process long, at length thou dost decay;
The bravest house and princely buildings rare
Thou wastes and wears, and leaves the walls but bare.

O canker vile that creeps in hardest mould,
The marble stone or flint thy force shall feel:
Thou hast a power to pierce and eat the gold,
Fling down the strong, and make the stout to reel.
O wasting worm, that eats sweet kernels all,
And makes the nut to dust and powder fall:
O glutton great, that feeds on each man's store,
And yet thyself no better art therefore.

Time all consumes, and helps itself no whit,
As fire by flame burns coals to cinders small:
Time steals in man much like an ague fit,
That wears the face, the flesh, the skin and all.
O wretched rust that wilt not scouréd be,
O dreadful Time, the world is feared of thee!
Thou flingest flat the highest tree that grows,
And triumph makes on pomp and painted shows.

PRAISE OF ELIZABETH.

Illustration to the April Eclogue in the First Editions of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar."

CHAPTER XI.

REIGN OF ELIZABETH, FROM A.D. 1579 TO A.D. 1603.

Section I.

SPENSER, RALEIGH, SIDNEY, DYER, FULKE GREVILLE, AND OTHERS.

IN the year 1579 Edmund Spenser was first known as a poet by the publication of his "Shepherd's Calendar." In 1579 the reign of Elizabeth attained the age of twenty-one; and the young men who then came to years of discretion had been born and bred under the influences of her time. After 1579 we may say that the Elizabethan literature rapidly attained to its full breadth and depth and force; the writers multiplied, their power rose. Spenser's first book, "The Shepherd's Calendar," associated with this date the promise that one of those great poets, who are rarely born into the world, was about to speak the best thought of his country. And he did. Spenser's great poem, the "Faerie Queene," is not, as some take it to be, a work of bright imagination seldom touching earth, a lovely pile of castles in the air: he dealt in it, after his own manner, with the vital concerns of England in his time—religious, social, and political; his point of view being that of an Elizabethan Puritan, earnest as his successor, Milton, in a later day. He was, indeed, in more senses than one, the Elizabethan Milton. Milton was afterwards in a worthy sense what Dryden called him, "the poetical son of Spenser; Milton," Dryden added, "has confessed to me that Spenser was his original." Out of this sympathy with Spenser came Milton's emphatic reference to him in the "Areopagitica" as "the sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." Of the four greatest English poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton—two may be said to be ours only, and two the world's. Spenser and Milton were individually English, and each fought on the same side in the same battle, though they were in action at different hours of the long day, and under different conditions of the contest. Chaucer and Shakespeare were universal poets, representing not the struggle of a nation, but, for all humanity, the essence of the life of man, with cheerful faith in the great heaven that is broader than the storm about our ears. Yet that knowledge of theirs does not forbid battle with the storm—it warns us rather not to let it beat us down into despair. To conquer evil, or that which he thinks evil, is man's work in life. To lowest minds few ills are known but those which trouble their own bodies, hunger, thirst, or privation of enjoyments that make up their earthly good: but higher minds see farther, and, knowing those ills to be worst that touch the soul, rise to a nobler life in labour for their overthrow. Thus, high or low, we are all combatant; our best poets are but a part of us; our battle-cries are in their songs. Few only in the lifetime of a world can rise as Shakespeare did to the pure heaven of essential truth, and, while so far removed and yet near to us all, look on our struggles

with a peaceful trust in God and an unbounded goodwill towards man.

Edmund Spenser, Walter Raleigh, Philip Sidney, and Sidney's friends Fulke Greville and Edward Dyer, were all children of three, four, or five years old when Elizabeth came to the throne. In 1579 they were in the full vigour of early manhood, and all poets, though not poets of equal mark. Spenser belonged to a poor branch of a good family, and was at home in the north of England, although he was born and sent to school in London. As a youth of about sixteen he had shown his interest in

Edmund Spense.
From George Vertue's Engraving of his Portrait.

the chief struggle of his time by contributing some poetical translations from the visions of Petrarch and of Bellay to a religious book published in the year 1569 by a refugee from Brabant. The book was called "A Theatre, wherein be represented as well the Miseries and Calamities that follow the Voluptuous Worldlings, as also the great Joys and Pleasures which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable to all that sincerely love the Word of God." Young Spenser was a contributor to such a book as that, in the year of his going to Cambridge. Soon after he had finished his university course, a faithful college friend of his, named Gabriel Harvey, caused him to leave his home in the North for London, and enter the service of the Earl of Leicester. Then it was that Spenser's friendship was formed with a young man of about his own age, earnest as he was himself, and like himself a poet, the Earl of Leicester's nephew, Philip Sidney. Edmund Spenser had but just formed these new relations, and was looking for advancement in life by the help of his new friends, who had influence at Court, when he completed the writing of "The Shepherd's Calendar." Part of this work he is said to have written while with Sidney at Penshurst, and at Penshurst a tree has been associated with his memory as Spenser's oak, the tradition being that one or two eclogues of "The Shepherd's Calendar" were written under it. There is also still shown Sidney's oak, said to have been planted on the day of Philip Sidney's birth. A certain tree-worship has often been associated with the memories of poets. In the name of Shakespeare, homage was paid to a mulberry-tree, and there was a tree under which Spenser's forerunner in pastoral verse, Clement Marot, was said to have written. "The Shepherd's Calendar" is in twelve eclogues, corresponding to the twelve months of the year; each eclogue being a complete and independent poem. Spenser took for himself, from John Skelton, the name of Colin Clout, which he held by in after years as his poetical name; and he showed himself in sympathy with the spirit of Skelton's "Colin Clout," while he wrote these pastorals as one who was strongly influenced by the genius of Clement Marot. The two last of Spenser's eclogues were, indeed, simply paraphrases of two eclogues by the French poet, who gets little credit from his countrymen for that in him which our English Spenser felt and understood. In his "Shepherd's Calendar" Spenser provided one essential element by giving Colin Clout a hapless love for Rosalind to pipe about sometimes. Here also he tried his skill as a poet in a variety of measures; and Chaucer was to him, as in all his after years, the great Master, in whose steps he sought humbly to follow. Years afterwards, in the "Faerie Queene" (book iv., canto 2), Spenser wove into his work a thread of fiction derived, as he said, from "Dan[1] Chaucer, Well of English undefiled;" and in the June eclogue of the "Shepherd's Calendar," using the pastoral name of Tityrus, which stands always for Chaucer in these eclogues, young Spenser wrote the following lines:—

"The god of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:[2]
He, whilst he livéd, was the sovereign head
Of shepherds all that ben with love ytake.

* * * * * *

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,—
Oh, why should Death on him such outrage show?
And all his passing skill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
But if on me some little drops would flow
Of that the Spring was in his learned head,
I soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed."

Spenser's homage to Chaucer was shown, at a time when fashion tended to outlandish and affected speech, by a steady cultivation of plain one-syllabled English. In the few lines just quoted, for example, there are eighty-seven monosyllables, fourteen words of two syllables, all of the very simplest kind, such as *livéd, learnéd, little, lieth;* and the only word of more syllables than two is *sovereign*, except, of course, the name *Tityrus*. Spenser's second eclogue

[1] *Dan* was a contraction of "dominus," master.
[2] *To make*, to write verses. See Note in reference to the word *makars* on page 109.

contained a story of the Oak and the Briar, which, being an exercise in imitation of the style of Chaucer, was offered as a tale by Tityrus. In this the poet made a shepherd say—

> "To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent
> Than to hear novels of his devise:
> They bene so well thewéd and so wise
> What ever that good old man bespake."

Spenser's earliest book included also his poetical homage to Queen Elizabeth; but its chief character was and is the religious earnestness that again and again makes the eclogue, as in Clement Marot's poems, a pastoral myth touching closely the religious controversies of the time in which he lived. When it is so used shepherds stand for pastors of the Church, and Spenser's zeal for what he looked upon as necessary thoroughness of Church reform leads him, regardless of all private interests at court, not only to make his Puritanism known, but to take part against the Queen herself on a Church question of the day, the question of the relations between her and Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury. In the following eclogue the good Algrind is Grindal, with no more disguise of his name than a transposing of its syllables. But Grindal, when the poem appeared, was Archbishop of Canterbury censured by the Queen, and sequestered by her from the exercise of his authority. Morrell, the goatherd proud, who has allowed his flock to stray, has his name formed in a similar manner by a transposition of the syllables of the name of Elmore, Elmer, or Aylmer. But Aylmer was at this particular time Bishop of London, wielding great part of the authority that had been taken from Grindal. He was greatly disliked by the Puritan party, and in high favour with Queen Elizabeth for zeal in the enforcement of her own church policy.

THOMALIN AND MORRELL,

Illustration to the July Eclogue in the First Editions of "The Shepherd's Calendar."

ECLOGUE.

THOMALIN. MORRELL.

Thomalin.

Is not thilk[1] same a goat-herd proud,
That sits on yonder bank,
Whose straying herd themself doth shroud
Among the bushes rank?

Morrell.

What ho, thou jolly shepherd's swain,
Come up the hill to me:[2]

[1] *Thilk*, the same. A word taken from Chaucer; but Spenser's use of words older than his own time is often no more than the imitation of rustic dialect by use of old forms, then not only to be read in Chaucer but to be heard among the country folk.

[2] *Come up the hill to me.* You, lowly pastor, follow my example; seek to climb to a bishop's seat! But Morrell's flock is said to be astray in the rank grass, in what Barnaby Googe had called the "old corrupted grass" of the unreformed faith (see his "Eclogue," on page 64, line 200). Spenser desired root and branch reform in the Church. The Queen and her first archbishop—the learned Matthew Parker, who died in 1575—desired to maintain Unity of the Church, by reforming only what they held to be essential errors, and leaving the outside fashions of worship, if not evil in themselves, untouched. Much, therefore, of old ceremonial was kept, partly because Parker had a scholar's reverence for ancient usages; partly because it seemed to him wise to avoid changes that to the country people, of wit slow to understand a transformation of the forms to which they had been bred, would seem like taking their religion from them. That was the point of view of earnest and religious men whose minds were conservative in tendency. Others, as earnest and religious—but, if we compare, as we should always, the best men of one side with the best men of their opponents, differing only in sense of the way to the well-being of England, not in heartiness of labour for it—were disposed by nature to dwell most on the reforms to be effected and made lasting. These held that the outward ceremonial, which had been

Better is, than the lowly plain,
Als[1] for thy flock and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah! God shield, man, that I should clime,
And learn to look aloft:
This rede[2] is rife, that oftentime
Great climbers fall unsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle;[3]
And though one fall through heedless haste,
Yet is his miss not mickle.
And now the sun hath rearéd up
His fiery-footed teme,
Making his way between the Cup
And golden Diademe:
The rampant Lion[4] hunts he fast,
With dogs of noisome breath,
Whose baleful barking brings in haste
Pine, plagues, and drery death.
Against his cruel scorching heat,
Where thou hast coverture,
The wasteful hills unto his threat
Is a plain overture.
But if thee lust to holden chat
With seely shepherd's swain,
Come down, and learn the little what
That Thomalin can sain.[5]

Morrell.

Sicker[6] thou's but a lazy lourd,[7]
And rekes much of thy swink,[8]
That with fond terms and witless words
To blear mine eyes dost think.
In evil hour thou hent'st in hond[9]
Thus holy hills to blame;
For sacred unto saints they stond,
And of them han[10] their name.
St. Michel's Mount who does not know,
That wards the western coast?
And of St. Bridget's bow'r, I trow,
All Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses' skill,
Sain most-what, that they dwell
(As goat-herds wont) upon a hill,
Beside a learned well.
And wonnéd[11] not the great god Pan[12]
Upon Mount Olivet;
Feeding the blessed flock of Dan,[13]
Which did himself beget?

Thomalin.

O blessed sheep! O Shepherd great!
That bought his flock so dear:
And them did save with bloody sweat,
From wolves that would them tear.

Morrell.

Beside, as holy fathers sain,
There is a holy place,
Where Titan[14] riseth from the main,
To ren his daily race:
Upon whose tops the stars been staiéd,
And all the sky doth lean;
There is the cave where Phœbe laiéd
The shepherd[15] long to dream.

joined for generations with certain corruptions of the Church, would, if retained, retain, or in time recall, the ills with which it had been so long identified. Elizabethan Puritans, continuing one line of thought from Wiclif's Bible-men to the Ironsides of the Civil War, desired, therefore, that all usage and ceremony founded on tradition should give place to the establishment of a reformed Church only based upon the deep and strong foundation of the Scriptures. This was Spenser's view throughout his life, but blended with a not less resolute upholding of royal authority, and a severe contempt for theorists who undertook the reconstruction of society. John Aylmer, Bishop of London when this pastoral was published, is represented in Morrell as the Puritans saw him. He was a man of fifty-eight; in earlier life the kindly scholar who, as her tutor, made Plato a delight to Lady Jane Grey; under Mary, a Protestant exile at Zurich; under Elizabeth, a divine inclined to carry out the Queen's policy, by repression of extreme opinions on either side, whether of those who opposed all the reforms or of those who demanded many more; and he was, therefore, equally disliked by Catholics and Puritans. He had been made Bishop of London three years before "The Shepherd's Calendar" appeared, and at the date of its appearance he was doubly unpopular with men of Spenser's way of thinking, because he had risen to the power that should have been Grindal's, and was, with the Queen, opposed to the disgraced archbishop. The next following argument is, in pastoral disguise, a commendation of the simple lives of the first heads of the Church—the Apostles—as examples to those bishops who sought lordship and the pomps of life.

[1] *Als*, as, also.

[2] *Rede*, counsel.

[3] *The trode is not so tickle.* The footing is not so unsure. "Tickle" was frequently used in the sense of unstable, tottering, overthrown by a slight touch. The word "tick," meaning a slight touch, is well known in boy's play.

[4] *Cup. . . Diademe . . . Lion.* "The Cup and Diadem be two signs in the firmament through which the sun maketh his course in the month of July," says "E. K.," who supplied notes to the first editions of the "Shepherd's Calendar." He is supposed to have been Edward Kirke, a college friend of Spenser's. Leo, the constellation of the month, appears in the woodcut at the head of the poem. Each of the twelve pictures was, in like manner, fitted to its month by having one of the twelve constellations in its sky. This passage represents July astronomically, and the reign of the Dog-star, Sirius, with the pestilences then abroad, and turns the season to account by adding the suggestion that Morrell being on the "wasteful hills," the overture, or open space of the hills with waste land on their tops, offers no shelter against the perils from above.

[5] *Sain*, say.

[6] *Sicker*, surely.

[7] *Lourd*, a lumpish fellow; French "lourd," heavy; "lourdin," a heavy clumsy man. There was an old notion that our form of this word, "lourden" and "lurdane," originated in hatred of Danish conquerors. So Richard Nicols, in his poem on Edmund Ironside in the "Mirror for Magistrates," ended a stanza with

"In every house Lord Dane did then rule all,
Whence lazy losels Lurdanes now we call."

"E. K.," in his gloss on the word *lourd*, gives the same etymology, and adds that the people "for more reproach" called the quartan ague "the Fever Lurdane."

[8] *Rekes much of thy swink*, count much of thy pains.

[9] *Hent'st in hond*, took'st in hand.

[10] *Han*, have.

[11] *Wonned*, dwelt.

[12] *The great god Pan*, "Christ" (E. K.). Spenser here follows Marot in his religious pastoral, and uses the name of Pan for God or Christ. "How long, O Lord, how long?" Marot cried in the days of persecution:—

"Jusques à quand, ô Pan grand et sublime,
Laisseras-tu cette gent tant infime?
Et faux pasteurs parjures et meschans,
Dessus troupeaux dominer en tes champs?
Jusques à quand, ô Pan très-debonnaire,
Permettras-tu cette gent nous mal faire?
Et que tous jours en ce poinct ils deschassent
Ceux qui ton loz et ta gloire pourchassent?"

[13] *Dan.* "One tribe is put for the whole nation *per synecdochen*" (E. K.). Synecdoche is the name in rhetoric for a form of speech which puts a part for the whole, as "hands," for "workmen;" "sail," for ships.

[14] "*Where Titan*, the sun; which story is to be read in Diodorus Siculus of the hill Ida; from whence, he saith, all night time is to be seen a mighty fire as if the sky burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather into a round form, and thereof riseth the sun, whom the poets call Titan." (E. K.)

[15] "*The shepherd* is Endymion, whom the poets feign to have been

Whilom there[1] uséd shepherds all
To feed their flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
That all the rest did spill.
And sithence shepherds been forsaid
From places of delight;
For-thy, I ween thou be afraid,
To clime this hillés hight,
Of Sinah can I tell thee more,
And of Our Lady's bow'r:[2]
But little needs to strow my store:
Suffice this hill of our.[3]
Here han the holy fauns[4] recourse,
And sylvans haunten rathe;
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
Wherein the nymphs do bathe:
The salt Medway, that trickling streams
Adown the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Thames,
His brackish waves be meynt.[5]
Here grows melampode[6] every where,
And terebinth, good for goats:
The one, my madding kids to smear,
The next to heal their throats.
Hereto, the hills been nigher heaven,
And thence the passage eath:[7]
As well can prove the piercing levin,[8]
That seldom falls beneath.

Thomalin.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorel,[9]
Of heaven to deemen so:
How be I am but rude and borrel,[10]
Yet nearer ways I know.
To kirk the narre,[11] to God more farre,
Has been an old said saw;
And he that strives to touch a starre,
Oft stumbles at a straw.
Alsoon may shepherds clime to sky,
That leads in lowly dales;
As goat-herd proud that, sitting high,
Upon the mountain sails.
My seely sheep like well below,
They need not melampode;
For they been hale enough, I trow,
And liken their abode.
But if they with thy goats should yede,[12]
They soon might be corrupted;
Or like not of the frowy[13] fede,
Or with the weeds be glutted.
The hills, where dwelléd holy saints,
I reverence and adore;
Not for themself, but for the saints,
Which han been dead of yore.
And now they been to heaven forewent,
Their good is with them go;[14]
Their sample[15] only to us lent,
That als we mought do so.
Shepherds they weren of the best,
And lived in lowly leas,
And sith[16] their souls be now at rest,
Why doen we them disease?
Such one he was (as I have heard
Old Algrind[17] often sain)
That whilom was the first shepherd,
And liv'd with little gain:
And meek he was, as meek mought be;
Simple, as simple sheep;
Humble, and like in each degree
The flock which he did keep.
Often he uséd of his keep
A sacrifice to bring;
Now with a kid, now with a sheep,
The altars hallowing.
So louted[18] he unto the Lord,
Such favour couth he find,
That never sithence was abhor'd
The simple shepherds' kind.
And such I ween the brethren were
That came from Canaan;
The brethren twelve, that kept yfere[19]
The flocks of mighty Pan.

eloved of Phœbe, that is to say, the Moon, that he was by her
t asleep in a cave by the space of thirty years for to enjoy his
pany." (E. K.)

" *There*, that is, in Paradise, where through error of the shep-
l's understanding, he saith, that all shepherds did use to feed
r flocks, till one (that is Adam) by his folly and disobedience made
he rest of his offspring be debarred and shut out from thence."
K.) But *there* is distinctly Mount Ida, where Paris, the son of
m and Hecuba, brought up as a shepherd's son, gave the golden
le to Venus and forsook Œnone, to bring about, by the carrying
y of the wife of his host Menelaus, the utter destruction of Troy.
allusion is designedly so worded as to suggest a transition of
ght to the fall of Adam.

Our Lady's bower. "A place of pleasure so called," says E. K.,
is by no means an infallible informant. How should a mere
ace of pleasure" be paired with Sinai? The reference is to Mount
. This was described by Sir John Mandeville as "Mount Zion,
re there is a fair church of Our Lady, *where she dwelt* and died. . .
m thence she was carried by the apostles to the valley of Jehosha-
t, and there is the stone which the angel brought to Our Lady
Mount Sinai."

This hill of our; the supremacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury,
ch Aylmer practically had after Grindal, though left with the
inal rank, had been suspended from the exercise of his authority.
the manner of pastoral poets Spenser represents by rivers the
on to which he refers. So Milton in the "Epitaphium Damonis"
wper's Translation), when he speaks of content with fame among
own countrymen for a British song:—

"A British?—even so—the pow'rs of man
Are bounded; little is the most he can;
And it shall well suffice me, and shall be
Fame, and proud recompense enough for me,
If Usa, golden-haired, my verse may learn,
If Alain bending o'er his chrystal urn,
Swift whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadowed stream,
Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,
Tamar's ore-tinctured flood, and, after these,
The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades."

" *Fauns or sylvans* be of poets feigned to be gods of the wood."
K.)

Meynt, mingled.

" *Melampode and terebinth* be herbs good to cure diseased goats: of
one speaketh Mantuan, and of the other Theocritus." (E. K.)

Eath. The First-English word for "easy."

Levin, lightning.

[9] *Lorel* or *losel*, a good-for-nothing fellow. Interchange of r and s as in *lorn* and *lost*, from *lose*.

[10] *Borrel*, clownish; "burellus," coarse cloth.

[11] *Narre*, nigher.

[12] *Yede*, go.

[13] "*Frowy*, musty, or mossy." (E. K.)

[14] *Their good is with them go*—*i.e.*, it does not remain in the shrines and holy places to which pilgrimages are made, and by which miracles are said to be wrought.

[15] *Sample*, example.

[16] *Sith*, since.

[17] *Old Algrind*. What Spenser regarded as sound teaching is here put in the mouth of the disgraced Archbishop Grindal. The first reference is to Abel.

[18] *Louted*, bowed. First-English "hlútan," to bow.

[19] *Yfere*, together.

But nothing such thilk shepherd[1] was
Whom Ida hill did bear,
That left his flock to fetch a lass,
Whose love he bought too dear:
For he was proud, that ill was paid
(No such mought shepherds be),
And with lewd lust was overlaid;
Tway things doen ill agree.
But shepherds mought be meek and mild,
Well eyed, as Argus[2] was,
With fleshly follies undefil'd,
And stout as steed of brass.
Sike one[3] (said Algrind) Moses was,
That saw his Maker's face,
His face more clear than crystal glass,
And spake to him in place.
This had a brother[4] (his name I knew),
The first of all his coat:
A shepherd true, yet not so true,[5]
As he that earst I hote.[6]
Whilom all these were low, and lief,[7]
And lov'd their flocks to feed,
They never stroven to be chief,
And simple was their weed.[8]
But now (thankéd be God therefore),
The world is well amend:
Their weeds been not so nighly wore,
Such simpless mought them shend.[9]
They been yclad in purple and pall,[10]
So hath their God them blist;
They reign and rulen over all,
And lord it as they list:
Ygirt with belts of glitterand gold,
(Mought they good shepherds been?)
Their Pan[11] their sheep to them has sold,
I say, as some have seen.
For Palinode[12] (if thou him ken),
Yode late on pilgrimage
To Rome (if such be Rome) and then
He saw thilk misusage.
For shepherds (said he) there doen lead,
As lords doen otherwhere;
Their sheep han crusts, and they the bread;
The chips, and they the cheer:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheep the while!)
The corn is theirs, let other thresh,
Their hands they may not file.[13]
They han great stores, and thrifty stocks,
Great friends and feeble foes:
What need them caren for their flocks,
Their boys can look to those?
These wisards[14] welter[15] in wealth's waves,
Pamper'd in pleasures deep;
They han fat kerns[16] and leany knaves,
Their fasting flocks to keep.
Sike mister men[17] been all misgone,
They heapen hills of wrath;
Sike surly shepherds han we none,
They keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deal of good matter
Lost for lack of telling:
Now sicker I see thou dost but clatter,
Harm may come of melling.[18]
Thou meddlest more than shall have thank,
To witen[19] shepherd's wealth:
When folk been fat, and riches rank,
It is a sign of health.
But say me, what is Algrind, he
That is so oft bynempt?[20]

Thomalin.

He is a shepherd great in gree,[21]

---

[1] *Thilk shepherd . . . whom Ida hill did bear.* Paris.

[2] "*Argus* was of the poets devised to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed cow Io; so called, because that, in the print of a cow's foot, there is figured an I in the middest of an O." (E. K.) Extremely keen. The discoverer of that had eyes of Argus for an etymology. Fable said that the hundred eyes of Argus were transferred to the peacock's tail.

[3] *Sike one*, such one.

[4] *Brother*, pronounced "bro'r." "He meaneth Aaron, whose name, for more decorum, the shepherd saith he hath forgot, lest his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seem to exceed the meanness of the person." (E. K.)

[5] *Not so true*, "for Aaron, in the absence of Moses, started aside, and committed idolatry." (E. K.)

[6] *Hote*, named.

[7] *Lief*, dear, willing through love.

[8] *Weed*, dress.

[9] *Shend*, shame.

[10] "*In purple*, spoken of the popes and cardinals, which use such tyrannical colours and pompous painting." (E. K.)

[11] "*Their Pan*, that is, the Pope, whom they account their God and greatest shepherd." (E. K.)

[12] "*Palinode*, a shepherd of whose report he seemeth to speak all this." (E. K.) The word Palinode means a recantation, and in the fifth eclogue, where Palinode and Piers were the speakers, Piers had quoted Algrind's doctrine against Palinode's hankerings Romeward—

"Ah, Palinodie, thou art a world's child!
Who touches pitch, mought needs be defiled;
But shepherds (as Algrind used to say)
Mought not live ylike as men of the lay."

[13] *File*, soil.

[14] "*Wisards*, great, learned heads." (E. K.)

[15] *To welter* is to roll. First English "wealtan," to roll or tumble about. Of the same root is "waltz."

[16] "*Kern*, a churl or farmer." (E. K.)

[17] "*Sike mister men*, such kind of men." (E. K.)

[18] *Melling*, meddling.

[19] *To witen*, to blame. First English "witan," to blame, past "witode," is to be distinguished from "witan," to know, past "wiste." Morrell tells Thomalin he will do himself no good by meddling with these matters. So in the September eclogue, Hobbinol (Gabriel Harvey) says to Diggon, who is expressing Spenser's thoughts of the Church—

"Now, Diggon, I see thou speakest too plain;
Better it is a little to feign
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured;
Such ill as is forced mought needs be endured."

[20] *Bynempt*, named.

[21] *A shepherd great in gree*, great in degree, or rank. Edmund Grindal, who was sixty years old in 1579, had been chaplain to Ridley, and was an exile under Mary. After the accession of Elizabeth he became Master of Spenser's own college at Cambridge, Pembroke Hall, and Bishop of London. In 1570 he became Archbishop of York, and in 1575 Archbishop of Canterbury. He obeyed the admonition "Search the Scriptures," and encouraged to the utmost of his power such obedience in others. Especially he encouraged among the reformed clergy what were called (after the "schools of the prophets" named in the Old Testament) prophesyings or meetings for the free discussion and solution of difficulties in the sacred text. The divine, he held, should seek fully to understand himself what he explained to his people, and should boldly face whatever doubts arose. The custom of the prophesyings was that the ministers within a precinct met on a week day in some principal town where there was some ancient and grave minister that was president, and a lay auditory was admitted. Then the ministers, beginning at the youngest, discussed some passage of Scripture that contained a difficulty, each speaking for about a quarter of an hour. The whole meeting, which opened and closed with prayer, lasted for about two hours. Before the assembly dissolved, the president gave out the passage that was to be discussed on the next occasion. Grindal, and all who were of Spenser's way of thought, followed

But hath been long ypent.[1]
One day he sate upon a hill
(As now thou wouldest me,
But I am taught by Algrind's ill
To love the low degree):
For sitting so with baréd scalp,
An eagle soaréd high,
That, weening his white head was chalk,
A shell-fish down let fly;
She ween'd the shell-fish to have broke,
But therewith bruis'd his brain:[2]
So now astonied with the stroke,
He lies in ling'ring pain.

Morrell.

Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,
But shall be better in time.
Now farewell, shepherd, sith this hill
Thou hast such doubt to clime.

Latimer in dwelling much upon the need of faithful preaching as a foremost office of the Church. Others, among whom was the Queen, held that free preaching led to the multiplication of diversities of doctrine, the encouragement of doubts and heresies, and loss of peace by the weakening of Unity within the Church. For that reason Elizabeth, who had also the strongest political reason for desiring to abate religious feuds, would have liked even the restriction of all preaching to the Homilies appointed by the Church, for thus there would be assured the preaching of the same opinions to all the people. She called upon the Archbishop of Canterbury to issue an injunction against the prophesyings. In reply to this requirement Grindal, as archbishop, addressed to her in 1576 a letter of expostulation, and said in it, "Surely I cannot marvel enough how this strange opinion should once enter your mind, that it should be good for the Church to have few preachers." He maintained in the letter his opposite opinion from Scripture and from the daily experience of their time; then he described and justified the prophesyings, and said, "I am forced with all humility, and yet plainly, to profess, that I cannot with safe conscience, and without the offence of the Majesty of God, give my assent to the suppressing of the said exercises; much less can I send out any injunction for the utter and universal subversion of the same. I say with Saint Paul, 'I have no power to destroy, but only to edify;' and with the same apostle, 'I can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.' If it be your Majesty's pleasure, for this or any other cause, to remove me out of this place, I will with all humility yield thereunto, and render again to your Majesty that I received of the same. I consider with myself *Quod horrendum est incidere in manus dei viventis*" [That it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God]. "I consider also, *Quod qui facit contra conscientiam (divinis juribus nixam) ædificat ad Gehennam*" [That he who acts against conscience (resting on God's laws) builds for Gehenna.—Quoted from Cyprian]. "'And what should I win, if I gained' (I will not say a bishopric, but) 'the whole world, and lose mine own soul?' Bear with me, I beseech you, Madam, if I choose rather to offend your earthly Majesty than offend the heavenly Majesty of God." The Queen held by her resolution, and sent her own command by her letters to the rest of the bishops wholly to put down the exercises. In June, 1577, Grindal was, by order of the Privy Council, confined to his house and sequestered for six months. In the following January, since, "still esteeming himself not to have done amiss, he would not ask pardon which supposed a fault," there was a question of depriving him; but he remained under sequestration only, and in 1580—the year after the publication of this poem of Spenser's—Archbishop Grindal being still under sequestration, Aylmer, Bishop of London, presided at the Convocation of the Clergy. In 1582, writs were again issued in the archbishop's own name, but Grindal had been losing his eyesight, and was by that time permanently blind, besides being still distasteful to the Queen. He offered resignation of his see. As Thomas Fuller afterwards described his position, "being really blind more with grief than age, he was willing to put off [illegible] clothes before he went to bed, and in his lifetime to resign h[illegible] place to Dr. Whitgift; who refused such acceptance thereof. And the Queen, commiserating his condition, was graciously pleased to say, that as she had made him so he should die an archbishop; as he did, July 6th, 1583."

[1] *Ypent*, pent up, confined.

[2] *An eagle, &c.* The royal eagle, who gave a fatal blow to the good Algrind by not understanding what his head was for, represents, of course, Elizabeth; and Spenser contrives to utter his opinion by making an old story of the manner of the death of Æschylus serve for a parable. The original story was thus told by the writer of the short life of Æschylus in the Medicean MS. of his Tragedies, at Florence:—Æschylus having left Athens for Sicily, was there "held in high honour by the tyrant Hiero and the people of Gela, but survived only three years, and died at an advanced age in the following manner:—An eagle having picked up a tortoise, and not being able to get at its prey, dropped it down on the rocks by way of smashing the shell, when it fell on the poet and killed him. He had been forewarned by the oracle, *A stroke from Heaven shall slay thee.*" Thomalin, as "E. K." would put it, "lest his remembrance and skill in zoology should seem to exceed the meanness of the person," describes the tortoise as a shell-fish.

In the next year (1580) Spenser went to Ireland as secretary to the new Lord Deputy, Lord Grey of Wilton, the friend and patron to whom George Gascoigne addressed his "Steel Glass." Spenser took with him the "Faerie Queene," already for some time begun. In Ireland, before the end of the year 1580, Edmund Spenser, who had been with Sidney in London, first came into contact with Walter Raleigh; Spenser, not yet housed at Kilcolman, was then acting as secretary to Lord Grey, who was crushing a hostile settlement of Spaniards and Italians in a fort upon the coast, and Walter Raleigh was there as a captain employed in the enterprise.

KILCOLMAN TOWER.

Raleigh was of like age with Spenser. At seventeen he had left Oxford to fight in France as a volunteer with the Huguenots. He had come home and was in the Middle Temple, twenty-four years old, when he wrote the lines we read lately in praise of George Gascoigne's "Steel Glass," his earliest known verse. Then Walter Raleigh fought against Spain, side by side with the Reformers in the Netherlands; made a venture at sea with his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert; and in 1580 went with a captain's commission into Ireland, where Gilbert also was serving. In 1583 Gilbert and Raleigh were off again to found a colony beyond the seas. Again they were without good fortune, and it was on his way home from Newfoundland that Sir Humphrey Gilbert was lost in his little ship, the

Squirrel, of ten tons, his last words being the gallant cry to a companion boat, "Courage, my friends! We are as near heaven by sea as on the land." Still Raleigh did not flinch from the resolve to colonise, and he next made choice of the shores which it pleased our maiden queen to name, after herself, Virginia. The bold spirit of adventure made him rich. His privateers took wealth from Spain. The Queen favoured him, knighted him in 1585. She gave him also forfeited lands in Ireland, and he was again near Spenser when he went to visit them.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. (*From the Portrait by Zucchero.*)

Spenser, an English civil servant in Ireland, received about the same time his grant of a castle with some three thousand acres forfeited by the Earl of Desmond at Kilcolman, and sang of Raleigh when he visited him there as "the Shepherd of the Ocean." It was Raleigh who brought Spenser to court when, in 1590, the first three books of the "Faerie Queene" were published.

Raleigh had then written his lost poem "Of the Ocean's Love to Cynthia." The Queen gave him rich monopolies and offices of state. He had married when (in 1595) he made his wonderful voyage up the Orinoco, and wrote his account of "the Discovery of the Empire of Guiana, with a relation of the city of Manoa, which the Spaniards call El Dorado." His life was a part of the life of the great Elizabethan time, his history is blended with its chronicles. His energy, disdainful in its strength, made enemies. Under Elizabeth, Raleigh served England and himself as well, being a shepherd of the ocean, chiefly occupied on that broad plain in fleecing the flocks of Spain. The cause of God was to be helped and his own pocket filled by raids upon the great upholder of civil and religious despotism; he seemed to have discovered among other things the way to serve both God and Mammon. It was after the death of Elizabeth that Raleigh's ruin came. In this Elizabethan time he joined thought with deed, and was only the more strenuous in action because as a poet he could feel and dare. These verses are his:—

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
  Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best;
  The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows
  And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church, it shows
  What's good, and doth no good:
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates, they live
  Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
  Not strong, but by a faction:
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
  That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
  Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
  They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
  Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it wants devotion;
  Tell Love it is but lust;
Tell Time it is but motion;
  Tell Flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth;
  Tell Honour how it alters;
Tell Beauty how she blasteth;
  Tell Favour how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
  In tickle points of niceness;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
  Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;
  Tell Skill it is pretension;
Tell Charity of coldness;
  Tell Law it is contention;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness;
  Tell Nature of decay;
Tell Friendship of unkindness;
  Tell Justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
  But vary by esteeming;
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
  And stand too much on seeming:
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city;
  Tell how the country erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pity;
  Tell, virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
  Commanded thee, done blabbing,—
Although to give the lie
  Deserves no less than stabbing:—
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

[1] *Arrant*, errand.

He wrote this also:—

THE ADVICE.

Many desire, but few or none deserve
  To win the fort of thy most constant will;
Therefore take heed; let fancy never swerve
  But unto him that will defend thee still:
For this be sure, the fort of fame once won,
Farewell the rest, thy happy days are done!

Many desire, but few or none deserve
  To pluck the flowers, and let the leaves to fall;
Therefore take heed; let fancy never swerve
  But unto him that will take leaves and all:
For this be sure, the flower once plucked away,
Farewell the rest, thy happy days decay!

Many desire, but few or none deserve
  To cut the corn, not subject to the sickle;
Therefore take heed; let fancy never swerve,
  But constant stand, for mowers' minds are fickle:
For this be sure, the crop being once obtained,
Farewell the rest, the soil will be disdained.

And this:—

THE SILENT LOVER.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
  The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
  The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
  The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
  That sues for no compassion;

Since if my plaints serve not to approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love
But from excess of duty.

For knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve,
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief
Than venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing.

He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

On the night before King James I. obliged Spain by sending Sir Walter Raleigh to the block, the snuff of his candle suggesting to him a thought like Othello's "Put out the light, and then—put out the light," he made this couplet:—

SIR W. RALEIGH ON THE SNUFF OF A CANDLE THE NIGHT BEFORE HE DIED.

"Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

PENSHURST CASTLE.

(From Brayley's "Beauties of England and Wales.")

Thus those desires that aim too high
For any mortal lover,
When reason cannot make them die,
Discretion doth them cover.

Yet, when discretion doth bereave
The plaints that they should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive
That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty:
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My true, though secret, passion:

Philip Sidney was born in 1554, at Penshurst Castle, in Kent. The castle had been granted to Philip's grandfather, Sir William Sidney, by King Edward VI., and was inherited by Sir William's only son, Henry Sidney, Philip's father. Sir Henry married Lady Mary Dudley, sister to the Robert Dudley who in 1564 became Earl of Leicester. In the time of Philip Sidney's boyhood his father lived at Ludlow Castle as Lord President of Wales; Philip was, therefore, bred in Shropshire, and became one of the first pupils in the famous school at Shrewsbury. Shrewsbury School was opened in 1562, and its first head-master entered during his seven years of office 875 scholars; Philip Sidney and his friend Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, being among them.

When Sidney had passed from Shrewsbury to Christchurch, Oxford, his father served the Queen as representative of her authority in Ireland as well as in Wales. Sidney left Oxford at seventeen, without a degree, was for a while at court, then went to Paris in the suite of an ambassador, and was there in 1572, at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He travelled from Paris to Frankfort, Vienna, Venice, Padua, came home through Germany to England, was employed in embassies, and earned high trust. When he was but a young man of four-and-twenty, William of Orange thought so much of his ability and earnestness as to send word to Queen Elizabeth that she had in him one of the ripest and greatest statesmen that he knew of in all Europe, and that if her Majesty would but try the young man, the Prince would stake his own credit upon the issue of his friend's employment about any business, either with the allies or enemies of England. So Sidney was spoken of in the year 1579, when Edmund Spenser came to London and became his friend. Veteran reformers out of England looked upon young Sidney as the man who joined to high family influence a breadth and force of mind that marked him as their English statesman of the future. An old Huguenot who was busy for his cause, Hubert Languet, loved and watched over Sidney with a fluttering and almost motherly solicitude. His father being a politician much too honest to be rich, Philip's chief wealth was of the mind, and he sought fellowship with men of genius, who delighted in his friendship. He was a poet and a friend of poets, but poet only as many others were, while seeking, as soldier and statesmen, active place among the great builders of England.

Philip Sidney had offended Queen Elizabeth by freedom of counsel, when he withdrew for a time from court, and was staying at Wilton, in 1580, with his sister, who had married the Earl of Pembroke. That was the year of Spenser's going to Ireland with Lord Grey. Sidney began in those idle months to write, for his sister's amusement, the long romance called "Arcadia," setting little store by it himself. He also joined his sister in versifying the Psalms of David, and it was probably in 1581 that he wrote "The Defence of Poesy," in answer to a general attack on poets, in a censure of the stage entitled "The School of Abuse,"[1] that had been unfitly dedicated to Sidney in 1579 by Stephen Gosson. In that piece of prose criticism Sidney's language was clear, vigorous, and simple. In the "Arcadia," which is a long work in prose intermixed with verse, while his higher strain of thought made itself felt, he played much with the literary fashions of his time. There was a taste for strained ingenuity of thought and speech that had received its name of Euphuism from a book called "Euphues," just written (Part I. in 1579, Part II. in 1580) by John Lyly.

Sidney also amused himself, and so did Spenser, Dyer, Greville and others, with exercises in what some called the Reformed Poetry. This was English verse written in Latin measures, with abandonment of rhyme. Here, for example, are two poems taken from the "Arcadia," the first written in Latin elegiac verse, the second in sapphics. That we may not miss any suggestion of quantity, the old spelling is left unaltered.

DORUS PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

Fortune, Nature, Loue, long haue contended about me,
Which should most miseries cast on a worme that I am.
Fortune thus 'gan say: "Misery and misfortune is all one,
And of misfortúne Fortune hath onely the gift.
With strong foes on land, on sea with contrarie tempests,
Still doe I crosse this wretch, whatso he taketh in hand."
"Tush, tush," said Natúre, "this is all but a trifle; a man's selfe
Giues haps or mishaps, eu'n as he ordereth his heart.
But so his humor I frame, in a mould of choler adusted,[2]
That the delights of life shall be to him dolorous."
Loue smiled, and thus said: "Want ioyn'd to desire is vnhappie;
But if he nought doe desire, what can Heraclitus aile?
None but I workes by Desire: by Desire haue I kindled in his soule
Infernall agonies into a beautie diuine:
Where thou, poore Natúre, left'st all thy due glorie to Fortune,
Her vertue is soueraigne, Fortune a vassall of hers."
Nature abasht went backe: Fortúne blusht: yet she replide thus:
"And eu'n in that Loue shall I reserue him a spite."
Thus, thus, alas, wofull by Nature, vnhappie by Fortune,
But most wretched I am, now Loue awakes my Desire.

ZELMANE.

If mine eyes can speake to doe heartie errand,
Or mine eyes' language she doe hap to iudge of,
So that eyes' message be of her receiuéd,
Hope, we doe liue yet.
But if eyes faile then when I most doe need them,
Or if eyes' language be not vnto her knowne,
So that eyes' message doe returne reiected,
Hope, we do both die.
Yet dying and dead, doe we sing her honour;
So become our tombes monuments of her praise,
So becomes our losse the triumph of her gaine:
Hers be the glorie.
If the spheares senselesse doe yet hold a musique,
If the swan's sweete voice be not heard but at death,
If the mute timber when it hath the life lost
Yeeldeth a lute's tune;
Are then humane mindes priuiledg'd so meanly,
As that hatefull Death can abridge them of powre
With the vowe of truth to record to all worlds
That we be her spoiles?
Thus, not ending, ends the due praise of her praise:
Fleshly vaile consumes; but a soule hath his life,
Which is held in loue; loue it is that have ioynd
Life to this our soule.
But if eyes can speake to doe hearty errand,
Or mine eyes' language she doth hap to iudge of,
So that eyes' message be of her receiuéd,
Hope, we doe liue yet.

[1] Both Gosson's "School of Abuse" and Sidney's "Defence of Poesy" are given by Mr. Arber, in his "English Reprints," with full introductory details, each for sixpence.

[2] *Adusted* (Latin "adustus"), burnt, scorched.

In January, 1583, Sidney was knighted. Two months afterwards he married Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. Among his poetry is a series of love poems from Astrophel (the

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.
From the Portrait once in possession of Fulke Greville.

lover of the star), to Stella (the star), which form one of those "passions" already described.[1] Penelope Devereux, the Stella of these poems, was forced in 1581 into marriage with an ignoble Lord Rich, protesting at the altar; and she turned from him after marriage to form a union of her own choice with Sir Christopher Blount, who in 1600 became Lord Mountjoy, afterwards Earl of Devonshire. Sidney's homage of friendly gallantry has, I believe, like Surrey's, been gravely misunderstood, because for very many years, while French criticism dominated over Europe, there was much laying down of law with little knowledge. The history of the sonnet was unknown, and the sonnet itself went out of literature. Sidney's sonnets were not misread by his contemporaries. Fulke Greville wrote in after years a life of his friend, and described him as England saw him in his own day. "Now," he wrote, "let princes vouchsafe to consider what importance it is to the honour of themselves and their estates to have one man of such eminence; not only as a nourisher of virtue in their courts or service, but besides for a reformed standard by which even the most humorous persons could not but have a reverend kind of ambition to be tried and approved current. This I do the more confidently affirm because it will be confessed by all men that this one man's example and personal respect did not only encourage learning and honour in the schools, but brought the affection and true use thereof both into the court and camp. Nay more, even many gentlemen, excellently learned amongst us, will not deny but that they affected to row and steer their course in his wake. Besides which honour of unequal nature and education his very ways in the world did generally add reputation to his prince and country, by restoring amongst us the ancient majesty of noble and true dealing;—as a manly wisdom that can no more be weighed down by any effeminate craft than Hercules could be overcome by that effeminate army of dwarfs. And this was it which, I profess, I loved dearly in him, and still shall be glad to honour in the good men of this time: I mean that his heart and tongue went both one way, and so with every one that went with the truth, as knowing no other kindred, party, or end. Above all, he made the religion he professed the firm basis of his life."

Sidney shared all that was noblest in the desires of Drake and Raleigh, and he went to Plymouth bent on joining Drake in 1585, but was stopped by the Queen's order. In the same year he went to the Netherlands, as the Governor of Flushing, where he was joined by his wife. He fretted a little under the inaction of his uncle Leicester, and laboured zealously himself. The next year was 1586. In May of that year his father died; in August his mother died; in September he himself received his death-wound before Zutphen. "An unfortunate hand out of those fore-spoken trenches," Fulke Greville tells us, "brake the bone of Sir Philip's thigh with a musket shot. The horse he rode upon was rather furiously choleric than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the noblest and fitting bier to carry a martial commander to his grave. In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' And when he had pledged this poor soldier, he was presently carried to Arnheim." After sixteen days of suffering, when his shoulder-bones were worn through his skin by constant reclining in one posture, Sir Philip Sidney was himself first to observe signs of mortification of his wounded limb. Knowing that this foreboded death, he then made confession of his faith, and dictated his will, parting his books between his two dearest friends, Fulke Greville and Edward Dyer. Then he called for music, "especially," says Greville, "that song which himself had entitled *La cuisse rompue*: partly, as I conceive by the name, to show that the glory of mortal flesh was shaken in him; and by the music itself to fashion and enfranchise his heavenly soul into the everlasting harmony of angels, whereof these concords were a kind of terrestrial echo." Then followed the leave-taking of his two weeping younger brothers, to whom his farewell was "Love my memory, cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you that they are honest. But above all, govern your will and affections by the Will and Word of your Creator; in me beholding the end

[1] See page 157.

OBSEQUIES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: THE PALL-BEARERS.

From a Contemporary Etching "drawn and invented by T. L(ant), Gent., servant to the said honorable knight, and engraven on copper by D. T. de Bry, in the City of London, 1587." [1]

of this world with all her vanities." All England mourned when the news came of Sir Philip Sidney's death; and when his body was brought home, a princely funeral paid homage to the true soul that had also reached its home.

The following sonnets—usually accurate, it will be seen, in their structure, and Petrarchan except for the rhyming couplet at the close[2]—are from the Astrophel and Stella series. The suggestion in that which is first quoted runs through the series, identifying, although not by any minute straining of allegory, Stella with Virtue. Literary clubs in Italy were in Sidney's time torturing Petrarch's verses into shapes of forced ingenuity. He warns us against so dealing with his verse. It speaks for itself if we will suffer it to do so.

TRUE BEAUTY VIRTUE IS.

It is most true that eyes are form'd to serve
The inward light, and that the heavenly part
Ought to be King; from whose rules who do swerve,
Rebels to nature, strive for their own smart.
It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
An image is, which for ourselves we carve,
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good god make church and churchmen starve.
True, that True Beauty Virtue is indeed,
Whereof this Beauty can be but a shade

[1] Of the series of Lant's thirty drawings, etched in 1587, and designed, when joined together, to show the whole pomp of Sir Philip Sidney's funeral, the only perfect copy known is in a show-case at the British Museum. From this the above sketch of the pall and its bearers—one of the thirty plates—has been copied. The four who carry the family banners before and after the pall are youths of the family. The four pall-bearers are Sidney's intimate friends; the dearest of these—Fulke Greville and Edward Dyer—are shown in front; the other two are Thomas Dudley, who was of his kindred, and Edward Wotton (elder brother of Sir Henry Wotton), who had been in his younger days Sidney's friend and companion at Vienna, who had risen himself in public trust, and to whom Sidney bequeathed by his will, in life-long remembrance of his love, an annual present of a buck from Penshurst. Sidney's brother next to him in age followed the body as chief mourner; then his youngest brother, with knights and gentlemen; then the Earls of Leicester and Huntingdon, of Pembroke and Essex, and other lords; then a representative of each of the United Provinces of the Netherlands; and so forth. There had been a pomp to precede the body, there was a pomp to follow, and there was the love of true friends by its side.

[2] See page 156. In the first-quoted Sonnet—"True Beauty Virtue is"—the order of the two rhymes in the quatrains is not Petrarchan (Petrarch's order being *a, b, b, a; a, b, b, a*). When the order of rhyme in one quatrain is varied, as it may be, the other should answer to it exactly—that is to say, *a, b, a, b* must be paired with *a, b, a, b*, not, as here, with *b, a, b, a*. Modern change of pronunciation has also in this Sonnet accidentally parted one pair of rhymes, "carve" and "starve," from its fellows, "serve" and "swerve." The other Sonnets are all regular. In that on "Stella," and that on "Her Eyes," the two in which the rhymes of the first eight lines are not arranged in Petrarch's manner, the quatrains are perfectly symmetrical, and the right structure of the Sonnet is preserved. Observe also how, as to its inner life, each Sonnet of Sidney's is true to the structure that allows the two quatrains, forming the first eight lines, for the introduction of the thought, and the two terzettes, forming the last six lines, for its delivery.

Which elements with mortal mixture breed.
True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soul up to our country move:
True; and yet true—that I must Stella love.

These are from the same series—

VIRTUE'S COURT.

Queen Virtue's Court, which some call Stella's face,
Prepar'd by Nature's choicest furniture,
Hath his front built of alabaster pure;
Gold is the covering of that stately place;
The door, by which sometimes comes forth her grace,
Red porphyr is, which lock of pearl makes sure,
Whose porches rich—which name of cheeks endure—
Marble, mixt red and white, do interlace.
The windows now, through which this heav'nly guest
Looks o'er the world, and can find nothing such
Which dare claim from those lights the name of best,
Of touch they are, that without touch do touch,
Which Cupid's self from Beauty's mind did draw:
Of touch they are, and poor I am their straw.

LOVE'S LESSONS.

Alas, have I not pain enough, my friend,
Upon whose breast a fiercer gripe doth tire
Than did on him who first stale down the fire,[1]
While Love on me doth all his quiver spend,—
But with your rhubarb words ye must contend,
To grieve me worse, in saying that desire
Doth plunge my well-form'd soul even in the mire
Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end?
If that be sin which doth the manners frame,
Well staid with truth in word and faith of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but shame;
If that be sin, which in fixt hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose unchastitie,—
Then Love is sin, and let me sinful be.

Next let us take an image of Virtue that can bear the heat and burden of the day while other earthly fairnesses flinch, as Spenser's Duessa did, when she had beguiled the Red Cross Knight into receiving her,—

"For golden Phœbus, now that mounted high
From fiery wheels of his fair chariot,
Hurléd his beams so scorching cruel hot
That living creatures mote it not abide;
And his new lady it endured not."

This is Sidney's version of the thought:—

THE SUN'S KISS.

In highest way of heaven the sun did ride,
Progressing then from fair Twins' golden place,
Having no mask of clouds before his face,
But streaming forth of heat in his chief pride;
When some fair ladies, by hard promise tied,
On horseback met him in his furious race;
Yet each prepar'd, with fans' well-shading grace,
From that foe's wounds their tender skins to hide.
Stella alone with face unarméd marcht,
Either to do like him which open shone,
Or careless of the wealth, because her own.
Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parcht;
Her dainties bare went free: the cause was this,—
The sun, that others burn'd, did her but kiss.

A few more of these sonnets must suffice:—

STELLA.

The wisest scholar of the wight most wise
By Phœbus' doom,[2] with sugared sentence says,
That Virtue, if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of Love it in our souls would raise.
But for that man with pain this truth descries,—
Whiles he each thing in Sense's balance weighs,
And so nor will nor can behold those skies
Which inward sun to heroic mind displays,—
Virtue of late, with virtuous care to stir
Love of herself, took Stella's shape, that she
To mortal eyes might sweetly shine in her.
It is most true; for since I her did see,
Virtue's great beauty in that face I prove,
And find th' effect, for I do burn in Love.

STELLA NO ALLEGORY.

You that with Allegory's curious frame
Of others' children changelings use to make,
With me those pains, for God's sake, do not take;
I list not dig so deep for brazen fame.
When I say Stella, I do mean the same
Princess of beauty, for whose only sake
The reins of Love I love, though never slake,[3]

[1] *Who first stale down the fire.* Prometheus, for stealing fire from heaven, was chained, by command of Jove, to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where (in the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus; Miss Swanwick's translation) Hermes thus pronounced his doom:—

"Zeus' wingéd hound, the eagle red with gore,
Shall of thy flesh a huge flap rudely tear;
Coming, unbidden guest, the live-long day
He on thy black-gnawed liver still shall feast.
But of such pangs look for no term, until
Some god, successor of thy toils, appear,
Willing down Hades' rayless gloom to wend,
And round the murky depths of Tartaros."

[2] Plato, the disciple of Socrates. The reference is to Plato's "Symposium," in which there is a festival at the house of the young poet Agatho, who celebrates his achievement of a tragic victory. A minstrel girl comes; is dismissed; the guests agree that to-day they will drink only as they please, and have use of their brains. They undertake to use them in the praise of Love. When it comes to the turn of Socrates, he professes to repeat what he has heard from Diotime, the Mantinean stranger, skilled in divination. I give the substance of the doctrine as Dr. R. D. Hampden briefly worded it in his book on "The Fathers of Greek Philosophy." Socrates said Diotime had taught him "that Love had not for its true object the gratification of this or that particular desire, but only 'the good,' with the possession of that good for ever. How he had further learned from her that all that effort of love which is observed in the world was a seeking, to the utmost, an immortality of being and happiness; that which in itself is mortal, thus preserving its identity, and realising its immortal existence by successive renovations of self; just as personal identity remains, whilst changes are constantly proceeding in the mind and body of the individual. Whilst (as she explained to him further, he said) this effort manifested itself in various ways in the world—in some, in sensual indulgence; in some, in the love and care of their offspring; in some, in the pursuit of fame; in some again, in works of intellect, or in labours for the benefit of men, by implanting in other minds the principles of knowledge and virtue, it could never obtain its full gratification in the present condition of being, but must go on, striving still, from low to higher ground, step by step, becoming larger and more general in its aim, until at length it realises to itself the bright vision of the intrinsically beautiful and divine." This energy is "Platonic love," of which, even in connecting it with Astrophel and Stella sonnets the name has been misapplied, and made to stand, as it does, vulgarly, for a mere stagnant pool of passion without manliness.

[3] *Slake*, slack.

And joy therein, though nations count it shame.
I beg no subject to use eloquence,
Nor in hid ways do guide philosophy;
Look at my hands for no such quintessence;
But know that I in pure simplicity
Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart,
Love only reading unto me this art.

HER EYES.

O eyes, which do the spheres of beauty move;
Whose beams be joys, whose joys all Virtues be;
Who, while they make Love conquer, conquer Love;
The schools where Venus hath learn'd chastity:
O eyes, where humble looks most glorious prove,
Onely-lov'd tyrants, just in cruelty;—
Do not, O do not, from poor me remove,
Keep still my zenith, ever shine on me!
For though I never see them, but straightways
My life forgets to nourish languisht sprites;
Yet still on me, O eyes, dart down your rays!
And if from majesty of sacred lights
Oppressing mortal sense my death proceed,
Wrecks triumphs be which Love high set doth breed.

SILENT WORSHIP.

Because I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowéd hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them which in their lips Love's standard bear:
What, he! (say they of me): now I dare swear
He cannot love; no, no, let him alone!
And think so still, so Stella know my mind.
Profess in deed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart:
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

Stella, still one with Virtue, rebukes lower passions of the Lover, expressed only to teach how a true nature triumphs over them; and these two detached sonnets may be read as summing up a series that is in no discord with the poet's life:—

EARTHLY DESIRE.

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought;
Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought:
Desire! Desire! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who should'st my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;
In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire;
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire;
For Virtue hath this better lesson taught,—
Within myself to seek my only hire,
Desiring nought but how to kill Desire.

ETERNAL LOVE.

Leave me, O Love which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my Mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see!
O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death;
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n and comes of heav'nly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy Life in me!

In the following lines Sidney left record of his affection for his two chosen friends and fellow-poets, Fulke Greville and Edward Dyer:—

A PASTORAL.

Join, mates, in mirth to me,
Grant pleasure to our meeting;
Let Pan, our good god, see
How grateful is our greeting.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Ye hymns and singing-skill
Of god Apollo's giving,
Be prest[1] our reeds to fill
With sound of musick living.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Sweet Orpheus' harp, whose sound
The steadfast mountains moved,
Let here thy skill abound,
To join sweet friends beloved.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.

My two and I be met,
A happy blesséd trinity,
As three most jointly set
In firmest band of unity.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Welcome my two to me, E.D. F.G. P.S.[2]
The number best beloved;
Within my heart you be
In friendship unremoved.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Give leave your flocks to range,[3]
Let us the while be playing;
Within the elmy grange
Your flocks will not be straying.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Cause all the mirth you can,
Since I am now come hether,
Who never joy but whan
I am with you together.
Join hands and hearts, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.

[1] *Prest* (French "prêt"), ready.
[2] These initials of Dyer, Greville, and Sidney were written in the margin.
[3] *Give leave your flocks to range.* Put business aside. In pastoral poetry a shepherd's flocks stand for a man's work in life.

Like lovers do their love,
So joy I in you seeing;
Let nothing me remove
From always with you being.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.

And as the turtle-dove
To mate with whom he liveth,
Such comfort fervent love
Of you to my heart giveth.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Now joinéd be our hands,
Let them be ne'er asunder:
But linkt in binding bands
By metamorphos'd wonder.
So should our sever'd bodies three
As one for ever joinéd be.

Let us next see that these friends of Sidney's were not weak in "the singing-skill of god Apollo's giving." One of them, Edward Dyer, was born two or three miles from Glastonbury, Somersetshire, in the house at Sharpham Park afterwards the birth-place also of our great novelist, Henry Fielding.

SHARPHAM MANOR.
From Warner's "History of the Abbey of Glaston."

The house, in a deer park of about 400 acres, had been built by Richard Beere, who was abbot of Glastonbury between the years 1493 and 1524. His successor, Richard Whiting, who objected to the dissolution of the monasteries, was seized at Sharpham, kept about two months a prisoner, then dragged on a hurdle to the top of Tor Hill, and there hanged and quartered for "robbing Glastonbury Church." Henry VIII. took all, without being hanged for it, and granted Sharpham to Edward Dyer, the poet's father. There, no very long time afterwards, Sidney's friend was born. Dyer was sent in to Oxford, left the University without having graduated, travelled beyond seas, came home, and served in the court of Elizabeth, by whom he was employed in several embassies. He was one of an embassy to Denmark in the year 1589, three years after Sidney's death; and in that year George Puttenham published an "Art of English Poesy," in which Dyer is praised as "for elegy most sweet, solemn and of high conceit." Mr. Edward Dyer was not a knight in his friend Sidney's life-time. He was not knighted until the year 1596, when he was also made Chancellor of the Garter. He died in 1607, and was buried in the chancel of St. Saviour's, Southwark. From among the few pieces that remain in evidence of his genius, let us take these two:—

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall:
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty suffers oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall,
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's pain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust,
A cloakéd craft their store of skill;
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my choice defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

A FANCY.

He that his mirth hath lost,
Whose comfort is dismayed,
Whose hope is vain, whose faith is scorned,
Whose trust is all betrayed,

If he have held them dear,
And cannot cease to moan,
Come, let him take his place by me;
He shall not rue alone.

But if the smallest sweet
Be mixed with all his sour;
If in the day, the month, the year,
He find some lightsome hour,

Then rest he by himself;
He is no mate for me,
Whose hope is fallen, whose succour void,
Whose heart his death must be:

Yet not the wishéd death,
Which hath no plaint nor lack,
Which, making free the better part,
Is only nature's sack:

Oh me! that were too well;
My death is of the mind,
Which always yields extreme pains,
Yet keeps the worst behind.

As one that lives in show,
But inwardly doth die;
Whose knowledge is a bloody field
Where all hope slain doth lie;

Whose heart the altar is;
Whose spirit, the sacrifice
Unto the powers, whom to appease
No sorrows can suffice;

Whose fancies are like thorns,
On which I go by night;
Whose arguments are like a host
That force hath put to flight;

Whose sense is passion's spy;
Whose thoughts like ruins old
Of Carthage, or the famous town
That Sinon bought and sold,

Which still before my face
My mortal foe doth lay;
Whom love and fortune once advanced,
And now hath cast away.

O thoughts, no thoughts, but wounds,
Sometimes[1] the seat of joy,
Sometimes the chair of quiet rest,
But now of all annoy.

I sowed the field of peace,
My bliss was in the spring,
And day by day I ate the fruit
That my life's tree did bring.

To nettles now my corn,
My field is turned to flint,
Where, sitting in the cypress shade,
I read the hyacint.[2]

The joy, the rest, the life
That I enjoyed of yore
Came to my lot, that by my loss
My smart might smart the more.

Thus to unhappy men
The best frames to the worst;
O time, O place, O words, O looks,
Dear then, but now accurst!

In *was* stood my delight,
In *is* and *shall* my woe!
My horrors fasten'd in the *yea;*
My hope hangs on the *no*.

I look for no delight;
Relief will come too late;
Too late I find, I find too well,
Too well stood my estate.

Behold, here is the end,
And no thing here is sure;
Ah! nothing else but plaints and cares
Doth to the world endure.

Forsaken first was I,
Then utterly forgotten;
And he that came not to my faith,
Lo! my reward hath gotten.

Now, Love, where are thy laws,
That make thy torments sweet?
What is the cause that some through thee
Have thought their death but meet?

Thy stately chaste disdain,
Thy secret thankfulness,
Thy grace reserved, thy common light
That shines in worthiness,

Oh that it were not so,
Or that I could excuse!
Oh that the wrath of jealousy
My judgment might abuse!

O frail unconstant kind,
And safe in trust to no man!
No women angels are, and lo!
My mistress is a woman!

Yet hate I but the fault,
And not the faulty one,
Nor can I rid me of the bonds
Wherein I lie alone.

[1] *Sometimes.* We still use "some time" in the same sense of some other time.

[2] *I read the hyacinth.* Hyacinth was a youth in whom Zephyr and Apollo (wind and sun) both delighted. But as he preferred Apollo's company, jealous Zephyr, when Apollo sported with his favourite and threw the disc, raised such a breeze that Apollo's disc turned in its flight, struck Hyacinth upon the head, and killed him. Then the Earth, loving the sun-god, soothed his grief by changing the slain youth's blood into the flowers called after him Hyacinths.

Alone I lie, whose like
By love was never yet;
Nor rich, nor poor, nor old, nor young,
Nor fond, nor full of wit.

Hers still remain must I,
By wrong, by death, by shame;
I cannot blot out of my mind
That love wrought in her name.

I cannot set at nought
That I have held so dear;
I cannot make it seem so far
That is indeed so near.

Nor that I mean henceforth
This strange will to profess,
I never will betray such trust,
And fall to fickleness.

Nor shall it ever fail
That my word bare in hand;
I gave my word, my word gave me;
Both word and gift shall stand.

Sith then it must be thus,
And this is all-to ill,
I yield me captive to my curse,
My hard fate to fulfil.

The solitary woods
My city shall become;
The darkest den shall be my lodge,
Whereto no light shall come.

Of heben black my board;
The worms my meat shall be,
Wherewith my carcass shall be fed
Till these do feed on me;

My wine, of Niobe,[1]
My bed the craggy rock,
My harmony the serpent's hiss,
The shrieking owl my cock.

My exercise nought else
But raging agonies;
My books of spiteful Fortune's foils
And dreary tragedies.

My walk the paths of plaint,
My prospect into hell,
With Sisyphus and all his feres[2]
In endless pains to dwell.

And though I seem to use
The poet's feignéd style,
To figure forth my woful plight,
My fall and my exile,

Yet is my grief not feigned,
Wherein I starve and pine;
Who feeleth most shall find it least
Comparing his with mine.

My Song, if any ask,
Whose grievous case is such?
Dy ere thou let'st his name be known;[3]
His folly shows too much.

But best were thee to hide,
And never come to light;
For in the world can none but thee
These accents sound aright.

And so an end; my tale is told;
His life is but disdained
Whose sorrows present pain him so
His pleasures are full feigned.

Fulke Greville, born in 1554, was the only son of a father of the same name, whose family seat was at Beauchamp Court, in Warwickshire, and who had married a daughter of Ralph Nevile, Earl of Westmoreland. Fulke Greville, the poet, was born at Beauchamp Court; he was eleven years old when his father was knighted, and over fifty when his father died. In his tenth year he was sent to Shrewsbury School. A boy of the same age, Philip Sidney joined the school at the same time, and on the roll of scholars Greville's name was the next entered after Sidney's. At Shrewsbury began the friendship that strengthened until death made it imperishable. In 1568 Fulke Greville, aged fourteen, was admitted to Jesus College, Cambridge. When he had left Cambridge his heart stirred him to join the combatants in the Low Countries, and he had already shipped his horses when he was stopped by the Queen's mandate, her messenger being his friend Edward Dyer. In other like attempts he was checked by the Queen, until he quietly permitted her to shut him off from enterprise abroad. Greville's close friendship for Philip Sidney, and his own worth, that we find proved by his poems, caused Philip's father, Sir Henry Sidney, as Lord President of Wales, to secure

[1] *Wine, of Niobe.* Tears. Niobe, daughter of Tantalus and wife of King Amphion, being overproud of her six sons and seven daughters thought herself greater than Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana. Therefore Latona slew with darts of Apollo and Diana the children of Niobe, and her husband Amphion killed himself. Her grief is told by Ovid in a passage of the sixth book of his "Metamorphoses," which I give as translated in Elizabeth's reign by Arthur Golding. The translation was first published in 1567. Niobe's sons were dead, her husband was dead, six of her seven daughters were dead—

"At last as yet remainéd one; and for to save that one,
Her mother with her body whole did cling about her fast,
And wrying her did over her her garments wholly cast,
And criéd out, 'Oh, leave me one, this little one yet save;
Of many but this only one, the least of all, I crave!'
But while she prayed for whom she prayed was killed. Then down she sat,
Bereft of all her children quite and drawing to her fate,
Among her daughters and her sons and husband newly dead.
Her cheeks wax hard; the air could stir no hair upon her head;
The colour of her face was dim, and clearly void of blood;
And sadly, under open lids, her eyes unmovéd stood.
In all her body was no life; for even her very tongue
And palate of her mouth was hard, and each to other clung.
Her pulses ceaséd for to beat, her neck did cease to bow,
Her arms to stir, her feet to go, all power forwent as now,
And into stone her very womb and bowels also bind,
But yet she wept; and being hoist by force of whirling wind,
Was carried into Phrygie. There upon a mountain's top
She weepeth still, in stone; from stone the drerie tears do drop."

[2] *Feres*, companions.

[3] Dy ere *thou let'st his name be known.* The conceit of telling his name while declaring that he will not tell it, is of a piece with the rest of this "Fancy," which is but an exercise in the art of ingenious lamentation, a pleasant trial of skill upon the knightly theme to which, by convention, a large class of fashionable poems was still, in Elizabeth's time, restricted.

to his son's friend very lucrative employment in the civil service of the Principality. As Clerk of the Signet to the Council of Wales, Fulke Greville had more than two thousand a year, when money had at least four times its present value; and in 1583—the year of Philip Sidney's marriage—he obtained a grant for life of the more valuable post of Secretary for the Principality. Thus well provided for, and with ample private estate, Greville remained throughout a long life unmarried. In 1599 he was appointed for life Treasurer of the Navy; in 1603, at the coronation of James I., he was made Knight of the Bath, and he had afterwards a grant of Warwick Castle. In 1614 began a swift rise, from Under Treasurer to Treasurer, and thence to the offices of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Privy Councillor. In 1820 Fulke Greville became Lord Brooke; taking his title from the family of Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

From an Original in the possession of Lord Willoughby de Broke, engraved for "Lodge's Portraits."

Robert Lord Brooke, who had married Sir Fulke Greville, his grandfather, and added Brooke House, in Warwickshire, to his inheritance. Fulke Greville had been Lord Brooke for eight years when, in Brooke House, Holborn, at the age of seventy-four, he was stabbed in the back by an old servant who found that he had been left out of his master's will, and, therefore, in a crazy fit killed both his master and himself. The love of Greville's boyhood, of his youth, and of his manhood, was the love still of his age; for he directed that he should be described on his monument only as "Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." There were but two added words, and they described the stately tomb he had himself prepared in St. Mary's Church at Warwick:—"Trophæum Peccati" (the trophy of sin). Sin brought into the world death, and thus the stately marble raised over the dead was but sin's trophy.

Except a few short poems that found their way into Miscellanies of his time, and the play of "Mustapha," published in 1609, but not of his own publishing, no verse of Fulke Greville's was printed before his death. That he did wish his works to live and serve the world, is shown by the fact that he revised and transcribed them all for publication. "Certaine learned and elegant Works," by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, appeared in a folio volume in 1633, and his "Life of Sir Philip Sidney" was first published in 1652, but there was no complete collection of his prose and verse till the Rev. A. B. Grosart, in 1870, gave to them four volumes of his privately printed "Fuller Worthies' Library."[1] Yet Lord Brooke is a poet of real mark, weighty with thought always, hard to follow sometimes, and not seldom quickened by the fire of genius, aglow with life and feeling, and flashing a wisdom like Bacon's into pithy musical lines. It is to be remembered that Fulke Greville's verse represents forty years of mature life added to the measure of his friend Sidney's years. There is a series of a hundred and ten short poems, various in length and measure, called Sonnets, and gathered under the head of "Cœlica." The love-poems in it are addressed to Cœlica, Myra, Cynthia, and the lover of Cœlica is called Philocell, a word formed of Philo-cœl, and meaning "lover of Cœlica," as Astrophel meant "lover of Stella." The poems in this series seem to have been written at

[1] The "Fuller Worthies' Library" is a series of thirty-nine handsome volumes edited by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, of Blackburn, in which the works of many good English poets have been for the first time collected, printed with great accuracy from original texts often extremely scarce, and provided with biographical and critical introductions and current notes most carefully and genially. Although the method of private subscription makes the volumes of such a series as the "Fuller Worthies' Library" themselves too scarce and costly, it has the advantage of securing to an energetic lover of old literature like Mr. Grosart an unbounded field of work. Any author, the records of whose genius a hundred, or even fifty or even thirty students care to have collected for them, can by this method be put in the way of having proper justice done to him by posterity. The number of English readers who care for more than the amusement of the hour increases so rapidly that there is a public now willing to buy many a book that some years ago could only have been printed by subscription. Mr. Grosart is already producing editions for the public at large of some of his "Worthies." And it is no small thing for one worker to have turned to such good account the facilities given by the method of a private subscription to meet printers' expenses that he should have been the first to furnish collective and critical editions of the works of Worthies such as these—The Fletchers (Giles and Phineas, 5 vols.), Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (4 vols.), Henry and Thomas Vaughan, the Silurists (4 vols.), Sir John Davies (3 vols.), Dean Donne (2 vols.), Sir Philip Sidney (2 vols.), Richard Crawshaw (2 vols.), Robert Southwell (1 vol.), Andrew Marvell (4 vols.), Sir John Beaumont (1 vol.), Dr. Thomas Washbourne (1 vol.), Joseph Fletcher (1 vol.), George Herbert and Christopher Harvey (4 vols.), the Poems of Thomas Fuller (1 vol.), and four volumes of "Miscellanies," viz., the Poems of Lord Bacon, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, William Herbert, Humfrey Gifford, Dr. William Loe, John Andrews, Henry Lok, Gervase Markham, Abraham Fraunce, Thomas Tuke, John Norris, Viscount Falkland, Dr. Giles Fletcher, Christopher Lever, Sir Edward Dyer, Lord Vaux, Earl of Oxford, Earls of Essex, Christopher Brooke, &c. &c. The poems of Sidney and Dyer, just given, and of Lord Brooke's now to be given, are all taken (with revision of spelling and punctuation) from editions of their works by Mr. Grosart, and the drawing for our woodcut from the portrait of Sidney once possessed by Fulke Greville was made from an excellent steel engraving of it in Mr. Grosart's quarto edition of Sidney's works.

intervals distant enough to place many years between the earliest and latest. Always thoughtful, they are at first occasionally playful, but when the poet has passed middle life he is more completely and directly occupied with the chief interests of man. Some of his later poems in "Cœlica" contain the essence of such speculation as he followed out more fully in his "Treatise on Monarchy," one of the longer English poems written in the reign of James I. Other poems of his were as rightly called "Treatises"—"of Religion;" "of Human Learning;" "of Wars;" "an Inquisition upon Fame and Honour;" and in all these was the generous mind of a poet in full sympathy with the best aims of humanity, employed in philosophical analysis of life akin to that of Bacon in his Essays. Lord Brooke wrote also two plays, or rather dramatic poems—"Alaham" and "Mustapha"—wherein he used the dramatic form, that accorded with his strong interest in life, for the same study of social problems. He was so far from any thought of a stage use of his plays, that he had it in mind to arrange the Treatise-Poems as so many choruses between the acts. Let us turn now to his verse, and illustrate first the quick feeling without which one may, perhaps, be a philosopher, but certainly can have no right to the name of philosophic poet. These—which were first published in "The Phœnix Nest"—are his

LINES ON THE DEATH OF PHILIP SIDNEY.

Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
Stall'd are my thoughts, which lov'd and lost the wonder of our age,
Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enrag'd I write I know not what: dead, quick, I know not how.

Hardhearted minds relent, and Rigour's tears abound,
And Envy strangely rues his end in whom no fault she found;
Knowledge his light hath lost, Valour hath slain her knight,—
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world's delight.

Place pensive wails his fall whose presence was her pride,
Time crieth out, My ebb is come, his life was my spring tide!
Fame mourns in that she lost the ground of her reports;
Each living wight laments his lack, and all in sundry sorts.

He was—wo worth that word!—to each well-thinking mind
A spotless friend, a matchless man, whose virtue ever shined,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit.

He, only like himself, was second unto none.
Where death—though life—we rue and wrong, and all in vain do moan,
Their loss, not him, wail they that fill the world with cries:
Death slew not him, but he made death his ladder to the skies.

Now, sink of sorrow, I,—who live, the more the wrong,
Who wishing death, whom Death denies, whose thread is all too long,
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no relief,—
Must spend my ever dying days in never ending grief.

Heart's ease and only I, like parallels run on,
Whose equal length keep equal breadth and never meet in one;
Yet, for not wronging him, my thoughts—my sorrow's cell—
Shall not run out, though leak they will for liking him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking dreams!
Farewell, sometimes enjoyéd joy, eclipséd are thy beams!
Farewell, self-pleasing thoughts which quietness brings forth!
And farewell, friendship's sacred league uniting minds of worth!

And farewell merry heart, the gift of guiltless minds,
And all sports which for life's restore, variety assigns,
Let all that sweet is, void! In me no mirth may dwell!—
Philip, the cause of all this woe, my life's content, farewell!

Now Rhyme, the son of Rage, which art no kin to Skill,
And endless Grief, which deads my life, yet knows not now to kill,
Go seek that hapless tomb, which if ye hap to find,
Salute the stones that keep the limbs that held so good a mind![1]

The following pieces are all from the "sonnets" entitled "Cœlica." Here is a precursor of George Wither's—

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?"

LOVE FOR LOVE.

Away with these self-loving lads
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads!
Away, poor souls that sigh and weep
In love of those that lie asleep!
For Cupid is a meadow god,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweet Cupid's shafts, like Destinie,
Do causeless good or ill decree;
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward upon his wing doth go:
What fools are they that have not known
That Love likes no laws but his own!

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holy-days,
In every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the same.
Where Honour Cupid's rival is
There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree;
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then well-fare nothing, once a year;[2]
For many run, but one must win,
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

[1] Compare the language of strong emotion in this poem with the merely poetical suggestion of extreme emotion by a mind itself unmoved in the piece last quoted, Dyer's "Fancy." One might compare in like manner the two pieces quoted from Dyer himself. The one of them that is strong with a real energy of thought and feeling finds its way straight to our hearts, and ranks with the best lyrics in the language.

[2] *Well-fare nothing, once a year.* I am ready once a year, if need be, to say farewell to a Cynthia, who is nothing to me if her love be for another.

The worth that worthiness should move,
Is Love, that is the bow of Love;
And love as well the foster can,
As can the mighty noble-man:—
Sweet saint, 'tis true, you worthy be,
Yet, without love, nought worth to me.

Here is a strain of philosophy on the desires of men:—

THE EARTHLY GLORIES.

Who worships Cupid doth adore a boy;
Boys earnest are at first in their delight,
But for a new soon leave their dearest toy,
And out of mind as soon as out of sight:
Their joys be dallyings and their wealth is play,
They cry to have, and cry to cast away.

Mars is an idol, and man's lust his sky,
Whereby his glories still are full of wounds;
Who worships him, their fame goes far and nigh,
But still of ruin and distress it sounds:
Yet cannot all be won, and who doth live,
Must room to neighbours and to strangers give.

Those Mercurists that upon humours work,
And so make others' skill and power their own,
Are like the climates which far northward lurk,
And through long winters must reap what is sown;
Or like the masons, whose art, building well,
Yet leaves the house for other men to dwell.

Mercury, Cupid, Mars, they be no gods,
But human idols, built up by Desire;
Fruit of our boughs, whence heaven maketh rods,
And babies too for child-thoughts that aspire:
Who sees their glories, on the earth must pry;
Who seeks true glory must look to the sky.

The next is a delicate little strain that asserts man's constancy in love:—

CŒLICA AND PHILOCELL.

In the time when herbs and flowers,
Springing out of melting powers,
Teach the earth that heat and rain
Do make Cupid live again;
Late when Sol, like great hearts, shows
Largest as he lowest goes;
Cœlica with Philocell
In fellowship together fell.
Cœlica her skin was fair,
Dainty auburn was her hair;
Her hair Nature dyéd brown
To become the mourning gown
Of Hope's death, which to her eyes
Offers thoughts for sacrifice.
Philocell was true and kind,
Poor, but not of poorest mind:
Though mischance, to harm affected,
Hides and holdeth worth suspected,
He, good shepherd, lovéd well;
But Cœlica scorn'd Philocell.
Through enamell'd meads they went,
Quiet she, he passion-rent.
Her worths to him hope did move;
Her worths made him fear to love.
His heart sigh'd and fain would show
That which all the world did know:
His heart sigh'd the sighs of fear,
And durst not tell her, love was there.
But as thoughts in troubled sleep
Dreaming fear, and fearing weep,
When for help they fain would cry,
Cannot speak, and helpless lie,
So while his heart full of pain
Would itself in words complain,
Pain of all pains, lover's fear,
Makes his heart to silence swear.
Strife at length those dreams doth break,
His despair taught Fear thus speak:

"Cœlica, what shall I say?
You, to whom all passions pray,
Like poor flies that to the fire
Where they burn themselves, aspire;
You, in whose worth men do joy
That hope never to enjoy;
Where both grace and beauties framed
That love being might be blamed:—
Can true worthiness be glad
To make hearts that love it, sad?
What means Nature in her jewel,
To show Mercy's image cruel?
Dear, if ever in my days,
My heart joy'd in others' praise;
If I of the world did borrow
Other ground for joy or sorrow;
If I better wish to be
But the better to please thee;
I say, if this false be proved,
Let me not love or not be loved!
But when Reason did invite
All my sense to Fortune's light;
If my love did make my reason,
To itself for thyself treason;
If, when Wisdom shewéd me
Time and thoughts both lost for thee,
In those losses I did glory,
For I could not more lose, sorry;
Cœlica then do not scorn
Love in humble humour borne!
Let not Fortune have the power
Cupid's godhead to devour;
For I hear the wise-men tell,
Nature worketh oft as well
In those men whom Chance disgraceth,
As in those she higher placeth.
Cœlica, 'tis near a god
To make even fortunes odd;
And of far more estimation
Is creator than creation:
Then, dear, though I worthless be,
Yet let them to you worthy be,
Whose meek thoughts are highly graced
By your image in them placed."

Herewithal, like one opprest
With self-burthens, he did rest;
Like amazéd were his senses,
Both with pleasure and offences.

Cœlica's cold answers show
That which fools feel, wise men know;

How self-pities have reflection
Back into their own infection,
And that passions only move
Strings tun'd to one note of Love.
She thus answers him with reason
(Never to Desire in season):
"Philocell, if you love me,
For you would belovéd be,
Your own will must be your hire,
And Desire reward Desire.
Cupid is in my heart sped,
Where all desires else are dead;
Ashes o'er Love's flames are cast,
All for one is there disgrac'd.
Make not then your own mischance;
Wake yourself from Passion's trance,
And let Reason guide affection
From despair to new election."

Philocell that only felt
Destinies which Cupid dealt,
No laws but Love-laws obeying,
Thought that gods were won with praying,
And with heart fix'd on her eyes,
Where Love, he thinks, lives or dies,
His words his heart with them leading,
Thus unto her dead love pleading:
"Cœlica, if ever you
Lovéd have, as others do,
Let my present thoughts be glassed
In the thoughts which you have passed;
Let self-pity which you know,
Frame true pity now in you;
Let your forepast woe and glory
Make you glad them you make sorry:
Love revengeth like a god,
When he beats he burns his rod:
Who refuse alms to Desire,
Die when drops would quench the fire.
But if you do feel again
What peace is in Cupid's pain,
Grant me, dear, your wishéd measure,
Pains, but pains that be of pleasure;
Find not these strange things in me
Which within your heart we see:
For true honour never blameth
Those that Love her servants nameth.
But if your heart be so free
As you would it seem to be,
Nature hath in free hearts placed
Pity for the poor disgraced."

His eyes great with child with tears,
Spies in her eyes many fears:
Sees, he thinks, that sweetness vanish
Which all fears was wont to banish.
Sees, sweet Love, there wont to play,
Arm'd and drest to run away
To her heart, where she alone
Scorneth all the world but one.
Cœlica, with clouded face
Giving unto anger grace,
While she threat'ned him displeasure
Making anger look like pleasure,
Thus in fury to him spake
Words which make even hearts to quake:

"Philocell, far from me get you!
Men are false, we cannot let you
Humble, and yet full of pride,
Earnest, not to be denied;
Now us, for not loving, blaming,
Now us, for too much, defaming.
Though I let you posies bear,
Wherein my name ciphered were,
For I bid you in the tree
Cipher down your name by me;
For the bracelet pearl-like white,
Which you stale from me by night,
I content was you should carry
Lest that you should longer tarry;
Think you that you might encroach
To set kindness more abroach?
Think you me in friendship tied,
So that nothing be denied?
Do you think that you must live
Bound to that which you will give?
Philocell, I say, depart!
Blot my love out of thy heart!
Cut my name out of the tree!
Bear not memory of me!
My delight is all my care,
All laws else despiséd are.
I will never rumour move,
At least for one I do not love."

Shepherdesses, if it prove,
Philocell she once did love,
Can kind doubt of true affection
Merit such a sharp correction?
When men see you fall away,
Must they wink to see no day?
Is it worse in him that speaketh
Than in her that friendship breaketh?
Shepherdesses, when you change,
Is your fickleness so strange?
Are you thus impatient still?
Is your honour slave to will?
They to whom you guilty be,
Must not they your error see?
May true martyrs at the fire
Not so much as life desire?

Shepherdesses, yet mark well,
The martyrdom of Philocell:
Rumour made his faith a scorn,
Him, example of forlorn;
Feeling he had of his woe,
Yet did love his overthrow;
For that she knew Love would bear,
She to wrong him did not fear;
Jealousy of rival's grace
In his passion got a place,
But Love, lord of all his powers,
Doth so rule this heart of ours,
As for our belov'd abuses,
It doth ever find excuses.
Love tears Reason's law in sunder.
Love is god, let Reason wonder
For nor scorns of his affection,
Nor despair in his election,
Nor his faith damn'd for obeying,
Nor her change, his hopes betraying,

Can make Philocell remove,
But he Coelica will love.

Here my silly song is ended.
Fair nymphs, be not you offended,
For as men that travell'd far
For seen truths oft scorned are
By their neighbours' idle lives,
Who scarce know to please their wives;
So, though I have sung you more
Than your hearts have felt before,
Yet that Faith in Men doth dwell
Who travels Constancy can tell.[1]

TAILPIECE.
From Lyly's "Euphues" (Edition of 1579).

The next poem illustrates the spirit in which Lord Brooke looked at the relation of society to government; despised the impotence of courtiers who stoop to power for the glory of displaying themselves chained with gold; and saw the weakness of despotic rule:—

THE SLAVES AND DARLINGS OF AUTHORITY.

The little hearts where light-wing'd Passion reigns
Move easily upward, as all frailties do;
Like straws to jet these follow princes' veins,
And so by pleasing do corrupt them too:
Whence as their raising proves kings can create,
So states prove sick where toys bear staple-rate.

Like atomi they neither rest, nor stand,
Nor can erect; because they nothing be
But baby-thoughts, fed with Time-present's hand,
Slaves and yet darlings of Authority;
Echoes of wrong, shadows of princes' might,
Which glow-worm like by shining show 'tis night;

Curious of fame, as foul is to be fair;
Caring to Seem that which they would not Be;
Wherein Chance helps, since praise is Power's heir,
Honour the creature of Authority:
So as borne high in giddy orbs of grace,
These pictures are, which are indeed but Place.

And as the bird in hand, with freedom lost,
Serves for a stale his fellows to betray,
So do these darlings rais'd at princes' cost
Tempt man to throw his liberty away,
And sacrifice Law, Church, all real things
To soar, not in his own, but eagle's wings.

Whereby, like Æsop's dog, men lose their meat
To bite at glorious shadows which they see;
And let fall those strengths which make all states great
By free truths chang'd to servile flattery.
Whence, while men gaze upon this blazing star,
Made slaves, not subjects, they to tyrants are.

MYSTERIES OF NOBILITY.

Virgula divina sorcerers call a rod
Gather'd with vows and magic sacrifice
Which, borne about, by influence doth nod
Unto the silver, where it hidden lies;
Which makes poor men to these black arts devout,
Rich only in the wealth which Hope finds out.

Nobility, this precious treasure is,
Laid up in secret mysteries of state,
King's creature, subjection's gilded bliss,
Where grace, not merit, seems to govern fate:
Mankind I think to be this rod divine,
For to the greatest ever they incline.

Eloquence, that is but wisdom speaking well,
The poets feign, did make the savage tame;
Of ears and hearts chain'd unto tongues they tell.
I think Nobility to be the same:
For be they fools, or speak they without wit,
We hold them wise, we fools be-wonder it.

Invisible there is an art to go,
They say that study Nature's secret works,
And art there is to make things greater show;
In Nobleness I think this secret lurks:
For place a coronet on whom you will,
You straight see all great in him but his ill.

DECLINE OF STATES.

Man's Youth, it is a field of large desires
Which, pleas'd within, doth all without them please;
For in this love of men live those sweet fires
That kindle worth and kindness unto praise:
And where self-love most from her selfness gives,
Man greatest in himself and others lives.

Old Age, again, which deems this pleasure vain,
Dull'd with experience of unthankfulness,
Scornful of fame, as but effects of pain,
Folds up that freedom in her narrowness:
And for it only loves her own dreams best,
Scorned and contemnéd is of all the rest.

Such working Youth there is, again, in State,
Which at the first with justice, piety,
Fame and reward, true instruments of fate,
Strive to improve this frail humanity:
By which as kings enlarge true worth in us,
So crowns again are well enlargéd thus.

[1] Whoever sees much of the ways of the world can tell Constancy that there is faith in men.

But States grow Old, when princes turn away
From honour, to take pleasure for their end;
For that a large is, this a narrow way,
That wins a world, and *this* a few dark friends:
The one, improving worthiness, spreads far;
Under the other good things prisoners are.

Thus sceptres, shadow-like, grow short or long,
As worthy or unworthy princes reign;
And must contract, cannot be large or strong,
If man's weak humours real powers restrain:
So that when Power and Nature do oppose,
All but the worst men are assur'd to lose.

For when respect, which is the strength of States,
Grows to decline by kings' descent within,
That Power's baby-creatures dare set rates
Of scorn upon worth, honour upon sin:
Then though kings, player-like, act Glory's part,
Yet all within them is but fear and art.

The last illustrations of the genius of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, shall be these two short poems on the state of man :—

DESIRE OF THE EYES.

Men that delight to multiply desire
Like tellers are that take coin but to pay;
Still tempted to be false with little hire,
Black hands except, which they would have away:
For where Power wisely audits her estate,
The exchequer-men's first recompense is hate.

The little maid that weareth out the day
To gather flowers still covetous of more,
At night when she with her desire would play
And let her pleasure wanton in her store,
Discerns the first laid underneath the last,
Wither'd, and so is all that we have past:

Fix then on good desire, and if you find
Ambitious dreams or fears of overthwart,[1]
Changes, temptations, blooms of earthy mind,
Yet wave not, since each change hath change of smart:
For lest man should think flesh a seat of bliss,
God works that His joy mixt with sorrow is.

THE HEART'S DESIRE.

Three things there be in man's opinion dear,
Fame, many Friends, and Fortune's dignities:
False visions all, which in our sense appear,
To sanctify Desire's idolatries.

For what is Fortune but a wat'ry glass
Whose crystal forehead wants a steely back?
Where rain and storms bear all away that was,
Whose ship alike both depths and shallows wrack?

Fame, again, which from blinding Power takes light,
Both Cæsar's shadow is and Cato's friend;
The child of humour, not allied to right;
Living by oft exchange of wingéd end.

And many Friends, false strength of feeble mind,
Betraying equals as true slaves to might,
Like echoes still send voices down the wind,
But never in adversity find right.

Then Man, though Virtue of extremities
The middle be,[2] and so hath two to one
By place and Nature constant enemies,
And against both these no strength but her own,
Yet quit thou for her, Friends, Fame, Fortune's throne;
Devils, there many be, and gods but One.

Such men as these—Raleigh and Philip Sidney, Greville and Dyer—were the near friends of Spenser. Spenser, while earning his bread as an English official in Ireland, worked on at the "Faerie Queene," a poem of which enough had been written before he went to Ireland to enable his friend Harvey to express opinions about it. He had written also comedies in the manner of Ariosto which Harvey thought much better than the "Faerie Queene," but which the poet himself did not care to print. After serving for a time as private secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, Spenser was, from 1581 to 1588, Clerk of Degrees and Recognizances in the Irish Court of Chancery, and for a few months in 1581 he had a lease of the lands and abbey of Enniscorthy in Wexford. He gave up the Clerkship in the Chancery Court for the office of Clerk to the Council of Munster, which he held till about the time of the publication of the first three books of his "Faerie Queene" in the earlier part of the year 1590. In 1589 Raleigh had come into his neighbourhood, and, with Raleigh, Spenser came to London to arrange the publication of his poem, and present it to the Queen.

Spenser's whole plan comprehended two great poems, in one of which Arthur was to appear as Prince, in the other as King. One—that of which he has left us half—was to be in twelve books, and (corresponding to Ethics, or a study of the virtues of a man) was in allegorical form to paint man through all his powers for good striving heavenward. The Faerie Queen—Gloriana—for whom the knight who typifies each virtue is militant on earth, is the Glory of God. Each Virtue in combat with its opposing vices and impediments, also typified in romance forms, finds at some point of the conflict a danger from the failure of its unassisted strength, and is then helped by the intervention of Prince Arthur, who bears the shield of adamant, the shield of the Grace of God. In the working out of the allegory, not only is every page alive with the most practical reference to the soul's battle in this life, but the battle Spenser painted was that of a soul born to the England of his time. The "Faerie Queene," rightly

[1] *Overthwart*, thwarting, cross, contradiction. First-English "thweor," oblique, cross; "thweorian," to thwart.

[2] *Though Virtue of extremities the middle be.* Aristotle in his "Ethics," book ii., defined Virtue to be "a habit, with deliberate preference, in a mean relating to ourselves, a mean defined by reason, and as the prudent man would define it. It is a mean habit between two vices, one on the side of excess, the other on the side of deficiency; and because one set of vices falls short, and the other exceeds propriety, both in passions and actions, while Virtue discovers the mean and prefers it. Wherefore, according to its essence, and the definition which declares its nature, Virtue is a mean habit; but according to its excellence and goodness, it is a summit."

December, when he finished "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," describing therein what he had seen at the English court. This poem was not published until 1595, and in the same year appeared his love sonnets entitled "Amoretti," and his "Epithalamion, or Marriage Song."

Spenser was too profoundly earnest to write merely conventional verse. His "Amoretti" were poems designed to represent pure love as it should be, and as his own was, the true man's helper to the love of God. Although not formally so divided, they are in two parts, representing such love both during the suit and after the acceptance and the marriage. A line of division may be drawn between the sixty-first and sixty-second sonnets. His own marriage was on St. Barnabas Day, the 11th of June, 1594, and in his works it is associated by the "Amoretti" and the "Epithalamion" with verse that paints for all eyes and all days the beauty of the marriage of true minds. His queen, his mother, and his wife, who was golden-haired (sonnets 37, 73, 81), were all Elizabeths, and the gift he ascribed to his wife's love was the lifting of his mind.

THE THREE ELIZABETHS.

Most happy letters, fram'd by skilful trade,
With which that happy name was first designed,
The which three times thrice happy hath me made,
With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.

The first, my being to me gave by kind,
From mother's womb deriv'd by due descent;
The second is my sovereign queen most kind,
That honour and large riches to me lent;

The third, my love, my life's last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was rais'd;
To speak her praise and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be prais'd.

Ye three Elizabeths for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

From the Sonnets[1] of Love, during the suit for a return of love, let us take seven.

LOVE'S LIVING FIRE.

More than most fair, full of the living fire,
Kindled above, unto the Maker near,
No EYES, but joys, in which all powers conspire,
That to the world nought else be counted dear:

Thro' your bright beams doth not the Blinded Guest
Shoot out his darts to base affection's wound,—
But Angels come to lead frail minds to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.

You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
You calm the storm that passion did begin,
Strong thro' your cause, but by your virtue weak.

Dark is the world, where your light shinéd never;
Well is he born, that may behold you ever.

A MIND UNSETTLED.

Great wrong I do, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred empress my dear dread,
Not finishing her *Queen of Faery*,
That mote enlarge her living praises dead:

But Lodwick,[2] this of grace to me aread;
Do ye not think th' accomplishment of it
Sufficient work for one man's simple head,
All were it as the rest, but rudely writ?

How then should I, without another wit,
Think ever to endure so tedious toil?
Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud love, that doth my spirit spoil.

Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grant me rest,
Or lend you me another living breast.

SILENT SPEECH.

Shall I then silent be, or shall I speak?
And if I speak, her wrath renew I shall:
And if I silent be, my heart will break,
Or chokéd be with overflowing gall.

What tyranny is this, my heart to thrall,
And eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie;
That neither I may speak nor think at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die?

Yet I my heart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead;
And eke mine eyes with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read:

Which her deep wit, that true heart's thought can spell,
Will soon conceive, and learn to construe well.

HARD TO WIN.

Do I not see that fairest imáges
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages,
Ne let their famous monuments to fade?

Why then do I, untrain'd in lover's trade,
Her hardness blame, which I should more commend?
Sith never aught was excellent assayed,
Which was not hard t' atchieve and bring to end;

Ne aught so hard, but he that would attend,
Mote soften it and to his will allure:
So do I hope her stubborn heart to bend,
And that it then more steadfast will endure;

Only my pains will be the more to get her,
But having her my joy will be the greater.

---

type of a foolish man. "Try" was used in the sense of "fare." In Mr. Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words," "How de try?" is given as Exmoor for "How d'ye do?"

[1] The structure of Spenser's sonnets, it will be observed, is of his own devising. With rare exception (as in the one here named "Love's Living Fire"), each consists of three interlaced quatrains of alternate rhyme and a final couplet. The quatrains are interlaced by making the second rhyme of one the first rhyme of the next that follows, thus: *a b a b, b c b c, c d c d, &c.* The consequence of this arrangement is that the first eight lines of such a sonnet answer to the measure known in France as that of the chant-royal, which is the measure of a Spenserian stanza down to the ninth line, its closing Alexandrine.

[2] *Lodwick*, Lodovick or Lewis Bryskett, a familiar friend of Spenser's, from whose translation of Giraldi's Ethics, set in a framework of original dialogue, we have an often-quoted reference to Spenser's ethical purpose in writing the "Faerie Queene."

TO HER THAT IS MOST ASSURED TO HERSELF.

I.

Weak is th' assurance that weak flesh reposeth
In her own power, and scorneth others' aid;
That soonest falls when as she most supposeth
Herself assur'd, and is of nought afraid.

All flesh is frail, and all her strength unstaid,
Like a vain bubble blowen up with air;
Devouring time and changeful chance have prey'd
Her glorious pride, that none may it repair.

Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fair,
But faileth, trusting on his own assurance;
And he that standeth on the highest stair
Falls lowest: for on earth nought hath endurance.

Why then do ye, proud fair, misdeem so far,
That to yourself ye most assured are?

II.

Thrice happy she, that is so well assur'd
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
That neither will for better be allur'd,
Ne fears to worse with any chance to start;

But like a steady ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keeps her course aright;
Ne aught for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne aught for fairer weather's false delight.

Such self-assurance need not fear the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends;
But in the stay of her own steadfast might,
Neither to one herself nor other bends.

Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loves best.

WRITTEN IN 1593.

They that in course of heavenly spheres are skill'd,
To every planet point his sundry year,
In which her circle's voyage is fulfill'd,
As Mars in threescore years doth run his sphere.

So since the wingéd god his planet clear
Began in me to move, one year is spent;
The which doth longer unto me appear
Than all those forty[1] which my life outwent.

Then by that count, which lovers' books invent,
The sphere of Cupid forty years contains,
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seem'd the longer for my greater pains.

But let my love's fair planet short her ways
This year ensuing, or else short my days.

The next sonnets are from those which celebrate love happily returned:—

NEW YEAR, NEW LIFE.

The weary year his race now having run,
The new begins his compass'd course anew:
With shew of morning mild he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensue:

So let us, which this change of weather view,
Change eke our minds, and former lives amend;
The old year's sins forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.

Then shall the new year's joy forth freshly send
Into the glooming world his gladsome ray;
And all these storms which now his beauty blend
Shall turn to calms, and timely clear away.

So likewise, Love, cheer you your heavy spright,
And change old year's annoy to new delight.

LOVE'S LEAGUE.

The doubt which ye misdeem, fair Love, is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty;
When losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.

Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tie,
Without constraint, or dread of any ill:
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.

There Pride dare not approach, nor Discord spill
The league 'twixt them, that loyal Love hath bound:
But simple Truth and mutual Good-will
Seeks with sweet Peace to salve each other's wound:

There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower.

EASTER DAY.

Most glorious Lord of Life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over Death and Sin;
And having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:

This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we for whom thou diddest die,
Being with thy dear blood clean wash'd from sin,
May live for ever in felicity;

And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again:
And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.

So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought,
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

TRUE BEAUTY.

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself ye daily such do see;
But the true fair, that is, the gentle wit,
And virtuous mind, is much more prais'd of me.

For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue:[2]

That is true beauty; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Deriv'd from that fair Spirit, from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed.

He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

[1] *All those forty.* If Spenser was forty years old in 1593, he was born in 1553; but as a poet of thirty-nine or forty-one would assuredly not put the odd number into his sonnet, but write himself "forty," this evidence of the sonnet does not fix a date conclusively.

[2] *That doth flesh ensue*, that follows the life of the flesh.

WHEN SHE'S AWAY.

Like as the culver on the baréd bough,
  Sits mourning for the absence of her mate;
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow,
  For his return that seems to linger late:

So I alone, now left disconsolate,
  Mourn to myself the absence of my love;
And wandering here and there all desolate,
  Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.

Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove,[1]
  Can comfort me but her own joyous sight;
Whose sweet aspéct both God and man can move,
  In her unspotted pleasance to delight.

Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life that wants such lively bliss.

Spenser's love for his wife ran over into the sixth book of the "Faerie Queene," that he finished after his marriage in June, 1594. In its tenth canto he set her dancing with the Graces in a passage of the daintiest of his own music:—

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
  Handmaids of Venus which are wont to haunt
Upon this hill, and dance there day and night;
  Those three to men all gifts of grace do grant,
  And all that Venus in herself doth vaunt
Is borrowéd of them. But that fair one,
  That in the midst was placéd paravaunt,
Was she to whom that shepherd piped alone,
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

She was to weet that jolly shepherd's lass,
  Which pipéd there unto that merry rout:
Poor Colin Clout (who knows not Colin Clout?)
  He pip'd apace, whilst they him danced about.
Pipe, jolly shepherd, pipe thou now apace
  Unto thy Love, that made thee low to lout
Thy Love is present there with thee in place,
Thy Love is there advanc'd to be another Grace.

What marriage bells were ever rung more sweetly than Spenser's in this, his own song upon his wedding day?

CIPHER OF ELIZABETH, AND EMBLEMS OF HER REIGN.
From the first Folio of Spenser's Works (1611).

EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rimes,
That ev'n the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
  But joyéd in their praise;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
Which Death, or Love, or Fortune's wreck did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenour turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
  Your doleful dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowful Complaints aside,
And having all your heads with garlands crown'd,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound,
Ne let the same of any be envide.
  So Orpheus did for his own bride:
So I unto myself alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having dispers'd the night's uncheerful damp;
Do ye awake, and with fresh lustihed,
Go to the bower of my belovéd love,
  My truest turtle dove,
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead[2] that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
  In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight,
For lo, the wishéd day is come at last
That shall for all the pains and sorrows past
Pay to her usury of long delight:
  And whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear,
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near,
All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.
And let them also with them bring in hand
  Another gay garland,
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound true-love wise, with a blue silk ribánd

[1] *Hove*, hover.

[2] *Tead*, torch. Latin "taeda."

And let them make great store of bridal posies.
And let them eke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridal bowers:
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wring,
Be strew'd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred like the discoloured mead:
Which done, do at her chamber door await,
For she will waken strait.
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing:
The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed
(Those trouts and pikes all others do excel),
And ye likewise which keep the rushy lake,
Where none do fishes take,
Bind up the locks the which hang scattered light,
And in his waters which your mirror make
Behold your faces as the crystal bright:
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spy.
And eke ye light-foot maids which keep the deer,[1]
That on the hoary mountain use to tower,
And the wild wolves which seek them to devour
With your steel darts do chace from coming near,
Be also present here,
To help to deck her, and to help to sing:
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Wake now my love, awake; for it is time!
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb,
And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious head.
Hark how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise!
The merry lark her matins sings aloft,
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
The ousel shrills, the ruddock[2] warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song
The dewy leaves among?
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimméd were
With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beams,
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight:[3]
But first come ye fair Hours,[4] which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of day and night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair.
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian queen,[5]
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride;
And as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen:
And as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await:
And ye fresh boys that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming strait.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyfull'st day that ever sun did see!
Fair sun, shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus, father of the Muse,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the rest be thine!
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark how the minstrels 'gin to thrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,[6]
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But most of all the damsels do delight
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite;
The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confuséd noise,
As if it were one voice;
"Hymen, Io Hymen,[7] Hymen," they do shout.
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud,

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[1] *Deer.* Hitherto always misprinted "dore" or "door!"

[2] *Ruddock*, redbreast. First-English "rudduc," from "rude," red.

[3] *Dight*, prepare. First-English "dihtan."

[4] *Ye fair Hours.* Goddesses of the changing seasons of the year or day. In Greek mythology they were three—Eunomia, Good Order; Dikê, Natural Justice; and Eirênê, Peace. These

"——— all that ever in the world is fair
Do make and still repair."

[5] *Three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen.* The Graces — Aglaia, Radiant Beauty; Euphrosyne, Cheerful Sense; Thalia, Abounding Joy.

[6] *The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud.* The tabor was a little drum, played with one stick, and tapped usually as an accompaniment to the fife or pipe. The crowd, Celtic "crwth," Latinized "chrotta," was the stringed fiddle used in ancient times by the Britons. Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, referring to the musical instruments of different peoples, gave the crowd to the Britons, "Chrotta Britanna canat." *Crowd* remained in common use as a popular word for the fiddle until the seventeenth century:—

"The fiddler's crowd now squeaks aloud,
His fiddling strings begin to troll;
He loves a wake and a wedding cake,
A bride house and a brave Maypole."
("Cupid's Banishment," 1617.)

The crowd played with a bow is thought by Messrs. Sandys and Forster, historians of the violin, to have been invented in Britain, to have found its way to the East, been modified there, and then re-introduced.

[7] *Io Hymen!* "Io" (ἰώ) was among the Greeks an exclamation of joy. So also in Latin, "Io triumphe!" "Io Hymen!" where it was equivalent to our "Hurrah!" The cry was used also in Attic Greek, and in Latin sometimes to express sorrow, as our "Oh" and "Ah." Our English "Oh" can also be used to express either joy or sorrow.

And evermore they "Hymen, Hymen" sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo, where she comes along with portly[1] pace,
Like Phœbe,[2] from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been;
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire,
And being crownéd with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes abashéd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixéd are:
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beauty's grace and virtue's store;
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lilies budded.
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower,
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up with many a stately stair,
To Honour's seat and Chastity's sweet bower.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnish'd with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonish'd like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealéd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in, before th' Almighty's view:
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
Whenso ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make:
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain:
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governéd with goodly modesty
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done; bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory,
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day,
This day for ever to me holy is;
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups but by the bellyful.
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat and drunken be withal.
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine;
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best:
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day:
This day is holy; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sun is in his chiefest height,
With Barnaby the bright;[3]

[1] *Portly*, of good carriage. The use of the word has now slipped down into association chiefly with the movements of a big person. "Buxom," bow-some, which meant one who was pliable of manners, one who could yield with easy courtesy, has suffered a like change.

[2] *Phœbe*, a name of Diana, sister of Phœbus; the Moon, sister of the Sun. The word means "the pure shining one."

[3] *Barnaby the bright*. Barnabas, called an apostle by St. Luke and

In time small wedge will cleaue the sturdiest oake;
In time the marble weares with weakest shewres:
More fierce is my sweete *loue*, more hard withall,
Then beast, or birde, then tree, or stony wall.
No yoake preuailes, shee will not yeeld to might;
No lure will cause her stoope, she beares full gorge;
No wedge of woes make printe, she reakes no right;
No shewre of tears can moue, she thinkes I forge:
Helpe therefore *Heau'nly Boy*, come perce her brest
With that same shaft, which robbes me of my rest.
So let her feele thy force, that she relent;
So keepe her lowe, that she vouchsafe a pray;
So frame her will to right, that pride be spent;
So forge, that I may speede without delay;
Which if thou do, I'le sweare, and singe with ioy,
That *Loue* no longer is a blinded boy.

LXXIX.

The Au[t]hour in this Passion seemeth vppon mislike of his wearisome estate in loue to enter into a deepe discourse with him selfe touching the particular miseries which befall him that loueth. And for his sense in this place, hee is very like vnto him selfe, where in a Theame diducted out of the bowelles of *Antigone* in *Sophocles* (which he lately translated into Latine, and published in print) he writeth in very like manner as followeth.

Mali quando Cupidinis
Venas æstus edax occupat intimas,
Artes ingenium labitur in malas;
Iactatur varié, nec Cereris subit
Nec Bacchi udium; peruigiles trahit
Noctes; cura animum sollicita atterit, etc.

And it may appeare by the tenour of this Passion that the Authour prepareth him selfe to fall from Loue and all his lawes as will well appeare by the sequell of his other Passions that followe, which are all made vpon this Posie, *My Loue is past.*

Where heate of loue doth once possesse the heart,
There *cares* oppresse the minde with wondrous ill,
Wit runns awrye not fearing future smarte,
And fond *desire* doth ouermaster will:
The *belly* neither cares for meate nor drinke,
Nor ouerwatched *eyes* desire to winke:
Footesteps are false, and waur'ing too and froe;
The brightsome *flow'r of beauty* fades away:
Reason retyres, and *pleasure* brings in woe:
And *wisedome* yeldeth place to black *decay*:
Counsell, and *fame*, and *friendship* are contem'nd:
And bashfull *shame*, and *Gods* them selues condem'nd.
Watchfull *suspect* is linked with *despaire*:
Inconstant *hope* is often drown'd in *feares*:
What *folly* hurtes not *fortune* can repayre;
And *misery* doth swimme in seas of *teares*:
Long vse of *life* is but a lingring foe,
And gentle *death* is only end of woe.

LXXXIX.

The two first staffes of this Sonnet are altogether sententiall, and euerie one verse of them is grownded vpon a diuerse reason and authoritie from the rest. I haue thought good for breuitie sake, onelie to set downe here the authorities, with figures, whereby to applie euerie one of them to his due lyne in order as they stand. 1. Hieronimus: *In delicijs difficile est seruare castitatem.* 2. Ausonius: *dispulit inconsultus amor, etc.* 3. Seneca: *Amor est ociosæ causa sollicitudinis.* 4. Propertius: *Errat, qui finem vesani quærit amoris.* 5. Horatius: *Semper ardentes acuens sagittas.* 6. Xenophon *scribit amorem esse igne, et flamma flagrantiorem, quòd ignis erat tangentes, et proxima tantum cremet, amor ex longinquo spectante torreat.* 7. Calenti: *Plurima Zelotipo sunt in amore mala.* 8. Ouidius: *Inferet arma tibi sæua rebellis amor.* 9. Pontanus: *Si vacuum sineret perfidiosus amor.* 10. Marullus: *Quid tantum lachrimis mis proterue Insultas puer?* 11. Tibullus: *At lasciuis amor risæ mala verba ministrat.* 12. Virgilius: *Bellum sæpe petit ferus exitiale Cupido.*

„ *Loue* hath delight in sweete delicious fare; [1]
„ *Loue* neuer takes good *counsell* for his frende; [2]
„ *Loue* author is, and cause of ydle care; [3]
„ *Loue* is distraught of witte, and hath no end; [4]
„ *Loue* shoteth shaftes of burning hote desire; [5]
„ *Loue* burneth more then eyther flame or fire; [6]
„ *Loue* doth much harme through *Jealosies* assault; [7]
„ *Loue* once embrast will hardly part againe; [8]
„ *Loue* thinkes in breach of faith there is no fault; [9]
„ *Loue* makes a sporte of others deadly paine; [10]
„ *Loue* is a wanton *childe*, and loues to brall. [11]
„ *Loue* with his warre bringes many soules to thrall. [12]
These are the smallest faultes that lurke in *Loue*,
These are the hurtes which I haue cause to curse,
These are those truethes which no man can disprove,
These are such harmes as none can suffer worse.
All this I write, that others may beware,
Though now my selfe twise free from all such care.

Henry Constable, of about Watson's age, was another writer of Elizabethan sonnets. He was of a good Roman Catholic family, studied in Cambridge at St. John's College, and graduated in 1579. In later days his religious opinions brought him into difficulty, and in 1595 he went abroad. Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign he ventured back to England, and was imprisoned in the Tower, not to be released till after the accession of King James. He was esteemed by the foremost poets of his time. Ben Jonson wrote of "Constable's ambrosiac muse"[13] with reference to the series of sonnets published in 1592 under the title of "Diana." It will be observed that while Spenser's sonnets are fourteen-lined poems consisting of three quatrains and a couplet, and Watson's are poems of three six-lined stanzas, Constable's are true sonnets in their construction. In some of them he even avoids the pairing of rhyme in the last two lines. These sonnets are some of Henry Constable's:—

THE BEGGAR AT THE DOOR.

Pity refusing my poor Love to feed,
A Beggar starv'd for want of help he lies,
And at your mouth, the Door of Beauty, cries,
That thence some alms of sweet grants may proceed.
But as he waiteth for some almés-deed
A cherry-tree before the door he spies:
"Oh dear," quoth he, "two cherries may suffice,
Two only life may save in this my need."
"But beggars can they nought but cherries eat?"
"Pardon my Love, he is a goddess' son,
And never feedeth but on dainty meat,
Else need he not to pine as he hath done:
For only the sweet fruit of this sweet tree
Can give food to my Love, and life to me."

[1] *Hierom.* [2] *Auson.* [3] *Seneca.* [10] *Marull.* [11] *Tibull.*
[6] *Propert.* [5] *Horat.* [6] *Xenoph.* [12] *Virgil. de Vino et Venere.*
[7] *Calent.* [8] *Ouid.* [9] *Pont.* (Watson's Note.)
[13] In the 45th poem of his "Underwoods, An Ode."
"Hath our great Sidney Stella set
Where never star shone brighter yet?
Or Constable's ambrosiac muse
Made Dian not his notes refuse?"

TO HIS LADY'S HAND.

Sweet Hand! the sweet yet cruel bow thou art
From whence at me five ivory arrows fly;
So with five wounds at once I wounded lie,
Bearing in breast the print of every dart.
Saint Francis had the like—yet felt no smart,
Where I in living torments never die;
His wounds were in his hands and feet, where I
All these same helpless wounds feel in my heart.
Now as Saint Francis (if a saint) am I:
The bow that shot these shafts a relique is,
I mean the Hand—which is the reason why
So many for devotion thee would kiss:
And I thy glove kiss as a thing divine—
Thy arrows' quiver, and thy reliques' shrine.

OF THE EXCELLENCY OF HIS LADY'S VOICE.

Lady of ladies, the delight alone
For which to heaven earth doth no envy bear;
Seeing and hearing thee, we see and hear
Such voice, such light, as never sung nor shone.
The want of heaven I grant yet we may moan,
Not for the pleasure of the angels there,
As though in face or voice they like thee were,
But that they many be, and thou but one.
The basest notes which from thy voice proceed
The treble of the angels do exceed.
So that I fear, their quire to beautify,
Lest thou to some in heaven shall sing and shine:
Lo! when I hear thee sing, the reason why
Sighs of my breast keep time with notes of thine.

The following sonnet is one of three inscribed by Henry Constable

TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S SOUL.

Great Alexander then did well declare,
How great was his united kingdom's might,
When ev'ry captain of his army might
After his death with mighty kings compare.
So now we see after thy death, how far
Thou dost in worth surpass each other knight,
When we admire him as no mortal wight
In whom the least of all thy virtues are.
One did of Macedon the king become,
Another sate in the Egyptian throne;
But only Alexander's self had all.
So courteous some, and some be liberal,
Some witty, wise, valiant, and learnéd some,
But king of all the virtues thou alone!

The last illustration of Henry Constable's "ambrosiac muse" shall be a piece that first appeared in one of the poetical Miscellanies of Elizabeth's reign, "England's Helicon."

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG OF VENUS AND ADONIS.

Venus fair did ride,
Silver doves they drew her,
By the pleasant lawns
Ere the sun did rise:
Vesta's beauty rich
Opened wide to view her,
Philomel records
Pleasing harmonies.
Every bird of spring
Cheerfully did sing
Paphos' goddess they salute:
Now Love's Queen so fair
Had of mirth no care:
For her son had made her mute.
In her breast so tender
He a shaft did enter,
When her eyes beheld a boy:
Adonis was he naméd,
By his mother shaméd;
Yet he now is Venus' joy.

Him alone she met
Ready bound for hunting;
Him she kindly greets,
And his journey stays;
Him she seeks to kiss,
No devices wanting;
Him her eyes still woo;
Him her tongue still prays.
He with blushing red
Hangeth down the head,
Not a kiss can he afford;
His face is turned away,
Silence said her nay,
Still she woo'd him for a word.
"Speak," she said, "thou fairest;
Beauty thou impairest,
See me, I am pale and wan:
Lovers all adore me,
I for love implore thee;"
Crystal tears with that down ran.

Him herewith she forced
To come sit down by her,
She his neck embrac'd,
Gazing in his face:
He, like one transformed,
Stirr'd no look to eye her;
Every herb did woo him,
Growing in that place,
Each bird with a ditty
Prayéd him for pity
In behalf of Beauty's Queen:
Water's gentle murmur
Cravéd him to love her:
Yet no liking could be seen.
"Boy," she said, "look on me,
Still I gaze upon thee,
Speak, I pray thee, my delight:"
Coldly he repliéd,
And in brief deniéd
To bestow on her a sight.

"I am now too young
To be won by beauty,
Tender are my years,
I am yet a bud."
"Fair thou art," she said;
"Then it is thy duty,
Wert thou but a blossom,
To effect my good.
Every beauteous flower
Boasteth in my power,
Birds and beasts my laws effect;
Myrrha, thy fair mother,

Most of any other,
  Did my lovely hests respect.
Be with me delighted,
Thou shalt be requited,
  Every nymph on thee shall tend:
All the gods shall love thee,
Man shall not reprove thee:
  Love himself shall be thy friend."

"Wend thee from me, Venus,
  I am not disposéd;
Thou wring'st me too hard,
  Prithee let me go;
Fie! what a pain it is
  Thus to be encloséd;
If love begin in labour,
  It will end in woe."—
"Kiss me, I will leave."—
"Here a kiss receive."—
  "A short kiss I do it find:
Wilt thou leave me so?
Yet thou shalt not go;
  Breathe once more thy balmy wind.
It smelleth of the myrrh-tree,
That to the world did bring thee,
  Never was perfume so sweet!"
When she had thus spoken,
She gave him a token,
  And their naked bosoms meet.

"Now," he said, "let's go;
  Hark, the hounds are crying,
Grisly boar is up,
  Huntsmen follow fast."
At the name of boar,
  Venus seeméd dying,
Deadly coloured pale,
  Roses overcast.
"Speak," said she, "no more,
Of following the boar,
  Thou unfit for such a chase:
Course the fearful hare,
Ven'son do not spare,
  If thou wilt yield Venus grace.
Shun the boar I pray thee,—
Else I still will stay thee."
  Herein he vowed to please her mind;
Then her arms enlargéd,
Loth she him dischargéd;
  Forth he went as swift as wind.

Thetis Phœbus steeds
  In the west retainéd,
Hunting sport was past;
  Love her love did seek:
Sight of him too soon,
  Gentle Queen she gainéd,
On the ground he lay,
  Blood had left his cheek.
For an orpéd swine
Smit him in the groin,
  Deadly wound his death did bring:
Which when Venus found,
She fell in a swound,
  And awak'd, her hands did wring,
Nymphs and satyrs skipping,
Came together tripping,
  Echo every cry exprest:
Venus by her power
Turn'd him to a flower,
  Which she weareth in her crest.

CHAPTER XI. (*continued*).

REIGN OF ELIZABETH, FROM A.D. 1579 TO A.D. 1603.

Section 2.

POETICAL MISCELLANIES.—SONGS OF THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS. SHAKESPEARE. DRAYTON, DANIEL, AND OTHERS.

INITIAL LETTER.
From Anthony Munday's "Mirror of Mutability" (1579).

ANTHONY MUNDAY was an industrious producer of both prose and verse in Elizabeth's reign. His initials were in 1578 set to the introductory lines that recommended to the world the third of the poetical Miscellanies, that following Tottel's (1557) and the "Paradise of Dainty Devices" (1576). It was called "A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, garnished and decked with divers dayntie devices, right delicate and delightfull, to recreate eche modest minde withall. First framed and fashioned in sundrie formes, by divers worthy workemen of late dayes: and now, ioyned together and builded up by T. P.," that is to say, Thomas Proctor. Anthony Munday's opening lines explained the title:—

"A. M. UNTO ALL YOUNG GENTLEMEN IN COMMENDATION OF THIS GALLERY AND WORKMEN THEREOF."

See, gallants, see, this Gallery of delights,
  With buildings brave imbost of various hue
With dainties deckt, devised by worthy wights
  Which, as time served, unto perfection grew.
By study's toil with phrases fine they fraught
  This peerless piece fill'd full of pretty pith:
And trimm'd it with what skill and learning taught
  In hope to please your longing minds therewith.
Which workmanship, by worthy workmen wrought,
  Perus'd lest in oblivion it should lie,
A willing mind each part together sought,
  And termed the whole a Gorgeous Gallery,
Wherein you may, to recreate the mind,
  Such fine inventions find for your delight,
That for desert their doings will you bind,
  To yield them praise so well a work to wright.

The pieces in this collection are chiefly such love poems as we have been illustrating by some of the

best examples of their kind. Munday began his career in 1579 with a religious companion to the "Mirror for Magistrates" called "The Mirrour of Mutabilitie; or, principal part of the Mirror of Magistrates, selected out of the sacred scriptures." It was a series of metrical tragedies in two parts, the first illustrating the Seven Deadly Sins with seven stories: Pride, with the story of Nebuchadnezzar; Envy, with that of Herod; Wrath, by Pharaoh; Lechery, by David; Gluttony, by Dives, in the parable; Avarice, by Judas; and Sloth, by Jonah, "for his slothful slackness in obeying the commandment of the Lord, being sent to preach to the Ninevites." In the next book were eleven Complaints: as of Absalom, for vain aspiring; of Jephthah, for his rash vow; and so forth. Each poem had its moral theme set forth before it in an acrostic; the poems illustrating the seven deadly sins thus give occasion for seven prefatory acrostics on their names, of which these are four:—

PRIDE.

Pride is the root from whence all vice doth spring,
Rich is that man that can avoid the same,
Infernal woes for guerdon it doth bring,
Deservéd due to their perpetual shame:
Each one therefore regard his virtuous name.

ENVYE.

Envye disdains his neighbour's prosperous state,
No love can live where envye beareth sway:
Vse therefore so your dealings in such rate,
You need not shame your living to display:
Exile all fraud, serve God, thy Prince obey.

WRATHE.

Where wrathful wights in commonweal remain
Regarded small is unity of life,
All vice abounds, Discord doth reason stain,
Truth lies in dust, and still increaseth strife:
Have good regard in all thou goest about,
Esteem Dame Truth, for she will bear thee out.

SLOTHE.

Sloth is a foe unto all virtuous deeds,
Learning surmounts the golden heaps of gain:
Of idle life therefore destroy the weeds,
Think what renown Dame Science doth maintain:
Henceforth subdue all idle thoughts in thee,
Example good to all thy life will be.

Anthony Munday, who became a zealous Protestant after having been bred in the English College at Rome, greatly offended the Catholics in 1582 by publishing "The Discovery of Edward Campion, the Jesuit." He compiled much for the booksellers, and in his later days was a great planner of pageants for the City. The booksellers were becoming active as thought grew more busy, and still there was singing throughout all the land. The next of the Miscellanies was a very little book that did not claim to be a gorgeous gallery of witty invention, but was a gathering of pieces good and bad, set to popular tunes. This was called "A Handefull of Pleasant Delites," and was by Clement Robinson and others. It appeared in 1584, and tickled Shakespeare's fancy with its goodness and its badness. The tune of Greensleeves is twice mentioned in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and in the "Handful of Pleasant Delights" and here we have—

A NEW COURTLY SONNET OF THE LADY GREENSLEEVES.

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously,
And I have lovéd for so long,
Delighting in your company.
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight:
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave,
I have both wagéd life and land,
Your love and goodwill for to have.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly:[1]
I kept thee both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well favouredly.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be:
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously:
Thy petticoat of sendal[2] right:
And thus I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

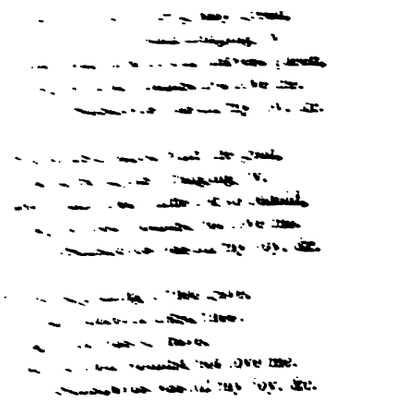
Thy girdle of gold so red,
With pearls bedeckéd sumptuously:
The like no other ladies had,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy purse and eke thy gay gilt knives,
Thy pincase gallant to the eye:
No better wore the burgess' wives,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee,
Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

[1] "Then must they have their silk scarfs cast about their faces, and fluttering in the wind, with great lapels at every end, either of gold, or silver, or silk, which they say they wear to keep them from sunburning." (Stubbes's "Anatomy of Abuses.")

[2] *Sendal.* This was the slightest of the forms of taffeta, which was itself the lightest form of silk, usually with much gloss. The Middle Latin was "cendalum," or "sandale," allied probably to the Greek σανδών, a fine Indian cloth or muslin, and perhaps also to the Arabic "cendali," a very thin leaf.



[illegible] was all my joy, &c.

[illegible] green,
[illegible] thee:
[illegible] seem,
[illegible] not love me.
[illegible] was all my joy, &c.

[illegible] took thee down.
[illegible] with humility.
[illegible] touch the ground,
[illegible] not love me.
[illegible] was all my joy, &c.

[illegible] when thou rose,
[illegible] orderly.
[illegible] from all woes,
[illegible] not love me.
[illegible] was all my joy, &c.

[illegible] earthly thing,
[illegible] it readily:
[illegible] play and sing,
[illegible] not love me.
[illegible] was all my joy, &c.

[illegible] the new fashion, and some of the old; [illegible] down to the skirts, trailing on the ground, [illegible] like cow-tails; some have sleeves much [illegible] with sundry colours, and pointed [illegible] curiously tied with love knots, for so they [illegible] Abuses"). The green satin hanging [illegible] the unmistakable mark of the lady who could resist [illegible] must have been of the "cow-tail" variety. [illegible] tags of laces; from French aiguillette." [illegible] small spangles worn only for ornament. [illegible] tags of the points or laces used in tying any part of [illegible] ornament and use. They were ornaments [illegible] of Spenser's "Faerie Queene,"

[illegible] who
was robed, for heat of scorching air,
[illegible] lily white,
[illegible] with many a folded plight,
[illegible] throughout
[illegible] that glistered bright
[illegible] and all the skirt about
Was bound with golden fringe."

[illegible] described in the next stanza, would have made [illegible] present to the Lady Greensleeves. They were

[illegible]
[illegible] entail'd
[illegible] full fair aumail'd;
[illegible] under her knee
[illegible] therein entrail'd
[illegible] of all the knots, that none might see
[illegible] within their foldings close enwrapped be."

And who did pay for all this gear,
That thou didst spend when pleased the
Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdain'st to love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Well, I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy may'st see:
And that yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Greensleeves now farewell adieu,
God I pray to prosper thee:
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance Ophelia; "pray you love, remember; and pansies, that's for thoughts. There's fennel f and columbines." The people's poetry of flo thus set forth in the "Handful of Pleasant Del

A NOSEGAY ALWAYS SWEET.

A Nosegay lacking flowers fresh,
To you now I do send,
Desiring you to look thereon
When that you may intend:
For flowers fresh begin to fade,
And Boreas in the field,
Even with his hard congealéd frost,
No better flowers doth yield.

But if that winter could have sprung
A sweeter flower than this,
I would have sent it presently
To you withouten miss:
Accept this then as time doth serve,
Be thankful for the same,
Despise it not, but keep it well,
And mark each flower his name.

Lavender is for lovers true,
Which evermore be fain:
Desiring always for to have,
Some pleasure for their pain:
And when that they obtainéd have,
The love that they require,
Then have they all their perfect joy,
And quenchéd is the fire.

Rosemary is for remembrance,
Between us day and night;
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight.
And when I cannot have,
As I have said before,
Then Cupid with his deadly dart
Doth wound my heart full sore.

Sage is for sustenance,
That should man's life sustain,
For I do still lie languishing
Continually in pain,
And shall do still until I die,
Except thou favour show:
My pain and all my grievous smart
Full well you do it know.

Fennel is for flatterers,
An evil thing 'tis sure:
But I have always meant truly,
With constant heart most pure:
And will continue in the same
As long as life doth last,
Still hoping for a joyful day
When all our pains be past.

Violet is for faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide:
Hoping likewise that from your heart,
You will not let it slide,
And will continue in the same
As you have now begun;
And then for ever to abide
Then you my heart have won.

Thyme is to try me,
As each be triéd must:
You know while life doth last
I will not be unjust,
And if I should, I would to God
To hell my soul should bear,
And eke also that Belzebub
With teeth he should me tear.

Roses is to rule me
With reason as you will,
For to be still obedient,
Your mind for to fulfil:
And thereto will not disagree,
In nothing that you say,
But will content your mind truly
In all things that I may.

Gillyflowers is for gentleness,
Which in me shall remain:
Hoping that no sedition shall
Depart our hearts in twain.
As soon the sun shall lose his course,
The moon against her kind
Shall have no light, if that I do
Once put you from my mind.

Carnations is for graciousness:
Mark that now by the way,
Have no regard to flatterers,
Nor pass not[1] what they say;
For they will come with lying tales,
Your ears for to fulfil:[2]
In any case do you consent
No thing unto their will.

Marigolds is for marriage,
That would our minds suffice,
Lest that suspicion of us twain
By any means should rise:
As for my part, I do not care,
Myself I will still use
That all the women in the world
For you I will refuse.

Pennyroyal is to print your love
So deep within my heart,
That when you look this Nosegay on,
My pain you may impart;[3]
And when that you have read the same,
Consider well my woe,
Think ye then how to recompense
Even him that loves you so.

Cowslips is for counsel,
For secrets us between,
That none but you and I alone
Should know the thing we mean:
And if you will thus wisely do,
As I think to be best,
Then have you surely won the field,
And set my heart at rest.

I pray you keep this Nosegay well,
And set by it some store:—
And thus farewell, the gods thee guide,
Both now and evermore!—
Not as the common sort do use,
To set it in your breast,
That when the smell is gone away
On ground he takes his rest.

Most amusing in its artlessness is the piece in the "Handful of Pleasant Delights" which seems to have suggested the theme that was to be adorned by the genius of Bottom and his friends, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream:"—

A NEW SONNET OF PYRAMUS AND THISBIE.

(To the Tune of "The Downright Squire.")

You dames, I say, that climb the mount of Helicon,
Come on with me, and give account what hath been done:
Come tell the chance ye Muses all,
and doleful news,
Which on these lovers did befall,
which I accuse.
In Babylon not long agone
a noble prince did dwell,
Whose daughter bright dimm'd each one's sight
so far she did excell.
Another lord of high renown
who had a son,
And dwelling there within the town
great love begun:
Pyramus this noble knight
I tell you true:
Who with the love of Thisbie bright
did cares renew:

[1] *Pass not.* Care not. The phrase was once very common in that sense. So Latimer wrote "that men do not pass for their sins, do lightly regard them," meaning that their sins cause them no passio, no suffering, care, or concern. The word "pass," from Latin "patior," participle "passus," or from the root of "patior," is to be distinguished from the other word "pass," in the sense of passing along a road, or passing by another, which is from Latin "pando," I stretch out, whence "passus," a pace or step. "Pass" is from "pando," where it means going beyond. "Why this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer," says Master Page of Master Ford's new fury of jealousy, meaning that it extends beyond what had been seen in him before. To let anything pass, again, is simply equivalent to letting it go by. "Pass" in the sense ("patior") of suffering any care or trouble about a thing, is another word with a distinct root. In this sense Jack Cade exclaims in the "Second Part of King Henry VI.," act iv., sc. 2—

"As for these silken-coated knaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak."

The phrase was commonly negative, and is explained in Cotgrave's "French and English Dictionary" (1611). "I pass not for it. *Il ne m'en chaut, ie ne m'en soucie point.*"

[2] *Fulfil.* Fill full.

[3] *Impart* here means share with me, by having it communicated to you. To impart is to share with another, or communicate.

It came to pass their secrets was
beknown unto them both:
And then in mind they place do find
where they their love unclothe.
This love they use long tract of time,
till it befell
At last they promised to meet at prime
by Ninus' well,[1]
Where they might lovingly embrace
in love's delight,
That he might see his Thisbie's face
and she his sight.
In joyful case, she approach'd the place
where she her Pyramus
Had thought to view'd but was renew'd
to them most dolorous.
Thus while she stays for Pyramus
there did proceed
Out of the wood a lion fierce,
made Thisbie dread:
And as in haste she fled away
her mantle fine
The lion tare instead of prey,
till that the time
That Pyramus proceeded thus
and see how lion tare
The mantle this of Thisbie his,
he desperately doth fare.
For why he thought the lion had
fair Thisbie slaine.
And then the beast with his bright blade
he slew certain:
Then made he moan and said alas,
(O wretched wight)
Now art thou in a woful case
for Thisbie bright:
O gods above, my faithful love
shall never fail this need:
For this my breath by fatal death
shall weave Atropos thread.[2]
Then from his sheath he drew his blade
and to his heart
He thrust the point, and life did vade[3]
with painful smart.
Then Thisbie she from cabin came
with pleasure great,
And to the well apace she ran
there for to treat:
And to discuss to Pyramus
of all her former fears.
And when slain she found him truly,
she shed forth bitter tears.
When sorrow great that she had made
she took in hand
The bloody knife to end her life
by fatal band.[4]

[1] *Ninus' well.* Misprinted "Minus" in the original.

[2] "O, Fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"
("Midsummer Night's Dream," Act v. sc. 1.)

[3] *Vade*, depart hastily. Latin "vado."

[4] "O sisters three,
Come, come to me
With hands as pale as milk:
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:—
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
And farewell, friends;—
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu! adieu! adieu!"

Shakespeare took the story from Arthur Golding's version of i
his translation of Ovid, where it also has its comic side:—

"Dwelt hard together two young folke in houses ioynde so nere,
That under all one roof well nie both twaine conuayed were.
The name of him was Pyramus, and Thisbe call'd was she.
* * * * * * *
The wall that parted house from house had riuen therein a cra
Which shroonke at making of the wall; this fault not markt of
Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not love espie?)
These lovers first of all found out, and made a way whereby
To talke together secretly, and through the same did go
Their loving whisprings very light and safely to and fro.
Now as on one side Pyramus, and Thisbe on t'other
Stood often drawing one of them the pleasant breath from other
O thou enuious wall (they sayd), why leist thou lovers thus?"

and so forth.

You ladies all peruse and see
the faithfulness,
How these two lovers did agree
to die in distress:
You Muses wail, and do not fail,
but still do you lament
Those lovers twain who with such pain
did die so well content.

FINIS. I. TOMSON

I. Tomson might be Bottom himself. The ne
piece—the last we will take—from the same coll
tion, is of higher flight.

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIMSELF TO THE PAINFU
FALCONER.

The soaring hawk, from fist that flies,
Her Falconer doth constrain
Sometime to range the ground unknown
To find her out again;
And if by sight or sound of bell
His falcon he may see:
"Wo ho!" he cries, with cheerful voice,
The gladdest man is he.

By lure then in finest sort
He seeks to bring her in,
But if that she full gorged be
He cannot so her win;
Although with becks and bending eyes
She many proffers makes:
"Wo ho ho!" he cries, away she flies,
And so her leave she takes.

This woeful man with weary limbs
Runs wandering round about;
At length by noise of chattering pies,
His hawk again found out,
His heart was glad his eyes had seen
His falcon swift of flight:
"Wo ho ho!" he cries, she empty gorged,
Upon his lure doth light.

How glad was then the Falconer there,
No pen nor tongue can tell;
He swam in bliss that lately felt
Like pains of cruel hell.

His hand sometime upon her train,
Sometime upon her breast:
"Wo ho ho!" he cries with cheerful voice,
His heart was now at rest.

My dear likewise, behold thy love,
What pains he doth endure;
And now at length let pity move
To stoop unto his lure.
A hood of silk, and silver bells,
New gifts I promise thee:
"Wo ho!" I cry. "I come!" then say;
Make me as glad as he.

And when he seeth how they fare
He steps among them now and then,
Whom when his foe presumes to check,
His servants stand, to give the neck.[1]

The Queen.

The Queen is Quaint and Quick Conceit,
Which makes her walk which way she list,
And roots them up that lie in wait
To work her treason, ere she wist:
Her force is such against her foes
That whom she meets she overthrows.

THE FALCONER. (*From Turbervile's "Book of Faulconrie,"* 1611.)

The next of the Miscellanies appeared in 1593 as "The Phœnix Nest. Built up with the most rare and refined workes of Noblemen, woorthy Knights, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and braue Schollers. Full of varietie, excellent inuention, and singular delight. Never before this time published. Set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, gentleman." Its chief poets seem to have been Thomas Lodge and Nicholas Breton. This is by Breton:—

THE CHESS PLAY.

A secret many years unseen
In play at chess, who knows the game,
First of the King, and then the Queen,
Knight, Bishop, Rook, and so by name
Of every Pawn I will descry,
The nature with the quality.

The King.

The King himself is Haughty Care
Which overlooketh all his men,

The Knight.

The Knight is Knowledge how to Fight
Against his Prince's enemies,
He never makes his walk outright,
But leaps and skips in wily wise,
To take by sleight a trait'rous foe
Might slily seek their overthrow.

The Bishop.

The Bishop, he is Witty Brain
That chooses crossest paths to pace,
And evermore he pries with pain
To see who seeks him most disgrace:
Such stragglers when he finds astray
He takes them up and throws away.

The Rooks.

The Rooks are Reason on both sides,
Which keep the corner houses still,

[1] *To give the neck.* To do execution on the enemy. First-English "hnæccan," or "næccan," was to strike on the neck, to kill.

And warely stand to watch their tides
By secret art to work their will,
To take sometimes a thief unseen
Might mischief mean to King or Queen.

The Pawns.

The Pawn before the King is Peace,
Which he desires to keep at home;
Practice the Queen's, which doth not cease
Amid the world abroad to roam,
To find and fall upon each foe
Whereas his mistress means to go.

Before the Knight is Peril placed,
Which he by skipping overgoes,
And yet that Pawn can work a cast
To overthrow his greatest foes;
The Bishop's, Prudence, prying still
Which way to work his master's will.

The Rooks' poor Pawns are silly swains
Which seldom serve, except by hap,
And yet these Pawns can lay their trains
To catch a great man in a trap:
So that I see sometimes a groom
May not be sparéd from his room.

The Nature of the Chess men.

The King is stately, looking high;
The Queen doth bear like majesty;
The Knight is hardy, valiant, wise;
The Bishop prudent and precise;
The Rooks are rangers out of ray;[1]
The Pawns the pages in the play.

L'Envoy.

Then rule with Care and Quick Conceit,
And fight with Knowledge as with Force,
So bear a Brain to dark deceit,
And work with Reason and Remorse:
Forgive a fault when young men play,
So give a mate, and go your way.

And when you play beware of check,
Know how to save and give a neck,
And with a check beware of mate,
But chief ware "Had-I-wist"[2] too late:
Lose not the Queen, for ten to one
If she be lost, the game is gone.

Nicholas Breton, the writer of this, was probably the second son of a William Breton of London, who died in 1559, and whose widow married George Gascoigne the poet. He perhaps served in the Low Countries, under the Earl of Leicester, before he married a daughter of Sir Edward Leigh of Rushall, had nine children, and died in 1624.

The following piece is also by Nicholas Breton, and taken from "England's Helicon:"—

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing,
Forth I yode forsooth a maying.
When anon by a wood side,
Where that May was in his pride,
I espiéd, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot,
He would love and she would not.
She said, "Never man was true;"
He says, "None was false to you."
He said, he had lov'd her long;
She says, "Love should have no wrong."
Corydon would kiss her then.
She says, "Maids must kiss no men,
Till they do for good and all;"
When she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never lov'd a truer youth;
Then with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as seely shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love that had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded:
And Phillida with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

Henry Willobie published in 1594 his "Avisa, or the True Picture of a Modest Maid and of a Chaste and Constant Wife," from which the following short poem is taken:—

TO AVISA.

I find it true, that some have said,
"It's hard to love and to be wise,"
For wit is oft by love betray'd,
And brought asleep by fond devise.
Sith faith no favour can procure,
My patience must my pain endure.

As faithful friendship mov'd, my tongue
Your secret love and favour crave,
And, as I never did you wrong,
This last request so let me have:—
Let no man know that I did move;
Let no man know that I did love.

That will I say, this is the worst,
When this is said, then all is past:—
Thou, proud Avisa, wert the first,
Thou, hard Avisa, art the last.
Though thou in sorrow make me dwell,
Yet love will make me wish thee well.

The "Phœnix Nest" was followed in 1600 by "England's Helicon," which contains pieces by famous writers with their names attached; among them Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd" with the "Nymph's Reply," and some other pieces that have been already quoted. In the same year 1600 there was another collection entitled "England's Parnassus: the Choysest Flowers of our Moderne Poets, with their Poeticall Comparisons," a book largely consisting of extracts. Its editor signed himself "R. A." to two introductory sonnets. Then followed, in 1602, a "Poetical Rhapsody," edited by Francis Davison

[1] *Ray*, order of battle, shorter form of *array*. "So when that both the armies were in ray" (Cassibellane to Cæsar in the "Mirror for Magistrates").

[2] *Had-I-wist*. "If I had only known." See Note 4, page 228.

Besides these there were song-books by musicians who could marry sweet thoughts to sweet sounds; foremost among them Thomas Morley, who became in 1592 a gentleman of the Royal Chapel, and did not long survive Elizabeth. He died in 1604. Thomas Morley's first "Book of Ballets,"[1] published in 1595, was introduced by Master Michael Drayton, with these lines:—

M. M. D. TO THE AUTHOR.

Such was old Orpheus cunning
That senseless things drew near him,
And herds of beasts to hear him—
The Stock, the Stone, the Ox, the Ass—came running.
Morley, but this enchanting
To thee, to be the music god, is wanting,
And yet thou need'st not fear him.
Draw thou the Shepherds still, and Bonny Lasses,
And envy him not Stocks, Stones, Oxen, Asses.

SHEPHERD AND BAGPIPE.
From the Engraved Title-page to the first Folio of Drayton's Poems.

This is one of the songs:—

INVITATION TO MAY.

Now is the month of Maying
When merry lads are playing. Fa, la, la.
Each with his bonny lass
Upon the greeny grass. Fa, la, la.

The Spring, clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at Winter's sadness. Fa, la, la.
And to the bagpipe's sound
The nymphs tread out their ground. Fa, la, la.
Fie then, why sit we musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing? Fa, la, la.
Say, dainty nymphs and speak,
Shall we play at barley break? Fa, la, la.

[1] *Ballets*, songs; from the Italian "ballata," a dance or a song, or commonly, as in the pieces above quoted, a song that may be accompanied with dancing.

And this is another:—

THE MAY POLE.[2]

About the May-pole new,
With glee and merriment,
Whileas the bagpipe tooted it
Thyrsis and Chloris finely footed it; Fa, la, la.
And to the wanton instrument
Still they went to and fro;
And thus they chaunted it,
And finely flaunted it,
And then both met again. Fa, la, la.

The shepherds and the nymphs
Them round encloséd had,
Wond'ring with what facility
About they turned them in such strange agility.
Fa, la, la.

And when they encloséd had,
With words full of delight they gently kissed them,
And thus sweetly to sing they never missed them.
Fa, la, la.

THE MORRICE DANCE.
From Figures introduced into a Picture of Richmond Palace by Vinckenboom; copied in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare."

[2] *The Maypole.* In Stubbes's "Anatomy of Abuses," the "order of May games" during Elizabeth's reign is thus described:—"Against May, Whitsuntide, or some other time of the year, every parish, town and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children; and . . . they go, some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, . . . and return bringing with them birch boughs and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withal. . . . But their chiefest jewel they bring from thence is their May-pole, which they bring home with great veneration as thus: They have twenty or forty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied to the tip of his horns; and these oxen draw home this May-pole, which is covered all over with flowers and herbs bound round about with strings from the top to the bottom, and sometimes painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women and children following it with great devotion. And thus being reared up, with handkerchiefs and flags streaming on the top, they strew the ground about, bind green boughs about it, set up summer halls, bowers and arbours hard by it, and then fall they to banquet and feast, to leap and dance about it."

The next is from Thomas Morley's "Madrigals to Four Voices," published in 1600 :—

THE MORRICE DANCE.[1]

Ho! who comes here along with bagpiping and drumming?
O! the Morrice 'tis I see, the morrice dance a-coming.
Come, ladies, come, come quickly,
And see how trim they dance and trickly.
Hey, there again! hey ho, there again!
How the bells they shake it!
Now for our town; there, and take it.
Soft awhile, not away so fast; they melt them:
Piper, piper, piper! be hanged awhile, knave, the dancers swelt them!
Out there, out awhile! you come too far, I say, in:
Give the hobby horse more room to play in.

THE HOBBY HORSE.
From the same group of Morrice Dancers.

[1] *The Morrice* (or "Morris," a corruption of "Moorish") Dance is said by some to have been derived from the Moors in Spain, when John of Gaunt, in the days of Edward III., returned from his expedition thither; but it did not become a dance of the people here before the reign of Henry VIII., and we then probably received it from the French or Flemings. In the "Comedy of Errors," Act iv., scene 3, is reference to "a morris pike," meaning the Moorish pike then used in the English army; and in the "Second Part of King Henry IV.," Act iii, scene 1, a Morrice dancer is called a Morisco :—

"I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells."

The bells fastened to the feet and legs, as in the woodcut. sometimes also to the arms and other parts of the dress, and to the caps, were of different size and tone. There were the fore bell, the second bell, the treble, the mean or counter tenor, the tenor, and the bass; the duty of the dancer being so to skip that the bells played tunefully. The chief dancer, or foreman of the "morrice," was brilliantly dressed, and two other characters were the "Fool," with a wooden ladle, and the "Man Dancing in the Hobby-horse," which had a pasteboard head and tail upon a wicker frame. In May the chief female dancer in a "morrice" was the lady of the May. Sometimes the "morrice" was associated with Robin Hood festivals, when Robin Hood and Maid Marian were the chief dancers, and Friar Tuck was added to the company, which, of course, included the Hobby-horse and the Fool.

The main feature of Elizabethan poetry was that grand development of the English Drama which will be illustrated in another section of this work. Here it is only to be remembered of the dramatists that, since the greater must include the less, every true dramatic poet is a lyric poet of necessity. There was no dramatist of Elizabeth's day who could not write songs. It was John Lyly whose earnest prose novel, "Euphues," published in the same year as Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" (1579), gave the name of Euphuism to the form of ingenious writing, with antitheses, alliteration, and ingenious conceits of metaphor and simile, that became fashionable under Elizabeth. John Lyly also wrote court plays, mythological and witty, in which there are daintily conceited songs like this from his "Campaspe :"—

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:—
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

This is a night-catch of Lyly's from Endymion, sung by young pages and the ancient watchmen, relatives of Dogberry and Verges :—

THE WATCH.

Watch. Stand! who goes there?
We charge you appear
'Fore our constable here,
In the name of the Man in the Moon.
To us billmen relate,
Why you stagger so late,
And how you came drunk so soon.
Pages. What are ye, scabs?
Watch. The watch:
This the constable.
Pages. A patch.
Const. Knock 'em down unless they all stand;
If any run away,
'Tis the old watchman's play,
To reach them a bill of his hand.
Pages. O gentlemen, hold,
Your gowns freeze with cold,
And your rotten teeth dance in your head.
Wine nothing shall cost ye;
Nor huge fires to roast ye;
Then soberly let us be led.
Const. Come, my brown bills, we'll roar,
Bounce loud at tavern door.
Omnes. And in the morning steal all to bed.

The plays of George Peele, which are among the earliest of those contemporaries of Shakespeare who

were somewhat older than he and wrote before him, are full of grace. The following song from the "Arraignment of Paris" is represented as sung on Mount Ida by Paris and Œnone, before Juno, Venus, and Minerva have found the shepherd youth, and sight of Venus has wrought change of love. They sit under a tree together, says the stage direction. Paris has asked Œnone for a song. She has run through her little stock of subjects, and says to him—

All these are old and known I know, yet, if thou wilt have any,
Choose some of these, for, trust me, else Œnone hath not many.
Par. Nay, what thou wilt: but sith my cunning not compares with thine,
Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.
Œn. There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it *Cupid's Curse*,
"*They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change for worse;*"
The note is fine and quick withal, the ditty will agree,
Paris, with that same vow of thine upon our poplar-tree.
Par. No better thing; begin it, then: Œnone, thou shalt see
Our music figure of the love that grows 'twixt thee and me.

They sing; and while ŒNONE *sings, he pipes.*

CUPID'S CURSE.

Œn. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.
Par. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.
Œn. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!
Both. They that do change, &c.
Œn. Fair and fair, &c.
Par. Fair and fair, &c.
Thy love is fair, &c.
Œn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,—
They that do change, &c.
Par. They that do change, &c.
Both. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

The song being ended, they rise.

Œn. Sweet shepherd, for Œnone's sake be cunning in this song,
And keep thy love, and love thy choice, or else thou dost her wrong.
Par. My vow is made and witnesséd, the poplar will not start,
Nor shall the nymph Œnone's love from forth my breathing heart.
I will go bring thee on thy way, my flock are here behind,
And I will have a lover's fee; they say, unkiss'd unkind.

A MARTIALIST.

From the Title-page of George Whetstone's "Honourable Reputation of a Soldier" (1585).

George Peele, full as he was of grace and sweetness, could exchange the flute for the trumpet when his English heart was stirred. Witness this God-speed to the armament of 180 vessels and 21,000 men that on the 18th of April, 1589, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, sailed from Plymouth, under Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris, to thwart Spain by placing Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal.

A FAREWELL

To the Most Famous and Fortunate Generals of our English Forces: Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake, Knights, and all their brave and resolute Followers.

Have done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,
With stretching sails to plough the swelling waves:
Bid England's shore and Albion's chalky cliffs
Farewell: bid stately Troynovant[1] adieu,
Where pleasant Thames from Isis' silver head
Begins her quiet glide, and runs along
To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course,
Near neighbour to the ancient stony Tower,
The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built.
Change love for arms; girt-to your blades, my boys!
Your rests and muskets take, take helm and targe,
And let god Mars his consort make you mirth,—
The roaring cannon, and the brazen trump,
The angry-sounding drum, the whistling fife,
The shrieks of men, the princely courser's neigh.
Now vail your bonnets to your friends at home:
Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,

[1] *Troynovant.* London, the New Troy, founded by Trojan Brut, of the race of Æneas, who was in old fable since Geoffrey of Monmouth's time (1147) first king of the land named after him, Britain.

That under many a standard well-advanc'd
Have hid the sweet alarms and braves of love;
Bid theatres and proud tragedians,
Bid Mahomet, Scipio, and mighty Tamburlaine,
King Charlemaine, Tom Stukeley,[1] and the rest,
Adieu. To arms, to arms, to glorious arms!
With noble Norris, and victorious Drake,
Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,
To propagate religious piety,
And hew a passage with your conquering swords
By land and sea, wherever Phœbus' eye.
Th' eternal lamp of heaven, lends us light;
By golden Tagus, or the western Inde,
Or through the spacious bay of Portugal,
The wealthy ocean-main, the Tyrrhene sea,
From great Alcides' pillars branching forth
Even to the gulf that leads to lofty Rome;

Whether to Europe's bounds, or Asian plains,
To Afric's shore, or rich America,
Down to the shades of deep Avernus' crags,
Sail on, pursue your honours to your graves:
Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,
And every climate virtue's tabernacle.
To arms, to arms, to honourable arms!
Hoise sails, weigh anchors up, plough up the seas
With flying keels, plough up the land with swords:
In God's name venture on; and let me say
To you, my mates, as Cæsar said to his,
Striving with Neptune's hills; "You bear," quoth he,
"Cæsar and Cæsar's fortune in your ships."
You follow them, whose swords successful are:
You follow Drake, by sea the scourge of Spain,
The dreadful dragon, terror to your foes,
Victorious in his return from Inde,

THE MASTER GUNNER.
From Edward Webbe's Travels (1590).

There to deface the pride of Antichrist,
And pull his paper walls and popery down.
A famous enterprise for England's strength,
To steel your swords on Avarice' triple crown,
And cleanse Augeas' stalls in Italy.
To arms, my fellow-soldiers! Sea and land
Lie open to the voyage you intend;
And sea or land, bold Britons, far or near,
Whatever course your matchless virtue shapes,

In all his high attempts unvanquishéd;
You follow noble Norris, whose renown,
Won in the fertile fields of Belgia,
Spreads by the gates of Europe to the courts
Of Christian kings and heathen potentates.
You fight for Christ, and England's peerless queen,
Elizabeth, the wonder of the world,
Over whose throne the enemies of God
Have thunder'd erst their vain successless braves.
O ten-times-treble happy men, that fight
Under the cross of Christ and England's queen,
And follow such as Drake and Norris are!
All honours do this cause accompany;
All glory on these endless honours waits:
These honours and this glory shall He send,
Whose honour and whose glory you defend.

[1] *Tom Stukeley.* Peele himself was author of the play upon Tom Stukeley. It is his "Battle of Alcazar." Stukeley was a younger brother of a good Devonshire family near Ilfracombe. He made up his mind that he would be a king of somewhere; thought first of Florida, then went to Italy, and won favour from Pope Pius V. by undertaking with 3,000 soldiers to beat the English out of Ireland. The Pope gave him, with his blessing, a string of titles, Baron, Viscount, Earl, Marquis, a holy peacock's tail, and 800 soldiers paid by Spain. On his way to Ireland Stukeley landed in Portugal, when the king there, Sebastian, was on his way to Africa with two Moorish kings. Stukeley went with them, and advised them on their arrival to rest before fighting. They would not, and on the 4th of August, 1578, fought and lost the battle of Alcazar, in which the vainglorious Tom Stukeley was killed.

"A fatal fight, where in one day was slain
Three kings that were, and one that would be fain."

The songs of Elizabeth's time in which the note of war is struck are all alive in their fine earnestness. In 1585 Queen Elizabeth signed a treaty at Nonsuch engaging to supply 5,000 foot-soldiers and 1,000 horse in aid of the contest in the Netherlands

In the same year George Whetstone expressed the spirit in which Englishmen prepared to meet all perils of a contest between their little nation weakened by past discords, and not yet in the fulness of its power, and Spain at the height of its material power. He published a little prose book on "The Honourable Reputation of a Souldier: with a Morall Report of the Vertues, Offices, and (by abuse) the Disgrace of his Profession. Drawn out of the lines, documents and disciplines of the most renowned Romaine, Grecian, and other famous Martialistes. By George Whetstone, Gent." The woodcut upon the title-page is the bookseller's ideal of a Martialist (see page 247). Prefixed to the volume is this poem:—

TO THE RIGHT VALIANT GENTLEMEN AND SOLDIERS THAT ARE OR SHALL BE ARMED UNDER THE ENSIGN OF ST. GEORGE: In recompense of worthy adventures, Heaven, and everlasting Honour.

God with St. George! Allons, brave gentlemen!
Set spears in rest, renew your ancient fame:
Press midst the pikes, the cannon do not shen.[1]
Your ancestors, with passage through the same,
This proverb raised among the French, their Foes,
Vous es si fier que un Anglois.

Thou art as fierce as is an Englishman,
The French still say, and proof the same did teach:
Turn you the French into Castilian:
It hath a grace in such a lofty speech:
Your cause is good and Englishmen you are,
Your foes be men, even as Frenchmen were.

The force of death, that raiseth many fears
In craven hearts, which courage do despise;
Long lives the man that dies in lusty years,
In actions wherein honour may arise.
And wherein may you honour more expect
Than wrongéd men to succour and protect?

The Lion preys upon the stoutest beast,
Yet licks the sheep, the which the Wolf hath wound,
So worthy minds, proud looks that feareth least,
Doth help to raise the wounded from the ground.
Like Lions then, the Arms of England shield,
Prey on your foes, and pity those that yield.

I say no more, but God be your good speed,
And send you help, which I did never taste;
And if this book you do witsafe[2] to read,
You cannot think your labour spent in waste,
Which doth contain the moral rules of those
That followed Mars in thickest press of foes.

Humphrey Gifford, a Devonshire man of good family, who lived in London, published in 1580—the year in which the seven northern provinces of Holland declared their independence—a collection of his own poems euphuistically called "A Posie of Gilliflowers," in which there is this poem

FOR SOLDIERS.

Ye buds of Brutus' land, courageous youths, now play your parts,
Unto your tackle stand, abide the brunt with valiant hearts,
For news is carried to and fro, that we must forth to warfare go:
Men muster now in every place, and soldiers are prest forth apace.
Faint not, spend blood, to do your Queen and country good:
Fair words, good pay, will make men cast all care away.
The time of War is come, prepare your corslet, spear, and shield,
Methinks I hear the drum strike doleful marches to the field:
Tantara, tantara, the trumpets sound, which makes our hearts with joy abound.
The roaring guns are heard afar, and everything denounceth War;
Serve God, stand stout, bold courage brings this gear about.
Fear not, forth run; faint heart fair lady never won.
Ye curious carpet knights, that spend the time in sport and play,
Abroad, and see new sights, your country's cause calls you away:
Do not to make your ladies game, bring blemish to your worthy name.
Away to field and win renown, with courage beat your enemies down:
Stout hearts gain praise, when dastards sail in Slander's seas:
Hap what hap shall, we sure shall die but once for all.
Alarm[3] me thinkes they cry, be packing mates, be gone with speed,
Our foes are very nigh, shame have that man that shrinks at need;
Unto it boldly let us stand, God will give right the upper hand.
Our cause is good we need not doubt; in sign of courage give a shout:
March forth, be strong, good hap will come ere it be long.
Shrink not, fight well, for lusty lads must bear the bell:
All you that will shun devil,[4] must dwell in warfare every day;
The world, the flesh, and devil, always do seek our soul's decay,
Strive with these foes with all your might, so shall you fight a worthy fight.
That conquest doth deserve most praise where vice do yield to virtue's ways.
Beat down foul sin, a worthy crown then shall ye win:
If ye live well, in heaven with Christ our souls shall dwell.

We return to the dramatists, and find Robert Greene, at the close of a life in which he felt that he had fought weakly in that battle to which Humphrey Gifford last referred, writing on his death-bed these pathetic lines. They are from his last book, the "Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance:"—

TIME LOST.

Deceiving world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
T' outlength my life, whom friends have left forlorn;
How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy sleights, which few men shun
Till unawares they helpless are undone!

[1] *Shen*, shun. [2] *Witsafe*, vouchsafe.

[3] *Alarm* (Italian "all' armi," To Arms!). Sounding the alarm-bell is sounding the bell that calls to arms.

[4] *Devil*, pronounced "de'il."

Oft have I sung of Love and of his fire;
But now I find that poet was advis'd,
Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
And proves weak Love was with the poor despis'd;
For when the life with food is not suffic'd,
What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,
What pleasance can proceed from such a wight?

Witness my want, the murderer of my wit:
My ravish'd sense, of wonted fury reft,
Wants such conceit as should in poems fit
Set down the sorrow wherein I am left:
But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,
Because so long they lent them me to use,
And I so long their bounty did abuse.

Oh that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restor'd!
What rules of life, what counsel would I give,
How should my sin with sorrow be deplor'd!
But I must die of every man abhorr'd:
Time loosely spent will not again be won;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

The sweet spirit of poetry remained by Greene, though he sank in life, perhaps not so deeply as he is willing to let men think, that they may be warned to avoid the rocks on which he struck. This whispered to him of the purity and beauty of a true and simple life. It kept the veil from falling between man and God. Here is a dainty little pastoral from one of many little prose works that he wrote in euphuistic fashion :—

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire;
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat:
And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

[Eight lines omitted.]

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his bed of down;
More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe;[1]
And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
Where shepherds laugh and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Not daintier than this, in its half artificial beauty, is the famous little pastoral written by Marlowe of the "mighty line."[2] Christopher Marlowe was of like age with Shakespeare, but coming from his University to London, he leapt while yet young into fame as a dramatist, and raised the drama to the point beyond which Shakespeare only could advance it. It was the genius of Marlowe that established blank verse as the measure of English dramatic poetry, leaving only to Shakespeare the task of developing the full variety of force and beauty that is within the compass of its music. This is Marlowe's song, from which Shakespeare, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," made Sir Hugh Evans, waiting for his adversary, sing a line or two :—

"By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair linéd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

[1] *Sithe*, occasion. First-English "sith," a path or journey, time or occasion.

[2] The phrase is from Ben Jonson's Poem to the Memory of Shakespeare :—

"And tell thee how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line."

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The touch of unreal in these fancies was played upon by Sir Walter Raleigh in this—

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall.[1]

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in season rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

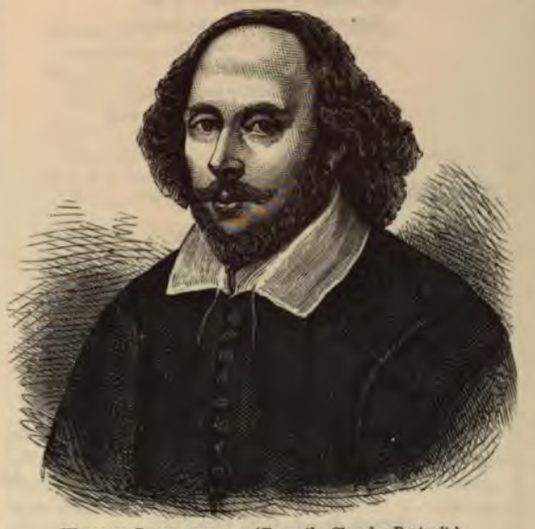
Of the great beauty of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," finished by George Chapman, as well as of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," illustrations will be given when we discuss the longer English Poems. The next piece is a pastoral by another of the dramatists who wrote plays before Shakespeare was known, Thomas Lodge, a Roman Catholic, who afterwards practised as a physician, and where all were singing he did not want patients because he had proved himself to be a poet. The piece was printed in 1600 in "England's Helicon."

TO PHILLIS, THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS.

My Phillis hath the morning sun
  At first to look upon her;
And Phillis hath morn-waking birds
  Her rising still to honour.
My Phillis hath prime-feather'd flow'rs
  That smile when she treads on them;
And Phillis hath a gallant flock
  That leaps when she doth own them.
But Phillis hath too hard a heart,
  Alas that she should have it!
It yields no mercy to desert,
  Nor grace to those that crave it.

[1] *Fall*, Autumn.

Sweet sun, when thou look'st on,
  Pray her regard my moan!
Sweet birds, when you sing to her,
  To yield some pity woo her!
Sweet flowers that she treads on,
  Tell her, her beauty deads one.
And if in life her love she nil agree me,[2]
Pray her, before I die she will come see me.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. (*From the Chandos Portrait.*)

From the songs in the plays of Shakespeare let us take one or two to blend his music with that of his friends. This is from the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," one of his earliest comedies:—

SILVIA.

Who is Silvia? What is she,
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
  The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind as she is fair,
  For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
  Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

This is from "Much Ado about Nothing:"—

SIGH NO MORE.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
  Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
  To one thing constant never:

[2] *Nil*, will not. The First-English "willan," to will, had its negative in "nyllan."

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, hey nonny, nonny.

This is from "As You Like It:"—

MAN'S INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

This is from the "Tempest:"—

ARIEL'S SONG.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

These are from "Cymbeline:"—

A SERENADE.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

A DIRGE.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownéd be thy grave!

Shakespeare's Sonnets were first described in his own time—by Francis Meres in 1598—as his "sugared sonnets among his private friends." They were first published in 1609, seven years before his death, and dedicated by Thomas Thorpe, the bookseller, to "Mr. W. H.," in words that have sent critics upon many a wild-goose chase. The first description of them was the best, and the best modern editor of Shakespeare, Alexander Dyce, said in the account of Shakespeare prefixed in 1866 to a second edition of his works, "For my own part repeated perusals of the Sonnets have well nigh convinced me that most of them were composed in an assumed character on different subjects, and at different times, for the amusement, if not at the suggestion of the author's intimate associates (hence described by Meres as 'his sugred sonnets among his private friends'); and though I would not deny that one or two of them reflect his genuine feelings, I contend that allusions scattered through the whole series are not to be hastily referred to the personal circumstances of Shakespeare." This is wholesome truth, and accords with what we have seen of the nature of the sonnet, and the original use of it. As to their structure, Shakespeare's sonnets are not technically true sonnets, but fourteen-lined poems of exquisite variety and beauty, each consisting of three quatrains of alternate rhyme and a closing couplet. These are examples:—

TIME.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity once in the main of light,[1]
  Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
  And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
  And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
  And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

  And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
  Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

THE SECOND SELF.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
  And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
  It is so grounded inward in my heart.

Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
  No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
  As I all other in all worths surmount.

But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
  Beated and chopped with tanned antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
  Self so self-loving were iniquity.

  'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
  Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

ENVY.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
  For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
  A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve
  Thy worth the greater, being wooed of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
  And thou present'st a pure, unstainéd prime.

Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,
  Either[2] not assailed, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
  To tie up envy, evermore enlarged:

  If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,
  Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.[3]

LOVE FROM THE DYING.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
  Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
  From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
  The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
  If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O, if (I say) you look upon this verse,
  When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse:
  But let your love even[4] with my life decay;

  Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
  And mock you with me after I am gone.

FIRM LOVE.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
  Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
  Or bends with the remover to remove:

O, no; it is an ever-fixéd mark,
  That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
  Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
  Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
  But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

  If this be error, and upon me proved,
  I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Michael Drayton and Samuel Daniel were two poets alike in age, one born in 1562, the other in 1563. Each in his own way, they ran as poets somewhat parallel to one another. Drayton, a Warwickshire man, produced in 1591 a volume of sacred poetry, "The Harmonie of the Church." In 1592 Daniel, a Devonshire man, published some love-poems, and one founded on history, "Delia, containing certain Sonnets, with the Complaint of Rosamond." In 1593 Drayton published love-poems as "Idea," followed in 1594 by one founded on history, "Matilda," with "Idea's Mirrour, Amours in Quatorzains." In 1595 Daniel produced the first four books of a historical poem, in octave rhyme, taking one of our most memorable civil wars for its theme, "The Civille Warres betweene the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke;" chosen because, in the last years of the reign of the Maiden Queen, there was present to men's minds a possibility of civil war after her death to settle the succession to her throne. In the very next year, 1596, Drayton produced his "Mortimeriados," the first instalment of a historical poem, also in octave rhyme, on our other famous civil war, "The Lamentable Civil Wars of Edward the Second and the Barons," a poem commonly known as "the Barons' Wars." Both poets went on with their poems while Elizabeth lived, but after her death, and the peaceful accession of James I., into whose reign their lives passed, they left them unfinished, because their theme, Civil War, had lost its living interest. In 1598 Drayton founded upon Ovid's "Heroides," a book of similar poetical epistles, "England's Heroical Epistles," in which the writers were persons of whose love there is record in English History, and he opened with fair Rosamond. Daniel, who had produced in 1597 the Tragedy of Philotas, published in 1599 "Musophilus," a poem in defence of learning and poetry, which he dedicated to Fulke

[1] *In the main of light.* In the full flood of light. *Main* (First-English "mægen"), strength, force, energy. Thus, in the "Merchant of Venice," Act v.:—

> "A substitute shines brightly as a king
> Until a king be by, and then his state
> Empties itself as doth an inland brook
> Into the main of waters."

[2] *Either*, pronounced as one syllable "ei'er."

[3] *Owe*, own.

[4] *Even*, pronounced "e'en."

Greville, with sundry poetical essays. Of Drayton's poem on the Barons' Wars, and Daniel's son the Civil Wars of York and Lancaster, account will be given in another volume. Of their shorter poems some examples follow.

SAMUEL DANIEL. (*From a Portrait dated* 1609.)

These are seven of Daniel's sonnets to Delia. The mechanism of their verse is that of Shakespeare's sonnets.

SONNETS TO DELIA.

XXXVI.

Look, Delia, how we esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush, and Summer's honour!
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty Time bestows upon her.

No sooner spreads her glory in the air
But strait her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorned, that late adorned the fair:
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine!

No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns the glory now.
Swift speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow:

Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain;
But love now, whilst thou may'st be loved again.

XXXVII.

But love whilst that thou may'st be lov'd again,
Now whilst thy May hath filled thy lap with flowers;
Now whilst thy beauty bears without a stain;
Now use the Summer smiles, ere Winter lowers.

And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising sun,
The fairest flower that ever saw the light,
Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done.
And, Delia, think thy morning must have night;

And that thy brightness sets at length to west,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou show'st,
And think the same becomes thy fading best
Which then shall most inveil and shadow most.

Men do not weigh the stalk for that it was,
When once they find her flower, her glory, pass.

XXXVIII.

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory, pass,
And thou with careful brow sitting alone,
Received hadst this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth and says that all is gone,—

Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou mad'st;
Tho' spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining:
that have lov'd thee thus before thou fad'st,
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning.

The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath been, thyself shall see,
And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st repent.

Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
When Winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

XXXIX.

When Winter snows upon thy sable hairs,
And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties near;
When dark shall seem thy day that never clears,
And all lies wither'd that was held so dear;

Then take this picture which I here present thee,
Limned with a pencil not all unworthy:
Here see the gifts that God and Nature lent thee,
Here read thyself, and what I suffer'd for thee.

This may remain thy lasting monument,
Which happily posterity may cherish;
These colours with thy fading are not spent,
These may remain, when thou and I shall perish.

If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby:
They will remain; and so thou canst not die.

XL.

Thou canst not die, whilst any zeal abound
In feeling hearts, that can conceive these lines;
Tho' thou a Laura, hast no Petrarch found,
In base attire yet clearly beauty shines.

And I, tho' born within a colder clime,
Do feel mine inward heat as great, I know it:
He never had more faith, altho' more rhyme;
I love as well, though he could better show it.

But I may add one feather to thy fame,
To help her flight throughout the fairest isle;
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then shouldst thou live in an immortal style.

For tho' that Laura better limnéd be,
Suffice thou shalt be lov'd as well as she.

XLVII.

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth show,
And strait 'tis gone, as it had never been.

Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish;
Short is the glory of the blushing rose,
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose

When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
And that, in Beauty's lease expir'd, appears
The date of age, the calends of our death.

But ah! no more; this must not be foretold:
For women grieve to think they must be old.

XLVIII.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.

And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossoms first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.

Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

From Drayton's "Idea" let us now take seven

SONNETS TO IDEA.

II.

My heart was slain, and none but you and I;
Who should I think the murder should commit?
Since but yourself there was no creature by,
But only I, guiltless of murd'ring it.

It slew itself; the verdict on the view
Do quit the dead, and me not accessary:
Well, well, I fear it will be prov'd by you,
The evidence so great a proof doth carry:

But oh, see, see, we need inquire no further,
Upon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
And in your eye, the boy that did the murder!
Your cheeks yet pale, since first he gave the wound.

By this I see, however things be past,
Yet Heav'n will still have murder out at last.

VIII.

There's nothing grieves me, but that age should haste,
That in my days I may not see thee old,
That where those two clear sparkling eyes are plac'd,
Only two loopholes then I might behold;

That lovely, archéd, ivory, polish'd brow
Defac'd with wrinkles that I might but see;
Thy dainty hair, so curl'd and crispéd now,
Like grizzled moss upon some agéd tree;

Thy cheek, now flush with roses, sunk and lean;
Thy lips, with age, as any wafer thin,
Thy pearly teeth out of thy head so clean,
That when thou feed'st, thy nose shall touch thy chin:

These lines that now thou scorn'st, which should delight thee,
Then would I make thee read, but to despite thee.

XIX.

You cannot love, my pretty heart, and why?
There was a time you told me that you would:
But now again you will the same deny,
If it might please you, would to God you could.

What, will you hate? nay that you will not neither;
Nor love, nor hate, how then? what will you do?
What, will you keep a mean then betwixt either?
Or will you love me, and yet hate me too?

Yet serves not this. What next, what other shift?
You will and will not, what a coil is here?
I see your craft, now I perceive your drift,
And all this while, I was mistaken there:

Your love and hate is this, I now do prove you,
You love in hate, by hate to make me love you.

XXIII.

Love banish'd heaven, in earth was held in scorn,
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
Yet crav'd the alms of such as passéd by:

I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothéd the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest,
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest.

But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
Entic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.

Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
No marvel then though Charity grow cold.

XXIV.

I hear some say, this man is not in love:
Who? can he love? a likely thing, they say;
Read but his verse, and it will eas'ly prove.
Oh, judge not rashly (gentle sir) I pray,

Because I loosely trifle in this sort,
As one that fain his sorrows would beguile:
You now suppose me all this time in sport,
And please yourself with this conceit the while.

Ye shallow censures, sometimes see ye not,
In greatest perils some men pleasant be,
Where fame by death is only to be got,
They resolute? so stands the case with me

Where other men in depth of passion cry,
I laugh at Fortune, as in jest to die.

L.

As in some countries, far remote from hence,
The wretched creature destined to die,
Having the judgment due to his offence,
By surgeons begged, their art on him to try,

Which on the living work without remorse,
First make incision on each mast'ring vein,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transpierce the corse,
And with their balms recure the wounds again;

Then poison, and with physic him restore:
Not that they fear the hopeless man to kill,
But their experience to increase the more:
Ev'n so my mistress works upon my ill

By curing me, and killing me each hour,
Only to show her beauty's sov'reign power.

LXI.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.
From a Portrait taken in 1613, prefixed to the first Folio of his Poems.

One of Daniel's sonnets associates Delia with a river by which she dwelt—the Avon. One of Drayton's sonnets associates "Idea" with a streamlet by which she dwelt—the Anker, which flows by Hartshill, his own birthplace in Warwickshire, to enter the Tame at Tamworth. From Michael Drayton's muse comes also this poem of

THE SHEPHERD'S DAFFODIL.

"Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray,
Saw'st thou my Daffodil?

"She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
The colour maids delight,
And never hath her beauty seen
But through a veil of white.

"Than roses richer to behold,
That dress up lovers' bow'rs,
The pansy and the marigold,
Though Phœbus' paramours."—

"Thou well describ'st the Daffodil:
It is not full an hour
Since by the spring, on yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower."—

"Yet with my flower thou did'st not meet,
Nor news of her dost bring,
Yet is my Daffodil more sweet
Than that by yonder spring."—

"I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making, as he fed his sheep,
A wreath of daffodillies."—

"Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see,
For know, my pretty Daffodil
Is worn of none but me."—

"Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
They call her Daffodil;

"Whose presence, as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent
With homage to her feet.

"And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
'There goes sweet Daffodil!'"—

"Aye, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flock dost fill!
Come, go with me, thou shepherd's boy,
Let us to Daffodil!"

Two clever young satirists in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign made war on folly, or what they took to be folly, and on one another. Joseph Hall (afterwards Bishop of Norwich, and in controversy with Milton) was born, in 1574, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire, and was one of twelve children of an officer in the civil service of the Earl of Huntingdon, then President of the North. A preacher at Leicester undertook to prepare Joseph Hall for the ministry in seven years, and save his parents the expense of sending him to Cambridge; but strong representations against any agreement to this plan changed the father's mind. Joseph Hall went to Cambridge; a Mr. Sleigh, of Derby, offered to pay half the expense of keeping him there till he had taken his M.A. degree, and so he profited by six years of university training. Then he obtained a fellowship in his College (Emmanuel), and soon afterwards, from Lady Drury, of Suffolk, presentation to the Rectory of Halsted, near Bury St. Edmunds. So life was begun by the young scholar, who in 1597, at the age of twenty-three, published, without his name on the title-page, a little book of verse entitled "Virgidemiarum; Sixe Bookes. First Three Bookes of Toothlesse Satyrs. 1. Poeticall. 2. Academicall. 3. Morall." In the following year, 1598, he published the rest, as "Virgidemiarum, The Three Last Bookes of Byting Satyres." Both parts were reprinted in 1599 and 1602. Virgidemia is a word used by Plautus,[1] meaning a harvest of rods, that is, of stripes or blows. By this name, therefore, the satires were described as six books of rod harvests.

[1] "At ego te per crura, et talos, tergumque obtestor tuum
Ut tibi ulmeam uberem esse speres virgidemiam."
("Rudens," act iii., sc. 2.)

Joseph Hall had a very mistaken notion of the place of his satires in our literature when he began the Prologue to them by exclaiming—

> "I first adventure, with foolhardy might,
> To tread the steps of perilous despite.
> I first adventure, follow me who list,
> And be the second English satirist."

But he had chiefly in view, when he wrote that, his rival John Marston, who was ready with satires that did not appear till just after Hall's. The third satire of Hall's First Book is against the rising Elizabethan drama, one of the chief glories of our literature; and the ridicule of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" appears, it should be noted, four years after Marlowe's death, when Shakespeare's genius had declared itself, and in the year when his "Romeo and Juliet" and "Richard the Second" were first printed.

SATIRE ON THE STAGE.

(*Virgidemiarum, Book I., Satire* 3.)

With some pot-fury ravish'd from their wit,
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ:
As frozen dung-hills in a winter's morn
That void of vapours seemèd all beforn,
Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams
Exhale out filthy smoke and stinking steams,
So doth the base and the fore-barren brain,
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
On crownèd kings, that Fortune hath low brought:
Or some uprearèd, high aspiring swain,
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlaine:[1]
Then weeneth he his base drink-drownèd spright
Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven height,
When he conceives upon his feignèd stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Gracèd with huff-cap terms and thund'ring threats,
That his poor hearer's hair quite upright sets.
Such soon as some brave-minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-strainèd mouth,
He vaunts his voice upon an hirèd stage,
With high-set steps, and princely carriage;
Now swooping[2] in side robes of royalty,
That erst did scrub in lowsy brokery.
There if he can with terms Italianate
Big-sounding sentences, and words of state,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,
He ravishes the gazing scaffolders:
Then certes was the famous Corduban,[3]
Never but half so high tragedian.
Now, lest such frightful shews of Fortune's fall
And bloody tyrant's rage, should chance appall
The dead-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout
Comes leaping in a self-misforméd lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And justles straight into the prince's place.
Then doth the theatre echo all aloud
With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hotch-potch! when vile russetings[4]
Are match'd with monarchs and with mighty kings.
A goodly grace to sober tragic muse,
When each base clown his clumsy fist doth bruise,
And shew his teeth in double rotten row,
For laughter at his self-resembled show!
Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and gesturement,
Like curious censors of some doughty gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellows' ear.
Woe to the word whose margent in their scroll
Is noted with a black condemning coal.
But if each period might the synod please,
Ho! bring the ivy boughs and bands of bays!
Now when they part and leave the naked stage,
'Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath lavish'd his late half-penny.
Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold,
For every peasant's brass, on each scaffold.

This is the second satire from Hall's Third Book:

THE MONUMENT.

Great Osmond knows not how he shall be known
When once great Osmond shall be dead and gone:
Unless he rear up some rich monument
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.
Some stately tomb he builds, Egyptian wise,
Rex Regum written on the pyramis.
Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oak,[5]
That never felt none but the feller's stroke.
Small honour can be got with gaudy grave;
Nor it thy rotten name from death can save.
The fairer tomb, the fouler is thy name;
The greater pomp procuring greater shame.
Thy monument make thou thy living deeds:
No other tomb than that true virtue needs.
What! had he nought whereby he might be known
But costly pilements of some curious stone?
The matter nature's, and the workman's frame;
His purse's cost: where then is Osmond's name?
Deserv'dst thou ill? well were thy name and thee,
Wert thou inditchéd in great secresie,
Whereas no passenger might curse thy dust,
Nor dogs sepulchral sate their gnawing lust.
Thine ill deserts cannot be grav'd with thee,
So long as on thy grave they engraved be.

In many of Hall's satires imitation of the manner of the old Roman satirists is close and good.

Joseph Hall was a Cambridge student. The rival satirist, John Marston, son of a counsellor of the Middle Temple, was trained at Oxford, and was admitted Bachelor of Arts in 1593. His place in literature he owes to the plays which he began to write at the end of Elizabeth's reign; but his first

[1] "Tamburlaine," Marlowe's first play, was acted before 1587 and printed in 1590.

[2] *Swooping*, an intenser form of sweeping. Drayton, in the first song of his "Polyolbion," says that

> "Proud Tamar swoops along with such a lusty train
> As fits so brave a flood."

[3] *The famous Corduban.* Seneca, born at Corduba in Spain, condemned to death by Nero, A.D. 65. He was the greatest philosopher of the later Roman time, and in Elizabeth's reign classical tragedy was as familiarly represented by the Tragedies of Seneca as comedy by the Comedies of Plautus and Terence. "Seneca," says Polonius in Hamlet, "Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light."

[4] *Vile russetings*, low holiday-makers. The shepherd's holiday-dress was of home-spun russet cloth, so named from its dingy brown colour.

[5] *Great Arthur lies in ruder oak.* King Arthur's body was supposed to have been dug up in Glastonbury Abbey, coffined in oak.

But yet, alas! but seldom I
Do think indeed that I must die.

Continually at my bed's head
An hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well:
But yet, alas! for all this I
Have little mind that I must die.

The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair
Which is my only usual seat:
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no, I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Not Solomon, for all his wit,
Nor Samson, though he were so strong,
No king nor person ever yet
Could 'scape, but Death laid him along:
Wherefore I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Though all the East did quake to hear
Of Alexander's dreadful name,
And all the West did likewise fear
To hear of Julius Cæsar's fame,
Yet both by Death in dust now lie:
Who then can 'scape, but he must die?

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way.
Oh! grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, sith I must die.

LOSS IN DELAY.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee:
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Linger'd labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thy hold upon his forehead;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
Fester'd wounds ask deeper lancing;
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought scarce ever chancing.
Time and place give best advice,
Out of season out of price.

Crush the serpent in the head,
Break ill eggs ere they be hatch'd;
Kill bad chickens in the tread—
Fledged, they hardly can be catch'd.
In the rising stifle ill,
Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
Not by force but often falling;
Custom kills with feeble dint,
More by use than strength availing.
Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drawing freight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Aged trees do break with bending;
Young desires make little prease,
Growth doth make them past amending.
Happy man, that soon doth knock
Babel's babes against the rock!

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The loppéd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower;
Times go by turns and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her time hath equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
Nor hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The well that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish:
Unmeddled[1] joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most have never all.

Sir John Davies, whose chief poem ("Nosce Teipsum") is religious, and will give him a place in another volume, celebrated praises of Elizabeth in "Hymns of Astrea," which are twenty-six acrostics,

[1] *Unmeddled joys*, unmixed joys. So Spenser, in the "Shepherd's Calendar"—

"The red rose medled and the white yfere
In either cheek depincten lively cheere."

publication was a volume of satire in 1598, "The Scourge of Villanie," containing twelve satires arranged in three books, each with a Proemium. The "Scourge of Villanie" was followed in the same year by "The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image, and Certain Satyres," under the assumed name of William Kinsayder. Among Marston's satires are attacks on Hall, and among Hall's satires are attacks on Marston. Why they quarrelled we neither know nor care; perhaps they were not quarrelling, but "flyting" for amusement, although the fashion for such intellectual sparring matches had gone out some years before. This little poem stood on the first page of Marston's "Scourge of Villanie:"—

TO DETRACTION I PRESENT MY POESIE.

Foul canker of fair virtuous action,
Vile blaster of the freshest blooms on earth,
Envy's abhorréd child, Detraction,
I here expose to thy all-tainting breath
The issue of my brain: snarl, rail, bark, bite,
Know that my spirit scorns Detraction's spite.

Know that the Genius, which attendeth on
And guides my powers intellectual,
Holds in all vile repute Detraction.
My soul—an essence metaphysical,
That in the basest sort scorns critic's rage,
Because he knows his sacred parentage—

My spirit is not puffed up with fat fume
Of slimy ale, nor Bacchus' heating grape.
My mind disdains the dungy muddy scum
Of abject thoughts and Envy's raging hate.
True judgment slight regards Opinion,
A sprightly wit disdains Detraction.

A partial praise shall never elevate
My settled censure of my own esteem:
A cankered verdict of malignant hate
Shall ne'er provoke me worse myself to deem.
Spite of despite and rancour's villany,
I am myself, so is my poesy.

In 1599 the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London ordered the burning of Marston's "Pygmalion," "Hall's Satires," with other books of this kind by other writers, and forbade the printing of more satires or epigrams.

The same year, 1599, was the year of the death of Spenser. In 1598 the breaking out of Tyrone's rebellion led to an attack upon Kilcolman, and he was driven to England with his wife and his two sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine. He went into a lodging in King Street, Westminster, then a street much occupied by frequenters of the court, and there he died soon after his return to England.

One could wish that suppression of opinion in Elizabeth's reign had been limited to lampoons, and that vengeance had been satisfied with burnt paper. But this reign includes, among other signs of the times, the hanging of a pure and spiritual poet for his devotion to the Roman Catholic religion. Robert Southwell, the son of a Roman Catholic gentleman, was born in the year 1562 at Horsham St. Faith's, about five miles from Norwich. He was educated at Paris for two years before he went to Rome, and was received, at the age of seventeen, into the order of the Jesuits. He then continued his studies till he was ordained priest in 1584, and in May, 1586, left Rome with Henry Garnet upon a mission to England. He was received into the house of William, the third Lord Vaux, at Hackney, and Southwell presently became domestic chaplain to the Countess of Arundel, whose husband was a prisoner in the Tower. For six years he laboured in what he believed with all his soul to be the cause of God; but at last he was betrayed and arrested, put to the torture ten times during the first few weeks of his imprisonment, confined during two months in the Gate-house,[1] then during three years in the Tower, and in February, 1595—he then being a young man of thirty-three—put upon his trial. He pleaded that he was no traitor, but admitted his crime, that he was a Roman Catholic priest, and that he had returned to his own country to perform the offices of his Church for fellow-worshippers in England. He was condemned to death as a traitor, was drawn to Tyburn on a hurdle, was hanged, and had his heart burnt in sight of the people, in February 1595. It was the heart of a true and good man who, with devout calmness, had borne martyrdom for his opinions, as many of those who accounted just to condemn him would have borne martyrdom for theirs. These are poems by Robert Southwell:—

UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs,
That shortly I am like to find:
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare and thin;
I often view the hollow place,
Where eyes and nose had sometime been:
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence eke that saith,
Remember, man, thou art but dust:

[1] *The Gate House Prison.* This double gate, which was pu... in 1776, formed one of the principal approaches to the mona... site was at the western entrance of Tothill Street. The roo... eastern gate was the Bishop of London's prison for convic... and Roman Catholic recusants. The room over the other g... the west was the public prison for Westminster. It was to... that Raleigh was removed the night before his execution, ... wrote the last lines of his verse. In the same cage wa... Richard Lovelace singing. The Gate House, with its two ... the chambers over them, was built in the time of Edw... Walter de Warfield, cellarer of the Abbey. A keeper ... appointed by the Abbey. He paid for his office, took a ... rooms, and looked to his fees for profit. Poor prisoners co... with the street by help of a long pole, with which they fis... and drink-money. Southwell's confinement was, of c... room eastward, the Bishop of London's prison for clerk... recusants; Raleigh's in that over the westward gate.

"Of Astrea," "To Astrea," "To the Spring" "To the Month of May."

TO THE LARK.

Early, cheerful, mounting Lark,
Light's gentle usher, morning's clerk,
In merry notes delighting;
Stint awhile thy song and hark,
And learn my new inditing.

Bear up this hymn, to heaven it bear,
E'en up to heaven and sing it there,
To heaven each morning bear it;
Have it set to some sweet sphere,
And let the angels hear it.

Renowned Astrea, that sweet name,
Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath so renowned it;
It is Astrea's name I praise:
Now then, sweet Lark, do thou it raise,
And in high heaven resound it.

In like manner follow hymns "To the Nightingale," "To the Rose," "To all the Princes of Europe," "To Flora," "To the Month of September" (in which Elizabeth was born), "To the Sun," "To her Picture," "Of her Mind," "Of the Sunbeams of her Mind," "Of her Wit, her Will, her Memory, her Fancy," "Of the Organs of her Mind," "Of the Passions of the Heart," "Of the innumerable Virtues of her Mind," "Of her Wisdom," "Of her Justice."

OF HER MAGNANIMITY.

Even as her state, so is her mind
Lifted above the vulgar hind,
It treads proud Fortune under;
Sunlike it sits above the wind,
Above the storms and thunder.

Brave spirit, large heart, admiring nought,
Esteeming each thing as it ought,
That swelleth not nor shrinketh:
Honour is always in her thought,
And of great things she thinketh.

Rocks, pillars, and heaven's axle-tree
Exemplify her constancy;
Great changes never change her:
In her no fears are wont to rise,
Nature permits, virtue denies,
And scorns the face of danger.

A hymn "Of her Moderation" is the next. Yet she hanged Southwell.

"Unmingled joys here to no man befall;" every life, every day of our life, has its shadows, whether the life be that of the nation or of the man. Enough that true men of all opinions were ready in these days of the swift growth of England to die for their duty, and that the land was full of energy and full of song. Elizabeth herself wrote verse. This is a poem of hers, from a MS. in the Ashmolean Museum:—

VERSES BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I grieve, yet dare not show my discontent:
I love, and yet am forc'd to seem to hate:
I do, yet dare not say I ever meant,
I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate.
I am, and not, I freeze, and yet am burn'd,
Since from myself my other self is turn'd.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,
Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it;
Stands and lies by me, does what I have done:
This too familiar care doth make me rue it.
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things he is suppress.

Some gentler passions steal into my mind,
For I am soft, and made of melting snow;
Or, be more cruel, love, and so be kind,
Let me or float or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

James VI. of Scotland, who was to succeed Elizabeth as James I. of England, wrote verse. This is a Sonnet of his, prefixed in 1585 to his "Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie." It is the last of "Twelf Sonnets of Invocations to the Goddis."

SONNET BY JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND.

In short, you all forenaméd gods I pray
For to concur with one accord and will,
That all my works may perfect be alway:
Which if ye do, then swear I for to fill
My works immortal with your praises still:
I shall your names eternal ever sing,
I shall tread down the grass on Parnass hill
By making with your names the world to ring:
I shall your names from all oblivion bring,
I lofty Virgil shall to life restoir;
My subjects all shall be of heavenly thing,
How to delate the gods immortals gloir.
Essay me once, and if ye find me swerve,
Then think, I do not graces such deserve.

Whether James did bring from oblivion the names of Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo, and whether these and other forenamed gods did concur that all his immortal works should be perfect, are questions that may very well be left to the students of mythology whom they concern. We are on less mythical ground when we turn from the genius of King James VI. of Scotland to that of George Chapman, and of the young poets —Ben Jonson chief among them—who are multiplying in the latter days of Queen Elizabeth, and will maintain the honour of our literature when King James VI. of Scotland becomes James I. of England. These will join in the music of the later reign, but here is the place for recognition of the wit of Richard Barnfield, graduate in Oxford, who published in 1595 "The Affectionate Shepherd," containing the Complaint of Daphnis for the love of Ganymede; and in 1598, "The Encomium of Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money," with "The Complaint of Poetry for the Death of Liberality,"

"The Combat between Conscience and Covetousness in the Mind of a Man," and "Poems in Divers Humours," of which these are two, but they have both been claimed for Shakespeare:—

AN ODE.[1]

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Everything did banish moan,
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn
Leaned her breast uptill a thorn,
And there sung the doleful ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, teru, by and by.
But to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain,
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain.
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find,
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend,
But if store of crowns be scant
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king;"
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment.
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown,
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

[1] *An Ode.* This was printed by Barnfield as his in 1598, and inserted by W. Jaggard in "The Passionate Pilgrime by W. Shakespeare," in 1599. But W. Jaggard had no conscience in the matter. In 1612 he had a new edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim by W. Shakespeare," into which he put two poems that Thomas Heywood had published with his name attached to them in 1609. It seems to have been Shakespeare who then obliged Mr. Jaggard to cancel his title-page and reprint it without an author's name. Mr. Collier believes that Barnfield did not write this ode, because when "Lady Pecunia" was revised and reprinted in 1605 the ode and other of the smaller pieces were not given with it. Barnfield's sonnet also was stolen and put into the wallet of the "Passionate Pilgrim," so that it is sometimes ascribed to Shakespeare.

RICHARD BARNFIELD TO HIS FRIEND MASTER R. L.

In Praise of Music and Poetry.

If Music and sweet Poetry agree,
As they must needs, the Sister and the Brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear,[2] whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One God is God of both, as Poets feign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

Apollo had, as King James might have said, all England at his feet before his Scottish Majesty came to divide rule with him. Music was joined to reading, writing, and grammar, even among the qualifications for domestic service, as Tusser sang in 1570 touching "Points of Huswifery:"

"Such servants are oftenest painful and good
That sing in their labour as birds in the wood."

Part-singing was so familiar a pleasure that a dozen people could hardly meet among whom there were not singers enough to join in a catch, madrigal, or roundelay. Musical instruments hung in the barbers' shops for recreation of the customers who might be waiting. Popular tunes and new ballad songs multiplied and passed from voice to voice. Queen Elizabeth danced at the age of sixty-nine, and when she was given up by the doctors, she sent for her band of music. Shakespeare was not alone in associating music with the heavenly harmony, as, when Queen Katherine is dying, he makes her say—

"Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to."

The French ambassador, who had French ideas upon

[2] *Dowland to thee is dear.* John Dowland, supreme in skill upon the lute, had just published (in 1597) his "First Book of Songs." Joshua Sylvester sang of his skill that

"—— an old, rude, rotten, tuneless kit,
If famous Dowland deign to finger it,
Makes sweeter music than the choicest lute
In the gross handling of a clownish brute."

Antony Wood described him as "the rarest musician that the age did behold;" but in the reign of James I. he died old and neglected, in 1615. Under a woodcut of a mute nightingale drooping on a bare briar

the subject, said of Elizabeth's calling for music at such a time, that "she meant to die as cheerfully as she had lived." In an English sense that might be true, for the best cheer is nearest God.

JAMES THE FIRST.
(From a Portrait prefixed to his Latin Works.)

CHAPTER XII.

REIGN OF JAMES I.—BEN JONSON. DONNE, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1603 TO A.D. 1625.

LAMENT for Elizabeth and welcome to the incoming sovereign are blended with pleasant reference to some of the chief English singers, in a piece by Henry Chettle, a kindly dramatist of that day. It was called "England's Mourning Garment, worne here by plaine Shepheardes; in memorie of their sacred Mistresse, Elizabeth, Queene of Vertue while shee lived, and Theame of Sorrow being dead. To which is added the true manner of her Emperiall Funerall. After which followeth the Shepheard's Spring-song, for entertainment of King James our most potent Soveraigne. Dedicated to all that loved the deceased Queene, and honor the living King."

In a dialogue between Colin and Thenot, of prose opened with a little verse, the good deeds of Elizabeth were recalled, and the words were recalled also of a Colin (Spenser), who was "cunning and excellent indeed," on the sudden forgetting of a liberal Mecænas.

> "Being dead, no poet seeks him to revive,
> Though many poets flattered him alive."

"Whereupon," says Chettle's Colin, "somewhat like him, or at least to that purpose, of a person more excellent though in ruder verse, I speak."

ENGLAND'S MOURNING GARMENT.

Death now hath seiz'd her in his icy arms
That sometime was the sun of our delight,
And pitiless of any after harms
Hath veil'd her glory in the cloud of night.
Nor doth one poet seek her name to raise
That living hourly striv'd to sing her praise.

He that so well could sing the fatal strife
Between the royal Roses, White and Red,[1]
That praised so oft Eliza in her life,
His Muse seems now to die, as she is dead:
Thou sweetest song-man of all English swains,
Awake, for shame! Honour ensues thy pains.

But thou alone deserv'dst not to be blamed.
He that sung forty years her life and birth,
And is by English Albions so much famed[2]
For sweet mixed lays of majesty and mirth,
Doth of her loss take now but little keep,
Or else, I guess, he cannot sing but weep.

Neither doth Corin full of worth and wit,
That finished dead Musæus' gracious song[3]
With grace as great, and words and verse as fit,
Chide meagre Death for doing Virtue wrong:
He doth not seek with songs to deck her hearse,
Nor make her name live in his lively verse.

Nor does our English Horace, whose steel pen
Can draw charácters which will never die,[4]
Tell her bright glories unto list'ning men;
Of her he seems to have no memorie.
His Muse another path desires to tread,
True satires scourge the living, leave the dead.

---

in a winter storm, his latter days were thus described in Peacham's "Garden of Heroical Devices:"—

> "Here Philomel in silence sits alone
> In depth of winter on the baréd briar,
> Whereon the rose had once her beauty shown
> Which lords and ladies did so much desire.
> But fruitless now, in winter's frost and snow,
> It doth despised and unregarded grow.
>
> "So since, old friend, thy years have made thee white,
> And thou for others hast consumed thy spring,
> How few regard thee, whom thou didst delight,
> And far and near came once to hear thee sing!
> Ungrateful times, and worthless age of ours,
> That lets us pine when it hath cropt our flowers."

Let me here commend most heartily a work planned to add echoes of the music of our forefathers to the pleasures of a modern English home, Mr. W. Chappell's two volumes of "Popular Music of the Olden Time; a collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes illustrative of the National Music of England." Music and words of popular airs are here given in chronological order, set in a short [illegible] that tells the chief facts of their history.

[1] Samuel Daniel, the reference being to his poem on "The Civil Wars between the Two Houses of Lancaster and York."

[2] William Warner, an attorney, who had published, in 1586, "Albion's England" in thirteen books, and added two more books in 1606. Of this work account will be taken among the longer poems.

[3] George Chapman, who finished Marlowe's version of the "Hero and Leander" from Musæus.

[4] Ben Jonson, to whom the name of Horace was given, from his use of Horace in "The Poetaster" as the type of a true poet. In the retort upon his "Poetaster," the "Satiro-mastix," he was called Horace junior.

Nor doth the silver-tonguéd Melicert[1]
Drop from his honied muse one sable tear
To mourn her death that gracéd his desert
And to his lays opened her royal ear.
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her rape done by that Tarquin, Death.

No less do thou, sweet singer, Corydon,[2]
The theme exceeding Edward's Isabel,
Forget her not in Poly-Olbion;
Make some amends, I know thou loved'st her well.
Think 'twas a fault to have thy verses seen
Praising the King ere they had mourned the Queen.

And thou delicious, sportive Musidore,[3]
Although thou have resign'd thy wreath of Bay,
With Cypress bind thy temples, and deplore
Eliza's winter in a mournful lay:
I know thou can'st, and none can better, sing
Hearse songs for her and Pæans to our King.

Quick Antihorace, though I place thee here
Together with young Melibee thy friend,[4]
And Hero's last Musæus,[5] all three dear,
All such whose virtues highly I commend:
Prove not ingrate to her that many a time
Hath stooped her Majesty to grace your rime.

And thou that scarce hast fledg'd thine infant Muse—
I use thine own word and commend thee best
In thy proclaiming fames: the rest misuse
The name of Poetry with lines unblest;
Holding the Muses to be masculine,
I quote no such absurdity in thine.

Thee do I thank for will; thy work let pass:
But wish some of the former had first writ,
That from their poems, like reflecting glass
Steeled with the purity of Art and Wit,
Eliza might have lived in every eye,
Always beheld till Time and Poems die.

But cease you goblins and you under elves
That with rude rhymes and metres reasonless
Fit to be sung for such as your base selves,
Presume to name the Muses' Patroness:
Keep your low spheres, she hath an angel spirit,
The learned'st swain can hardly sing her merit.

Only her brother King the Muses trust,
Blood of her grandsire's blood, placed in her throne,
Can raise her glory from the bed of dust:
To praise her worth belongs to kings alone.
In him shall we behold her Majesty,
In him her virtue lives and cannot die.

With singing throughout all the land, the growth of a popular ballad literature became rapid in the reign of James I. "The Children in the Wood" some have fancied to be a story as old as the days of Richard III., contrived against Richard's dealing with his nephews. But the earliest indication of its existence dates from an entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company made on the 15th of October, 1595, when Thomas Millington entered for his copy, under the hands of both the Wardens, a ballad intituled "The Norfolk Gentleman, his Will and Testament, and howe he commytted the keeping of his children to his owne brother, whoe delte moste wickedly with them, and howe God plagued him for it." This must be the original of the old English ballad, though we have no copy of it so early in date.

RENAISSANCE ORNAMENT. (*From a Marble Sculpture by Pietro Lombardo, in the Church dei Miracoli at Venice.*)

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

[1] Shakespeare, as shown by the reference in the last line of the stanza to his "Rape of Lucrece," first published in 1594.

[2] Michael Drayton, then at work on his poetical description of England, "The Poly-olbion," published in James's reign.

[3] Probably Thomas Lodge, who had "resigned the bay," by giving his whole time to his practice as a physician.

[4] Dekker and Marston, the satirists of Ben Jonson—Horace junior—in "Satiro-mastix."

[5] *Hero's last Musæus.* Henry Petowe, who, in 1598, published a "Second Part of Hero and Leander," intended, like George Chapman's, for a completion of Marlowe's poem.

[6] Addison endeavoured to explain to readers of Queen Anne's time his enjoyment of the ballad of "The Children in the Wood," in a paper of which one half was covert apology to propitiate readers of the self-satisfied French-classical age, and the other half was the following piece of criticism. I give it as first published. Addison flinched slightly from ridicule, and modified a passage or two when revising for the publication of "The Spectator" in volumes. The criticism is here given as it was published on the 7th of June, 1711. "This song is a plain simple copy of nature, destitute of the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even

[illegible]

With that bespake their mother dear:
"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward:
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone,
They kiss'd their children small:
"God bless you both, my children dear!"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear:
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear
When you are laid in grave!"

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send
To be brought up in London town
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they ride on the way,
To those that should their butchers be
And work their lives' decay:

[illegible]

I have heard that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit temper'd with the greatest humanity, and was one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour. I might likewise refer my reader to Moliere's thoughts on this subject, as he has expressed them in the character of the misanthrope; but those only who are endowed with a true greatness of soul and genius can divest themselves of the little images of ridicule, and admire Nature in her simplicity and nakedness. As for the little conceited wits of the age, who can only shew their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these productions that have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art." The ornaments here used for illustration of "The Children in the Wood" are portions of two very beautiful examples of Renaissance decoration, figured by Friedrich Arnold in his unfinished work "Die Renaissance."

So that the pretty speech they had
  Made Murder's heart relent;
And they that undertook the deed
  Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
  Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hiréd him
  Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
  So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight
  About the children's life:
And he that was of mildest mood
  Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
  The babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,
  Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
  And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
  While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he; "I'll bring you bread
  When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
  Went wandering up and down;
But never more could see the man
  Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
  Were all besmear'd and dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night,
  They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these poor innocents,
  Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
  As wanting due relief:

No burial this pretty pair
  From any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
  Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
  Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
  His conscience felt an hell:
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
  His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
  And nothing with him stay'd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
  Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
  To want and misery:
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
  Ere seven years came about.
And now at last this wicked act
  Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
  These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
  Such was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
  As here hath been display'd;
The uncle having died in jail,
  Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
  And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
  And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
  And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such-like misery
  Your wicked minds requite.

RENAISSANCE ORNAMENT. *(From a Wood Carving in the Collegio del Cambio, Perugia.)*

To this piece of natural pathos from South Britain we may add, for more illustration of the poetry now current among the people, an example of the homely humour of the North.

THE WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.

I.

In Auchtermuchty[1] there dwelt ane man,
An husband, as I heard it tauld,
Quha[2] weil could tipple out a can,
And naither luvit hunger nor cauld.

Quhill anis it fell upon a day
He yokit his pleuch upon the plain,
Gif it be true, as I heard say,
The day was foul for wind and rain.

[1] Auchtermuchty is a royal burgh, eight miles from Cupar, Fife.

[2] *Quha*, who; *quhill*, while, formerly; *quhill anis* (line 5), once upon a time (in stanzas viii. and ix. *quhill* is till); *quhen* (line 11), when; *quhair* (line 17), where. The Scottish combination *quh*, representing a strong guttural sound, is equivalent to First-English *hw*, modern English *wh*. There have been various theories as to the origin of this use of *quh* to represent a guttural aspirate more marked than the *wh* of Southern English, and it has been thought to represent a sound analogous to that indicated in Mœso-gothic by a peculiar character, an O, with a point in the centre. There is obvious analogy of "quha" and "quham" with Latin "quis" and "quem;" of "quhen" with Latin "quum."

II

He heastit the plewch at the landis end,[1]
And drave his oxen hame at ane,[2]
Quhen he came in he bakit bun,[3]
And saw the wife, baith dry and clene,
Sittand at ane fyre bath and bauld,[4]
With ane fat soup, as I heard say,
The man being very wet and cauld,
Between thair twa it was na play.

III

Quoth he, "Quhair is my horsis corn?
Ay ye haw neither boy nor stray?
Hame, ye maun to the plewch the morn;
I will be hussy[5] gif I may."
Husband, quoth she, "contient am I
To tak the plewch my day about,
Be ye will rule baith calvis and kye,
And all the house baith in and out.

IV

"But mon that ye will housekeep keen,
Bind ye sall ain, and ane we sall kaird,[6]
And ay as ye mane but and ben[7]
Luk that the buttrice[8] be nocht the bair,
Nor by ane cadl scape to the kill[9]
(We haif ane dear barn on our hoard),
And ay as ye mane baith and till,[10]
Keip weill the gaislingis fra the gled."[11]

V

The wife was up richt late at ane,
I pray God save her well to fare!
She heard the kirn,[12] and shumd[13] it clene,
Left the gaislingis but bledoch[14] bare
Haw to the morrowis up she gat,
And on her hand had her dispone,[15]
And yet ale mekkle to her lap
Ye micht have sorrd them baith at anis.

VI

Haw hark, he thou maister of work,
And thou sall haif, and I sall ca',[16]
For promise thou ane gude new sark,
Outhir of round claith or of sma'."
She heastit the ovon anicht or anis,
And hint ane peil stall in her hand.
Up the andirnen rase affe anis,
And saw the wife had done command.

VII

He raiss[17] the gaislingis baith to feid,
Thair was but seventeen of them a',

And by there cumis the greedy gled,
And licked up five, left him but twa:
Than out he ran, in all his mane.[18]
How sune he heard the gaislings cry:
But than or[19] he cumis in againe
The calvis brak loose and sm-ist the kye.

VIII.

The calvis and kye met in the lone.
The man ran with ane rung to red:[20]
Than there cumis ane illwilly cow.
And brodit[21] his buttock quhill that it bled.
Than hame he ran to a rock of tow.
And he sat down to say[22] the spinning:
I trow he lowtit out neir the low—
Quoth he, "This work has ill beginning."

IX.

Hind to the kirn than did he stoure,
And jumlit at it quhill he swat;
Quhen he had fumlit at full lang hour,
The sorrow a scrape of butter he gat;
Albeit na butter he could get,
Yet he was cummerit with the kirn;
And syne he het the milk o'er het,[23]
And sorrow a spark of it wald yirn.[24]

X.

Than ben there cam[25] ane greidy sow,
I trow he cond her little thank,
For in she shot her meikle mow,[26]
And ay she winkit and she drank:
He cleikit up an cruked cleit,
And thocht to hit the sow a rout;
The twa gaislings the gled had left
That straik dang baith thair harnis out.[27]

XI.

Than he bare kindling to the kill,[28]
But scho stert up all in ane low;[29]
Quhatevir he heard, quhatevir he saw,
That day he had na will to wow.[30]
Than he gaed to tak up the bairnis,
Thocht to have fand them fair and clene;
The first that he gat in his armis
Was a' bedirtin to the ene.[31]

XII.

The first it smelt sae sappelie,
To touche the lave he did nocht greine:[32]
"The deil cut off thair hands," quoth he,
"That ever yd a sa fow[33] yestrene!"
He trailit the fowll sheits down the gait,[34]
Thocht to have washit them on a stane;
The burn was risen grit of spait,[35]
Away fra him the sheits hes tane.

---

[1] Land, field.
[2] In all his might.
[3] Or, ere.
[4] Bold, warm and bright.
[5] Ass, easy to rule, a staff to separate them.
[6] Bade, prohibited.
[7] "Bed" is altred to "bake," which phrase to "bauld the ghaist" is to blow the fire into a heat.
[8] Say, try, essay.
[9] The wet and tired husband found his wife by a bright fire.
[10] "He heated the milk too hot."
[11] Fire, curdle.
[12] "Some, you must to the plough to morrow; I shall be housewife." "But since it is your will to know housewifery, first you must (then you must know)."
[13] Kow-yem, there came into the house.
[14] Mow, mouth.
[15] "Bess and Nan, out and in," "be stan" and "be-naan."
[16] Kiln.
[17] Pack and fell, to and fro.
[18] "Keep well the gralings from the kite."
[19] Ere, ehrun.
[20] Skummed, skimmed.
[21] Bridd, buttermilk.
[22] Rise, rose.
[23] Dispone, breakfast.
[24] "Thou shalt hold the plough, and I shall call."
[25] Cast, roadway.
[26] Gruue, I eat.
[27] Fee, fell.
[28] Sparl, flood.

XIII.

Then up he gat on ane know heid,[1]
On her to cry, on her to shout;
She heard him, and she heard him not,
Bot stoutly steerid the stottis about.
She drave all day unto the nicht;
She loosit the pleuch, and syne came hame:
She fand all wrang that sould bene richt;
I trow the man thocht richt grit shame.

XIV.

Quoth he, "My office I forsaik
For all the dayis of my life;
For I wald put ane house to wraik,[2]
Had I bene twenty dayis gudwife."
Quoth she, "Weil met ye bruke[3] your place,
For trewlie I will nevir accep it."
Quoth he, "Feind fall the lyaris face,[4]
But yet ye may be blyth to get it."

XV.

Than up she gat ane meikle rung,
And the gudeman made to the door:
Quoth he, "Dame, I sall hald my tung,
For an we fecht I'll get the waur."
Quoth he, "Quhen I forsuik my pleuch,
I trow I but forsuik myseill;
And I will to my pleuch agane,
For I and this house will ne'er do weil."

Thirty years old at the death of Elizabeth, Ben Jonson was chief of the group of younger men who had begun to write plays in her reign. He had made his mark with "Every Man in his Humour" (in its present form) in 1598, and had then brought many an attack upon himself by tilting at follies of the City, of the Court, and of all poets who took low views of their calling, in three successive years, 1599, 1600, 1601, with three successive pieces that were dramatic satires rather than plays, "Every Man out of his Humour," "Cynthia's Revels," and "The Poetaster." Marston and Dekker, in 1602, administered to their friend what they thought needful correction with a play on himself, "Satiro-mastix." As he found himself persistently misunderstood, the words of a poet honouring his vocation being misread into their own dialect by men who lived on the broad flats of life and seldom breathed the keen air of the mountain heights, he turned from satire to tragedy, and in 1603 produced "Sejanus." Born poor, and owing his education in Westminster School to the interest taken in his quick wit by William Camden, then a master there, Ben Jonson left school to follow his father-in-law's business as a bricklayer. But he soon volunteered for the war in the Low Countries, fought bravely, came home, and attached himself to the theatre as but a poor retainer, till his wealth of wit, wisdom, and knowledge lifted him to supremacy above his fellows that was absolute after the death of Shakespeare. Though, except Shakespeare, the only dramatist of any mark who had not received university training, he excelled all in learning, and at the death of Elizabeth already ranked the foremost scholars as well as poets among his friends. He was openly disdainful of all that was mean, and worried the curs of society till they were all set barking at him. He had a large love for all true men and good poets, and his hearty praise was

BEN JONSON.
From George Vertue's Engraving of his Portrait.

the delight of the young singers who, in his later time, were proud to be called by him his sons. Of Ben Jonson as a dramatist there will be illustration in another volume of this Library, but here we have emphatic evidence that the true dramatist is also a lyric poet, and that if he excel in the higher exercise of his genius, he will excel also in the lower. This is one of ten lyric pieces entitled "A Celebration of Charis:"—

HER TRIUMPH.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And, enamoured, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elemen

[1] *On ane know heid*, on the top of a hillock.
[2] *To wraik*, to wreck.
[3] *Met ye bruke*, may you possess or enjoy.
[4] *The lyaris face*. The "lyar" was a carpet by the cushioned seat, the wife's seat at the fireside.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

The next is a playful song, in which Woman is supposed to have a word to say to Man writing songs in praise of her, and asking her to sing them:—

IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND.

Men, if you love us, play no more
The fools or tyrants with your friends,
To make us still sing o'er and o'er
Our own false praises, for your ends:
We have both wits and fancies too,
And, if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor do we doubt but that we can,
If we would search with care and pain,
Find some one good in some one man;
So going thorough all your strain,
We shall, at last, of parcels make
One good enough for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes,
In any curious piece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes,
Than when 'tis made—why so will we.
And having pleased our art, we'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

The following piece is in the metre chosen by Mr. Tennyson for his "In Memoriam:"—

AN ELEGY.

Though Beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours, of whom I sing, be such
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet is't your Virtue now I raise.

A Virtue, like allay, so gone
Throughout your form as, though that move
And draw and conquer all men's love,
This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet, because
'Tis of yourself; and that you use
The noblest freedom, not to choose
Against or faith or honour's laws:

But who could less expect from you,
In whom alone Love lives again,
By whom he is restored to men,
And kept and bred and brought up True?

His falling temples you have reared:
The withered garlands ta'en away,
His altars kept from the down
That envy wished, and nature feared:
And on them burns so chaste a flame,
With so much loyalty's expense,
As Love, t' acquit such excellence,
Is gone himself into your name.

And You are He: the deity
To whom all lovers are designed
That would their better objects find,
Among which faithful troop am I,

Who, as an offering at your shrine,
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine,

Which, if it kindle not but scant
Appear, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her, am grieved to want.

The other name has slept in death of the Elizabe on whom this charming epitaph was written:—

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L.H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If, at all, she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other let it sleep with death.
Fitter where it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

Sir Philip Sidney's sister and companion, **Mary**, f whom he wrote his "Arcadia," who worked with hi upon translation of the Psalms when he was wit her at Wilton after her marriage to the Earl o Pembroke, and of whom Spenser spoke as

"——— most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
Her brother dear,"

died in 1621; and to Ben Jonson, but also to Willia Browne, has been ascribed this

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

How thoroughly Ben Jonson could appreciate th genius of Shakespeare, let this poem tell:—

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIA SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much.

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
. . . . . .
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.

I, therefore, will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek
For names: but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion: and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muse's anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnéd and true filéd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

Kindly and hard-working Thomas Dekker, who began his career as dramatist in 1597 with one of the most light-hearted of merry comedies, the "Shoemaker's Holiday," and who (as his later work shows) took no low view of his calling, though he did cross cudgels in satire with his friend, Ben Jonson—Dekker also had the true music in him. This probably is his:—

THOMAS DEKKER.
From the Title-page of "Dekker's Dream" (1620).

A LULLABY.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise:
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby,
Rock them, rock them, lullaby!

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you:
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby,
Rock them, rock them, lullaby!

It is sung by Janiculo in "The Comedy of Patient Grissil," by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, first printed in 1603. From the same comedy comes—sung also by Grissil's father, Janiculo the basket-maker—this song of

SWEET CONTENT.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexéd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexéd
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, &c.
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crispéd spring?
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently Want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! &c.
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

In a play by three writers the authorship of a song cannot be decided beyond doubt; but Dekker is the only one of the three whose other known verse accords with these pieces in its music. The songs placed at the opening and close of his "Old Fortunatus," with the lament that arises while the story is in progress, so far express the one thought of the piece that they may be taken as one poem.

TWO SOVEREIGNS.

Fortune smiles! Cry holiday:
Dimples on her cheek do dwell.
Fortune frowns! cry well-a-day:
Her love is Heaven, her hate is Hell.
Since Heaven and Hell her power obey,
When she smiles cry holiday!
Holiday! with joy we cry,
And bend, and bend, and merrily
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity:
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity.

All.

Let us sing, merrily, merrily, merrily!
With our song let heaven resound!
Fortune's hands our heads have crown'd!
Let us sing, merrily, merrily, merrily!

Priest.

Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines.
O pity, pity, and alack the time!
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
Her gilded boughs above the cedar climb.
Vice hath golden cheeks, O pity, pity!
She in every land doth monarchize.
Virtue is exiled from every city,
Virtue is a fool, Vice only wise.
O pity, pity! Virtue weeping dies.
Vice laughs to see her faint. Alack the time!
This sinks; with painted wings the other flies.
Alack, that best should fall, and bad should climb!
O pity, pity, pity! mourn, not sing!
Vice is a saint, Virtue an underling.
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines:
Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines.

All loudly cry, Virtue the victory!
Virtue the victory! For joy of this,
Those self-same hymns which you to Fortune sung
Let them be now in Virtue's honour rung:

Virtue smiles. Cry holiday:
Dimples on her cheek do dwell.
Virtue frowns! Cry well-a-day:
Her love is Heaven, her hate is Hell.
Since Heaven and Hell obey her power,
Tremble when her eyes do lower.
Since Heaven and Hell her power obey,
Where she smiles, cry holiday!
Holiday! with joy we cry,
And bend, and bend, and merrily
Sing hymns to Virtue's deity:
Sing hymns to Virtue's deity.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.
From the Portrait before his translation of Homer.

An elder poet and dramatist who first joined his juniors in their singing towards the close of Elizabeth's reign was George Chapman, whose portrait as here given appeared before his Homer with an inscription that made his age fifty-seven in 1616, the year in which Shakespeare died at the age of fifty-two. He was born at Hitchin, as he himself says,

"——on the hill
Next Hitchin's left hand,"

and is described by William Browne, in the second book of "Britannia's Pastorals," as "the learned shepherd of fair Hitching Hill." He was nearly forty years old when, in 1598, his first play was printed, but it had been acted two years before, and he had published his first poem, the "Shadow of

Night," in 1594. In the same year with his first printed play appeared the beginning of his translation of Homer, being an instalment of seven books of the Iliad. In James I.'s reign he published twelve books of the Iliad, in 1610, and in the following year all twenty-four, to which the twenty-four books of the Odyssey and all known poems ascribed to Homer afterwards were added. Let us read the good verse prefixed to the "Twelve Books of the Iliad," which were dedicated to King James's son, Prince Henry; but allow a few minutes to take breath before starting, as the first sentence is twenty-eight lines long, large in structure as in thought.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO THE HIGH-BORN PRINCE OF MEN, HENRY, THRICE ROYAL INHERITOR TO THE UNITED KINGDOMS OF GREAT BRITAIN, ETC.

Since perfect happiness, by Princes sought,
Is not with birth born, nor exchequers bought,
Nor follows in great trains, nor is possess'd
With any outward state; but makes him blest
That governs inward and beholdeth there
All his affections stand about him bare,
That by his power can send to Tower and death
All traitorous passions, marshalling beneath
His justice his mere will, and in his mind
Holds such a sceptre as can keep confined
His whole life's actions in the royal bounds
Of virtue and religion, and their grounds
Takes in to sow his honours, his delights,
And complete empire: you should learn these rights,
Great Prince of Men, by princely precedents
Which here, in all kinds, my true zeal presents
To furnish your youth's groundwork and first state,
And let you see one godlike Man create
All sorts of worthiest Men, to be contrived
In your worth only, giving him revived
For whose life Alexander would have given
One of his kingdoms, who (as sent from heaven,
And thinking well that so divine a creature
Would never more enrich the race of nature)
Kept as his crown His Works, and thought them still
His angels, in all power to rule his will;
And would affirm that Homer's poesy
Did more advance his Asian victory
Than all his armies. Oh, 'tis wondrous much,
Though nothing prized, that the right virtuous touch
Of a well-written soul to virtue moves;
Nor have we souls to purpose, if their loves
Of fitting objects be not so inflamed.
How much then were this kingdom's main soul maim'd,
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in human souls! All realms but yours
Are honour'd with him, and hold blest that state
That have His Works to read and contemplate:
In which humanity to her height is raised,
Which all the world, yet none enough, hath praised.
Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verse comprise,
Out-sung the Muses, and did equalise
Their king Apollo; being so far from cause
Of Princes' light thoughts, that their gravest laws
May find stuff to be fashion'd by his lines.
Through all the pomp of kingdoms still he shines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your lutes and viols, and more loftily
Make the heroics of your Homer sung!
To drums and trumpets set his angel's tongue!
And, with the princely sport of hawks you use,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse,
And see how, like the phœnix, she renews
Her age and starry feathers in your sun,
Thousands of years attending, every one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdoms, nations that have been
Subverted in them; laws, religions, all
Offer'd to change and greedy funeral:
Yet still your Homer lasting, living, reigning,
And proves how firm Truth builds in poets' feigning.
A Prince's statue, or in marble carved
Or steel or gold, and shrined, to be preserved,
Aloft on pillars or pyramidés,
Time into lowest ruins may depress;
But drawn with all his virtues in learn'd verse,
Fame shall resound them on oblivion's hearse,
Till graves gasp with her blasts, and dead men rise.
No gold can follow where true Poesy flies.
Then let not this Divinity in earth,
Dear Prince, be slighted as she were the birth
Of idle fancy, since she works so high;
Nor let her poor disposer, Learning, lie
Still bed-rid. Both which being in men defaced
In men with them is God's bright image rased.
For as the Sun and Moon are figures given
Of His refulgent Deity in heaven,
So Learning, and, her lightener, Poesy,
In earth present His fiery Majesty.
Nor are kings like Him since their diadems
Thunder and lighten and project brave beams,
But since they His clear virtues emulate,
In truth and justice imaging His state,
In bounty and humanity since they shine,
Than which is nothing like Him more divine:
Not fire, not light, the sun's admiréd course,
The rise nor set of stars, nor all their force
In us and all this cope beneath the sky,
Nor great Existence, term'd His Treasury;
Since not for being greatest He is blest,
But being just, and in all virtues blest.
What sets His justice and his truth best forth,
Best Prince, then use best, which is Poesy's worth.
For, as great Princes, well inform'd and deck'd
With gracious virtue, give more sure effect
To her persuasions, pleasures, real worth,
Than all th' inferior subjects she sets forth;
Since there she shines at full, hath birth, wealth, state,
Power, fortune, honour, fit to elevate
Her heavenly merits, and so fit they are,
Since she was made for them, and they for her;
So Truth, with Poesy graced, is fairer far,
More proper, moving, chaste, and regular,
Than when she runs away with untruss'd Prose;
Proportion, that doth orderly dispose
Her virtuous treasure, and is queen of graces,
In Poesy decking her with choicest phrases,
Figures and numbers; when loose Prose puts on
Plain letter-habits, makes her trot upon
Dull earthly business, she being mere divine,
Holds her to homely cates and harsh hedge-wine,
That should drink Poesy's nectar, every way
One made for other, as the sun and day,
Princes and virtues. And, as in a spring,

The pliant water, moved with anything
Let fall into it, puts her motion out
In perfect circles, that move round about
The gentle fountain, one another raising;
So Truth and Poesy work; so Poesy, blazing
All subjects fall'n in her exhaustless fount,
Works most exactly, makes a true account
Of all things to her high discharges given,
Till all be circular and round as heaven.
And lastly, great Prince, mark and pardon me:
As in a flourishing and ripe fruit-tree,
Nature hath made the bark to save the bole,
The bole the sap, the sap to deck the whole
With leaves and branches, they to bear and shield
The useful fruit, the fruit itself to yield
Guard to the kernel, and for that all those,
Since out of that again the whole tree grows;
So in our tree of man, whose nervy root
Springs in his top, from thence even to his foot
There runs a mutual aid through all his parts,
All join'd in one to serve his Queen of Arts,
In which doth Poesy like the kernel lie
Obscured, though her Promethean faculty
Can create man, and make even death to live,
For which she should live honour'd. Kings should give
Comfort and help to her that she might still
Hold up their spirits in virtue, make the will
That governs in them to the power conform'd,
The power to justice; that the scandals, storm'd
Against the poor dame, clear'd by your fair grace,
Your grace may shine the clearer. Her low place,
Not showing her, the highest leaves obscure.
Who raise her raise themselves; and he sits sure
Whom her wing'd hand advanceth, since on it
Eternity doth, crowning virtue, sit.
All whose poor seed, like violets in their beds,
Now grow with bosom-hung and hidden heads;
For whom I must speak, though their fate convinces
Me worst of poets, to you best of princes.

By the most humble and faithful implorer for all
the graces to your highness eternised
by your divine Homer,
GEO. CHAPMAN.

The prince full of high promise to whom this dedication was addressed died in the following year, in November, 1611, and was lamented in verse by many of the poets.

We have lyric verse also from a pair of dramatists who worked together, and whose plays, like those of Cyril Tourneur, belong entirely to the reign of James I., while most of their fellow-playwrights either began under Elizabeth, or ended under Charles I., or, like Ben Jonson, wrote in all three reigns. There was ten years' difference of age between them: John Fletcher, the elder, born in 1576, survived his friend nine years, continued to write, and died at the end of James's reign in 1625, aged forty-nine. Francis Beaumont died at the age of thirty, in 1616, the same year as Shakespeare. Their first printed verses were in praise of Ben Jonson, prefixed in 1607 to the first edition of his "Volpone," and for the remaining nine years of Beaumont's life, from twenty-one to thirty, they wrote plays together. Beaumont's poetical taste, it was said, controlled, in their joint work, Fletcher's luxuriance of wit and fancy.

From Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" this

SONG TO PAN.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovéd lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

The next is a song from "The Mad Lover:"—

THE BATTLE OF PELUSIUM.

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in;
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;
Bows, bills, glaves, arrows, shields, and spears!
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring:
Oh, view the wings of horse the meadows scouring.
The vanguard marches bravely. Hark, the drums!
Dub,
They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes:
See how the arrows fly,
That darken all the sky!
Hark how the trumpets sound,
Hark how the hills rebound,
Tara, tara, tara, tara,

Hark how the horses charge! in, boys, boys, in!
The battle totters; now the wounds begin:
Oh, how they cry!
Oh, how they die!
Room for the valiant Memnon, armed with thunder!
See how he breaks the ranks asunder!
They fly! they fly! Eumenes has the chase,
And brave Polybius makes good his place.
To the plains, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the floods,
They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow!
Hark how the soldiers holloa! *Hey, hey!*
Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his soldiers fled;
The battle's won, and lost,
That many a life hath cost.

The next is from "The Woman Hater:"—

DREAMS.

Come, Sleep, and, with thy sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight awhile;

Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy;
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought:
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.
From the Portrait engraved by Vertue.

JOHN FLETCHER.
From the Portrait engraved by Vertue.

And this from "The Nice Valour:"—

MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy.
O sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms, and fixéd eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound,
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley.
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy!

This is by Francis Beaumont—

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Mortality, behold and fear
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones;
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands,
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royallest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
"Though gods they were, as men they died!"
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings:
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Another dramatist of the time of James I. was Thomas Middleton, who began to write in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, was about thirty-three years old at James's accession, and lived until 1627. This song of his is from a play first printed in 1602:—

WHAT LOVE IS LIKE.

Love is like a lamb, and Love is like a lion;
Fly from Love, he fights; fight, then does he fly on;
Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leesing:
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.

This is from a play of "The Widow," written by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton:—

THE THIEVES' SONG.

How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it!
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute:

Some would have children; those that have them moan
Or wish them gone:
What is it, then, to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease;
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil;
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease
We are worse in peace:—
What then remains, but that we still should cry
For being born, or, being born, to die?

The light and graceful Euphuism which in Elizabeth's reign filled our poetry with dainty conceit that disarmed criticism by its lively turns of wit and fancy, hardened under James I., in many writers, into a pedantic strain to be ingenious. If the king's clumsy trifling was according to his nature, it was also according to his time. Italian influence upon the outward forms of literature was not yet superseded, but was in decay; and the characters of that Later Euphuism which gave rise among the poets to what Dr. Johnson, not knowing what it was or what to call it, styled, for inscrutable reasons, "metaphysical poetry," were manifest at the same time in the literatures of Italy herself, of Spain, and of France. In Italy Marino, in Spain Gongora, had about the same time like characters in literary history to those which distinguished in this country Dr. John Donne as a type of the later euphuistic style. In Spain those whom we called in England Euphuists were called Conceptistas, and our Later Euphuists (miscalled "metaphysical" poets) corresponded to those men of their own day who live in the history of Spanish literature as the "Cultos." In France such writers were known as the Pleiades, and in Italy, after Marino, whose style was not cause but consequence of the surrounding change—and who was a better poet than Donne—they were called Marinisti. Here is Donne writing upon a primrose:—

THE PRIMROSE,

BEING AT MONTGOMERY CASTLE, UPON THE HILL ON WHICH IT IS SITUATE.

Upon this primrose hill,
Where, if Heav'n would distil
A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own primrose, and grow manna so;
And where their form and their infinity
Make a terrestrial galaxy,
As the small stars do in the sky:
I walk to find a true love, and I see
That 'tis not a mere woman, that is she,
But must or more or less than woman be.

Yet know I not which flower
I wish, a six, or four;
For should my true love less than woman be,
She were scarce anything; and then should she
Be more than woman, she would get above
All thought of sex, and think to move
My heart to study her, not to love;
Both these were monsters. Since there must reside
Falsehood in woman, I could more abide
She were by art than nature falsify'd.

Live, Primrose, then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content;
Ten is the farthest number, if half ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men,
Or if this will not serve their turn, since all
Numbers are odd or even, since they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

We seem to have left Marlowe very far behind when we find Donne echoing his music in this fashion:—

THE BAIT.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sun,
And there th' enamoured fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

If thou to be so seen beest loath,
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both;
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snare or windowy net:

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleavesilk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait.
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

John Donne, born in 1572, son of a London merchant, was trained at both Oxford and Cambridge, travelled on the Continent, and then became secretary to Chancellor Ellesmere. But he offended Lady Ellesmere by marrying her niece, and suffered many troubles while a sickly family increased about him. For some years Sir Francis Woolley, of Pirford in Surrey, befriended him, and afterwards Sir Robert Drury. His long and careful study of the points in controversy between the English Reformed Church and the Church of Rome, and his loyal views upon

the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, brought him King James's favour. After a conscientious delay of three years that reflects honour upon him, Donne

JOHN DONNE.
From the Portrait prefixed to his Poems (1669).

yielded to the king's suggestion that he should enter the Church. By the king's command, Cambridge gave the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in a few years James had conferred on Donne the Deanery of St. Paul's in a fashion that, no doubt, seemed witty and pleasant to them both. The king invited Donne to dinner, sat down himself, and said, "Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and though you sit not down with me, I will carve you of a dish I know you love well; for, knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of St. Paul's. And when I have dined, then take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you."

Another illustrator of the decay of Euphuism was Joshua Sylvester. He expected to be remembered by remote posterity as translator of the works of a now neglected French Protestant poet, Guillaume Saluste du Bartas, whose chief work, "La Sepmaine," was a religious poem in highest repute from the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign until the time of Charles I. Prefixed to his translation were "shaped verses," arranged as columns, altars, pyramids, for which the fashion was extending in the reign of James. Ben Jonson, Samuel Daniel, Joseph Hall, and other good writers, highly praised Joshua Sylvester's version of Du Bartas. This is its praise as sounded by John Davies, of Hereford:—

IN PRAISE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

If divine Bartas (from whose blessed braines
  Such works of grace or gracefull workes did stream)
Were so admir'd for wit's celestiall strains
  As made their vertues seat the high'st extream;
Then, Josuah, the sun of thy bright praise
  Shall fixéd stand in Art's fair firmament
Till dissolution date Time's nights and dayes,
  Sith right thy lines are made to Bartas bent,
Whose compass circumscribes (in spacious words)
  The Universall in particulars;
And thine the same, in other tearms, affords:
  So, both your tearms agree in friendly wars:
    If thine be only his, and his be thine,
    They are (like God) eternall, sith divine.

Here are some of Joshua Sylvester's secular ingenuities:—

AN ACROSTIC SONNET ON HIS OWN NAME.

J n paine 'tis paine past pleasures to record;
O how it grieves in grief to think of gladnesse,
S mart after smiles ingenders treble sadnesse:
U se of delight makes dolour more abhorr'd.
A h, what availes mee (then) thy wonted favour?
H igh hopes dejected double in despaire,
S o ev'ry smile-beame of thy sun-shine faire,
Y f now thou frowne, makes ev'ry torment graver:
L ove, think not, then, ah think not it sufficeth
V nto thy merit, that thou didst affect mee;
E ven that remembrance, if you now neglect mee,
ST ings more than all-else sorrow that ariseth.
E asie's his pain, who never pleasure proved,
R ougher, disdaine, to him that hath beene loved.

ACROSTITELIOSTICHON.

R are type of gentrie, and true Vertues star R
O ne entire payment of the zeale wee O
B reake still the best threades of our busie we B
E vill the Muses with griev'd mindes agre E
R uth, more than youth, and rather crie than quave R
T is said of some things, that the last is bes T
N o praise, but pardon to our new-found strai N
I will enforce my leaden thoughts to fl I
C loude-high, to grave it, in a diamond ro C
O n every thing, forbeares the Muses th O
L ost with their lives, their lives memorial L
S weet learning, yet, keeps fresh their famous storie S
O ur verse, your vertues shall eternize to O
N othing a whit more cleare than radiant su N

But this sonnet is daintier:—

THE BROKEN CHARM.

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
  And thrice three times tie-up this true love-knot;
Thrice sit thee down in this enchanted chair,
  And murmur soft, She will, or she will not.

Go burn these poisoned weeds in that blue fire,
  This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave;
These screech-owl's feathers, and this pricking briar,
  That all thy thorny cares an end may have.

Then come you fairies dance with me a round:
  Dance in this circle, let my love be centre;
Melodiously breathe out a charming sound;
  Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter.

In vain are all the charms I can devise!
  She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

And this:—

ABIDING LOVE.

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
  And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain
  Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
  And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
  Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
  My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
  Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.

Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

Thomas Overbury, born in Warwickshire in 1581, was knighted by King James in 1608; but his endeavours to dissuade the king's base favourite, Thomas

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.
From a Portrait engraved in Nichols's "Progresses of James the First."

Carr, whom James made Earl of Somerset, from marrying the divorced Countess of Essex, brought on him the vengeance of those creatures of the king. They procured his committal to the Tower, and there poisoned him in September, 1613. His poem of "The Wife" was first published in the following year, with the suggestive title of "A Wife, now a Widow." The tone of the poem is throughout high, but I omit stanzas in several places—eighteen in all—that insist chiefly on what a poet of the present day would take for granted:—

THE WIFE.

Each woman is a brief of womankind,
  And doth in little even as much contain;
As in one day and night all life we find,
  Of either more is but the same again.
God fram'd her so, that to her husband she,
As Eve, should all the world of woman be.

So fram'd he both, that neither power he gave
  Use of themselves but by exchange to make:
Whence in their face the fair no pleasure have
  But by reflex of what thence other take.
Our lips in their own kiss no pleasure find:
Toward their proper face our eyes are blind.

So God in Eve did perfect[1] man begun;
  Till then, in vain much of himself he had;
In Adam God created only one,
  Eve and the world to come in Eve he made.
We are two halves: whiles each from other strays
Both barren are; join'd, both their like can raise.

At first, both sexes were in man combin'd,
  Man, She-Man did within his body breed;
Adam was Eve's, Eve mother of mankind,
  Eve from live-flesh, Man did from dust proceed.
One, thus made two, marriage doth re-unite,
And makes them both but one hermaphrodite.

Man did but the well-being of this life
  From woman take; her being she from man:
And therefore Eve created was a wife,
  And at the end of all her sex began:
Marriage their object is; their being, then,
And now perfection, they receive from men,

Marriage, to all whose joys two parties be,
  And doubled are by being parted so;
Wherein the very act is chastity,
  Whereby two souls into one body go,
Which makes two, one, while here they living be,
And after death in their posterity.

God to each man a private woman gave,
  That in that centre his desires might stint,
That he a comfort like himself might have,
  And that on her his like he might imprint:
Double is woman's use, part of their end
Doth on this age, part on the next depend.

We fill but part of time, and cannot die,
  Till we the world a fresh supply have lent:
Children are body's sole eternity;
  Nature is God's, Art is man's instrument.
Now all man's art but only dead things makes,
But herein man in things of life partakes.

. . . . . .

Or rather let me love, than be in love;
  So let me choose, as wife and friend to find.
Let me forget her sex when I approve;
  Beast's likeness lies in shape, but ours in mind:
Our souls no sexes have, their love is clean,
No sex, both in the better part are men.

. . . . . .

Birth less than beauty shall my reason blind,
  Her birth goes to my children, not to me:
Rather had I that active gentry find,
  Virtue, than passive from her ancestry;
Rather in her alive one virtue see
Than all the rest dead in her pedigree.

---

[1] Make perfect the Man who in Adam had only been begun.

In the degrees high rather be she placed,
  Of nature, than of art and policy:
Gentry is but a relique of time past,
  And Love doth only but the present see;
Things were first made than words; she were the same
With or without that title or that name.

As for (the odds of sexes) Portion,
  Nor will I shun it nor my aim it make;
Birth, beauty, wealth, are nothing worth alone,
  All these I would for good additions take;
Nor for good parts; those two are ill combin'd
Whom any third thing from themselves[1] hath join'd.

Rather than these the object of my love,
  Let it be good when these with virtue go,
They (in themselves indifferent) virtues prove,
  For good, like fire, turns all things to be so.
God's image in her soul, O let me place
My love upon! not Adam's in her face.

Good is a fairer attribute than white,
  'Tis the mind's beauty keeps the other sweet,
That's not still one, nor mortal with the light,
  Nor gloss, nor painting can it counterfeit,
Nor doth it raise desires which ever tend
At once to their perfection and their end.

. . . . . .

Give me next good, an understanding wife,
  By nature wise, not learnéd by much art,
Some knowledge on her side will all my life
  More scope of conversation impart,
Besides her inborn virtue fortify:
They are most firmly good, that best know why.

A passive understanding to conceive,
  And judgment to discern, I wish to find:
Beyond that all as hazardous I leave;
  Learning and pregnant wit in woman-kind,
What it finds malleable, makes frail,
And doth not add more ballast, but more sail.

Domestic charge doth best that sex befit,
  Contiguous business; so to fix the mind,
That leisure space for fancies not admit:
  Their leisure 'tis corrupteth woman-kind.
Else, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heav'n a shorter cut than we.

Books are a part of man's prerogative,
  In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give
  And make time-present travel that of old.
Our life Fame pieceth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward do extend.

As good and knowing, let her be discreet,
  That, to the others' weight doth fashion bring;
Discretion doth consider what is fit,
  Goodness but what is lawful, but the thing,
Not circumstances; learning is and wit,
In men, but curious folly without it.

. . . . . .

Now since a woman we to marry are,
  A soul and body, not a soul alone,
When one is good, then be the other fair;
  Beauty is health and beauty, both in one:
Be she so fair as change can yield no gain,
So fair as she most women else contain.

So fair at least let me imagine her;
  That thought to me is truth: opinion
Cannot in matter of opinion err;
  With no eyes shall I see her but mine own,
And as my fancy her conceives to be,
Even such my senses both do feel and see.

The face we may the seat of beauty call,
  In it the relish of the rest doth lie,
Nay ev'n a figure of the mind withal:
  And of the face the life moves in the eye;
No things else, being two, so like we see,
So like that they two but in number be.

Beauty in decent shape and colours lies.
  Colours the matter are, and shape the soul;
The soul, which from no single part doth rise,
  But from the just proportion of the whole,
And is a mere spiritual harmony,
Of every part united in the eye.

. . . . . .

No circumstance doth beauty beautify,
  Like graceful fashion, native comeliness;
Nay ev'n gets pardon for deformity;
  Art cannot aught beget, but may increase:
When Nature had fixt Beauty, perfect made,
Something she left for Motion to add.

. . . . . .

All these good parts a perfect woman make:
  Add love to me, they make a perfect wife.
Without her love, her beauty should I take
  As that of pictures, dead; that gives it life:
Till then her beauty like the Sun doth shine
Alike to all; that makes it only mine.

And of that Love let Reason father be,
  And Passion mother; let it from the one
His being take, the other his degree;
  Self-love (which second loves hath built upon)
Will make me if not her her love respect;
No man but favours his own worth's effect.

As good as wise; so she be fit for me,
  That is, to will and not to will the same,
My wife is my adopted self, and she
  As me, so what I love, to love must frame.
For when by marriage both in one concur,
Woman converts to man, not man to her.

---

[1] *From themselves*, that is, in a way foreign to their nature. So in Hamlet's advice to the players, "Anything so overdone is *from* the purpose of playing;" and in "Troilus and Cressida," when Achilles "will not to the field to-morrow," Agamemnon suggests that Ajax should urge him—

> "'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led,
> At your request, a little *from* himself."

Michael Drayton and other good Elizab poets were still writing under James I., to t reign belong some of the best plays of Shakespe "Macbeth," "Lear," "Cymbeline," "The Tem and more. Drayton lived on, like Ben Jonson, the next reign, and died in 1631. Under Jam continued writing, and in his long poem on Eng

many-ways-happy (Polyolbion), he lovingly described his native Warwickshire and the wooded region called, therefore, Arden, north-west of the Tame, near his own birthplace, Hart's-hill, by Atherstone, which is on the Anker celebrated in his verse, a stream flowing from above Nuneaton to Tamworth. The fulness with which he dwelt in this part of his poem on the hunting of the hart was probably suggested by the fact that his birthplace was named from it.

There is a lively strength in Drayton's verse that creates personal liking for the poet. What playful grace is in the fairy fancies of Nymphidia! Chaucer's jesting strain of Sir Thopas evidently struck the note for him, which he tried first in the playful pastoral poem of "Dowsabell" ("douce et belle") in the fourth of his eclogues. The pleasure found in writing that piece probably tempted him on to sing the jealousy of Oberon, and play in Nymphidia with Ariosto's song of the madness of Orlando, as Chaucer had played in Sir Thopas with the prattle of old metrical romancers. Here is

DOWSABELL.

Far in the country of Arden
There woned a knight, hight Cassamen,
  As bold as Isenbras:
Fell was he and eager bent
In battle and in tournament
  As was the good Sir Topás.

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter clepéd Dowsabell,
  A maiden fair and free.
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was yconned the leir[1]
  Of mickle courtesie.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the finé march-pine,[2]
  And with the needle work;
And she couth help the priest to say
His matins on a holiday,
  And sing a psalm in kirk.

She ware a frock of frolic green
Might well become a maiden queen,
  Which seemly was to see;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
  Inwrought full featously.[3]

Her features all as fresh above
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
  And lithe as lass of Kent.

Her skin as soft as Lemster[4] wool,
And white as snow on Peakish hull,[5]
  Or swan that swims in Trent.

This maiden, in a morn betime,
Went forth, when May was in the prime,
  To get sweet setiwall,[6]
The honeysuckle, the harlock,[7]
The lily and the lady-smock,
  To deck her summer-hall.

Thus, as she wandered here and there
And pickéd of the bloomy brere,
  She chancéd to espy
A shepherd sitting on a bank,
Like chanticleer he crowéd crank,[8]
  And piped fully merrily.

He learn'd[9] his sheep as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
  To feed about him round,
Whilst he full many a carol sang,
Until the fields and meadows rang,
  And that the woods did sound.

In favour[10] this same shepherd swain
Was like the bedlam Tamburlaine
  Which held proud kings in awe.
But meek as any lamb mought be,
And innocent of ill as he
  Whom his lewd brother slaw.[11]

This shepherd ware a sheep-gray cloke
Which was of the finest loke[12]
  That could be cut with shear;
His mittens were of bauzon's[13] skin,
His cockers[14] were of cordiwin,
  His hood of minivere.

His awl and lingell[15] in a thong,
His tarbox on his broadbelt hung,
  His breech of Cointree blue.
Full crisp and curléd were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
  So like a lover true.

And piping still he spent the day
So merry as the popinjay,
  Which likéd Dowsabell,
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
  She in love-longing fell.

---

[1] *Yconned the leir*, taught the lesson, made know the lore.

[2] *March-pine*, march-pane, sweet biscuit of sugar and almond, like macaroon. There are various etymologies of the word. In mediæval Latin such cakes were called *Martii panes*. March-pane paste was used by the comfit-makers for letters, knots, arms, escutcheons, beasts, birds, and other fancies.

[3] *Featously*, neatly, formed from "feat;" as in "The Tempest"—

> "Look how well my garments sit upon me,
> Much feater than before."

[4] *Lemster*, Leominster.

[5] *Peakish hull*. A Peak hill in Derbyshire.

[6] *Setiwall*, garden valerian.

[7] *Harlock*, probably charlock. The word is used also by Shakespeare, where King Lear is said to be crowned "with harlocks, hemlocks, nettles, cuckoo flowers."

[8] *Crank*, lively.

[9] *Learned*, taught.

[10] *Favour*, appearance of the face.

[11] Abel.

[12] Lock.

[13] *Bauzon* (French "bausin"), badger.

[14] *Cockers*, rustic half-boots.

[15] *Lingell*, from Latin, "lingula," a thong used by shoemakers. In Beaumont and Fletcher's burlesque play, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," was—

> "—— espy'd a lovely dame,
> Whose master wrought with lingell and with aule,
> And underground he vampéd many a boot."

At length she tuckéd up her frock,
White as the lily was her smock;
She drew the shepherd nigh;
But then the shepherd piped a good,
That all the sheep forsook their food
To hear his melodie.

"Thy sheep," quoth she, "cannot be lean
That have a jolly shepherd swain
The which can pipe so well."
"Yea but," saith he, "their shepherd may,
If piping thus he pine away
In love of Dowsabell."

"Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,"
Quoth she; "Look well unto thy sheep,
Lest they should hap to stray."
Quoth he, "So had I done full well,
Had I not seen fair Dowsabell
Come forth to gather may."

With that she 'gan to vail her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she said.
With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
And on the ground him laid.

Saith she, "I may not stay till night
And leave my summer-hall[1] undight,
And all for love of thee."
"My cote," saith he, "nor yet my fold
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
Except thou favour me."

Saith she, "Yet liever were I dead
Than I should [yield me to be wed],
And all for love of men."
Saith he, "Yet are you too unkind
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then."

"And I to thee will be as kind
As Colin was to Rosalind
Of courtesy the flower."[2]
"Then will I be as true," quoth she,
"As ever maiden yet might be
Unto her paramour."[3]

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Down by the shepherd kneeléd she,
And him she sweetly kist.
With that the shepherd whooped for joy.
Quoth he, "There's never shepherd's boy
That ever was so blist."

This evidently was a tuning of the poet's reeds for the delicately sportive music of

NYMPHIDIA, THE COURT OF FAIRY.

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rabelais of Pantágruél,
A later third of Dowsabel
With such poor trifles playing;
Others the like have laboured at,
Some of this thing and some of that,
And many of they knew not what,
But what they may be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies still,
For never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them;
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others' reading;
My active Muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling.
Jove prosper my proceeding!

And thou, Nymphidia, gentle Fay,
Which, meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling;
My pretty, light, fantastic maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placéd there,
That it no tempest needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it.
And somewhat southward tow'rds the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made
Well mortiséd and finely laid;
It was the master of his trade
It curiously that builded;
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is covered with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Obe·on[4] him sport to make,
Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only fairies wake,
Descendeth for his pleasure;
And Mab,[5] his merry Queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the mare that hight,)
Which plagues them out of measure.

[1] *Summer-hall.* See Note 2, page 245.
[2] The reference is to Spenser.
[3] The one beloved. The word used in a good sense, as by Spenser and others.

[4] *Oberon* (from "albus," white, whence "aube," the dawn) was bright little king of airy spirits less gross than the gnomes spirits dwelling in the substance of the earth.
[5] *Queen Mab*, sung by Herrick as well as by Drayton, and heroine of a charming little fairy sketch in "Romeo and Juliet," always associated with the nightmare. The word is Celtic child, and appears in the title of the "Mabinogion," or collection of children's tales, which was edited by Lady Char Guest.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them;
Which maids think on the hearth they see
When fires well-nigh consuméd be,
There dancing hays[1] by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe
The house for cleanly sweeping;
And in their courses make that round
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so called the Fairy Ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These when a child haps to be got
Which after proves an idiot
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother,
Some silly, doting, brainless calf
That understands things by the half,
Say that the Fairy left this oaf
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Faery that befell,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting,
Of Oberon that jealous grew
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well, he feared, his Queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggin was this Fairy Knight,
One wondrous gracious in the sight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observéd;
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness had often checkt,
And could have wished him stervéd.

Pigwiggin gladly would commend
Some token to Queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend
Were worthy of her wearing;
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of emmet's eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleaséd
To meet him, her true servant, where
They might, without suspect or fear,
Themselves to one another clear
And have their poor hearts easéd.

At midnight, the appointed hour;
"And for the Queen a fitting bower,"
Quoth he, "is that fair cowslip flower
On Hient[2] hill that bloweth;
In all your train there's not a fay
That ever went to gather may
But she hath made it, in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thumb, a Fairy Page,
He sent it, and doth him engage
By promise of a mighty wage
It secretly to carry;
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all:
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must be her letting;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion the charioteer
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover, gallantly to see,
The wing of a pied butterfly;
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of cricket's bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones
With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay, for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice
To wait on her were fitted;
But ran herself away alone,
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As he had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop and Drop so clear,
Pip and Trip and Skip that were
To Mab, their sovereign, ever dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got
And, what with amble what with trot,
For hedge and ditch they spareé not,
But after her they hie them;

[1] The hay was a French dance with many turns and windings.

[2] *Hient hill*, Ben Hiand, a hill 1,270 feet high, in the peninsula of Ardnamurchan, Argyleshire.

A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave Queen Mab awhile,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her dear Pigwiggin kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his Queen was missing.

By grisly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there
An acorn cup he greeteth,
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature balk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan Poet doth advance
The frantic Paladin of France,
And those more ancient do enhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Aiax Telamon,
But to this time there hath been none
So Bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encountering with a Wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp
As though his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggin taking:
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" quoth he;
"Pigwiggin, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou diest by me!"
Whereat the poor Wasp quaking

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy King,
Content thee, I am no such thing:
I am a Wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the Fairy started;
When soon away the Wasp doth go,
Poor wretch, was never frighted so;
He thought his wings were much too slow,
O'erjoyed they so were parted.

He next upon a Glow-worm light,
You must suppose it now was night,
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil,
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrashed her rough coat with his flail;
The mad King feared no evil.

"Oh!" quoth the Glow-worm, "hold thy hand,
Thou puissant King of Fairy-land!
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I!"
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole
She seemed as black as any coal;
[illegible]h vext away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive:
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiléd,
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daubed his beard:
It would have made a man afeard
To see how he was moiléd.

A new adventure him betides;
He met an Ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble;
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all be-slurréd head and face,
On runs he in this wild-goose chase,
As here and there he rambles;
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling;
So that the grubs, therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead;
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury somewhat it doth slake;
He calleth for a ferry;
Where you may some recovery note;
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quixoit, and of their change
Through which he arméd oft did range,
Of Sancho Pancha's travel;
But should a man tell every thing
Done by this frantic Fairy King,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck,[1] which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall,
With words from frenzy spoken:
"Oh, oh," quoth Hob, "God save thy grace!
Who drest thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoil'd my sovereign's face,
I would his neck were broken!"

[1] Puck is equivalent to the old English "Pug," a name given to the monkey for his mischief. First-English "pocan" or "bepocan" was to deceive or delude, to draw away; and in his character of Will-o'-the-Wisp, Puck, as by other exploits, credited his name. The Devonshire pixies are supposed to have their name from the same root. See Note 1, page 234.

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us makes us to stray,
Long winter's nights, out of the way;
And when we stick in mire and clay,
Hob[1] doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone:
As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,
Let everything but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her;
Bring her to me alive or dead,
Or that vile thief, Pigwiggin's head,
That villain hath [my Queen misled];
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,[2]
But I will through thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in;
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Through brake, through briar,
Through muck, through mire,
Through water, through fire;
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this business broaching;
And through the air away doth go,
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The Queen, bound with Love's powerful charm
Sate with Pigwiggin arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping;
A humble-bee, their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautboy, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
"My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh;
I posted to forewarn you:
The King hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you."

When, like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling;
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind;
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they, by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay;
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them;
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night;
And therefore were resolv'd, by flight,
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scatter'd by a squirrel
Which out the kernel gotten had;
When quoth this Fay, "Dear Queen, be glad;
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

"Come all into this nut," quoth she,
"Come closely in; be rul'd by me;
Each one may here a chooser be,
For room ye need not wrastle:
Nor need ye be together heap'd;"
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the Queen should catch
That he should be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some powerful charm,
The Queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her.

And listening if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear;
Nor creature had descried her;
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand;
When to her charms she hied her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the mistletoe;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-shade strews to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew;
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling:
The molewarp's[3] brain mixt therewithal;
And with the same the pismire's gall:

[1] *Hob*, a diminutive of Robert, was a name used familiarly for a clown; and goblin is from the Latin "cobalus," Greek κόβαλος, a cunning rogue; κοβαλεύειν, to play knavish or waggish tricks. So he is described in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—

"Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skims milk," &c.

[2] *Lin*, cease.

[3] Molewarp, mole. First-English "moldwearp," thrower up of mould.

For she in nothing short would fall,
The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a briar doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leap;
Her magic much availing:
Then on Prosérpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of a frog;
By the howling of the dog;
By the crying of the hog
Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfew bell,
By the doleful dying knell,
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising!

"By the mandrake's dreadful groans;
By the lubrican's[1] sad moans;
By the noise of dead men's bones
In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,[2]
I charge thee thou this place forsake,
Nor of Queen Mab be prattling!

"By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits underground,
I charge thee not to fear us;
By the screech-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us!"

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she mark'd his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin;
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbéd tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels,
Alas! his brain was dizzy!

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace;
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case,
Amongst the briars and brambles.

"A plague upon Queen Mab!" quoth he,
"And all her maids where'er they be:
I think the devil guided me,
To seek her so provokéd!"
Where stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choakéd.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd Queen Mab, who doubted sore
Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the Queen,
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggin now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the Queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs he still doth cry,
"King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour:
For that she is a Queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield;
Yet could it not be percéd:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well-near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought reverséd.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing:
His rapier was a hornet's sting;
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanc'd to hurt the King,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet did it well become him;
And for a plume a horse's hair,
Which, being tossed with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:

[1] *Lubrican*, a spirit whose groans were ominous.
[2] *Fire-drake*, fire-dragon.

He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to King Oberon of kin;
Quoth he, "Thou manly Fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
Do publicly proclaim him:
Withal that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the Fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down,
Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilified;
But to the Fairy Court him hied,
(Full furiously he posted,)
With every thing Pigwiggin said:
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
As how himself he boasted.

Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quoint,[1]
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid,
As of the courser he bestrid,
How managed, and how well he did,
The King which listen'd to it.

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And everything that I shall need;
By thee I will be guided:
To straight account call thou thy wit;
See there be wanting not a whit,
In everything see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave Queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew
The first occasion from her grew
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,
To Proserpine the Queen of Shades,
To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who, arm'd to meet his foe, is gone,
For proud Pigwiggin crying:
Who sought the Fairy King as fast,
And had so well his journies cast,[2]
That he arrivéd at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggin bring,
That perfect were in everything
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear,
That either had been either;
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way;
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet ere they flew together

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth
No magic them suppliéd;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other harms,
But came with simple open arms
To have their causes triéd.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters;
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own,
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet;
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoubled:
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wondrously her troubled.

[1] *Quoint* (French "coint"), quaint; from "comptus," combed out, carefully prepared.

[2] *Cast*, calculated.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose:
When well she had them blended,
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone,
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggin, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espied;
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother;
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post;
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace;
And that a while they should release
Each other of their peril:
"Which here," quoth she, "I do proclaim
To all in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame,
You let me hear the quarrel:

"But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage;
Your grievous thirst and to assuage
That first you drink this liquor,
Which shall your understanding clear,
As plainly shall to you appear;
Those things from me that you shall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
Is all remembrance blotted;
Of it nor can you ever think,
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad,
But of his Queen was wondrous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither:
Pigwiggin likewise doth forget
That he Queen Mab had ever met;
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought,
That e'er they each had other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were lothing.

Tom Thumb had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kist the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids, the while,
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the King caught with this wile,
With one another jesting:
And to the Fairy Court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
And thus I left them feasting.

Samuel Daniel, who died in 1619, missed in James's reign the spirit of the high-hearted Elizabethan time. He was made a gentleman extraordinary to the king at court, and a groom of the privy-chamber to the queen; but he hid himself for months at a time among books and congenial friends in his house and garden in Old Street, St. Luke's, before he left London to end his days on a Somersetshire farm, at Beckington, near Philip's Norton. His sense of change of times, with a regretful glance back to the "spirit for verse" that was "in late Eliza's reign," we find expressed in this dedication of his tragedy of "Philotas" to Prince Henry:—

TO THE PRINCE.

To you, most hopeful Prince, not as you are,
But as you may be, do I give these lines:
That when your judgment shall arrive so far
As to overlook the intricate designs
Of uncontented man, you may behold
With what encounters greatest fortunes close,
What dangers, what attempts, what manifold
Encumbrances ambition undergoes,
How hardly men digest felicity;
How to th' intemperate, to the prodigal,
To wantonness, and unto luxury,
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you shall find the greatest enemy
That man can have, is his prosperity.
Here shall you see how men disguise their ends,
And plant bad courses under pleasing shews,
How well presumption's broken ways defends,
Which clear-ey'd judgment gravely doth disclose.
Here shall you see how th' easy multitude
Transported, take the party of distress,
And only out of passions do conclude,
Not out of judgment, of men's practices;
How powers are thought to wrong, that wrongs debar,
And kings not held in danger, tho' they are.
These ancient representments of times past,
Tell us that men have, do, and always run
The self-same line of action, and do cast
Their course alike, and nothing can be done,
Whilst they, their ends, and Nature are the same,
But will be wrought upon the self-same frame.
This benefit, most noble Prince, doth yield
The sure records of books, in which we find
The tenure of our state, how it was held
By all our ancestors, and in what kind

We hold the same, and likewise how in th' end
This frail possession of felicity
Shall to our late posterity descend
By the same patent of like destiny.
In them we find that nothing can accrue
To man and his condition that is new.
Which images, here figur'd in this wise,
I leave unto your more mature survey,
Amongst the vows that others sacrifice
Unto the hope of you, that you one day
Will give grace to this kind of harmony.

For know, great Prince, when you shall come to know,
How that it is the fairest ornament
Of worthy times, to have those which may shew
The deeds of power, and lively represent
The actions of a glorious government.
And is no lesser honour to a crown
T' have writers, than have actors of renown.
And tho' you have a swannet of your own,
Within the banks of Doven, meditates
Sweet notes to you, and unto your renown
The glory of his music dedicates,
And in a softy tune is set to sound
The deep reports of sullen tragedies:
Yet may this last of me be likewise found
Amongst the vows that others sacrifice
Unto the hope of you, that you one day
May grace this now neglected harmony,
Which set unto your glorious actions may
Record the same to all posterity.
Tho' I, the remnant of another time,
Am never like to see that happiness,
Yet for the zeal that I have borne to rhyme,
And to the Muses, wish that good success
To others' travail, that in better place
And better comfort they may be inchear'd
Who shall deserve, and who shall have the grace
To have a Muse held worthy to be heard.
And know, sweet Prince, when you shall come to know,
That 'tis not in the pow'r of kings to raise
A spirit for verse, that is not born thereto,
Nor are they born in every prince's days:
For late Eliza's reign gave birth to more
Than all the kings of England did before.
And it may be, the genius of that time
Would leave to her the glory in that kind,
And that the utmost powers of English rhyme
Should be within her peaceful reign confin'd;
For since that time, our songs could never thrive,
But lain as if forlorn; tho' in the prime
Of this new raising season we did strive
To bring the best we could unto the time.
And I, altho' among the latter train,
And least of those that sung unto this land,
Have borne my part, tho' in an humble strain,
And pleased the gentler that did understand:
And never had my harmless pen at all
Distain'd with any loose immodesty,
Nor ever noted to be touch'd with gall,
To aggravate the worst man's infamy,
But still have done the fairest offices
To Virtue and the time; yet nought prevails,
And all our labours are without success,
For either favour or our virtue fails.
And therefore since I have outliv'd the date
Of former grace, acceptance and delight,
I would my lines late born beyond the fate
Of her spent line, had never come to light;
So had I not been tax'd for wishing well,
Nor now mistaken by the censuring stage,
Nor in my fame and reputation fell,
Which I esteem more than what all the age
Or th' earth can give. But years hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.
And yet I grieve for that unfinish'd frame,[1]
Which thou dear Muse didst vow to sacrifice
Unto the bed of peace, and in the same
Design our happiness to memorize,
Must, as it is, remain; tho' as it is
It shall to after-times relate my zeal
To kings and unto right, to quietness,
And to the union of the commonweal.
But this may now seem a superfluous vow,
We have this peace; and thou hast sung enow,
And more than will be heard, and then as good
Is not to write, as not be understood.

William Browne, of Tavistock, in Devonshire, had studied at Oxford when, at the age of twenty-three, in the year 1613, he published the first part of a poem called "Britannia's Pastorals." The second part followed in 1616. As this is a continuous work of some length, I do not describe it here; but a collection of a dozen pastoral love-gifts, each with a posy or paper of verses to it, is so characteristic of one feature in the polite taste of the time, that it may at once be given. It is from the third song of the first book. Each copy of verses is set in a border of such ornaments as the printer had in stock, except the eleventh and twelfth, which have original designs. Shepherds have been enclosed in a circle of shepherdesses, who dance round them. Upon this there has been a song, and then come the

LOVERS' GIFTS.

Each swain his thoughts thus to his love commended.

The first presents his Dog, with these:

When I my flock near you do keep,
And bid my dog go take a sheep,
He clean mistakes what I bid do,
And bends his pace still towards you.
Poor wretch, he knows more care I keep
To get you, than a silly sheep.

The second, his pipe, with these:

Bid me to sing (fair maid), my song shall prove
There ne'er was truer pipe sung truer love.

The third, a pair of gloves, thus:

These will keep your hands from burning,
Whilst the sun is swiftly turning:
But who can any veil devise
To shield my heart from your fair eyes?

The fourth, an anagram:

MAIDEN
AIDMEN

Maidens should be aiding men,
And for love give love agen:

[1] His poem on the Civil Wars.

Learn this lesson from your mother,
One good wish requires another.
They deserve their names best, when
Maids most willingly aid men.

The fifth, a ring, with a picture in a jewel on it :

Nature hath fram'd a gem beyond compare;
The world's the ring, but you the jewel are.

The sixth, a nosegay of roses, with a nettle in it :

Such is the posy Love composes,
A stinging-nettle mix'd with roses.

The seventh, a girdle :

This during light I give to clip your waist:
Fair, grant mine arms that place when day is past.

The eighth, a heart :

You have the substance, and I live
But by the shadow which you give;
Substance and shadow, both are due
And given of me to none but you.
Then whence is life but from that part
Which is possessor of the heart?

The ninth, a shepherd's hook :

The hook of right belongs to you, for when
I take but silly sheep, you still take men.

The tenth, a comb :

L ovely maiden, best of any
O f our plains, though thrice as many:
V ail to Love, and leave denying,
E ndless knots let fates be tying.
S uch a face, so fine a feature
(K indest, fairest, sweetest creature)
N ever yet was found, but loving;
O then let my plaints be moving!
T rust a shepherd though the meanest,
T ruth is best when she is plainest.
I love not with vows contesting:
F aith is faith without protesting.
T ime that all things doth inherit
R enders each desert his merit.
I f that fail in me, as no man
D oubtless Time ne'er won a woman.
M aidens still should be relenting,
A nd once flinty, still repenting.
Y outh with youth is best combinéd,
E ach one with his like is twinéd,
B eauty should have beauteous meaning,
E ver that hope caseth plaining.
U nto you whom Nature dresses
N eeds no comb to smooth your tresses.
T his way it may do his duty
I n your locks to shade your beauty.
D o so, and to Love be turning,
E lse each heart it will be burning.

The eleventh :

(These lines written in the shape of a true-love-knot.)

This is Love and worth commending,
Still beginning, never ending,
Like a wily net ensnaring,
In a round shuts up all squaring.
In and out whose every angle
More and more doth still entangle,
Keeps a measure still in moving,
And is never light but loving:
Troyning arms, exchanging kisses,
Each partaking other's blisses;
Laughing, weeping, still together,
Bliss in one is mirth in either;
Never breaking, ever bending;
This is Love, and worth commending.

The twelfth :

Lo Cupid leaves his bow, his reason is
Because your eyes wound when his shafts do miss.

CUPID LEAVING HIS BOW.
From Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals."

George Wither, born at Bentworth, near Alton, Hampshire, in 1588, was educated at Oxford, went home to help in managing his father's farm, and then went to London, where he excited wrath by the fearlessness of his satires, published in 1613 under the name of "Abuses Stript and Whipt." The satires were named after the human passions. He offended great men, and was locked up in the Marshalsea, and there, dauntless, he sang of the Shepherds' Hunting, his own hunting as Philarete (Lover of Virtue), with ten couple of dogs, his satires, let loose upon the wolves and beasts of prey that spoil human society. This is

THE FIRST ECLOGUE OF "THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING."

THE ARGUMENT.

Willy leaves his flock awhile,
To lament his friend's exile;
Where, though prison'd, he doth find
He's still free that's free in mind;
And that there is no defence
Half so firm as innocence.

PHILARETE. WILLY.

Philarete.

Willy! thou now full jolly tun'st thy reeds,
Making the nymphs enamour'd on thy strains;
And whilst thy harmless flock unscaréd feeds,
Hast the contentment of hills, groves, and plains.
Trust me, I joy thou and thy muse so speeds
In such an age, where so much mischief reigns;
And to my care it some redress will be,
Fortune hath so much grace to smile on thee.

Willy.

To smile on me? I ne'er yet knew her smile,
Unless 'twere when she purpos'd to deceive me:
Many a train and many a painted wile
She casts, in hope of freedom to bereave me;
Yet now, because she sees I scorn her guile,
To fawn on fools she for my muse doth leave me;
And here of late, her wonted spite doth tend
To work me care by frowning on my friend.

Philarete.

Why then I see her copper-coin's no sterling:
'Twill not be current still, for all the gilding.
A knave, or fool, must ever be her darling;
For they have minds to all occasions yielding.
If we get any thing by all our parling,
It seems an apple, but it proves a wilding.
But let that pass. Sweet shepherd! tell me this,
For what belovéd friend thy sorrow is.

Willy.

Art thou, Philáreté, in durance here,
And dost thou ask me for what friend I grieve?
Can I suppose thy love to me is dear,
Or this thy joy for my content believe,
When thou think'st thý cares touch not me as near,
Or that I pin thy sorrows at my sleeve?
I have in thee reposéd so much trust,
I never thought to find thee so unjust.

Philarete.

Why, Willy?

Willy.

Prithee do not ask me why?
Doth it diminish any of thy care,
That I in freedom maken melody?
And think'st I cannot as well somewhat spare
From my delight to moan thy misery?
'Tis time our loves should these suspects forbear:
Thou art that friend, which thou, unnam'd, should'st know,
And not have drawn my love in question so.

Philarete.

Forgive me, and I'll pardon thy mistake;
And so let this thy gentle anger cease.
I never of thy love will question make
Whilst that the number of our days increase.
Yet to myself I much might seem to take,
And something near unto presumption prease,
To think me worthy love from such a spirit,
But that I know thy kindness past my merit.

Besides, methought thou spak'st now of a friend,
That seem'd more grievous discontents to bear:
Some things I find that do in show offend,
Which to my patience little trouble are;
And they ere long I hope will have an end;
Or though they have not, much I do not care.
So this it was made me that question move,
And not suspect of honest Willy's love.

Willy.

Alas! thou art exiléd from thy flock,
And quite beyond the deserts here confin'd,
Hast nothing to converse with but a rock,
Or at least outlaws in their caves half-pin'd;
And dost thou at thy own misfortune mock,
Making thyself too to thyself unkind?
When heretofore we talk'd, we did embrace
But now I scarce can come to see thy face.

Philarete.

Yet all that, Willy! is not worth thy sorrow,
For I have mirth here thou would'st not believe:
From deepest cares the highest joys I borrow.
If aught chance out this day may make me grieve,
I'll learn to mend or scorn it by to-morrow.
This barren place yields somewhat to relieve,
For I have found sufficient to content me,
And more true bliss than ever freedom lent me.

Willy,

Are prisons then grown places of delight?

Philarete.

'Tis as the conscience of the prisoner is:
The very grates are able to affright
The guilty man, that knows his deeds amiss;
All outward pleasures are exiléd quite,
And it is nothing of itself but this:
Abhorred loneness, darkness, sadness, pains,
Numb-cold, sharp hunger, scorching thirst, and chains.

Willy.

And these are nothing?

Philarete.

Nothing yet to me;
Only my friend's restraint is all my pain;
And since I truly find my conscience free
From that my loneness too, I reap some gain.

Willy.

But grant in this no discontentment be,
It doth thy wishéd liberty restrain;
And to thy soul I think there's nothing nearer,
For I could never hear thee prize aught dearer.

Philarete.

True, I did ever set it at a rate
Too dear for any mortal's worth to buy:
'Tis not our greatest shepherd's whole estate
Shall purchase from me my least liberty;
But I am subject to the powers of fate,
And to obey them is no slavery:
They may do much, but when they have done all,
Only my body they may bring in thrall.

And 'tis not that, my Willy! 'tis my mind,
My mind's more precious freedom I so weigh;
A thousand ways they may my body bind,
In thousand thralls, but ne'er my mind betray;
And thence it is that I contentment find,
And bear with patience this my load away:
I'm still myself, and that I'd rather be,
Than to be lord of all these downs in fee.

Willy.

Nobly resolv'd! and I do joy to hear 't;
For 'tis the mind of man indeed that's all:
There's nought so hard but a brave heart will bear 't;
The guiltless men count great afflictions small:
They'll look on death and torment, yet not fear 't,
Because they know 'tis rising so to fall.

Tyrants may boast they to much power are born,
Yet he hath more that tyrannies can scorn.

Philarete.

'Tis right; but I no tyrannies endure,
Nor have I suffer'd aught worth name of care.

Willy.

Whate'er thou'lt call't, thou may'st, but I am sure
Many more pine, that much less painéd are.
Thy look, methinks, doth say thy meaning's pure,
And by this past I find what thou dost dare;
But I could never yet the reason know,
Why thou art lodgéd in this house of woe.

Philarete.

Nor I, by Pan! nor never hope to do;
But thus it pleases some, and I do guess
Partly a cause that moves them thereunto;
Which neither will avail me to express,
Nor thee to hear, and therefore let it go:
We must not say, they do so that oppress;
Yet I shall ne'er, to soothe them or the times,
Injure myself by bearing others' crimes.

Willy.

Then now thou may'st speak freely: there's none hears,
But he whom, I do hope, thou dost not doubt.

Philarete.

True; but if doors and walls have gotten ears,
And closet-whisperings may be spread about,
Do not blame him that in such causes fears
What in his passion he may blunder out:
In such a place, and such strict times as these,
Where what we speak is took as others please.

But yet to-morrow, if thou come this way,
I'll tell thee all my story to the end:
'Tis long, and now I fear thou canst not stay,
Because thy flock must water'd be and penn'd,
And night begins to muffle up the day;
Which to inform thee how alone I spend,
I'll only sing a sorry prisoner's lay
I fram'd this morn; which, though it suits no fields,
Is such as fits me, and sad thraldom yields.

Willy.

Well; I will set my kit another string,
And play unto it whilst that thou dost sing.

SONNET.

Philarete.

Now that my body, dead-alive,
Bereav'd of comfort, lies in thrall,
Do thou, my soul! begin to thrive,
And unto honey turn this gall;
So shall we both, through outward woe,
The way to inward comfort know.

As to the flesh we food do give
To keep in us this mortal breath:
So souls on meditations live,
And shun thereby immortal death;
Nor art thou ever nearer rest,
Than when thou find'st me most opprest.

First think, my soul! if I have foes
That take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure these outward woes
Have thus entrapt me unaware,
Thou should'st by much more careful be,
Since greater foes lay wait for thee.

Then, when mew'd up in grates of steel,
Minding those joys mine eyes do miss,
Thou find'st no torment thou dost feel
So grievous as privation is;
Muse how the damn'd, in flames that glow,
Pine in the loss of bliss they know.

Thou seest there's given so great might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright;
Which, if in any thou espy,
Thus think: if mortal's frowns strike fear,
How dreadful will God's wrath appear!

By my late hopes, that now are crost,
Consider those that firmer be;
And make the freedom I have lost
A means that may remember thee
Had Christ not thy redeemer been,
What horrid thrall thou hadst been in!

These iron chains, these bolts of steel,
Which other poor offenders grind,
The wants and cares which they do feel,
May bring some greater thing to mind;
For by their grief thou shalt do well
To think upon the pains of hell.

Or, when through me thou seest a man
Condemn'd unto a mortal death,
How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with fear his panting breath;
Think, if in that such grief thou see,
How sad will "Go, ye curséd!" be.

Again, when he that fear'd to die,
Past hope, doth see his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought;
There think, betwixt my heart and thee,
How sweet will "Come ye blesséd!" be.

Thus if thou do, though closéd here,
My bondage I shall deem the less,
I neither shall have cause to fear,
Nor yet bewail my sad distress;
For whether live, or pine, or die,
We shall have bliss eternally.

Willy.

Trust me! I see the cage doth some birds good;
And, if they do not suffer too much wrong,
Will teach them sweeter descants than the wood.
Believe't! I like the subject of thy song:
It shews thou art in no distemper'd mood,
But 'cause to hear the residue I long.
My sheep to-morrow I will nearer bring,
And spend the day to hear thee talk and sing.

Yet ere we part, Philâreté, areed[1]
Of whom thou learn'dst to make such songs as these.

[1] *Areed* (First-English "arædian"), tell.

I never yet heard any shepherd's reed
Tune in mishap a strain that more could please.
Surely thou dost invoke, at this thy need,
Some power that we neglect in other lays;
For here's a name and words, that but few swains
Have mention'd at their meeting on the plains.

Philarete.

Indeed, 'tis true; and they are sore to blame
That do so much neglect it in their songs;
For thence proceedeth such a worthy fame
As is not subject unto envy's wrongs;
That is the most to be respected name
Of our true Pan, whose worth sits on all tongues,
And what the ancient shepherds used to praise
In sacred anthems upon holidays.

He that first taught his music such a strain
Was that sweet shepherd who, until a king,
Kept sheep upon the honey-milky plain,
That is enrich'd by Jordan's watering:
He in his troubles eas'd the body's pains,
By measures rais'd to the soul's ravishing:
And his sweet numbers only, most divine,
Gave first the being to this song of mine.

Willy.

Let his good spirit ever with thee dwell,
That I might hear such music every day!

Philarete.

Thanks, swain! But hark, thy wether rings his bell,
And swains to fold or homeward drive away.

Willy.

And yon goes Cuddy; therefore fare thou well!
I'll make his sheep for me a little stay;
And, if thou think it fit, I'll bring him too
Next morning hither.

Philarete.

Prithee, Willy! do.

"Wither's Motto," as true in its tone, was published in 1618; in 1622 poems of his were collected as "Juvenilia," and he published a delicate strain, "Fair Virtue, the Mistress of Philáreté," which includes this among its interspersed songs:—

THE MANLY HEART.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair,
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be!

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposéd nature
Joinéd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be!

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deserving known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
That may gain her name of Best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be!

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo:
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be!

Great or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and bid her go:
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be!

CHAPTER XIII.

UNDER CHARLES I. AND THE COMMONWEALTH: JOHN MILTON, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1625 to A.D. 1660.

FRANCIS QUARLES, like George Wither, began to write in the reign of James I., and in the reign of Charles I. in the same year, 1635, each produced a volume of "Emblems." Quarles, four years younger than Wither, was much less stirred by political excitement. He was born at Romford in 1592, educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, became cupbearer to the Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., and afterwards secretary to Archbishop Usher. This is one of his Emblems, written to the picture of one clipping the round World within his arms:—

There is no end of all his labour; neither is his eye satisfied with riches.—ECCLES. iv. 8.

O how our widen'd arms can over-stretch
Their own dimensions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their distance! How our yielding breast
Can shrink to be more full and full possest
Of this inferior orb! How earth refin'd
Can cling to sordid earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we grasp, we gripe, add store to store;
Enough requires too much; too much craves more.
We charge our souls so sore beyond their stint,
That we recoil or burst: the busy mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coining new desires; desires not knowing
Where next to pitch; but, like the boundless ocean,
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by motion.
The pale-fac'd lady of the black-eyed night
First tips her hornéd brows with easy light,

Whose curious train of spangled nymphs attire
Her next night's glory with increasing fire;
Each evening adds more lustre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her grasping horns:

FRANCIS QUARLES.
From the Portrait prefixed to his "Divine Poems."

She sucks and draws her brother's golden store,
Until her glutted orb can suck no more.
E'en so the vulture of insatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds
New fuel to increase her rav'nous fire.
The grave is sooner cloy'd than men's desire:
We cross the seas, and midst her waves we burn,
Transporting lives, perchance that ne'er return;
We sack, we ransack to the utmost sands
Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands;
We travel sea and soil, we pry, we prowl,
We progress, and we prog from pole to pole;
We spend our mid-day sweat, our midnight oil,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil:
We make art servile, and the trade gentile
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile),
To compass earth, and with her empty store
To fill our arms, and grasp one handful more.
Thus seeking rest, our labours never cease,
But, as our years, our hot desires increase:
Thus we, poor little worlds! with blood and sweat,
In vain attempt to comprehend the great;
Thus, in our gain, become we gainful losers,
And what's inclos'd, incloses the inclosers.
Now, reader, close thy book, and then advise;
Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The world's base dunghill; vermin's took by taking:
Take heed thou trust not the deceitful lap
Of wanton Dalilah; the world's a trap.

Under James I. Quarles had written "Divine Poems," and a poem "Argalus and Parthenia," founded on an episode in Sidney's "Arcadia." In the reign of Charles I. he suffered by the Irish insurrection of 1641. He had by the first of his two w eighteen children, and died much troubled in 16

Philip Massinger, who began to write in the r of James I., was an active dramatist during fif years of the reign of Charles I. John Ford, began to produce plays towards the close of Jam reign, was a chief dramatist under Charles I. w Massinger was writing. Ford died about 1639, Massinger in March, 1640. Here is a short s from Massinger's "Emperor of the East:"—

WAITING FOR DEATH.

Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
To stop a wretch's breath
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart
A prey unto thy dart?
I am nor young nor fair; be therefore bold:
Sorrow hath made me old,
Deform'd, and wrinkled; all that I can crave
Is, quiet in my grave.
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel;
But to me thou art cruel
If thou end not my tedious misery,
And I soon cease to be.
Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

The next is from Ford's "Broken Heart:"—

DIRGE.

Chorus. Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,
Can but please
Outward senses, when the mind
's untroubled, or by peace refined.
First voice. Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.
Second. Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Third. Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Cho. Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

James Shirley, born in the latter years of reign of Elizabeth, was the youngest of those St Elizabethan dramatists who brought into the p house of the time of Charles I. sweet echoes of grand Elizabethan music. Shirley lived on into reign of Charles II., and died after the Fir London. This is a song of his:—

DEATH'S TRIUMPHS.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookéd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still.
    Early or late,
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
  See where the victim victor bleeds.
    All heads must come
    To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.
From the Portrait prefixed to the "Reliquæ Wottonianæ."

Henry Wotton, who was made provost of
in 1624, left a few poems among those papers
were published by his friend Izaak Walton as
iquiæ Wottonianæ." This is one:—

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
  That serveth not another's will!
Whose armour is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
  Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Untied[1] unto the world by care
  Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
  Nor who hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray,
  More of his grace than gifts to lend:
And entertains the harmless day
  With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
  Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
  And having nothing, yet hath all.

[1] *Untied*, not tied.

Ben Jonson lived until 1637, and one of the most interesting of the young men of genius who gathered about him, and whom he distinguished as his "sons," was William Cartwright, the son of a wasteful Gloucestershire gentleman, who was reduced to inn-keeping at Cirencester. Cartwright had a liberal education, went to Christ Church, Oxford, became a famous Oxford preacher as well as lecturer on metaphysics, yet wrote lyric poems and four plays, while studying sixteen hours a day. He worked also for the king's cause in the Civil War time, and died in 1643 of camp fever, when he was but thirty-two years old. "My son Cartwright writes all like a

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.
From the Portrait affixed to his "Poems."

man," said Ben Jonson. Rows of books are placed over the studious young face, and other reminders of his scholarly life are associated with the portrait of William Cartwright prefixed to the collection of his poems made after his death. These are three poems of his:—

SADNESS.

Whiles I this standing lake,
Swath'd up with yew and cypress boughs,
  Do move by sighs and vows,
  Let sadness only wake;

That whiles thick darkness blots the light,
My thoughts may cast another night;
In which double shade,
By Heav'n, and me made,
O let me weep,
And fall asleep,
And forgotten fade.

Hark! from yond' hollow tree,
Sadly sing two anchoret owls,
Whiles the hermit wolf howls,
And all bewailing me;
The raven hovers o'er my bier,
The bittern on a reed I hear
Pipes my elegy,
And warns me to die;
Whilst from yond' graves
My wrong'd love craves
My sad company.

Cease, Hylas, cease thy call;
Such, O such was thy parting groan,
Breath'd out to me alone
When thou disdain'd didst fall.
Lo! thus unto thy silent tomb,
In my sad winding sheet, I come,
Creeping o'er dead bones,
And cold marble stones,
That I may mourn
Over thy urn,
And appease thy groans.

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

Tell me not of joy: there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone;
He, just as you,
Would toy and woo,
He would chirp and flatter me,
He would hang the wing awhile,
Till at length he saw me smile,
O, how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again;
He from my lip
Would moisture sip,
He would from my trencher feed,
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry "Philip!" when he had done,
O whose heart can choose but bleed?

O how eager would he fight!
And ne'er hurt though he did bite:
No morn did pass
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark, and do
What I did; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let 'em fall,
And then straightway sleek 'em too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now to pierce our hearts?
A wound he may,
Not love convey,
Now this faithful bird is gone,
O let mournful turtles join
With loving red-breasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

SHORT COMMONS.

Expect no strange or puzzling meat, no pie,
Built by confusion, or adultery,
Of forcéd Nature; no mysterious dish
Requiring an interpreter, no fish
Found out by modern luxury: our coarse board
Press'd with no spoils of elements, doth afford
Meat, like our hunger, without art, each mess
Thus differing from it only, that 'tis less.

Imprimis, some rice porridge, sweet and hot,
Three knobs of sugar season the whole pot.
Item, one pair of eggs in a great dish,
So ordered that they cover all the fish.
Item, one gaping haddock's head, which will
At least affright the stomach, if not fill.
Item, one thing in circles, which we take
Some for an eel, but th' wiser for a snake.
We have not still the same, sometimes we may
Eat muddy plaice, or wheat; perhaps next day
Red or white herrings, or an apple pie:
There's some variety in misery.

To this come twenty men, and though apace
We bless these gifts—the meal's as short as grace.
Nor eat we yet in tumult; but the meat
Is broke in order; hunger here is neat;
Division, subdivision, yet two more
Members, and they divided, as before.
O what a fury would your stomach feel
To see us vent our logic on an eel?
And in one herring to revive the art
Of Keckerman,[1] and shew the eleventh part?
Hunger in arms is no great wonder, we
Suffer a siege without an enemy.
On Mid-Lent Sunday, when the preacher told
The prodigal's return, and did unfold
His tender welcome, how the good old man
Sent for new raiment, how the servant ran
To kill the fatling calf; O how each ear
List'ned unto him, greedy ev'n to hear
The bare relation; how was every eye
Fixt on the pulpit; how did each man pry
And watch, if, whiles he did this word dispense,
A capon or a hen would fly out thence.
"Happy the Jews!" cry we, when quails came down
In dry and wholesome showers, though from the frown
Of Heaven sent, though bought at such a rate;
To perish full is not the worst of fate.
We fear we shall die empty, and enforce
The grave to take a shadow for a corse:[2]
For, if this fasting hold, we do despair
Of life; all needs must vanish into air,
Air, which now only feeds us, and so be
Exhal'd, like vapours to eternity.
We're much refin'd already, that dull house
Of clay, our body, is diaphanous;

[1] Bartholomew Keckermann, a Calvinist writer who died in 1609, aged thirty-six, after teaching Hebrew at Heidelberg, and philosophy at Dantzic, his birthplace, was the author of treatises on Rhetoric and Logic, then used as text-books in the University.

[2] *Corse* (French "corps"), body, living or dead.

And if the doctor would but take the pains
To read upon us, sinews, bones, guts, veins,
All would appear, and he might shew each one,
Without the help of a dissection.
In the abundance of this want, you will
Wonder perhaps how I can use my quill.
Troth I am like small birds, which now in spring,
When they have nought to eat, do sit and sing.

Thomas Randolph, of Northamptonshire, who became a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, also wrote plays, lived gaily, and died in 1639, before he was thirty. Among his poems is—

A GRATULATORY TO BEN JONSON FOR ADOPTION OF HIM TO BE HIS SON.

I was not born to Helicon, nor dare
Presume to think myself a Muse's heir.
I have no title to Parnassus' hill,
Nor any acre of it, by the will
Of a dead ancestor, nor could I be
Aught but a tenant unto poetry.
But thy Adoption quits me of all fear,
And makes me challenge a child's portion there;
I am akin to heroes being thine.
And part of my alliance is divine,
Orpheus, Musæus, Homer too beside
Thy brothers by the Roman mother's side,
As Ovid, Virgil, and the Latin lyre
That is so like thee, Horace; the whole quire
Of poets are by thy Adoption, all
My uncles: thou hast given me power to call
Phœbus himself my grandsire; by this grant
Each sister of the Nine is made my aunt.

Go you that reckon from a large descent
Your lineal honours, and are well content
To glory in the age of your great name,
Though on a herald's faith you build the same,
I do not envy you, nor think you blest
Though you may bear a Gorgon on your crest
By direct line from Perseus; I will boast
No farther than my father—that's the most
I can or could be proud of; and I were
Unworthy his Adoption, if that here
I should be duly modest; boast I must
Being son of his Adoption, not his lust.
And to say truth, that which is best in me
May call you father, 'twas begot by thee.
Have I a spark of that celestial flame
Within me, I confess I stole the same,
Prometheus like, from thee; and may I feed
His vulture, when I dare deny the deed.
Many more moons thou hast that shine by night,
All bankrupts wer 't not for a borrow'd light;
Yet can forswear it; I the debt confess,
And think my reputation ne'er the less,
For, father, let me be resolv'd by you:
Is 't a disparagement from rich Peru
To ravish gold; or theft, for wealthy ore
To ransack Tagus, or Pactolus' shore?
Or does he wrong Alcinous, that for want
Doth take from him a sprig or two, to plant
A lesser orchard? sure it cannot be:
Nor is it theft to steal some flames from thee.
Grant this, and I'll cry guilty, as I am,
And pay a filial reverence to thy name;
For when my muse upon obedient knees
Asks not a father's blessing, let her lease[1]
The Fame of this Adoption; 'tis a curse
I wish her 'cause I cannot think a worse.

And here, as piety bids me, I entreat
Phœbus to lend thee some of his own heat,
To cure thy palsy; else I will complain
He has no skill in herbs; poets in vain
Make him the god of physic, 'twere his praise
To make thee as immortal as thy bays,
As his own Daphne; 'twere a shame to see
The god not love his priest more than his tree.
But if Heaven take thee, envying us thy lyre,
'Tis to pen anthems for an angels' quire.

William Drummond, son of Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, was born in 1585. He became M.A. of the University of Edinburgh, studied civil law at Bourges, returned to Hawthornden, but went abroad again after the loss of a lady who died on the day after her engagement to be married to him. He remained for eight years on the Continent, chiefly in Italy and France, then settled at Hawthornden, married in 1620, had several children, was a firm royalist in principles, but kept as clear as he could of risks and troubles of the Civil War, and died in 1649, not long surviving the execution of Charles I. His delight was in literature; Drayton and Ben Jonson were among his friends, and his genius was shown in verse refined by the full cultivation of his taste. Drummond well reproduced the charm of the conventional Italian love-sonnet. These are two sonnets of his:—

DISSUADING WORDS.

O sacred blush-empurpling cheeks, pure skies,
With crimson wings which spread thee like the morn!
O bashful look sent from those shining eyes,
Which though slid down on earth doth heaven adorn!
O tongue, in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn!
Dear coral lip which beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood before her words were born!
And you her words! words? no, but golden chains
Which did enslave my ears, ensnare my soul,
Wise image of her mind, mind that contains
A power all power of senses to control:
So sweetly you from love dissuade do me,
That I love more, if more my love can be.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:

[1] *Lease*, lose. First-English "leosan."

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
Attir'd in sweetness sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays!

Among artificial forms of verse that arose with the sonnet, but were not, like the sonnet, apt for vigorous expression of thought, and therefore died out of literature, is the sixtine or sextain. This is a poem in six stanzas of six lines ending with six words which are repeated in place of rhyme as the closing words throughout every stanza, with an artful variation of their order. If the words at the close of the six lines in the first stanza be represented by the letters *a, b, c, d, e, f*, then the word closing the last line, *f*, begins the next stanza, followed by the word closing the first line, *a*, then followed by the words that had closed the last line but one and the first line but one, *e, b*, and then, on the same principle, by *d, c*. The same method of variation being applied throughout, the permutations become: *a, b, c, d, e, f; f, a, e, b, d, c; c, f, d, a, b, e; e, c, b, f, a, d; d, e, a, c, f, b; b, d, f, e, c, a.* A late example of such verse is among Drummond's poems:—

A SEXTAIN.

Sith gone is my delight and only pleasure,
The last of all my hopes, the cheerful sun
That clear'd my life's dark sphere, nature's sweet treasure,
More dear to me than all beneath the moon:
What resteth now, but that upon this mountain
I weep, till Heaven transform me to a fountain?

Fresh, fair, delicious, crystal, pearly fountain,
On whose smooth face to look she oft took pleasure,
Tell me (so may thy streams long cheer this mountain,
So serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee sun,
So may with wat'ry beams thee kiss the moon!)
Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a treasure?

While she here gaz'd on thee, rich Tagus' treasure
Thou neededst not envý, nor yet the fountain,
In which that hunter saw the naked moon:
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and pleasure.
And I remain, like marigold, of sun
Depriv'd, that dies by shadow of some mountain.

Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on this mountain
Are wont to dance, shewing your beauty's treasure
To goat-feet sylvans, and the wond'ring sun,
Whenas you gather flowers about this fountain,
Bid her farewell who placéd here her pleasure,
And sing her praises to the stars and moon.

Among the lesser lights as is the moon,
Blushing through muffling clouds on Latmos' mountain;
Or when she views her silver locks for pleasure
In Thetis' streams, proud of so gay a treasure:
Such was my fair, when she sate by this fountain
With other nymphs, to shun the amorous sun.

As is our earth in absence of the sun,
Or when of sun deprivéd is the moon;
As is without a verdant shade a fountain,
Or, wanting grass, a mead, a vale, a mountain:
Such is my state, bereft of my dear treasure,
To know whose only worth was all my pleasure.

Ne'er think of pleasure, heart; eyes, shun the s
Tears be your treasure, which the wand'ring m
Shall see you shed by mountain, vale, and fount

These are a few of William Drummond's gals:—

THE BUBBLE.

This life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air,
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere
And strive who can most motion it bequeat
And though it sometimes seem of its own m
Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admiréd, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to noug

THE HUNT.

This world a hunting is,
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce, is
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chace,
Old Age with stealing pace
Casts on his nets, and there we panting die.

Richard Crashaw, who was born about the when Shakespeare died, was educated at Charter School, and obtained a Fellowship at Peterhou the University of Cambridge. He was one of s five Fellows expelled from the University in for refusal to subscribe the Covenant. He became a Roman Catholic and went to Paris, w the friendship of Cowley recommended him to exiled Queen Henrietta, who gave him letters Rome. In Rome he became secretary to Card Palotta, and afterwards a canon of the church Loretto till his death in 1650. His religious feel animates his verse in "Sacred Poems" and "Steps the Temple." From his secular verse, "Delights the Muses," these pieces are taken:—

AN EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND WIFE, WHO DI AND WERE BURIED TOGETHER.

To these whom death again did wed.
This grave's the second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but one life.

Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep!
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till the stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn:
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light
Whose day shall never die in night.

IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS'S[1] RULE OF HEALTH.

Go now, and with some daring drug,
Bait the disease, and, while they tug,
Thou to maintain their precious strife
Spend the dear treasure of thy life;
Go, take physic, doat upon
Some big-named composition—
The oraculous doctors' mystic bills,[2]
Certain hard words made into pills:
And what at last shalt get by these?
Only a costlier disease.
Go, poor man, think what shall be
Remedy against thy remedy.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.
Hark hither, reader; would'st thou see
Nature her own physician be.
Would'st see a man all his own wealth,
His own physic, his own health?
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well—
Her garments, that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-clothed soul, that's not oppress'd,
Nor choked with what she should be dress'd;
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine
As when a piece of wanton[3] lawn,
A thin aërial veil, is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride;
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy streams?
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Would'st see a man whose well-warm'd blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man whose tuned humours[4] be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
Age? Would'st see December smile?
Would'st see a nest of roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flow'rs;
And, when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends:—
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, would'st thou see,
Hark, hither; and—thyself be he!

William Habington, born in 1605, was a Roman Catholic. He was of a family that owned Hindlip Hall, four miles from Worcester, was educated at St. Omer's and Paris, and after his return to England married the lady, Lucy, daughter of William Herbert, first Lord Powis, who is the "Castara" of his volume of poems published in 1634. He died in 1654. These poems are his:—

DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd:
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i'the public view.

---

[1] Leonard Lessius was not a physician, but a famous Jesuit. He was born near Antwerp in 1554, taught philosophy and theology at Louvain, and died in 1623, aged sixty-nine. Two books of his on justice and law, and on the Papal authority, in which he sustained its highest pretensions, were proscribed by the French parliaments. He wrote on the existence of God, and on the immortality of the soul. He and his colleague Hamelius also sustained, in 1586, theses on grace and predestination, that excited wide discussion. They were censured by the Universities of Louvain and Douay, and were brought to the notice of Popes Sixtus V. and Innocent XI., who took no action against them. Among the books of Lessius was one on the True Rule of Health ("Hygiasticon, seu Vera Ratio Valetudinis"). An English translation of this book by T. S. Cambridge, "Hygeasticon, or the Course of Preserving Life and Health to Extreme Old Age," was published in 1634, and the lines by Crashaw, bidding the reader hear good counsel and be what it would make him, were written in commendation of it.

[2] *Mystic bills*, prescriptions. A bill is properly a signed and sealed instrument, from Latin "bulla," a seal. From the seal affixed, a Papal rescript was called a "bull," and a bill in Parliament, a bill of exchange, or any other official writing or authenticated list—as "Bill of Rights," "bill of lading," "bill of health," "bill of fare"—is so called from the association of sealing and signing with official work. In this way the signed prescriptions of physicians were formerly called their "bills."

[3] *Wanton*. This word is from the Celtic. In Welsh "gwantu" is *to sever*, and "gwantan" is that which easily separates itself, is variable, quick in shifting place. In this sense it was applied to the eels in "King Lear," act ii., scene 4:—

Lear. Oh me! my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!"

In Milton's "L'Allegro" ("quips and cranks and wanton wiles"), the word is used to express the quick variable playfulness of innocent and happy youth. In Crashaw's poem above quoted, the word indicates the light variable movement of a muslin veil. It is only in later English that the use of the word has been restricted to a bad sense.

[4] *Tuned humours*. The "harmony of the tuned humours" is here a reference to the doctrine, once dominant in medicine for many generations, that health and character depended very much upon the nature and relation to one another of the "humours" of the body. There were four humours said to have their four seasons of predominance:—(1) The red bile, choler, in summer; where that generally predominated, the temper or temperament (which means the mixture, as in tempering of mortar, &c.) was choleric. (2) The lymph in winter; where that predominated in the mixture of the humours, it caused the lymphatic temperament. (3) The blood (Latin "sanguis") in spring; whenever that predominated, men were "sanguine." (4) Black bile (Greek μέλαινα χολή), melancholy in autumn; and general predominance of that gave rise to the melancholic temperament. When all the humours are harmoniously blended, there was "good temper" or "good humour." When there was inward disturbance caused by movement of vapours from these fluid humours—which were affected easily by heat and cold—people suffered, as ladies were often said to suffer, from "the vapours." Lively dread of the sudden condensation of such vapour in so delicate an organ as the brain,

[illegible]

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In all we see
Thy power and art
Move regularly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-extended power
Which he abroad employs must look for
It from the compass of an hour;

That from the farthest North
Some beast may
Come conquering over South,
And pass the Line, and open sway;

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be at war to scourge his sin
Till they shall equal him in vice:

And then they likewise shall
Their seasons have;
For as mortalities your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus these celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The balance of our desires
And all the pride of life confute:

For they have watched since first
The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

George Herbert, twelve years older than Ha
ton, was the fifth son of a good family, and bo
Montgomery Castle. He was educated at W
minster School and at Cambridge, where in 161
became Fellow of Trinity, and he was from 161
1627 Public Orator. James I. liked him n
gave him a small sinecure, and encouraged hi
look for advancement at Court: but on the chan
soon he abandoned his ambition to become one
Secretary of State, took orders, and obtained a pre
in the diocese of Lincoln. He married in 1630 a l
woman of the Earl of Danby, and three mo
afterwards was inducted into the living of Bemer
a mile from Salisbury, where he spent the last t
years of his life, for he died of consumption in 1
when he was not quite forty years old. The p
that won for him the title of "Holy George Herb
were published in the year after he had settle
Bemerton. They will be more fully represente
the volume of this Library designed to illust
English religion. But here are two:—

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

CONSTANCY.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To use in any thing a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations; when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
The sun to others writeth laws
And is their virtue; virtue is his sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
Whom others' faults do not defeat,
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wild world runs bias[1] from his will,
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right and prays to be so still.

Sir John Suckling, son of a Secretary of State and Comptroller of the King's household, inherited much wealth when his father died in 1627. He was then eighteen years old, and left Trinity College, Cambridge, to serve under Gustavus Adolphus. He came back, and shone among cavaliers of the court of Charles I. until his death in 1642. These are songs of Suckling's:—

SIGNS OF LOVE.

I.

Honest lover whatsoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same:
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

II.

If when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

III.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take,
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
When she hath little or nothing spoken,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

IV.

If when thou appearest to be within,
Thou lett'st not ask and ask again;
And when thou answerest, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

V.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat,
And with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from the place,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

VI.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew:
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

---

[1] *Bias* (French "biais"), slope, inclination. So when Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Defence of Poesy," speaks of a thing ridiculously understood in direct opposition to its nature, he says, "We shall sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the bias."

CONSTANCY.

Out upon it, I have lov'd
  Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
  If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
  Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
  Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
  Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
  Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she
  And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
  A dozen dozen in her place.

TWO HEARTS.

I prithee send me back my heart,
  Since I cannot have thine:
For if from yours you will not part,
  Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't, let it lie,
  To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
  Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
  And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
  If thus our breasts thou sever?

But Love is such a mystery,
  I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
  I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
  I will no longer pine:
For I'll believe I have her heart,
  As much as she hath mine.

A poet of the Court of Charles I., who had been born in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was Thomas Carew. He was fifty years old in the year of his death, 1639. Of the lyric genius of Carew these are examples:—

UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
  'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
  Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it imped[1] the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
  I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
  Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies:
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fixed thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
  Lest what I made I uncreate;
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
  I'll know thee in thy mortal state:
Wise poets that wrap't Truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
  Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
  My resolv'd heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
  And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power in my revenge convey
That love to her I cast away.

A sister of John Hampden, who had married Robert Waller, of Agmondesham, in Buckinghamshire, became the mother of Edmund Waller, the poet. Edmund Waller was born in 1605, and inherited a large fortune, by the death of his father, while he was still young. His mother sent him to Eton and to Cambridge, and he was member for Agmondesham, when yet but a youth of seventeen, in the last Parliament of James I. In the earlier years of Charles I., Edmund Waller, who, when in the country, was living at Beaconsfield, shone at Court, and married a lady of great fortune. She added to his wealth and died. Then as a widower of five-and-twenty he sang of the beauty of the Lady Dorothy Sidney, who afterwards was married to the Earl of Sunderland. She is celebrated as Waller's Sacharissa. Waller married a lady named Bresse, and had thirteen children. Both he and Lady Sunderland, his Sacharissa, lived to be very old, and were friends in old age. "When, Mr. Waller,"

[1] *Imped the wings of fame.* First-English "impan," to engraft. Imping a hawk's wing was repairing it by inserting a strong feather in place of a broken or a weak one, to secure a bolder flight. From the same root came the word "imp" as a graft, or offspring from a stock. See Notes 2, page 30; 4, page 190.

said the old lady once, "will you write such fine verses to me again?" To which the poet replied, "Oh, madam, when your ladyship is as young again."

LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY (WALLER'S SACHARISSA).
From a Portrait by Vandyke.

ON MY LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY'S PICTURE.

Such was Philoclea, such Musidorus' flame.[1]
The matchless Sidney that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty on two pillars placed;
Not his high fancy could one pattern graced
With such extremes of excellence compose,
Wonders so distant in one face disclose:
Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
Moves certain love, but with a doubtful fate,
As when beyond our greedy reach we see,
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
All the rich flow'rs through his Arcadia found,
Amaz'd we see, in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy, which the artist took
From the fair picture of that noble book,
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends had jarr'd,
And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
Just Nature, first instructed by this thought,
In his own house thus practised what he taught.
This glorious piece transcends what he could think:
So much his blood is nobler than his ink.

TO AMORET.

Fair, that you may truly know
What you unto Thirsis owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and you.

Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains:
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret, is thine:
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some Power above,
Which controls our wills in love.
If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret, for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light.

But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which, how eas'ly I may do
Heav'n (as eas'ly scaled) does know.

Amoret's as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,

[1] *Musidorus' flame.* Pamela. The references are to Sir Philip Sidney's romance of "Arcadia." In this romance two cousins, Musidorus, Prince of Thessaly, and Pyrocles, Prince of Macedon, were shipwrecked together, when Musidorus was about twenty years old and Pyrocles seventeen. Musidorus was saved by two shepherds on the Laconian shore, and carried by them to the home of a noble old Arcadian named Kalander. Kalander's son Clitophon was made prisoner in the Spartan war against the Helots. Musidorus, grateful to Kalander for his kindness, at once raised an army of Arcadians, attacked the Helots, and was astonished by the valour of their captain. But their captain, when at last he had struck off the helmet of Musidorus, and had seen his face, knelt to him: for it was Pyrocles who had become leader of the Helots. In consequence of this discovery Clitophon was released; Musidorus returned with his friend Pyrocles to the house of Kalander; and presently the two young men resolved to seek Philoclea and Pamela, the two daughters of Basileus, king of Arcadia, and his wife Gynecia. They were jealously shut up from the world, and are, of course, the heroines of the romance. Pyrocles loved Philoclea, "Musidorus' flame" was Pamela. As for their charms, which Waller says were joined by Lady Dorothy in the blood of the Sidneys, Sir Philip had said of them, "Methought there was (if, at least, such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela. Methought love played in Philoclea's eyes, and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds. Philoclea, so bashful, as though her excellences had stolen in to her before she was aware; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceeding as will stir hope, but teach hope good manners. Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride by not knowing her excellences, but by making it one of her excellences to be void of pride." This kind of parallel Waller imitates in the poem "To Amoret." Lady Dorothy Sidney, Waller's Sacharissa, was Sir Philip's niece, daughter to Philip's brother Robert, who became the second Earl of Leicester. She married Lord Spencer, afterwards Earl of Sunderland.

Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart:
Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adoréd dame,
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send:
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to Heav'n itself be due
To succeed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter lived than Love.

This is a famous song of Waller's:—

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

And this—

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

The next is a piece written to the dance music saraband[1]:—

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

Chloris.

Hylas, O Hylas, why sit we mute,
Now that each bird saluteth the spring?
Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
Never canst thou want matter to sing:
For Love thy breast doth fill with such a fire,
That whosoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

Hylas.

Sweetest, you know the sweetest of things
Of various flow'rs the bees do compose,
Yet no particular taste it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose:
So Love the result is of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

Chloris.

Hylas, the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know the language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconstant muse:
For Love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do choose, bounds their desire.

Hylas.

Chloris, this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm season hither does bring;
Time from yourself does further remove
You, than the winter from the gay spring.
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The oak now resembles which lightning hath blasted

Robert Herrick, born in the year 1591, lived i the reign of Charles II. He was the fourth so a rich London silversmith, was educated for Church, and presented, in 1629, to the living Dean Prior, near Buckfastleigh, among the hill Devonshire. He found Devonshire dull, and w poems, which he published in London as "H perides"—West of England fruits—in 1648, w his loyalty caused him to be ejected from his livi He went back to Dean Prior at the Restoration, lived until 1674. This was

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

Though clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
A cock
I have to sing how day draws on:
I have
A maid, my Prue, by good luck sent,
To save
That little, Fates me gave or lent:
A hen
I keep, which, creeking day by day,

[1] *A saraband* (Spanish "zarabanda," from Persian "sarband," kind of song). A Spanish dance to an air of slow movement in tr time. It is a form of the minuet, which also is danced slowly to air in triple time.

Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay:
A goose
I have, which, with a jealous ear,
Lets loose
Her tongue to tell what danger's near:
A lamb
I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
Whose dam
An orphan left him, lately dead:
A cat
I keep, that plays about my house,
Grown fat
With eating many a miching[1] mouse;
To these
A Trasy[2] I do keep, whereby
I please
The more my rural privacy:
Which are
But toys, to give my heart some ease.
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please.

And these are snatches of his singing :—

CHERRY RIPE.

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come, and buy:
If so be you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry-isle;
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

TO THE MAIDENS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time still is a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

[1] *Miching*, stealthy. So in "Hamlet" (act iii., scene 2): "Marry, this is miching mallecho," secret wickedness. In Florio's Italian Dictionary (quoted by Dyce) is "*Acciapinare*, to miche, to shrug or sneak in some corner." So in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady"—

"Sure she has
Some meeching rascal in her house."

[2] His spaniel.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

THE HAG.

The hag is astride,
This night for to ride,
The devil and she together;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur;
With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through briars,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food
Dares now range the wood,
But hushed in his lair he lies lurking;
While mischiefs, by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise
And trouble the skies,
This night; and, more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Call'd out by the clap of the thunder.

CEREMONIES OF CHRISTMAS.

Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,

Or your psalteries play.
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-teending.[1]

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a-shredding
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a-kneading.

From a play by Jasper Mayne, called "The Amorous War," this is the strophe of a song:—

OUR TIME PASSES.

Time is a feather'd thing:
And whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy looks, and call them rays,
Takes wing:
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceivéd dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old.
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there
Where flowers and roses did appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire:
Flames turn to frost,
And ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

And from a play called "Technogamia," by Barten Holiday, another divine, and an archdeacon to boot, this is a song of

TOBACCO.

Tobacco's a musician,
And in a pipe delighteth:
It descends in a close,
Through the organ of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.

This makes me sing, So ho, ho! So ho, ho, boys!
Ho boys! sound I loudly;
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases,
When our brains it enters
Our feet do make indentures,
Which we seal with stamping paces.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco's a physician,
Good both for sound and sickly;
'Tis a hot perfume
That expels cold rheum,
And makes it flow down quickly.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a traveller,
Come from the Indies hither;
It passed sea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And 'scaped the wind and weather.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a critic,
That still old paper turneth,
Whose labour and care
Is as smoke in the air,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco's an ignis fatuus—
A fat and fiery vapour,
That leads men about
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a whiffler,[2]
And cries Huff Snuff! with fury;
His pipe's his club and link;
He's the visor that does drink;
Thus arm'd I fear not a jury.
This makes me sing, &c.

In the year after King Charles I. had erected his standard at Nottingham—when the Earl of Essex had just taken Reading; when, in Bedfordshire, John Hampden had just fallen in the skirmish at Chalgrove Field; when the royalist cause prospered in the West of England, and Edmund Waller, the poet, narrowly escaped the gallows for his plot to bring the Parliament to terms of peace—in that year, 1643, Sir John Denham published a poem, "Cooper's Hill," that received unbounded praise for a few generations, and still pleases its reader by blending human interests with some feeling for Nature, in a piece part descriptive, part didactic, to whose verse one of its own lines has been applied, "Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Sir John Denham, son of a Baron of Exchequer, was born in Dublin, and was ten years old at the accession of Charles I. His tragedy of "The Sophy," produced in 1641, was so successful, that Edmund Waller said of him, "he broke out, like the Irish rebellion, three score thousand strong, when nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it." Two years afterwards came the poem of "Cooper's Hill," on the view over the Thames towards London, from the neighbourhood of Windsor. Denham, an active royalist, was knighted at the coronation of

[1] *Teending*, kindling; from First-English "tyndan," to kindle; whence "tinder," that which kindles.

[2] *A whiffler* went before to clear the way for a procession. In "King Henry V.," chorus to act v., Shakespeare speaks of the sea—

"Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way."

Charles II., lived until the year of the Revolution, and in his latter days was much honoured by younger writers. Dryden said of his "Cooper's Hill," that "for the majesty of the style it is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing;" and young Pope, in his "Windsor Forest," asked to be borne by the "sacred nine"

> To Thames's bank, which fragrant breezes fill,
> Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
> (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
> While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
> I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
> I hear soft music die along the grove;
> Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
> By godlike poets venerable made:
> Here his first lays majestic Denham sung,
> Here the last numbers flowed from Cowley's tongue.

For Cowley, in the early years of the Restoration, ended his life in quiet retreat at Chertsey. This is Denham's poem:—

COOPER'S HILL.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
My eye which, swift as thought, contracts the space
That lies between and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,—
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height:
Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword or time or fire
Or zeal more fierce than they thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets[1] sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.

Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems:
Where, with like haste, tho' sev'ral ways, they run,
Some to undo and some to be undone,
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase,
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
O happiness of sweet retir'd content,
To be at once secure and innocent!

Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes,
But such a rise as doth at one invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight.
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sate meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.[2]
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose,
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic tow'rs doth grace
The gods' great mother,[3] when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her. Yet she cannot boast
Among that num'rous and celestial host
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Knute,
Tho' this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove;
Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame;
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward, and thy greater son,
(The lilies which his father wore, he won)
And thy Bellona,[4] who the consort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king,
And brought that son which did the second bring.
Then didst thou found that order, whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move.
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great Destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,

[1] Edmund Waller, who wrote a poem "Upon His Majesty's repairing of St. Paul's in the year 1631." The work had been planned by James I., whom Waller, for the union in his person of English and Scottish sovereignties, calls "the first monarch of this happy isle." While Charles I. was accomplishing the restoration of St. Paul's there was a drought, of which sang Denham's "best of poets"—

> "While the propitious heavens this work attend,
> Long-wanted showers they forgot to send;
> As if they meant to make it understood
> Of more importance than our vital food."

Now-a-days we should hold a "best of poets" bound to rank truth above ingenuity.

[2] *Prevent*, go before, forestall; whence the sense to which the word is now limited.

[3] "The tower'd Cybele."

[4] Philippa, Queen of Edward III.

That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In after times should spring a royal pair
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear:
That blood, which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretell, and prophesy of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd
Which nature for their bound at first design'd.
That bound, which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.

Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, 'til in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell: may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform.
Tell me, my muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own much more;
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conscience, is a slave to fame,
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles;
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy, contemplations dwell;
And like the block, unmovéd lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land;
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king,
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs,
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?

Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay,
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows,
First loves to do, then loves the good he does;
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the sea or wind
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores
Visits the world, and in his flying tours
Brings home to us and makes both Indies ours,
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants,
So that to us no thing, no place is strange
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine like lesser current's lost;
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself with strange varieties,
For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise maker's than beholder's sight;
Tho' these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends we love;
Wisely she knew, the harmony of things
As well as that of sounds from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamoured youth gazed here,
So fatally deceived he had not been
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curléd brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,

Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.

This scene had some bold Greek, or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the hornéd host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made
Where nor man's eye nor Heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Roused with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betrayed in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His wingéd heels and then his arméd head,
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportioned speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent;
Then tries his friends, among the baser herd
Where he so lately was obeyed and feared
His safety seeks; the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts, and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves;
Sadly surveying where he ranged alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety placed,
Courage he thence resumes, resolved to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renewed,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art prevail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to assay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas! they thirst for blood.
So towards a ship the oar-finned galleys ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall revenged on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag, among th' enragéd hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands, but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls:
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.

This a more innocent and happy chase,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursued, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here[1] was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear.
Happy, when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love!
Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave,
Till kings by giving, give themselves away,
And e'en that pow'r, that should deny, betray.
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils."
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects, by oppression, bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they strive to force

[1] At Runnymede.

His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

Abraham Cowley, three years younger than Sir John Denham, was the posthumous son of a London grocer. His mother struggled successfully to give him a good education, and when he was a Westminster schoolboy only fifteen years old his first verse was printed, "Poetical Blossoms," with this portrait of the author at the age of thirteen. Here

ABRAHAM COWLEY.
From his "Poetical Blossoms."

is a song from "Constantia and Philetus," printed among these Blossoms, and written by Cowley at the age of twelve:—

CONSTANTIA'S SONG.

Time fly with greater speed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haste in flying brings
That wished-for and expected Day.

Comfort's Sun we then shall see,
Though at first it darkened be
With dangers yet, those clouds but gone,
Our Day will put his lustre on.

Then though Death's sad night appear,
And we in lonely silence rest;
Our ravish'd Souls no more shall fear,
But with lasting day be blest.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power;
Thus there's nothing can dissever
Hearts which Love hath joined together.

Cowley went from Westminster School to Trinity College, Cambridge, and his marvellous precocity did not foreshadow, as it sometimes does, a feeble manhood. He had written a play at school, and wrote plays at college. When the Civil War broke out, in the year of the publishing of Denham's "Cooper's Hill," which ends with a reference to it, Cowley was ejected from Cambridge, and went to St. John's College, Oxford. Afterwards he went with the Queen to Paris, and was active in managing the cipher correspondence between King Charles and his wife. In 1647 appeared his love poems under the name of "The Mistress." They are pure work of imagination. He never married, and it is said that although he was once, and only once, in love, he was too shy to tell his passion. These are two poems from Cowley's "Mistress:"—

THE CHANGE.

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair,
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there:
In all her outward parts Love's always seen;
But, oh! he never went within.

Within Love's foes, his greatest foes, abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride;
So the earth's face, trees, herbs, and flowers do shine
With other beauties numberless:
But at the centre darkness is and hell;
There wicked spirits, and there the damned dwell.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and death lies in my weeping eyes,
Despair and paleness in my face appears,
And grief and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
Within too stor'd enough of love:
Give me but yours, I'll by that change so thrive
That Love in all my parts shall live:
So powerful is this change, it render can,
My outside woman, and your inside man.

MY PICTURE.

Here, take my likeness with you, whilst 'tis so;
For when from hence you go,
The next sun's rising will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old.
The man who did this picture draw,
Will swear next day my face he never saw.

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this shadow smile,
Your presence will such vigour give
(Your presence which makes all things live)
And absence so much alter me,
This will the substance, I the shadow be.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take
And your bright looks awake it,

Ah, be not frighted, if you see
The new-soul'd picture gaze on thee,
And hear it breathe a sigh or two;
For those are the first things that it will do.

My rival-image will be then thought blest,
And laugh at me as dispossest;
But thou, who (if I know thee right)
I'th' substance dost not much delight,
Wilt rather send again for me,
Who then shall but my picture's picture be.

Cowley was much admired in his own day for the irregular poems which he called Pindaric odes. One of them cut him off from the favour of Charles II. at the Restoration. He had praised Brutus, and after that offence the son of Charles I. is reported to have said of his father's helpful follower, that it was reward enough for Mr. Cowley to be forgiven. This was the ode:—

BRUTUS.

Excellent Brutus, of all human race
The best till Nature was improved by Grace,
Till men above themselves Faith raiséd more
Than Reason above beasts before!
Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
Did silently and constantly dispense
The gentle vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference:
And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,
That none could discord or disorder see
In all their contrariety;
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the whole no more mov'd than the whole world could be.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst swerve
(Mistaken honest men) in Cæsar's blood:
What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve
From him who kill'd himself rather than serve?
Th' heroic exaltations of good
Are so far from understood,
We count them vice: alas! our sight's so ill
That things which swiftest move seem to stand still!
We look not upon Virtue in her height,
On her supreme idea, brave and bright,
In the original light:
But as her beams reflected pass
Through our own nature or ill custom's glass.
And 'tis no wonder so
If with dejected eye
In standing pools we seek the sky,
That stars so high above should seem to us below.

Can we stand by and see
Our mother robbed, and bound, and ravished be,
Yet not to her assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher?
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancell'd name of friend he bore?
Ingrateful, Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæsar, who could Rome enthral!
An act more barbarous and unnatural,
In th' exact balance of true virtue tried,
Than his successor Nero's parricide.
There's none but Brutus could deserve
That all men else should wish to serve,
And Cæsar's usurpt place to him should proffer:—
None can deserve 't but he who would refuse the offer.

Ill Fate assumed a body thee t' affright,
And wrapt itself i'th' terrors of the night,
"I'll meet thee at Philippi," said the sprite;
"I'll meet thee there," saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight;
It vanished as a taper's light
Goes out when spirits appear in sight.
One would have thought 't had heard the Morning crow,
Or seen her well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hill afar.
Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,
But unseen attacked thee there.
Had it presumed in any shape thee to oppose,
Thou wouldst have forced it back upon thy foes,
Or slain 't like Cæsar, though it be
A conqueror and a monarch mightier far than he.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we see perish thus by odd events,
Ill men and wretched accidents,
The best cause and best man that ever drew a sword?
When we see
The false Octavius and wild Antony,
God-like Brutus, conquer thee?
What can we say but thine own tragic word,
That Virtue, which had worshipped been by thee
As the most solid good, and greatest Deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name?
Hold, noble Brutus, and restrain
The bold voice of thy generous disdain:
These mighty gulfs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time's set forth already, which shall quell
Stiff Reason, when it offers to Rebel;
Which these great secrets shall unseal,
And new philosophies reveal.
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not died,
Would have confounded Human Virtue's pride,
And showed thee a God Crucified.

It was in the memorable year of the battle of Naseby, 1645, that John Milton, then thirty-seven years old, published his first volume of collected poems, "Poems both Latin and English, by John Milton." When Charles I. came to the throne, Milton was a youth of little more than sixteen, who had been educated at St. Paul's School, and was just entering to his college at Cambridge. He had been admitted to Christ's College in February, 1625, when James I. was still living, but returned to London and did not come into residence at Cambridge until twelve days after the accession of King Charles. After five or six years of study, on his birthday, the 9th of December, 1631, the young poet wrote a sonnet that reads like his grace before the active work of life:—

SONNET.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even,
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven:
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

JOHN MILTON.
From the Cast of his Face, taken about 1654, now in Trinity College, Cambridge.

To the closing resolve Milton was true until his death. John Milton remained at Cambridge until July, 1632, when he graduated as Master of Arts, and then obtained leave from his father to join him in his retirement at Horton, near Windsor, while adding to his period of study more years—they came to be another seven years; nearly six at Horton, followed by fifteen months of foreign travel—that were to prepare him for the full use of whatever talent God might have entrusted to him. During those years he wrote his "Arcades," his "Comus," and that exquisite pair of poems, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," written to represent the gay and grave sides of one innocent and healthy mind:—

L'ALLEGRO.[1]

Hence loathéd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn;
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy:
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come[2] thou goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

[1] *L'Allegro.* In Gherardini's "Supplimento a' Vocabolarj Italiani" (six vols., Milan, 1852), a work designed for precise definition of the sense in which Italian words are used, "L'Allegro" is defined as one "who has in his heart cause for contentment" ("che ha in cuore cagione di contentezza"). Since Milton designed in this poem to represent the cheerful mood of one whose "bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne," the Italian word made a more suitable title than the English word "Mirth" standing alone. When used in the poem it does not stand alone; the poem essentially consists in its limitation,

"These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

The word "Mirth" means originally softness. (See Note 8, page 18.) For a like reason Melancholy, which means only the mood produced by a state of the bile (see Note 4, page 297), could not stand alone as title to the companion poem. But the Italian word "Pensieroso," which describes a man who is grave while his mind is weighing and considering, precisely expresses Milton's thought. The true life has its hours of innocent light-hearted enjoyment and its hours of grave, but not less happy, meditation. He who is never "L'Allegro," is likely to be "Il Penseroso" to but little purpose, and may know too much of the "loathed melancholy" born of the black dog; while he who never is "Il Penseroso," may know less of the mood of "L'Allegro" than of the "vain deluding joys" that Milton shuts out of his picture. Each piece begins with a banning of the opposite to its companion. The loathed Melancholy ("loathed," from First-English "lâth," evil), born of darkness and the dog of hell, which is banished at the opening of "L'Allegro," might even more fitly have been placed at the opening of "Il Penseroso," since it is the precise opposite to that "divinest Melancholy" of which that poem paints the pleasures. In like manner the "vain deluding joys, the brood of Folly" which are banished at the opening of "Il Penseroso," might have been placed at the opening of "L'Allegro," since they are the precise opposite to the freedom of "unreproved pleasures" painted in that poem. It is, indeed, not improbable that the two poems were first so written, and that by a fine art their openings were transposed to throw the substance of each into more vivid relief. However that may be, it must not for a moment be supposed that the opening of each of these poems contradicts the substance of the other. There are two things praised: innocent joyousness—that which springs not from the wine-cup or from idle frivolities of life, but from a heart open to the smile of God on his creation; innocent thoughtfulness—that adds to life the happiness of quiet contemplation rested on the beauty or the wisdom of God's works, and of those works in which man has put his intellect to noblest use. These are the two things praised. The two condemned are, the sullen mood of a gloom that comes of evil, and the light mood that causes a man to lose his foothold in life by the pursuit of empty and deluding pleasures. The two moods welcomed are alike common to every wholesome mind, and are joined by Wordsworth when he sings in his "Excursion" of the sun—

"———fixed,
And the infinite magnificence of heaven
Fixed, within reach of every human eye;
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears;
The vernal field infuses fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view
Without reserve or veil; and as a power
Is salutary, or an influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law.
Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;
Reason, and with that reason smiles and tears;
Imagination, freedom in the will;
Conscience to guide and check; and death to be
Foretasted, immortality conceived
By all."

[2] *But come, &c.* Each poem having opened with the banning of a hostile mood, proceeds to a poet's fancy of the parentage of that mood welcomed. I mark by slight breaks the successive sections, that their correspondence in the pair of poems may be the more readily observed.

And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph,[1] and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides!
Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free!

To hear the lark[2] begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine,
While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before.
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower wets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees;
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure[3] of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks;
Where Corydon and Thyrsis[4] met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,[5]
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he by friars' lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

---

[1] *Haste thee, nymph.* Here begins a third section arising naturally from the second, painting the companions of innocent mirth. A corresponding section of the other poem paints the companions of "divinest" Melancholy.

[2] *To hear the lark.* Here a new section begins a series of images of cheerful day with the morning song of the lark and gladness of one who is abroad under the sun. The corresponding section of the other poem begins with the nightingale's even-song a series of images that suggest thoughtfulness abroad under the moon. The passage in this section of "L'Allegro" is through the course of the day from dawn to midday, and to Corydon and Thyrsis happy in their dinner of herbs where love is; then with suggestions of happy holiday follow dances until dusk. The passage in one poem is of morning that leads on to night; in the other it is of night that ends with morning.

[3] *Cynosure* (Greek κυνὸς οὐρα, dog's tail), one name for the constellation of the Lesser Bear, in which is the Pole-star, to which all eyes of men on the wide seas were turned.

[4] *Corydon and Thyrsis.* These names, and also that of the "neat-handed Phillis," are from the seventh eclogue of Virgil. Thestylis, presently named, comes from the second eclogue:—

"The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade,
And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and heats."
(Dryden's translation.)

[5] *Then to the spicy nut-brown ale.* The close of daylight brings the poem naturally to the next section of thought, the cheerfulness of human society when night draws in, first painted among the villagers, with their tales of wonder by the social fireside; then in the barons' halls among the knights and ladies, at the masque or wedding; or at the theatre when it can furnish something better than a vain deluding joy, that is,

"If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Thus, done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men;
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With stores of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe, with taper clear;
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,[1]
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred;
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixéd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes[2] possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offend
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she, in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain;
Oft in glimmering bowers, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure;
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train;
And sable stole of Cyprus[3] lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commércing with the skies;
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble; till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Qu
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth di
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retiréd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure

But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
Less Philomel will deign a song,[4]
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Soothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak.
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of fo
Most musical, most melancholy,
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen[5]
On the dry smooth-shaven green,

[1] *Soft Lydian airs.* In this section each poem closes with a setting of each mood to music, before the two closing lines of conditional acceptance of Mirth and Melancholy. Each is welcome only if it be such as the poem has defined.

[2] *Gaudy shapes.* The word "gaudy" as used in this line is not from the Latin "gaudium." I derive it from the Cymric "gau," false, and its derivative "geuawd," falsifying deception. There are traces of this word from such a root in modern Scottish use of "gaudy" for tricky or mischievous; in the use of the word "gaud" by Chaucer as a trick, in "Troilus and Cressida," and by the Pardoner who says of his trade in relics—

"By this gaud have I wonnen yere by yere
An hundred mark since I was Pardonere;"

and in the definition of "gaud" in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," about A.D. 1440, "*gaud or jape*, nuga." Milton's "gaudy shapes" are, therefore, delusive shapes.

[3] *Cyprus lawn.* "Shadow their glory as a milliner's w wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn or a black cyp Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," act i., scene 2.)

[4] *Less Philomel will deign a song.* "Less" is not a co "unless," but the First-English "læs," still used in S "les" or "less" for "lest."

[5] *Unseen.* This pairs with the "not unseen" in "L'Allegro." The two poems abound in parallels of thought as well as general design, and one of the pleasure is a tracing of the concealed art that has heightened their

To behold the wand'ring moon
Riding near her highest noon
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes; or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by;
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;[1]
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek:
And made Hell grant what Love did seek;
Or call up him that left half told[2]
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside[3]
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear;

Not trickt and frounc't, as she was wont
With the Attic boy[4] to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or usher'd with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye;
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale;
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell;
Where I may sit, and rightly spell
Of every star that Heav'n doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.[5]

---

[1] *His bower.* The Musæum, on the hill near the citadel of Athens, which this son of Orpheus retired to put into song the oracles and [illegible] of the gods.

[2] *Him that left half told.* Chaucer, in the unfinished "Squire's [illegible]"

[3] *Great bards beside.* The chief reference is to Spenser, whose "[illegible]erie Queene" caused Milton in his greatest prose work, "Areo[illegible]ica, or the Defence of the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," to [illegible]ibe him as "the sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare be [illegible]n to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas."

Richard Corbet, who became Bishop of Oxford in 1629, and of Norwich in 1632, died in 1635. Some of the verses which had obtained him high social

[4] *The Attic boy.* Cephalus, whose story closes the seventh book of Ovid's "Metamorphoses."

[5] Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" have been carefully edited, with many notes, by Mr. J. W. Hales, M.A., in a volume entitled "Longer English Poems, with Notes Philological and Explanatory, and an Introduction on the Teaching of English" (Mac-

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

Lovelace, released on heavy bail, spent his fortune in the service of the king and aid of poorer friends. In 1648 he was imprisoned again, this time in Peter House, in Aldersgate Street, and there arranged for the press his poems, published in 1649, as "Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c." The Lucasta (*Lux casta*, pure light) of his verse was Lucy Sacheverell, whom he loved, but who married another suitor, after hearing false reports that Lovelace had been killed at Dunkirk. Under Cromwell Lovelace was set free, but lived in extreme poverty, and died in an alley in Shoe Lane. This is his :—

TO LUCASTA.

GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

One of the heartiest attackers of the Puritans in his verse was John Cleveland, who joined the royal army in the Civil Wars, and was made judge-advocate to the troops in Newark. He escaped when the town surrendered, and was not taken till 1655, when Cromwell assented to his plea, that he had been what his conscience made him, an honest opponent, and released him. Cleveland died in 1659. This is one of his pieces :—

THE PURITAN.

With face and fashion to be known
For one of sure election,
With eyes all white and many a groan,
With neck aside to draw in tone,
With harp in 's nose, or he is none:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With pate cut shorter than the brow,
With little ruff starch'd you know how,
With cloak like Paul, no cape I trow;
With surplice none, but lately now;
With hands to thump, no knees to bow:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With coz'ning cough and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every week,
With paltry change of *and* to *eke*,
With some small Hebrew, and no Greek,
To find out words where stuff 's to seek:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

JOHN CLEVELAND.
From the 1661 Edition of his Poems.

With shop-board breeding and intrusion,
With some outlandish institution,
With Ursin's catechism[1] to muse on,
With System's method for confusion,
With grounds strong laid of mere illusion:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With rites indifferent all damnéd,
And made unlawful, if commanded,
Good works of Popery down banded,

[1] *Ursin's catechism.* Zacharias Ursinus, born at Breslau in 1534, was a famous Protestant theologian, the close friend of Melancthon, after whose death he was persecuted by the theologians of the Confession of Augsburg, and left Breslau for Zurich. It was he who first wrote over the door of his study lines since used in the same way by others: "Amice, quisquis huc venis, aut agito paucis, aut abi, aut laborantem adjuva;" which means, "Friend who come hither, be brief, or go, or help me in my work." Ursinus died, aged forty-nine, in 1583. Another active Lutheran theologian of the same name was John Henry Ursinus, who died in 1667, director of the churches of Ratisbon; and he had a son, George Henry, who shone in philology. Ursin's, or the Palatine Catechism, arose from the wish of the Elector to establish uniformity in the Churches of the Palatinate. Since some followed Luther, some Brentius, some explanations of their own, he asked the theologians to provide him with a fuller and clearer catechism. That of Zacharias Ursin was accordingly adopted.

And moral laws from him estrangéd,
Except the Sabbath still unchangéd:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With speech unthought, quick revelation,
With boldness in predestination,
With threats of absolute damnation,
For *yea* and *nay* hath some salvation
For his own tribe, not every nation:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With after-licence cost a crown,
When bishop new had put him down,
With tricks call'd repetition,
And doctrine newly brought to town,
Of teaching men to hang and drown:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With flesh provision to keep Lent,
With shelves of sweetmeats often spent,
Which new maid bought, old lady sent,
Though to be saved a poor present,—
Yet legacies assure the event:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With troops expecting him at th' door,
That would hear sermons, and no more,
With noting tools, and sighs great store,
With Bibles great to turn them o'er
While he wrests places by the score:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With running text, the named forsaken,
With *for* and *but*, both by sense shaken,
Cheap doctrines forced, wild uses taken,
Both sometimes one, by mark mistaken,
With anything to any shapen:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With new-wrought caps, against the canon,
For taking cold, though sure he ha' none;
A sermon's end, where he began one,
A new hour long, when 's glass had ran one,
New use, new points, new notes to stand on:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

But the writer of such songs, whose rhymes were most in request in their own day by loyal vocalists, was the lively lawyer, Alexander Brome, born in 1620, and author also of a comedy, and of translations from Lucretius and Horace. He lived until six years after the Restoration. These are three of his songs:—

THE SAINT'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

Fight on, brave soldiers, for the cause,
Fear not the cavaliers:
Their threat'nings are as senseless as
Our jealousies and fears.
'Tis you must perfect this great work
And all malignants slay.
You must bring back the king again
The clean contrary way.

'Tis for religion that you fight
And for the kingdom's good.
By robbing churches, plund'ring men
And shedding guiltless blood.
Down with the orthodoxal train,
All loyal subjects slay:
When these are gone, we shall be sure
The clean contrary way.

When Charles we've bankrupt made him
Of crown and power bereft him:
And all his loyal subjects slain,
And none but rebels left him.
When we have beggar'd all the land,
And sent our trunks away,
We'll make him then a glorious prince,
The clean contrary way.

'Tis to preserve His Majesty
That we against him fight,
Nor are we ever beaten back,
Because our cause is right;
If any make a scruple on 't,
Our declarations say,
Who fight for us fight for the king,
The clean contrary way.

At Kineton,[1] Brentford, Plymouth, York,
And divers places more,
What victories we saints obtain'd,
The like ne'er seen before!
How often we Prince Rupert kill'd,
And bravely won the day,
The wicked cavaliers did run,
The clean contrary way.

The true religion we maintain,
The kingdom's peace, and plenty;
The privilege of Parliament
Not known to one of twenty;
The ancient fundamental laws;
And teach men to obey
Their lawful sovereign, and all these,
The clean contrary way.

We subject's liberties preserve
By 'prisonment and plunder.
And do enrich ourselves and state
By keeping the wicked under.
We must preserve mechanics now
To lecturize and pray;
By them the Gospel is advanc'd
The clean contrary way.

And though the king be much misled
By that malignant crew;
He'll find us honest, and at last,
Give all of us our due.
For we do wisely plot and plot
Rebellion to destroy,
He sees we stand for peace and truth
The clean contrary way.

[1] Edgehill is near Kineton in Warwickshire.

The public faith shall save our souls,
And good out-works together,
And ships shall save our lives, that stay
Only for wind and weather.
But when our faith and works fall down,
And all our hopes decay,
Our acts will bear us up to heaven
The clean contrary way.

THE MAD LOVER.

I have been in love and in debt and in drink
This many and many a year;
And those three are plagues enough, one would think,
For one poor mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
And love made me run into debt;
And though I have struggled and struggled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.
There's nothing but money can cure me
And rid me of all my pain.
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets,
And my mistress that cannot endure me
Will love me, and love me again;
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking amain.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

I love my king and country well,
Religion and the laws,
Which I'm mad at the heart that e'er we did sell
To buy the good old cause.
These unnatural wars
And brotherly jars
Are no delight or joy to me;
But it is my desire
That the wars should expire
And the king and his realms agree.

I never yet did take up arms,
And yet I dare to die;
But I'll not be seduc'd by fanatical charms
Till I know a reason why.
Why the king and the state
Should fall to debate
I ne'er could yet a reason see,
But I find many one
Why the wars should be done
And the king and his realms agree.

I love the King and the Parliament,
But I love them both together;
And when they by division asunder are rent,
I know 'tis good for neither:
Whichsoe'er of those
Be victorious,
I'm sure for us no good 'twill be;
For our plagues will increase
Unless we have peace
And the king and his realms agree.

The king without them can't long stand,
Nor they without the king;
'Tis they must advise, and 'tis he must command,
For their power from his must spring.
'Tis a comfortless sway
Where none will obey;
If the king ha'n't 's right, which way shall we?
They may vote and make laws
But no good they will cause
Till the king and his realms agree.

A pure religion I would have,
Not mixed with human wit;
And I cannot endure that each ignorant knave
Should dare to meddle with it.
The tricks of the law
I would fain withdraw,
That it may be alike to each degree.
And I fain would have such
As do meddle so much
With the king and the church agree.

We have prayed and paid that the wars might cease
And we be free men made:
I would fight, if my fighting would bring any peace,
But war has become a trade.
Our servants will ride
With swords by their side,
And made their masters foot-men be;
But we'll be no more slaves
To the beggars and knaves,
Now the king and the realms do agree.

William Davenant, born in 1605, was the son of an Oxford innkeeper. He was educated in the Grammar School and University of his native town, and then attached to the court as page to the Duchess of Richmond. Afterwards he was in the household of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, until his murder in 1628. He then wrote for the stage, and acquired reputation among dramatists of the time of Charles I., wrote court masques as well as plays, and became Master of the Revels. In the Civil War he served the king zealously, and was knighted for his service at the siege of Gloucester in 1643. These are two of his songs:—

THE SOLDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girl,
To purify the air;
Thy tears, to thread instead of pearl
On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse
And wakes the louder drum;
Expense of grief makes no remorse
When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy Peace
Will hide her drowsy head,
And, for the sport of kings, increase
The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft:
Can I in war delight
Who, being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The hills and valleys would together flow,
And the rough earth one smooth-faced round would show.

Nor can the lofty soul, snatched into heaven,
Busied above in th' intellectual world,
At such a distance see my lines uneven;
At such a distance was my spirit hurled,
And to my trembling quill thence did indite
What he from thence must read who would read right.

Fair fields and rich enclosures, shady woods,
Large populous towns, with strong and stately towers,
Long crawling rivers, far distended floods,
Whatever 's great, its shape these eyes of ours
And due proportions from high distance see
The best; and Paro! such my rhyme 's to thee.

Thy grovelling mind and moping purblind eye,
That to move up unmeet, this to see far,
The worth or weakness never can descry
Of my large wingéd muse. But not to spare
Till thou canst well disprove, proves well enough
Thou 'rt rash and rude howe'er my rhymes are rough.

Henry More lived in a seventh heaven high above care for the Civil War. Not so young Andrew Marvell, who in the Civil War time acted as tutor to Fairfax's only daughter. Andrew Marvell, born in 1620, was not thirty in the year of the execution of Charles I. He was the son of a clergyman and Master of the Grammar School at Kingston-on-Hull, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and acquired skill in several foreign tongues by travel on the Continent before he was received at Bilbrough, in Yorkshire, as teacher of languages to the daughter of the house. There was a fine strain of thought in Marvell's earlier verse, as these pieces witness :—

BERMUDAS.[1]

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along
The listening winds received this song.

"What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage
Safe from the storms and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet,
But apples plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon, he stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast, of which we rather boast,
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt
'Til it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, then, perhaps, rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

TO A FAIR SINGER.

To make a final conquest of all me
Love did compose so sweet an enemy
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony,
That, while she with her eyes my heart does bind
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

I could have fled from one but singly fair,
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair.
But how should I avoid to be her slave
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreathe
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

It had been easy fighting in some plain
Where victory might hang in equal choice,
But all resistance against her is vain
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice:
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gainéd both the wind and sun.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL AND CREATED PLEASURE.

Courage, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Close on thy head thy helmet bright;
Balance thy sword against the fight;
See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spread the air!
Now, if thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it shine,
And show that nature wants an art
To conquer one resolvéd heart.

[1] In Hakluyt's "Voyages" there is a description of Bermuda by Henry May, who was shipwrecked there in 1593. The Bermudas then first became known. In 1609 the admiral-ship of a fleet to Virginia was separated and wrecked on the island of Bermuda. The disaster called forth two tracts in 1610, and from that time attention was more strongly drawn to the group of about 300 islands in the North Atlantic, among which Bermuda—sixteen miles long, but nowhere more than a mile and a half broad—takes chief rank. Representative government was introduced into the Bermudas in 1620, and in 1621 the Bermuda Company of London issued a sort of charter to the colony, including rights and liberties, among them liberty of worship, that attracted many of those English emigrants whose feeling Marvell has here fashioned into song. Their rights were annulled by the English Government in 1685.

Pleasure.

Welcome, the creation's guest,
Lord of earth, and heaven's heir!
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of nature's banquet share,
Where the souls of fruits and flowers
Stand prepared to heighten yours.

Soul.

I sup above, and cannot stay
To bait so long upon the way.

Pleasure.

On these downy pillows lie,
Whose soft plumes will thither fly;
On these roses, strewed so plain
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

Soul.

My gentle rest is on a thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure.

If thou be'st with perfumes pleased
Such as oft the gods appeased,
Thou in fragrant clouds shalt show
Like another god below.

Soul.

A soul that knows not to presume
Is Heaven's and its own perfume.

Pleasure.

Every thing does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine eye;
But since none deserves that grace,
In this crystal view thy face.

Soul.

When the Creator's skill is prized,
The rest is all but earth disguised.

Pleasure.

Hark how music then prepares
For thy stay these charming airs,
Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river's fall.

Soul.

Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease tempter! None can chain a mind
Whom this sweet cordage cannot bind.

Chorus.

Earth cannot show so brave a sight,
As when a single soul does fence
The battery of alluring Sense,
And Heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere! for still new charges sound:
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crowned!

Pleasure.

All that's costly fair and sweet
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one Beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

Soul.

If things of sight such heavens be,
What heavens are those we cannot see!

Pleasure.

Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go
The minted Gold shall lie,
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy.

Soul.

Wer't not for price who'd value gold?
And that's worth naught that can be sold.

Pleasure.

Wilt thou all the Glory have
That war or peace commend?
Half the world shall be thy slave,
The other half thy friend.

Soul.

What friends, if to myself untrue?
What slaves, unless I captive you?

Pleasure.

Thou shalt Know each hidden cause
And see the future time,
Try what depth the centre draws,
And then to heaven climb.

Soul.

None thither mounts by the degree
Of knowledge, but humility.

Chorus.

Triumph, triumph, victorious soul!
The world has not one pleasure more:
The rest does lie beyond the pole,
And is thine everlasting store.

Under the Commonwealth **Marvell** became the assistant to Milton as Foreign Secretary, recommended by his knowledge of French, Italian, Dutch, and Spanish, as well as Latin and Greek, and by his pure and earnest patriotism. Under Charles II. he shone out as a satirist, putting his wit only to the highest uses. His opinions never suffered change.

John Dryden, born in 1631, was eleven years younger than Marvell, and he went from Westminster School to the same college at Cambridge in which Marvell had been educated. Dryden was born into a good Northamptonshire family, both on his father's and his mother's side opposed to that theory of royal authority which was involved in the stand made by Charles I. against the Parliament. Bred in such a family, although his was a mind naturally inclined to rest on authority, he held at first the family opinion. Since he was not eighteen years old at the date of the king's execution, he was studying at Cambridge under the Commonwealth, and after he had left the university he went to London to begin life in the house of his cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering, a close

personal friend of Cromwell's. While Cromwell lived the state stood firm, and nothing occurred to detach Dryden from the opinions in which he had been bred. He had reached his twenty-eighth year when, after the funeral of "the Protector, who died on the 3rd of September, 1658—adopting a measure used by Sir William Davenant in a heroic poem called "Gondibert," that had been published in the year 1651—he wrote, as a tribute to his memory, these—

HEROIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

And now 'tis time; for their officious haste,
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

His grandeur he derived from heaven alone;
For he was great ere fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poisoned soon as born
With the too early thoughts of being king.

Fortune (that easy mistress to the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard)
Him at that age her favourites ranked among
When she her best-loved Pompey did discard.

He, private, marked the faults of others' sway,
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun;
Not like rash monarchs who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

CROMWELL LYING IN STATE AT SOMERSET HOUSE. (*From a Contemporary Print.*)

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,
Joined with the loud applause of public voice;
Since Heaven what praise we offer to his name
Hath rendered too authentic by its choice.

Though in his praise no arts can liberal be,
Since they whose Muses have the highest flown
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own;

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,
Such monuments as we can build to raise,
Lest all the world prevent what we should do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular?
For in a round what order can be shewed,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing not to him but heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join,
Rewards, that less to him than us were given.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,
First sought to inflame the parties then to poise;
The quarrel loved, but did the cause abhor;
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade,
We inward bled, whilst they prolonged our pain:
He fought to end our fighting, and essayed
To stanch the blood by breathing of the vein.

Swift and resistless through the land he past,
Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue;
And made to battles such heroic haste
As if on wings of victory he flew.

He fought, secure of fortune as of fame,
Till by new maps the island might be shewn
Of conquests which he strewed where'er he came,
Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thrived; no winter could his laurels fade:
Heaven in his portrait shewed a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect yet without a shade.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had banished and did now restore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.[1]

Her safety rescued Ireland to him owes;
And treacherous Scotland, to no interest true,
Yet blest that fate which did his arms dispose
Her land to civilise as to subdue.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine
When to pale mariners they storms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

'Tis true, his countenance did imprint an awe,
And naturally all souls to his did bow;
As wands of divination downward draw
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars deposed, and arms to gowns made yield,
Successful councils did him soon approve
As fit for close intrigues as open field.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsafed a peace,
Our once bold rival of the British main
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease
And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

Fame of the asserted sea, through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love:
Each knew that side must conquer he would own,
And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embraced,
Than the light Monsieur the grave Don outweighed:
His fortune turned the scale where'er 'twas cast,
Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

When absent, yet we conquered in his right;
For though some meaner artist's skill were shown
In mingling colours or in placing light,
Yet still the fair designment was his own.

For from all tempers he could service draw,
The worth of each with its alloy he knew,
And, as the confidant of Nature, saw
How she complexions did divide and brew.

Or he their single virtues did survey
By intuition in his own large breast,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay
That were the rule and measure to the rest.

When such heroic virtue heaven sets out,
The stars, like Commons, sullenly obey,
Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

He made us free men of the Continent,
Whom nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the English lion sent,
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

That old unquestioned pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk h
And, trembling, wished behind more Alps to stan
Although an Alexander[2] were her guard.

By his command we boldly crossed the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars arise
We traced the far-fetched gold unto the mine,
And that which bribed our fathers made our p

Such was our prince; yet owned a soul above
The highest acts it could produce to show:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to live:
He seemed but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

His latest victories still thickest came,
As near the centre motion doth increase;
Till he, pressed down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the vestal, under spoils decease.

But first the ocean as a tribute sent
The giant prince of all her watery herd;
And the isle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferred.[3]

No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
As winds for halcyons when they breed at sea.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blessed,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION: DRYDEN AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1660 TO A.D. 1

ABRAHAM COWLEY, neglected by Charles II., soon after the Restoration first to Barn-Elms, wards to Chertsey, where he died, aged forty

[1] This, in the bad style of later Euphuism, draws an image from a fabled incident of the siege of Bologna in 1512, when a mine blew up part of the wall including the Church of Santa Maria del Baracano, which went up into the air and came down unhurt, fixing itself firmly to its old foundations.

[2] Pope Alexander VII.

[3] The references are to the stranding of a whale and to a s the time of Cromwell's death.

at the Porch House in July, 1667. His genius was at its best in these years of calm retirement by the Thames. His riper mind had put off some of its affection for conceits of later Euphuism in which he had shone, and his prose Essays written at this time with interspersed verse, partly translations of passages from Latin poets apt to his mood, are

COWLEY IN LATER LIFE.
From a Portrait prefixed to his Works in 1681.

full of his best thought in his best English. These lines are a version of an epigram from Martial, the 47th of the 10th book :—

A HAPPY LIFE.

Since, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me,
These are the chief ingredients, if not all :

Take an estate neither too great nor small,
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call;
Let this estate from parents' care descend,
The getting it too much of 'ife does spend.
Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for industry;
Let constant fires the winter's fury tame,
And let thy kitchens be a vestal flame:
Thee to the town let never suit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, business draw;
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbéd peace, yet not in sleep:
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the composition's vain.
In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By nature and by fortune fit for thee;
Instead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into thy day-time creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep;
Let rest, which Nature does to darkness wed,
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be satisfied, and pleased with what thou art,
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part,
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear, nor wish th' approaches of the last.

In the latter days of Charles I. and during the Commonwealth there was a development of French literature with which exiled English royalists in Paris were brought into contact. They were edified by the refinements of the fine ladies whose work was accounted precious, who were politely called the Précieuses, and who had taken language under their especial patronage. They made acquaintance with the first labours of the French Academy in word sifting; with the first and best plays of Corneille, written before the time of our Commonwealth, and his critical essays written during the Commonwealth; with the genius of Molière and the rise of the reaction against faded conceits and tasteless extravagance in writing. The decayed influence of Italy was passing away, and there was a growing energy of French thought that had been busy in legislation upon language, and was about to launch into criticism upon forms of writing also. The death-blow to the perishing Italian influence was given by Boileau, whose career began with his satires in the year of the Restoration. He published his "Art Poëtique" in 1674, and thenceforth became the king of the French critical world. That supremacy of criticism made writers in France and in all adjacent countries emulous of the glory of writing well about writing. If they do anything, said Regnard, it is prosing about rhyme and rhyming about prose.[1] The service done by Boileau's vigorous and healthy genius was substantial. The Précieuses and the Grammarians and the Academicians had been dealing with language. They found an unsettled vocabulary between the two dialects of North and South, and had resolved to establish a good standard of French that, since French is a Romance tongue, was to be made as homogeneous as possible by a general preference of words with Latin roots. Added to this, and greatly encouraged by the ladies who concerned themselves with the new questions of criticism, was a notion that the language of literature should be protected from mean associations, and acquire dignity by avoidance of the homely words and idioms of daily life. Literature was held to be for the select and cultivated few, not for the many. It must on no account be "low." Without stooping to all the absurdities of this new school, but rather satirising such of them as might claim nearer kindred with the outgoing than with the incoming influence, Boileau taught writers to avoid the paste brilliants of Italy, to aim at Good Sense. That they might express their good thoughts like good artists in clear manly phrase, he bade them take for models the Latin writers of the Augustan age. All this was excellent corrective doctrine, but the teaching of small critics, who soon swarmed in all our quarters, bred a servile imitation of the Latin authors. So we were led to a perverse avoidance of the native elements of our Teutonic English, and that we might follow our neighbours to the letter, we took, so far as the

[1] "S'ils font quelque chose
C'est proser de la rime et rimer de la prose."

spirit of the crowd was concerned, a course precisely opposite to theirs. Our fine gentlemen, already in Charles II.'s time, became as skilful in critical slang on the points of a poem as some now are in stable slang on the points of a horse. They wrote assiduously about writing: Lord Roscommon wrote on Writing Verse Translations, besides translating Horace's "Art of Poetry;" the Earl of Mulgrave, John Sheffield, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, wrote on Writing Satire, and on Writing Poetry; Lord Lansdowne wrote on Unnatural Flights in Poetry; Sir William Soame translated Boileau's "Art of Poetry," and so forth. As the critical swarm began to thicken, the fields of literature that were darkened by them lost their verdure. Where there had been depths of earnestness there were too often only shallows of conceit; the pedants constituted themselves representatives of what they called the Understanding Age. Ignorant of most things, including all our literature before the Commonwealth, they gloried themselves and their immediate surroundings. They saw only what they could touch, and touched nothing they could understand. This is, of course, said only of the thousands of small critics who followed, as Dryden said—

> "The rules of France; without whose rules
> None must presume to set up here for fools."

The strength of the French influence was in such writers as Molière, Corneille, Lafontaine, Racine, and in the critical supremacy of one so honest and so able as Boileau, who lived on until 1711, the year

BOILEAU DESPRÉAUX.
From the Portrait before Saint-Marc's Edition of his Works.

in which, in England, young Pope followed his lead with a poetical "Essay on Criticism," the most healthy of all the offspring of the French "Art Poëtique."

The best of the pieces of this kind written in Charles II.'s reign was the "Essay on Translated Verse," by Wentworth Dillon, grandson to [illegible] of Strafford. He was born in 1633, and by [illegible] of his father became Earl of Roscommon at [illegible] of ten. Until the Restoration he was [illegible] in Italy and France. After 1660 he [illegible] English courtier with love of literature, [illegible] in French critics, and a desire to establish in [illegible] (for the supposed good of literature) an Academy [illegible] that of France. He died in 1684, and this [illegible] poem of his must serve as sufficient example [illegible] versifying about versifying that began [illegible] abroad:—

AN ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

Happy that author, whose correct Essay[1]
Regains so well our old Horatian way;
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage
Conspire to censure and expose our age:
Provoked too far, we resolutely must,
To the few virtues that we have, be just.
For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
To search the treasures of the Roman store,
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle
With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.
Familiar Ovid[2] tender thoughts inspires,
And Nature seconds all his soft desires;
Theocritus[3] does now to us belong,
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.
Who has not heard how Italy was blest,
Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
Or Gallus' song, so tender, and so true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view?
When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis' [illegible]
Who does not weep, that reads the moving verse?
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
Sicilian Muses[4] through these happy plains,
Proclaim Saturnian times; our own Apollo reigns.

When France had breath'd, after intestine broils
And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
There, cultivated by a royal hand,[5]
Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the land
The choicest books that Rome or Greece have known
Her excellent translators made her own,
And Europe still considerably gains,
Both by their good example and their pains.

[1] Lord Mulgrave in his poem called an "Essay on Poetry."

[2] Ovid's "Metamorphoses" had been translated by Arthur (1537), and by George Sandys (1626); his "Epistles" by Turbervile (1567), Sir Edward Sherburne (1639), and others; "Elegies" by Christopher Marlowe (1598) and others; "Art of Love" by many hands.

[3] The translation of Theocritus by Thomas Creech was published in 1681, about which time Roscommon's Essay is supposed to have been written.

[4] Pastoral poetry was called, from its origin, Sicilian.

[5] In the reign of Francis I. famous translations appeared as one sign of the revival of letters. Jaques Amyot received from Francis for his translation of Theagenes and Chariclea "sugared invention" that delighted Sir Philip Sidney. Æthiopica of the Greek Bishop Heliodorus, and Amyot's [illegible] of Plutarch was one of the most famous works of its time.

From hence our gen'rous emulation came,
We undertook and we perform'd the same:
But now we shew the world a nobler way,
And in translated verse do more than they,
Serene, and clear, harmonious Horace flows,[1]
With sweetness not to be expressed in prose;
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shows the stuff, but not the workman's skill;
I who have served him more than twenty years
Scarce know my master as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours' hopes, and vain their cares,
The fault is more their language's, than theirs;
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords,
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine.
I speak my private, but impartial sense,
With freedom, and I hope without offence,
For I'll recant, when France can show me wit
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
But good translation is no easy art,
For though materials have long since been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Pierian seeds
Must be well purged from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
At the rude rumbling Baralipton[2] makes.
For none have been with admiration read,
But who beside their learning were well-bred.

The first great work, a task perform'd by few,
Is that yourself may to yourself be true:
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine every nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius[3] ends.
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)
Condemned to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound
Sung lofty Ilium tumbling to the ground.[4]
And (if my muse can through past ages see)
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he;
Exploded, when with universal scorn,
The mountains laboured and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler[5] cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wise!
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.

Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend.
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd,
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears
By chaste instruction of her tender years;
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best;
Let not austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear;
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
What mod'rate fop would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
Variety of such is to be found;
Take then a subject proper to expound,
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice,
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street,
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the list'ning world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude as well as praise:
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever looked
On holy garbage, though by Homer cooked?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.
But I offend——— Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;

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[1] Horace's "Art of Poetry" had been translated by Ben Jonson (1640); his "Odes" by Barten Holiday (1652), and others. Roscommon himself translated the "Art of Poetry" when all the rhymers of the day were set upon Horace.

[2] *Baralipton*, the name of an imperfect syllogism, chosen as an example of pompous sound, and suggested by the old Latin verse on the forms of syllogism, "Barbara, celarent, darii, ferio, baralipton."

[3] The reference is to the lines in Virgil's third eclogue—

"Qui Bavium non odit amet tua carmina, Mævi;
Atque idem jungat vulpes, et mulgeat hircos."

Let him who can stand Bavius delight in your verse, Mævius; and let him be the man to yoke foxes and milk the he-goats.

[4] The reference is to lines 126—30 of Horace's "Art of Poetry," in which Roscommon assumes Mævius to be the bad poet referred to. Roscommon's own version of the lines is—

"Begin not as th' old Poetaster did,
'Troy's famous war and Priam's fate I sing!'
In what will all this ostentation end?
The lab'ring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse."

[5] Milo of Crotona was a strong man who is said to have carried an ox a furlong without resting, then killed it at a blow and eaten it at a meal. He tried to split an oak in the forest, had his arms caught in the cleft, and was so held till the wild beasts came and ate him up.

My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected, meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts,
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass,
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came;
But few, oh few souls, preordain'd by fate,
The race of gods, have reach'd that envied height.
No rebel Titan's sacrilegious crime
By heaping hills on hills can thither climb.
The grizzly ferry-man of hell denied
Æneas entrance, 'til he knew his guide;
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call?

Pride, of all others the most dangerous fault,
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought;
The men who labour and digest things most
Will be much apter to despond than boast.
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ?
How few are they who understand him yet?
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar Deity inhabits there:
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
Hail mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
Sublime ideas, and apt words infuse,
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the Muse.

What I have instanced only in the best,
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore:
There sweat, there strain, there tug the laborious oar:
Search every comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind.
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd;
Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such secrets are not easily found out,
But once discovered leave no room for doubt,
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Truth still is one, Truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light:
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound, but never can translate;
Your style will this through all disguises show,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a text,
Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the mist,
And grow unjust by being over-nice,
For superstitious virtue turns to vice.

Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæses'[1] name.

Words in one language elegantly used,
Will hardly in another be excused,
And some that Rome admired in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime;
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shows a translator both discreet and bold.

Excursions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For Truth shines brightest through the plainest dress.
Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait,
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
As Venus speaks or Philomela sings.
Your author always will the best advise:
Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.
Affected noise is the most wretched thing
That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even syllables, and still the last,
Though gross innumerable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd syllables must lie.
Whatever sister of the learned Nine
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame;
But if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with every gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care,
For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack too scandalously mean to name[2]
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame;
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The lab'ring wife invokes his surer aid;
Well-seasoned bowls the gossips spirits raise,
Who while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise,
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies
With maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man,
How very active in his own trepan!
For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees,
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then,
From saving women falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew,
And where they fell, as certainly they slew;
His name struck everywhere as great a damp,
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.

[1] The reference is to lines 9—12 of the sixth ode in Horace's [illegible] Book.

[2] This is adapted from a passage in the fourth canto of Boileau's "Art Poëtique."

With this the doctor's pride began to cool;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace,
And meagre famine stared him in the face;
Fain would he to the wives be reconciled,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poisoned too;
In this sad case what could our vermin do?
Worried with debts and past all hope of bail,
Th' unpitied wretch lies rotting in a jail,
And there with basket-alms, scarce kept alive,
Shows how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men
Compelled by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead.
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse.
'Tis very dangerous, tampering with a Muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose:
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degen'rate lines degrade th' attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
And panting; "Lo! the God, the God!" she cries;
With words not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling through the ground.
But though we must obey when Heaven commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspired, ten thousand are possest.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun a glimmering lamp,
Adult'rate metals to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner than mere human lines
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
These, nervous, bold; those, languid and remiss;
There cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passive Saône divide;
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urged his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turned to license by too just a name,
Belongs to none but an established fame,
Which scorns to take it———
Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Base fugitives, to that asylum fly,
And sacred laws with insolence defy.

Not thus our heroes of the former days,
Deserved and gained their never-fading bays;
For I mistake, or far the greatest part
Of what some call neglect, was studied art.
When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning piece, which gives the sign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your sight
To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
I lose my patience, when with saucy pride,
By untuned ears I hear his numbers tried.
Reverse of nature! shall such copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen,
And the rude notions of pedantic schools
Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules?
The delicacy of the nicest ear
Finds nothing harsh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear in numbers should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by impulse from heaven, Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two generals lost, a poet gained.
By secret influence of indulgent skies,
Empire and poesy together rise.
True poets are the guardians of a state,
And when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
Was not the Vestal, but the Muse's fire;
Heaven joins the blessings: no declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Of many faults, rhyme is perhaps the cause;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws,
For that in Greece or Rome was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.
I grant that from some mossy idol oak
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And by succession of unlearned times,
As bards began, so monks rung on the chimes.
But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine
With all their beams on our blest island shine,
Why should not we their ancient rites restore,
And be what Rome or Athens were before?

Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous prose
Led our exalted souls through heavenly camps,
And marked the ground where proud apostate thrones
Defy'd Jehovah![1] Here, 'twixt host and host,
(A narrow but a dreadful interval)
Portentous sight! before the cloudy van
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold.
There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
Dispers'd æthereal forms, and down they fell
By thousands, angels on archangels rolled;

[1] Lord Roscommon here, changing his own rhyme to blank verse, honours himself by appreciating Milton when his "Paradise Lost," published in 1667, was little understood by men of fashion.

Recovered, to the hills they ran, they flew,
Which with their pond'rous load, rocks, waters, woods
From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops,
They bore like shields before them through the air,
'Til more incens'd they hurled 'em at their foes.
All was confusion, heaven's foundations shook,
Threatening no less than universal wreck,
For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
And over-prest whole legions weak with sin:
Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,
'Til the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
And, arm'd with vengeance, God's victorious son,
Effulgence of paternal Deity,
Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand
Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.

O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barb'rous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the lively favourite of Charles II.,

"Who in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon,"

was twenty-two years older than that Earl of Mulgrave who did not become Duke of Buckingham until 1703, fifteen years after the death of Villiers. The "Rehearsal" will give George Villiers a place in another volume of this Library. But here is a criticism of his in little

UPON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

"For as old Selin was not mov'd by thee,
Neither will I by Selin's daughter be."

A pye a pudding, a pudding a pye,
A pye for me, and a pudding for thee;
A pudding for me, and a pye for thee,
And a pudding-pye for thee and me.

John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, shall be represented, not by his "Essay on Poetry," or his "Essay on Satire." Let us see how little of a poet was this fine authority on Poetry, by his loyal controversial reply to Cowley's "Ode to Brutus" in another

ODE TO BRUTUS.

'Tis said, that favourite, mankind,
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,
'Tis only one man tells another so.
And, for this great dominion here,
Which over other beasts we claim,
Reason, our best credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how absurdly, we may see with shame.
Reason, that solemn trifle! light as air,
Driv'n up and down, by censure or applause;
By partial love away 'tis blown,
Or the least prejudice can weigh it down:
Thus our high privilege becomes our snare,
In any nice and weighty cause.
How weak, at best, is reason! yet the grave
Impose on that small judgment which we have.

In all those wits, whose names have spread so
And ev'n the force of time defied,
Some failings yet may be descried.
Among the rest, with wonder be it told
That Brutus is admired for Cæsar's death,
By which he yet survives in Fame's immortal
Brutus, ev'n he, of all the rest,
In whom we should that deed the most detest
Is of mankind esteem'd the best.
As snow descending from some lofty hill,
Is by its rolling course augmenting still;
So from illustrious authors down have roll'd
Those great encomiums he receiv'd of old:
Republic orators still show them esteem,
And gild their eloquence with praise of hi
But Truth unveil'd like a bright sun appears,
To shine away this heap of sev'nteen hundred

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illustrious wit
(To whom in all besides I willingly submit),
That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve
From one who killed himself, rather than ser
Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay,
Than any master to obey,
Happy for Rome had been that noble pride;
The world had then remain'd in peace, and on
died.
For he, whose soul disdains to own
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
And his own life would rather end;
Would, sure, much rather kill himself, than
his friend.
To his own sword in the Philippian field
Brutus indeed at last did yield;
But in those times self-killing was not rare,
And his proceeded only from despair:
He might have chosen else to live,
In hopes another Cæsar would forgive;
Then for the good of Rome he could once more
Conspire against a life which had spared his bef

Our country challenges our utmost care,
And in our thoughts deserves the tender'st sh
Her to a thousand friends we should prefer:
Yet not betray 'em tho' it be for her.
Hard is his heart whom no desert can move
A mistress or a friend to love,
Above whate'er he does besides enjoy;
But may he for their sakes his sire or sons destr
For sacred justice, or for public good,
Scorn'd be our wealth, our honour, and our blo
In such a cause, want is a happy state,
Ev'n low disgrace would be a glorious fate;
And death itself, when noble fame survives,
More to be valu'd than a thousand lives.
But 'tis not, surely, of so fair renown,
To spill another's blood, as to expose our own;

O fall that's ours we cannot give too much;
But what belongs to friendship, oh, 'tis sacrilege to touch.

Can we[1] stand by unmov'd, and see
Our mother robb'd and ravish'd? Can we be
Excus'd, if in her cause we never stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher;
Thus sings our bard with almost heat divine;
'Tis pity that his thought was not as strong as fine.
Would it more justly did the case express,
Or that its beauty and its grace were less.
Thus a nymph sometimes we see,
Who so charming seems to be,
That, jealous of a soft surprise,
We scarce durst trust our eager eyes.
Such a fallacious ambush to escape,
It were but vain to plead a willing rape;
A valiant son would be provok'd the more:
A force we therefore must confess, but acted long before;
A marriage since did intervene,
With all the solemn and the sacred scene;
Loud was the Hymenean song;
The violated dame walk'd smilingly along,
And in the midst of the most sacred dance,
As if enamour'd of his sight,
Often she cast a kind admiring glance
On the bold struggler for delight;
Who afterwards appear'd so moderate, and cool,
As if for public good alone he so desired to rule.

But oh, that this were all which we can urge
Against a Roman of so great a soul!
And that fair Truth permitted us to purge
His fact, of what appears so foul!
Friendship, that sacred and sublimest thing!
The noblest quality and chiefest good,
(In this dull age scarce understood)
Inspires us with unusual warmth, her injur'd rites to sing.
Assist, ye angels, whose immortal bliss,
Tho' more refin'd, chiefly consists in this!
How plainly your bright thoughts to one another shine!
Oh, how ye all agree in harmony divine!
The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run;
A course as far from any end as when at first begun,
Ye saw, and smiled upon this matchless pair,
Who still betwixt them did so many virtues share,
Some which belong to peace, and some to strife,
Those of a calm, and of an active life,
That all the excellence of human kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind;
Which friendship did so fast and closely bind,
Not the least cement could appear, by which their souls were join'd.
That tie which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a soul and body name,
Seems not a composition more divine,
Or more abstruse, than all that does in friendship shine.

From mighty Cæsar, and his boundless grace,
Tho' Brutus once, at least, his life receiv'd;
Such obligations, tho' so high believ'd,
Are yet but slight in such a case.
Where friendship so possesses all the place,
There is no room for gratitude, since he,
Who so obliges, is more pleased than his sav'd friend can be.
Just in the midst of all this noble heat,
While their great hearts did both so kindly beat,
That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
And forc'd them to suspect a father and a son
(Tho' here ev'n Nature's self still seem'd to be outdone);
From such a friendship unprovok'd to fall,
Is horrid, yet I wish that fact were all,
Which does with too much cause ungrateful Brutus call.

In coolest blood he laid a long design
Against his best and dearest friend;
Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed,
To spirit others up to work so black a deed;
Himself the centre where they all did join.
Cæsar meantime, fearless and fond of him,
Was as industrious all the while
To give such ample marks of fond esteem,
As made the gravest Romans smile,
To see with how much ease love can the wife beguile.
He whom thus Brutus doom'd to bleed,
Did, setting his own race aside,
Nothing less for him provide,
Than in the world's great empire to succeed;
Which we are bound in justice to allow
Is all-sufficient proof to show
That Brutus did not strike for his own sake:
And if, alas, he fail'd, 'twas only by mistake.

[1] *Can we.* "In repeating these four verses of Mr. Cowley, I have done an unusual thing; for notwithstanding that he is my adversary in the argument, and a very famous one, too, I could not endure to let so fine a thought remain as ill express'd in this Ode, as it is in his; which any body may find by comparing them together. But I would not be understood as if I pretended to correct Mr. Cowley, tho' expression was not his best talent: for, as I have mended these few verses of his, I doubt not but he could have done as much for a great many of mine." [Author's Note.]—If any were worth mending. Editor.]

John Sheffield, born in 1649, lived until 1721, during all the latter part of which time we were being so highly refined by French-classicism, that

JOHN SHEFFIELD.

this was the figure he made in his widow's elaborate design for a monument to him engraved before a posthumous edition of his collected works.

The jest of George Villiers upon Dryden's lines in the "Conquest of Granada" represented a good side of the reaction produced by the higher French

criticism. Boileau's plea for good sense was urged in playful satire while there was, chiefly upon the stage, a new tendency towards big sounding sentences, empty as drums. The "heroic" drama of the time of Charles II. was partly derived from France, and in France it had been modified by influence of the Spanish stage. Corneille had, about the time of the Restoration, resumed work as a dramatist, and he then began to produce a second group of "heroic" dramas, less simple in dignity, more intricate in plot and bombastic in style than those which he had written in the days before our Commonwealth. But this was all in the teeth of Boileau's teaching, and our shrewder wits made war upon the tendency. The critics had pretty well made up their minds to exclude blank verse from English literature, and even in drama follow the French lead by writing the rhymed couplet (Chaucer's old riding rhyme with its joints stiffened) and calling it heroic, when, in the year 1667, John Milton startled them by throwing into the midst of their controversy "Paradise Lost" in blank verse. It was the first English heroic poem written in that measure. Milton, a thorough scholar, did not clip his genius to the fashion of French taste; and though fallen on evil days, "on evil days though fallen, and evil tongues," he closed his life with the fulfilment of its early promise. Not only did he produce in the reign of Charles II. his grand poem designed to "justify the ways of God to men," but in 1671 he published, in one volume, two poems, "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," both designed to bid discouraged fellow-labourers bow to the will of God with child-like faith,

"——and all our fears
Lay on His providence, He will not fail."

Upon the blind Milton the celestial light had indeed shone inward, and there planted eyes. He died before he had seen how the very acts that discouraged some of his companions, and made them fear lest God had changed his countenance towards them, were producing, far more swiftly and more surely than any combat of their own could have produced, the end for which they had been struggling. Charles II. and James II. achieved for us the settlement of the Revolution of 1688. Milton in 1671, not knowing how Time would show the gathered clouds over the land to be full of benediction, in those two poems bowed his head, and closed his life's music with these words of perfect trust—

"All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close."

This is a sonnet of Milton's, first published in the second edition of his "Poems" (1673):—

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true accou lest he returning chide;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

And this is another, indicating genial sweetness of the man who gave two evening hours of every day to the companionship of friends. It was first printed like that just quoted, in 1673, but written in the days of Cromwell, when Milton was occupied with state affairs. It is addressed to an old pupil whom he invites to take holiday with him:—

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

Cyriack, whose grandsire[1] on the royal bench
Of British Themis with no mean applause
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth that after no repenting draws.
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French;
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way:
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

Very different in tone is the cleverly idle strain of Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and one of those courtiers active in bringing about the Revolution. On the night before a sea-fight with the Dutch, in which many must perish, and in which the flag-ship of the Dutch Admiral, Opdam, was blown up with all on board, Charles Sackville wrote this song in the tone made fashionable by the king's taste for trifling:—

SONG WRITTEN AT SEA,

In the First Dutch War, on the 2nd of June, 1665, the Night before an Engagement.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men, at sea, indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

[1] Cyriack was third son of William Skinner, Esq., of Lincolnshire, by Bridget, second daughter of Sir Edward Coke, the "grandsire" here referred to.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring 'em twice a day,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

The King with wonder, and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play:
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand or flirt your fan,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness:
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

John Dryden made success in the Dutch war, and the Fire of London, his chief themes in the poem, "Annus Mirabilis," on the year 1666. It was produced in 1667, and was the last that he embellished with conceits in the manner of the Later Euphuists. Other volumes of this Library will include specimens from Dryden's plays, and the important group of poems in which, maintaining, as it was in his nature to do, for both State and Church the principle of absolute authority, he dealt with essentials of the struggle of thought preceding the English Revolution. Here he is represented only by some shorter poems. He was true poet enough to feel the strength of Milton, and wrote—

UNDER MILTON'S PICTURE, BEFORE HIS "PARADISE LOST."

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Dryden's famous Ode for St. Cecilia's Day was written in 1697 at request of the stewards of the Musical Meeting which had been held for some years on that day. They paid Dryden £40 for it, and the music for it, composed by Jeremiah Clarke, one of the stewards, proved a failure. It was not set worthily till 1736, when "Alexander's Feast" was performed at Covent Garden Theatre with music by Handel. "I am glad to hear from all hands," Dryden wrote to his publisher, "that my Ode is esteemed the best of all my poetry, by all the town. I thought so myself when I writ it; but, being old" his age was sixty-six), "I mistrusted my own judgment."

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

I.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Chorus.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the power of mighty love.
A dragon's fiery form belied the god,
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd, [world.
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
"A present deity!" they shout around:
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

Chorus.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet Musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath: he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chorus.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again: [the slain.
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
The Master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

Chorus.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty Master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd: but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Chorus.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raiséd up his head:
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
"Revenge! revenge!" Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand:
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Chorus.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia[1] came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Grand Chorus.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

[1] St. Cecilia is said to have been a Roman lady born about A.D. 295, bred in the Christian faith, and married to a Pagan nobleman Valerianus. She told her husband that she was visited nightly by an angel, whom he was allowed to see, after his own conversion. The celestial youth had brought from paradise two wreaths, which he gave to them. One was of the lilies of heaven, the other of its roses. They both suffered martyrdom at the beginning of the third century, in the reign of Septimus Severus. The angel by whom Cecilia was visited is referred to in the closing lines of Dryden's "Ode," coupled with a tradition that he had been drawn down to her from heaven by her melodies. In the earliest traditions of Cecilia there is no mention of skill in music. This part of her story seems to have been developed by a little play of fancy over her relations with the angel; and the great Italian painters—Raffaelle, Domenichino, and others—fixed her position as the patron saint of Music by representing her always with symbols of harmony—a harp or organ-pipes. Then came the suggestion adopted in Dryden's "Ode," that the organ was invented by St. Cecilia. The practice of holding Musical Festivals on Cecilia's Day, the 22nd of November, began to prevail in England at the close of the seventeenth century. The earliest piece composed for such a meeting was produced in 1683, and was by Henry Purcell. From that date to about 1740 there was an annual Cecilian Festival in London, and the fashion spread into the provinces. Poets, Dryden and Pope among them, were applied to for odes which were to celebrate the power of Music, and be set to music for performance as a special feature of the anniversary.

JOHN DRYDEN.
From his Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Thomas Shadwell, on the Whig side, had, in the controversy that preceded the Revolution, provoked Dryden by a very coarse attack, and received punishment in a poem by which he was elevated to the throne of pretentious Dulness, left vacant by Richard Flecknoe, who had written many works, most various in topic, and made his name a by-word for the wits:—

MAC FLECKNOE.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This agéd prince, now flourishing in peace,
And bless'd with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And, pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, "'Tis resolved; for Nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;

But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley [1] were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget,[2] came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung
When to King John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-timed oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets toss'd.
Methinks I see the new Arion [3] sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the basses roar;
Echoes from [Pudding]-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand,
St. André's feet [4] ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton [5] forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius [6] more."
Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta [7] bind,
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclined)
An ancient fabric raised to inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains.

. . . . . .

Near [this] a Nursery [8] erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant [rakes] their tender voices try,
And little Maximins [9] the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker prophesied long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense:
To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe,
But words of Misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.[10]
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town;
Roused by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling Street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the [slum].
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby [11] there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.
Bilked stationers for yeoman stood prepared,
And Herringman [12] was captain of the guard.

[1] *Heywood and Shirley.* See pages 274 and 292. Dryden is unjust to these poets.

[2] *Norwich drugget.* A coarse material used for clothes. "W. G.," in a letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1745, wrote:—"I remember plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have ate tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry Garden when our author advanced to a sword and Chadreux wig. . . . Though forced to be a satirist he was the mildest creature breathing, and the readiest to help the young and deserving."

[3] *The new Arion.* Shadwell had skill in music, and paid much attention himself to the music of his opera of "Psyche"—his earliest essay in rhyme—imitated from Molière, and first produced with great magnificence in 1675.

[4] *St. André* was a dancing master of the time.

[5] *Singleton* was a famous singer of the time. His fame is alluded to in Shadwell's "Bury Fair," act iii., scene i.

[6] *Villerius* was a part in Davenant's opera, "The Siege of Rhodes."

[7] *Augusta*, London.

[8] *The Nursery.* This was a building in Golden Lane, Barbican, said to have been used as a nursery for the children of Henry VIII. It was a playhouse in part of the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and afterwards a place for the training of young actors.

[9] *Maximin* is a tyrant in Dryden's own play of "Tyrannic Love," who dies defying the gods in this fashion:—

Max. Now I am down the gods have watched their time.
You think——
To save your credit, feeble Deities;
But I will give myself the strength to rise.
[*He strives to get up, and being up, staggers.*
It wonnot be——
My body has not power my mind to bear,
I must return again and conquer here.
[*Sits down again upon the body of Placidius.*
My coward body does my will control;
Farewell, thou base deserter of my soul.
I'll shake this carcase off and be obeyed;
Reign, an imperial ghost, without its aid.
Go, soldiers, take my ensigns with you, fight,
And vanquish rebels in your sovereign's right.
Before I die——
Bring me Porphyrius and my Empress dead:
I would brave Heaven, in each hand a head.
Pla. Do not regard a dying tyrant's breath,
He can but look revenge on you in death.
Max. Vanquished, and dar'st thou yet a rebel be?
Thus—I can more than look revenge on thee!
[*Stabs him again.*
Pla. Oh, I am gone!
Max. And after thee I go,
Revenging still, and following even to the other world my blow. [*Stabs him again.*
And shoving back this Earth on which I sit,
I'll mount, and scatter all the gods I hit. [*Dies.*

[10] Raymond is "a gentleman of wit and honour, in love with Theodosia," in Shadwell's "Humorists." Bruce is "a gentleman of wit and sense, in love with Clarinda," in Shadwell's "Virtuoso."

[11] John Ogilby published, in splendid editions, bad versions of Homer, Virgil, and Æsop, also various cosmographical and other works.

[12] Henry Herringman was a prosperous publisher, and had published for Dryden. He made a fortune by his industry, and retired to Carshalton. In Carshalton Church is to be seen a costly marble monument, erected to his memory, and that of Alice, his wife, "who,"

The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state;
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome,
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain,
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's Kingdom [1] to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practised young,
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if Fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly:
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took:
The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:—
"Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his pen!"—
He paused, and all the people cried, "Amen."
Then thus continued he: "My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ: [2]
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George [3] in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer's wit:
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense;
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid,
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.[4]
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou would'st cull,
Trust nature: do not labour to be dull,
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory [5] will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications [6] fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name;
Let Father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature, or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,[7]
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
. . . . . .
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine,

says the inscription on it, "by the blessing of God upon their mutual care and industry, acquired a competent estate in the space of twenty years, and then came and settled in this parish, where they lived handsomely and hospitably above thirty years, doing good to their relations, to the parish, to their neighbours, to all that knew them. They were married September 29, 1659, and lived fifty-eight years and upwards very happily and comfortably together, and died within six weeks and two days of one another. He died January the 15th; she, February 28, 1703, in the seventy-sixth year of their age."

[1] *Love's Kingdom.* Flecknoe's writings showed what dulness could achieve in most of the departments of literature. He wrote a play called "Love's Kingdom, a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy," which was acted at the theatre near Lincoln's Inn Fields, and published in 1664. Its failure surprised him, for it was so regular a play that all the rules of time and place were exactly observed in it. The scene was Cyprus, the action was comprised within as many hours as acts, and the place never was out of the prospect of Love's Temple.

[2] Dryden seems to have inferred hastily from a careless reading of Shadwell's preface to "The Virtuoso," that he claimed to have had it five years in hand. He only refers to having shown a part of it, when no more was written, to the Duke of Newcastle, at Welbeck, and then, after talking about its "humours," says (writing in June, 1676) that "the artificial folly of those who are not coxcombs by nature, but with great art and industry make themselves so, is a proper object for comedy, as I have discoursed at large in the preface to 'The Humorists,' written five years since." He goes on to say that he had rather be the author of one scene in one of the best of Ben Jonson's comedies than of any play his own age could produce, and to regret that, as he had no pension, and his profits from the theatre were insufficient, he could not afford to allot his whole time to the writing of plays. "Had I as much money and as much time for it, I might perhaps write as correct a comedy as any of my contemporaries." At the end of the prologue he says that—

"If with new fops he can but please,
He'll twice a year produce as new as these."

[3] *Gentle George*, Sir George Etherege. Dorimant intrigues with Mistress Loveit in his "Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter." Sir Nicholas Cully is a character in Etherege's "Love in a Tub." Sir Oliver Cockwood is in Etherege's "She Would if She Could." The lines refer therefore to each of Sir George Etherege's three comedies.

[4] Shadwell's "Epsom Wells" (1673).

[5] *Sir Formal's oratory.* In Shadwell's "Virtuoso" one of the characters is "Sir Formal Trifle, the orator, a florid coxcomb." An example of Sir Formal's oratory may be taken from Shadwell's second act, where one scene discovers the virtuoso, Sir Nicholas Gimcrack, "learning to swim upon a table, Sir Formal and the swimming-master standing by:—

"*Sir Formal.* In earnest, this is very fine: I doubt not, sir, but in a short space of time you will arrive at that curiosity in this watery science, that not a frog breathing will exceed you. Though I confess it is the most curious of all amphibious animals in the art—shall I say, nature?—of swimming.

"*Swimming-master.* Ah! well struck, Sir Nicholas; that was admirable, that was as well swum as any man in England can. Observe the frog. Draw up your arms a little nearer, and then thrust 'em out strongly—gather up your legs a little more—so, very well—incomparable."

[6] *Northern dedications.* There was no one to whom Shadwell dedicated so often as to William, Duke of Newcastle. (See page 339.) "The Virtuoso," "Epsom Wells," "The Libertine," and "The Sullen Lover," are all so dedicated; "The Humorists" is dedicated to Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, and "The Woman Captain" to this his chief patron's grandson, Henry, Lord Ogle, son to Henry, Duke of Newcastle.

[7] *Prince Nicander's vein.* The following short extract includes also

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say—
Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

Great Negative, how vainly would the wise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies!

Is, or Is Not, the two great ends of fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of fate,

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest;
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

But, Nothing, why does Something still permit
That sacred monarchs should at council sit
With persons highly thought at best for nothing fit;

Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains
From princes' coffers and from statesmen's brains,
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns?

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
For whom they rev'rend shapes and forms devise,
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like thee look wise;

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in thee.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
Kings' promises, frail vows, tow'rds thee they bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

John Wilmot, son of Henry, Earl of Rochester, was born in 1647; went, when only twelve years old, to Wadham College; and in 1661 was, at the age of fourteen, made Master of Arts with some other persons of rank. He distinguished himself at the Court of Charles II. for wit and profligacy, and died at the age of thirty-four. Yet Rochester gave time also to study. That it became a gentleman to be a wit and a patron of wits, to read and judge intellectual work, and even to write himself, was an opinion with which the Court of Charles II. must be distinctly credited. The king himself was shrewd in repartee, and relished wit even in an opponent. He would have liked to win to his side Andrew Marvell, whose earnest mind was fighting the frivolous with their own weapon of light raillery. Denham lived until 1668, and Waller nearly twenty years beyond that date, enjoying supreme praise from younger writers. Sir George Etherege, whose three comedies reflect with painful fidelity the degeneracy of Court life in the time of Charles II., celebrated the introduction of a taste for gambling at cards among fashionable women with this

SONG OF BASSET.[1]

Let equipage and dress despair,
Since basset is come in;
For nothing can oblige the fair
Like money and morine.

Is any countess in distress,
She flies not to the beau;
'Tis only cony can redress
Her grief with a roulcau.

By this bewitching game betray'd,
Poor love is bought and sold,
And that which should be a free trade
Is now engross'd by gold.

Ev'n sense is brought into disgrace,
Where company is met;
Or silent stands, or leaves the place,
While all the talk's basset.

Why, ladies, will you stake your hearts,
Where a plain cheat is found?
You first are rook'd out of those darts,
That gave yourselves the wound.

The time, which should be kindly lent
To plays and witty men,
In waiting for a knave is spent,
Or wishing for a ten.

Stand in defence of your own charms,
Throw down this favourite,
That threatens, with his dazzling arms,
Your beauty and your wit;

What pity 'tis, those conqu'ring eyes,
Which all the world subdue,
Should, while the lover gazing dies,
Be only on alpue.

Etherege is said to have been killed about the time of the Revolution by falling downstairs when, overcome with wine, he was showing friends from his room after a merrymaking. Sir Charles Sedley, who also was wit and courtier, writing plays and poems, lived until 1701. These are two songs of his :—

STRESS OF LOVE.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose:

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

[1] *Basset* Gambling with cards rose high in France under Louis XIV. *Mo* ...rin, who played deep, introduced from Italy a game called Hocca, which spread so much ruin that a strict order against it was issued in 1690, the year of the Restoration of Charles II., during whose reign in England hocca died out in France, and bassette, also introduced from Italy, reigned in its stead. Both the game and the French fashion for deep play spread from the French court and those who set their lives to its frivolities to the English court and all whom its example tainted.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
  Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
  In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
  And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
  It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,
  And, to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
  Offends the wingéd boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
  Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a thousand years,
  I could no deeper love.

SILENCE BROKEN.

When Amelia first became
The mistress of his heart,
So mild and gentle was her reign,
Thyrsis in hers had part.

Reserves and care he laid aside,
And gave his love the reins;
The headlong course he now must bide,
No other way remains.

At first her cruelty he fear'd,
But that being overcome,
No second for a while appear'd,
And he thought all his own.

He call'd himself a happier man
Than ever loved before;
Her favours still his hopes outran,
What mortal can have more?

Love smiled at first, then looking grave,
Said, "Thyrsis, leave to boast:
More joy than all her kindness gave,
Her fickleness will cost."

He spoke; and from that fatal time,
All Thyrsis did, or said,
Appear'd unwelcome, or a crime,
To the ungrateful maid.

Then he, despairing of her heart,
Would fain have had his own,
Love answered, Such a nymph could part
With nothing she had won.

The next song is by Charles Cotton, who died in 1687. In 1676 he had added a second part to the fifth edition of Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler," by which work his name lives, rather than by his verses, which included a Travestie of the First and Fourth Books of Virgil, which is in Hudibrastic verse, with none of Samuel Butler's wit and wisdom, but with a coarseness far removed from wit, then spreading as thick scum over the shallows of Restoration lit ture.

MONTROSS.

Ask not why sorrow shades my brow,
  Nor why my sprightly looks decay:
Alas! what need I beauty now,
  Since he that loved it died to-day.

Can ye have ears, and yet not know
  Mirtillo, brave Mirtillo's slain?
Can ye have eyes, and they not flow,
  Or hearts, that do not share my pain?

He's gone! he's gone! and I will go;
  For in my breast such wars I have,
And thoughts of him perplex me so,
  That the whole world appears my grave.

But I'll go to him, though he lie
  Wrapt in the cold, cold arms of death:
And under yon sad cypress-tree,
  I'll mourn, I'll mourn away my breath.

The wit and wisdom of Samuel Butler will illustrated in the volume of this Library that spe of his "Hudibras" among our larger works. H are only a few of the detached stanzas prepared apt use, and placed among his shorter poems, as

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity and pride and arrogance,
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above:
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

An ass will with his long ears fray
The flies that tickle him away;
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipestaves, are but hooped into a tub,
And in a close confederacy link
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir Charles Luc a loyal gentleman who lived near Colchester, beca

in 1643, when her age was about twenty, one of the maids of honour to Queen Henrietta Maria. She had strong inclination towards literature, and this added to her charms in the eyes of William Cavendish, then Marquis, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, a foremost friend of the king's. Under Cavendish, her father, Sir Charles Lucas, served in command of the cavalry, when Sir Charles, on the arrival of Prince Rupert, joined in the movement that secured the relief of York from siege. But in July followed the battle of Marston Moor; and the Marquis of Newcastle, who had been owner of vast estates, with the young Margaret, whom he had made his second wife, once had to pawn their clothes for a dinner. After the Restoration, the Marquis became Duke of Newcastle, and his wife, as Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, wrote indefatigably. Her books were all the children she had—a little family of ten folios. She was an excellent wife, and a kind friend; though she kept young ladies about her who might be called up in the night to commit to paper any ideas that crossed her brain. The duke survived his duchess some three years; and as his age was eighty-one when she died —early in 1674, aged about fifty—it must, in their latter days, have been a blessing to him when she slept soundly, and called nobody up to address her night thoughts to posterity. Her most interesting work was the life of her husband, published in 1667. Her "Poems and Phancies" affect, firstly, in a comical way high natural philosophy; secondly, to be ethical; and thirdly, fourthly, and fifthly, poetical Fancies of Nature and Love, of Fairies, War, and Mournfulness. The samples here given of her strained ingenuity were written under the Commonwealth, when the reaction against it was yet to be felt in England; but to this

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.
From her "Poems and Phancies" (1664).

her taste was fashioned, and by this it abided. She was too well satisfied with that image of herself engraved before the edition of her "Poems and Phancies," published in 1664, which shrined her in a niche with Apollo and Minerva right and left, gazing up at her in respectful admiration. Yet she was really clever, though if she called up any one in the night to receive the inspiration of this poem of Nature's Wheel, we may suppose that she began with lively energy, and was dropping to sleep again by the time she reached the "shirts of judgment."

NATURE'S WHEEL.

The Tongue's a wheel to spin words from the mind,
A thread of sense by th' Understanding's twin'd;
The Lips a loom, these words of sense to weave
Into discourse, which to the Ears they leave.
This cloth i'th' chest of memory up is shut
Till into shirts of judgment it be cut.

A POSSET FOR NATURE'S BREAKFAST.

Life scums the cream of beauty with Time's spoon,
And draws the claret-wine of blushes soon;
Then boils it in a skillet clean of youth,
And thicks it well with crumbled bread of truth;
Sets it upon the fire of life which does
Burn clearer much when Health her bellows blows;
Then takes the eggs of fair and bashful eyes,
And puts them in a countenance that's wise,
Cuts in a lemon of the sharpest wit—
Discretion as a knife is used for it.
A handful of chaste thoughts, double refined,
Six spoonfuls of a noble and gentle mind,
A grain of mirth to give 't a little taste,
Then takes it off for fear the substance waste,
And puts it in a basin of good health,
And with this meat doth Nature please herself.

Other women wrote verse in the reign of Charles II. There was merit in Anne Killigrew, genius and generosity of mind in Aphra Behn. Though, writing for the Court, she did abase her pen to bring her wit into fashion, let it not be forgotten that from her womanly heart came, in her novel of "Oroonoko," the first protest in our literature against negro slavery. This is a song by Mrs. Behn:—

SILENT LOVE.

Break, break, sad heart, unload thy grief,
Give, give, thy sorrows way:
Seek out thy only last relief,
And thy hard stars obey:
Those stars that doom thee to revere
What does themselves outshine,
And placed her too in such a sphere
That she can ne'er be mine.

Because Endymion once did move
Night's goddess to come down,
And listen to his tale of love,
Aim not thou idly at the moon.
Be it thy pleasure and thy pride
That, wreck'd on stretch'd desire,
Thou canst thy fiercest torments hide,
And silently expire.

A poetess of purest strain was in those days Katherine Philips, who had married a Welsh gentleman, and preferred home in Wales to all the allure-

ments of Court life. Friendship was her chief theme; and she had Jeremy Taylor for a friend. Her life was short, for she died of small-pox four years after the Restoration at the age of thirty-one. Following the fashion of the Précieuses, she called herself, and was called, Orinda. Her verse and her life were praised in the strains of Cowley and Roscommon. Here is her picture of maidenly life:—

THE VIRGIN.

The things that make a virgin please,
She that seeks will find them these:
A beauty, not to Art in debt,
Rather agreeable than great;
An eye, wherein at once do meet
The beams of kindness and of wit;
An undissembled innocence,
Apt not to give nor take offence;
A conversation at once free
From passion and from subtlety;
A face that's modest, yet serene,
A sober and yet lively mien;
The virtue which does her adorn,
By honour guarded, not by scorn;
With such wise lowliness endu'd
As never can be mean or rude;
That prudent negligence[1] enrich,
And times her silence and her speech;
Whose equal mind does always move,
Neither a foe nor slave to love;
And whose religion's strong and plain,
Not superstitious, nor profane.

The next two pieces show her as the mother mourning for her only child:—

ORINDA UPON LITTLE HECTOR PHILIPS.

What on earth deserves our trust?
Youth and beauty both are dust;
Long we gathering are with pain.
What one moment calls again.
Seven years childless marriage past,
A son, a son is born at last:
So exactly limb'd and fair,
Full of good spirits, mien, and air,
As a long life promiséd,—
Yet, in less than six weeks dead.
Too promising, too great a mind
In so small room to be confin'd,
Therefore, as fit in heaven to dwell,
He quickly broke the prison shell.
So the subtle alchymist
Can't with Hermes' seal resist
The powerful spirit's subtler flight,
But 'twill bíd him long good night.
And so the sun, if it arise
Half so glorious as his eyes,
Like this infant, takes a shroud,
Buried in a morning cloud.

[1] *Negligence.* A plural written as pronounced in French, and then in English by dropping the repeated sibilant, as we do still in a phrase like "for conscience' sake."

Perhaps the next piece was her last, for she lay beside her little one again, after a life as inno Her heart spoke in this poem upon

DEATH.

How weak a star doth rule mankind,
Which owes its ruin to the same
Causes which Nature had design'd
To cherish and preserve the frame!

As Commonwealths may be secure
And no remote invasion dread,
Yet may a sadder fall endure
From traitors in their bosom bred:

So while we feel no violence
And on our active health do trust,
A secret hand doth snatch us hence
And tumbles us into the dust.

Yet carelessly we run our race
As if we could Death's summons wave;
And think not on the narrow space
Between a table and a grave.

But since we cannot death reprieve,
Our souls and fame we ought to mind,
For they our bodies will survive;
That goes beyond, this stays behind.

If I be sure my soul is safe,
And that my actions will provide
My tomb a nobler epitaph
Than that I only liv'd and died;

So that in various accidents
I conscience may and honour keep:
I with that ease and innocence
Shall die, as infants go to sleep.

If Thomas Sprat, who was born in 1636, became Bishop of Rochester in 1684, had really loved a lady who was drowned, could he l written such a cold lament as this

ON HIS MISTRESS DROWNED.

Sweet stream, that dost with equal pace
Both thyself fly, and thyself chase,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And listen to my woe.

Then go, and tell the sea that all its brine
Is fresh, compar'd to mine;
Inform it that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,
In th' glory of her bud
Has pass'd the fatal flood,
Death by this only stroke triúmphs above
The greatest power of love:
Alas, alas! I must give o'er,
My sighs will let me add no more.
Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled breast;
And if my sad complaints have made thee stay,
These tears, these tears shall mend thy way.

Poor as the verse is, Sprat's "Plague of Athens," the most ambitious of his pieces, is no better.

This by Edward Sherburne (who was born in 1618, served as Clerk of the Ordnance, translated Seneca's plays and the "Astronomica" of Manilius, was knighted by Charles II., and died in 1702) is as artificial, but far more ingenious :—

A MAIDEN IN LOVE WITH A YOUTH BLIND OF ONE EYE.

Though a sable cloud benight
One of thy fair twins of light,
Yet the other brighter seems
As 't had robbed its brother's beams,
Or both lights to one were run
Of two stars, now made one sun.

Cunning Archer! who knows yet
But thou wink'st my heart to hit!
Close the other too, and all
Thee the god of Love will call.

Thomas Flatman, born in London about 1633, was educated for the bar, entered the Inner Temple, turned to poetry and painting, and published, in 1661, "Don Juan Lamberto; or, A Comic History of These Last Times," a satire upon Richard Cromwell, which was reprinted in the same year with a second part. Flatman succeeded as a miniature painter, and won some reputation among the poets of the Restoration. When he married in 1672, he was serenaded with this song of his own :—

THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

Like a dog with a bottle fast tied to his tail,
Like vermin in a trap, or a thief in a jail;
Or like a Tory in a bog,[1]
Or an ape with a clog;
Such is the man, who when he might go free,
Does his liberty lose
For a matrimony noose,
And sells himself into captivity.
The dog he does howl when his bottle does jog,
The vermin, the thief, and the Tory in vain
Of the trap, of the jail, of the quagmire complain.
But well fare poor Pug! for he plays with his clog;
And tho' he would be rid on't rather than his life,
Yet he lugs it, and he hugs it, as a man does his wife.

Flatman is chiefly remembered now for a poem from which Pope borrowed without acknowledgment :—

A THOUGHT OF DEATH.

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My soul just now about to take her flight
Into the regions of eternal night;
Oh tell me you,
That have been long below,
What shall I do!
What shall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears.
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away!
Think with thyself that now thou shalt be free,
And find thy long-expected liberty,
Better thou mayest, but worse thou canst not be
Than in this vale of tears and misery.
Like Cæsar, with assurance then come on,
And unamaz'd, attempt the laurel crown
That lies on th' other side Death's Rubicon.

Not only John Milton, but John Bunyan and many another earnest man of lower genius uttered the deeper thoughts of England when a corrupt Court was doing its worst as an example to the people. The genius of Bunyan will be illustrated in another volume; but here let us blend one note from him with the music of his time, by taking a piece or two from a little rhymed book of his called "Divine Emblems, or Temporal Things Spiritualized, Fitted for the Use of Boys and Girls:"—

UPON APPAREL.

God gave us clothes to hide our nakedness,
And we by them do it expose to view;
Our pride and unclean minds, to an excess,
By our apparel we to others shew.

ON THE MOLE IN THE GROUND.

The mole's a creature very smooth and slick,
She digs i' th' dirt, but 'twill not on her stick.
So 's he who counts this world his greatest gains,
Yet nothing gets but labour for his pains.
Earth 's the mole's element, she can't abide
To be above ground, dirt-heaps are her pride;
And he is like her, who the worldling plays,
He imitates her in her works and ways.
Poor silly mole, that thou shouldst love to be
Where thou nor sun, nor moon, nor stars canst see.
But oh! how silly 's he who doth not care,
So he gets earth, to have of heaven a share!

Let me add also from John Bunyan's book for children this little paraphrase

UPON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father which in heaven art,
Thy name be always hallowéd;[2]
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done;
Thy heavenly path be followéd

[1] *A Tory in a bog.* The bogs of Ireland yielded refuge to Popish outlaws, who were called Tories as being hunted men, from a Gaelic word "toir," pursuit, diligent search. Bands of thieves—also hunted men—found likewise safe retreat in the Irish bogs, and the word Tory began to be applied contemptuously about 1680 to the party that maintained royal absolutism, and was accused of a tendency to make Roman Catholicism dominant in England. Out of the same spirit of irreligious hatred arose at the same time the name of Whig for those who opposed claims of absolute authority in Church and State. Whig was originally a name of contempt given by Episcopalians to Presbyterian Dissenters—a scoff at the sourness of the Precisian—Whig being the acid liquor out of cream that has turned sour. The word is allied to whey. When churned milk begins to throw off whey it is said to "whig."

[2] *Hallowed*, pronounced, as it used sometimes to be written, "hollowed." So the adjective form "halig" is now always written "holy."

By us on earth, as 'tis with Thee,
We humbly pray;
And let our bread to us be giv'n
From day to day.
Forgive our debts, as we forgive
Those that to us indebted are;
Into temptation lead us not,
But save us from the wicked snare.
The kingdom's Thine, the power too,
We Thee adore;
The glory also shall be thine
For evermore.

John Oldham, son of a Nonconformist minister at Shipton, in Gloucestershire, died of small-pox, in 1683, aged only thirty. After graduating at Oxford, he became an usher in the Free School at Croydon, but some verses of his were seen in manuscript by the Earls of Rochester and Dorset and Sir Charles Sedley, which caused them to go over to Croydon and make his acquaintance. This was one of the pieces they had read :—

SOME VERSES WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1676.

PRESENTING A BOOK TO COSMELIA.

Go, humble gift, go to that matchless saint
Of whom thou only wast a copy meant,
And all that's read in thee more richly find
Comprised in the fair volume of her mind,
That living system, where are fully writ
All those high morals which in books we meet;
Easy, as in soft air, there writ they are,
Yet firm, as if in brass they graven were.
Nor is her talent lazily to know
As dull divines and holy canters do;
She acts what they only in pulpits prate,
And theory to practice does translate.
Not her own actions more obey her will,
Than that obeys strict virtue's dictates still:
Yet does not virtue from her duty flow,
But she is good because she will be so.
Her virtue scorns at a low pitch to fly,
'Tis all free choice, nought of necessity:
By such soft rules are saints above confin'd,
Such is the tie which them to good does bind.
The scattered glories of her happy sex
In her bright soul as in their centre mix,
And that which they possess but by retail,
She hers by just monopoly can call,
Whose sole example does more virtues shew,
Than schoolmen ever taught or ever knew.
No act did e'er within her practice fall,
Which for th' atonement of a blush could call;
No word of hers e'er greeted any ear,
But what a saint at her last gasp might hear.
Scarcely her thoughts have ever sullied been
With the least print or stain of native sin;
Devout she is, as holy hermits are,
Who share their time 'twixt ecstasy and prayer,
Modest, as infant roses in their bloom,
Who in a blush their fragrant lives consume;
So chaste, the dead themselves are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from objects and from power;
So pure, could virtue in a shape appear,
'Twould choose to have no other form but her.
So much a saint, I scarce dare call her so
For fear to wrong her with a name too low:
Such the seraphic brightness of her mind,
I hardly can believe her womankind,
But think some nobler being does appear,
Which to instruct the world has left the sphere,
And condescends to wear a body here.
Or, if she mortal be, and meant to show
The greater art by being form'd below:
Sure Heaven preserved her by the fall uncurst,
To tell how good the sex was made at first.

In 1678 Oldham left Croydon and was afterwards tutor in two good families; he thought of medicine as a profession, but was always drawn to poetry. The Earl of Kingston made Oldham his guest and friend at Holme Pierrepoint until his death, and would have made him his chaplain if he had entered the Church; but what he thought of the servile gentility of chaplainship as then too commonly understood, he tells in a satire addressed to a friend about to leave the university and come abroad into the world. These are the lines, which form only

PART OF A SATIRE.

Some think themselves exalted to the sky,
If they light in some noble family:
Diet, an horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides th' advantage of his lordship's ear,
The credit of the business, and the state,
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
Little the unexperienc'd wretch does know
What slavery he oft must undergo,
Who tho' in silken scarf and cassock drest,
Wears but a gayer livery at best.
When dinner calls, the implement must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meat,
But hold it for a favour seldom known,
If he be deign'd the honour to sit down;
Soon as the tarts appear, Sir Crape, withdraw!
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand,
There for diversion you may pick your teeth
Till the kind voider comes for your relief.
For mere board-wages such their freedom sell,
Slaves to an hour, and vassals to a bell;
And if th' enjoyment of one day be stole,
They are but prisoners out upon parole:
Always the marks of slavery remain,
And they, tho' loose, still drag about their chain.
And where's the mighty prospect after all?
A chaplainship serv'd up, and seven years' thrall,
The menial thing perhaps for a reward
Is to some slender benefice preferr'd,
With this proviso bound, that he must wed
My lady's antiquated waiting-maid,
In dressing only skill'd, and marmalade.
Let others who such meannesses can brook,
Strike countenance to every great man's look;
Let those that have a mind turn slaves to eat.
And live contented by another's plate:
I rate my freedom higher, nor will I
For food and raiment truck my liberty.

The movements that led immediately to the Revolution after the first sharp conflict for the exclusion of James, Duke of York, from the succession to the throne, are expressed vigorously in the literature of the time; in Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," Samuel Pordage's "Azaria and Hushai," Dryden's "Medal," Samuel Pordage's "Medal Reversed," and many other pieces upon the endeavour of the king to crush opposition in the person of Lord Shaftesbury. The reasoning on Church questions in Dryden's "Religio Laici," though nominally Protestant, maintained the same principle of authority as the safeguard of unity that he asserted five years later in the "Hind and Panther," when the natural bias of his mind towards that principle of authority which had brought him to the king's side carried him on into sincere Catholicism. Every change in Dryden's mind was natural as that of a ball placed on a high slope, stationary till the impulse came that set it moving, and then true to its one possible course. There is no instance in his life of change against the bias, and he stood firm on the ground to which he at last came, when others, whom none blame for it, varied opinions with the times. After the Revolution John Dryden ceased to be laureate, by his own act, because he would not take the formal oaths required of one who held a post under the crown upon the change of sovereign.

Charles Montague, who was to be a foremost statesman of the Whigs, first earned his credit as a wit by fulsome verses on the death of Charles II., at the beginning of whose reign he had been born. He was fourth son of the Hon. George Montague, of Harton, in Northamptonshire, and grandson to the first Earl of Manchester. At Westminster School he formed a strong friendship with George Stepney, known afterwards as a poet, and became, in the year 1682, his fellow-student in Trinity College, Cambridge. On the death of Charles II., in February, 1685, Charles Montague contributed the following poem to the book of condolence and congratulation presented by the University to James II.:—

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY KING CHARLES II.

Farewell, great Charles, monarch of blest renown,
The best good man that ever fill'd a throne;
Whom Nature, as her highest pattern, wrought,
And mix'd both sexes' virtues in one draught:
Wisdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair;
The woman's sweetness temper'd manly wit,
And loving power did crown'd with meekness sit;
His awful person reverence engaged,
Which mild address and tenderness assuaged:
Thus the Almighty Gracious King above
Does both command our fear and win our love.

With wonders born, by miracles preserv'd,
A heavenly host the infant's cradle serv'd,
And men his healing empire's omen read,
When sun with stars and day with night agreed.
His youth for valorous patience was renown'd,
Like David, persecuted first, then crown'd.
Lov'd in all courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our nation's glory and its shame:
They blest the isle where such great spirits dwell,
Abhorr'd the men that could such worth expel.
To spare our lives, he meekly did defeat
Those Sauls whom wand'ring asses made so great;
Waiting till Heaven's election should be shown,
And the Almighty should his unction own.
And own He did—His powerful arm display'd,
And Israel, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
Call'd by his people's tears, he came, he eas'd
The groaning nation, the black storms appeas'd;
Did greater blessings, than he took, afford,
England itself was, more than he, restor'd.
Unhappy Albion, by strange ills opprest,
In various fevers toss'd, could find no rest;
Quite spent and wearied, to his arms she fled,
And rested on his shoulders her fair bending head.

In conquests mild, he came from exile kind,
No climes, no provocations, chang'd his mind;
No malice show'd, no hate, revenge, or pride,
But rul'd as meekly as his father died;
Eas'd us from endless wars, made discords cease;
Restor'd to quiet, and maintain'd in peace,
A mighty series of new time began,
And rolling years in joyful circles ran.
Then wealth the city, bus'ness fill'd the port,
To mirth our tumults turn'd, our wars to sport,
Then learning flourish'd, blooming arts did spring,
And the glad Muses prun'd their drooping wing.
Then did our flying towers improvement know,
Who now command as far as winds can blow;
With canvas wings round all the globe they fly,
And, built by Charles's art, all storms defy,
To ev'ry coast with ready sails are hurl'd,
Fill us with wealth, and with our fame the world.
From whose distractions seas do us divide,
Their riches here in floating castles ride;
We reap the swarthy Indian's sweat and toil,
Their fruit, without the mischiefs of their soil,
Here in cool shades their gold and pearls receive,
Free from the heat which does their lustre give;
In Persian silks eat Eastern spice, secure
From burning fluxes and their calenture;
Under our vines upon the peaceful shore,
We see all Europe toss'd, hear tempests roar,
Rapine, sword, wars, and famine rage abroad,
While Charles their host, like Jove from Ida, aw'd,
Us from our foes, and from ourselves did shield,
Our towns from tumults, and from arms the field.
For when bold factions Goodness could disdain,
Unwillingly he us'd a straiter rein:
In the still gentle voice he lov'd to speak,
But could with thunder harden'd rebels break.
Yet though they wak'd the laws, his tender mind
Was undisturb'd, in wrath severely kind.
Tempting his power, and urging to assume,
Thus Jove in love did Semele consume.
As the stout oak, when round his trunk the vine
Does in soft wreaths and amorous foldings twine,
Easy and slight appears: the winds from far
Summon their noisy forces to the war;
But though so gentle seems his outward form,
His hidden strength outbraves the loudest storm:

Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the field,
Showing stout minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.
So when the good man made the crowd presume,
He show'd himself, and did the king assume;
For goodness in excess may be a sin,
Justice must tame, whom Mercy cannot win.
Thus winter fixes the unstable sea,
And teaches restless water constancy,
Which, under the warm influence of bright days,
The fickle motion of each blast obeys.
To bridle factions, stop rebellion's course,
By easy methods vanquish without force,
Relieve the good, bold stubborn foes subdue,
Mildness in wrath, meekness in anger shew,
Were arts great Charles's prudence only knew.
To fright the bad, thus awful thunder rolls;
While the bright bow secures the faithful souls.

Such is thy glory, Charles, thy lasting name
Brighter than our proud neighbour's guilty fame;
More noble than the spoils that battles yield,
Or all the empty triumphs of the field.
'Tis less to conquer than to make wars cease,
And without fighting awe the world to peace.
For proudest triumphs from contempt arise;
The vanquish'd first the conqueror's arms despise.
Won ensigns are the gaudy marks of scorn,
They brave the victor first, and then adorn:
But peaceful monarchs reign like gods; while none
Dispute, all love, bless, reverence their throne.
Tigers and bears, with all the savage host,
May boldness, strength, and daring conquest boast;
But the sweet passions of a generous mind
Are the prerogative of human-kind.
The god-like image on our clay impress'd,
The darling attribute which Heaven loves best,
In Charles, so good a man and king, we see
A double image of the Deity.
Oh! had he more resembled it! oh, why
Was he not still more like, and could not die!
Now do our thoughts alone enjoy his name,
And faint ideas of our blessing frame.
In Thames, the ocean's darling, England's pride,
The pleasing emblem of his reign does glide:
Thames, the support and glory of our isle,
Richer than Tagus or Egyptian Nile,
Though no rich sand in him, no pearls are found,
Yet fields rejoice, his meadows laugh around;
Less wealth his bosom holds, less guilty stores,
For he exhausts himself t' enrich the shores:
Mild and serene the peaceful current flows,
No angry foam, no raging surges knows:
No dreadful wreck upon his banks appears,
His crystal stream unstain'd by widows' tears,
His channel strong and easy, deep and clear;
No arbitrary inundations sweep
The ploughman's hopes and life into the deep;
The even waters the old limits keep;
But oh! he ebbs, the smiling waves decay,
(For ever, lovely stream, for ever stay!)
To the black sea his silent course does bend,
Where the best streams, the longest rivers, end.
His spotless waves there undistinguish'd pass,
None see how clear, how bounteous, sweet, he was.
No difference now (though late so much) is seen
'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine.
But lo! the joyful tide our hopes restores,
And dancing waves extend the wid'ning shores.
James is our Charles in all things but in name:
Thus Thames is daily lost, yet still the same.

This poem procured for Montague an invitation to town from the Earl of Dorset and Sir Charles Sedley, by whom it had been admired; the Earl of Dorset was active afterwards as a promoter of the Revolution. When Dryden's "Hind and Panther" appeared, in 1687, it was promptly followed by a lively and witty caricature in the manner of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," "The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse." The writers were Charles Montague and Matthew Prior, two or three years younger, whom the Earl of Dorset had discovered as a clever Westminster boy reading Horace in the "Rummer Tavern," kept by the lad's uncle and guardian, Samuel Prior. It was, as we have seen, one mark of a gentleman in those days to be prompt in recognition of good wit, and liberal in its encouragement. The Earl of Dorset, therefore, sent Matthew Prior, at his own cost, to St. John's College, Cambridge, in the same year in which Montague entered at Trinity.

In the year of the Revolution, three collections were made "of the Newest and most Ingenious Poems, Satyrs, Songs, &c., against Popery and Tyranny relating to the Times." One example of contemptuous irony will suffice to show how low the king had fallen, when he was trusting to the support of an armed force on Hounslow Heath, in the year before he was held to have vacated the throne:—

HOUNSLOW HEATH.

Near Hampton Court there lies a Common,
Unknown to neither man nor woman;
The Heath of Hounslow it is styled:
Which never was with blood defiled,
Though it has been of war the seat,
Now three campaigns, almost complete.
Here you may see Great James the Second,
(The greatest of our kings he's reckoned!)
A hero of such high renown,
Whole nations tremble at his frown;
And when he smiles men die away,
In transports of excessive joy.
A prince of admirable learning!
Quick wit! of judgment most discerning!
His knowledge in all arts is such,
No monarch ever knew so much:
Not that old blust'ring king of Pontus,[1]
Whom men call learnéd, to affront us,
With all his tongues and dialects
Could equal him in all respects;

[1] Mithridates Eupator, according to Cicero the greatest monarch who ever ruled. He spoke fluently the languages of twenty-five nations; he also invented a famous antidote against poison, of which he took a dose every morning, and which was called after him, Mithridatium. Serenus Samonicus says that when Pompey took the baggage of this famous king he was surprised to find that his antidote consisted only of twenty leaves of rue, a little salt, two walnuts, and two figs. The medicine called Mithridate in later time was made up from such a prescription as might drive a modern druggist mad. There were various proportions of about fifty vegetable gums, seeds, and juices to be made up into an electuary with clarified honey and the best canary.

His two and twenty languages
Were trifles, if compar'd to his,
Jargons, which we esteem but small;
English and French are worth 'em all.
What though he had some skill in physic,
Could cure the dropsy or the phthisic;
Perhaps, was able to advise one
To 'scape the danger of rank poison,
And could prepare an antidote
Should carry 't off, though down your throat?
These are but poor mechanic arts,
Inferior to Great James his parts;
Shall he be set in the same rank
With a pedantic mountebank?
He's master of such eloquence,
Well-chosen words, and weighty sense;
That he ne'er parts his lovely lips,
But out a trope or figure slips;
And, when he moves his fluent tongue,
Is sure to ravish all the throng;
And every mortal that can hear,
Is held fast prisoner by the ear.

His other gifts we need but name,
They are so spread abroad by fame,
His faith, his zeal, his constancy,
Aversion to all bigotry!
His firm adhering to the laws,
By which he judges every cause,
And deals to all impartial justice,
In which the subject's greatest trust is!
His constant keeping of his word,
As well to peasant as to lord;
Which he no more would violate,
Than he would quit his regal state;
Who has not his least promise broke,
Nor contradicted what he spoke!
His governing the brutal passions,
With far more rigour than his nation's:
Would not be sway'd by 's appetite,
Were he to gain an empire by 't!
From hence does flow that chastity,
Temperance, love, sincerity,
And unaffected piety,
That just abhorrence of ambition,
Idolatry, and superstition,
Which through his life have shin'd so bright,
That nought could dazzle their clear light!
These qualities we'll not insist on,
Because they all are duties Christian;
But haste to celebrate his courage,
Which is the prodigy of our age:
A spirit, which exceeds relation;
And were too great for any nation,
Did not those virtues nam'd before
Confine it to its native shore,
Restrain it from the thirst of blood,
And only exercise 't in good!

The tedious Mithridatic war,
The noise whereof is spread so far,
Was nothing, to what's practis'd here;
Though carried on for forty year
'Gainst Pompey, Sylla, and Lucullus,
High-sounding names, brought in to gull us:
In which the Romans lost more men
Than one age could repair again;
Who perished not by sword or bullet,
But melted gold poured down the gullet.
Heroes of old were only fam'd
For having millions kill'd or maim'd;
For being the instruments of fate,
In making nations desolate;
For wading to the chin i' th' blood
Of those that in their passage stood,
And thought the point they had not gain'd
While any foe alive remain'd.
Our monarch, by more gentle rules,
Has prov'd the ancients arrant fools:
He only studies and contrives
Not to destroy, but save men's lives;
Shows all the military skill,
Without committing aught that's ill.
He'll teach his men, in warlike sport,
How to defend or storm a fort;
And, in heroic interlude,
Will act the dreadful scene of Bude.
Here Lorrain storms, the vizier dies,
And Brandenburg routs the supplies;
Bavaria there blows up their train,
And all the Turks are took or slain;
All this perform'd with no more harm
Than loss of simple gunner's arm:
And, surely, 'tis a greater good
To teach men war than shed their blood.

Now pause, and view the army royal,
Compos'd of valiant souls and loyal;
Not rais'd (as ill men say) to hurt ye,
But to defend or to convert ye:
For that's the method now in use,
The faith Tridentine to diffuse.
Time was the Word was powerful;
But now 'tis thought remiss and dull:
Has not that energy and force
Which is in well-arm'd foot and horse.
Thus, when the faith has had mutation,
We change its way of propagation:
So Mahomet, with arms and terrors,
Spread over half the world his errors.

Here daily swarm prodigious wights,
And strange variety of sights,
As ladies lewd, and foppish knights,
Priests, poets, pimps, and parasites;
Which now we'll spare, and only mention
The hungry bard that writes for pension;
Old Squab,[1] (who's sometimes here, I'm told)
That oft has with his prince made bold,
Call'd the late king a sant'ring cully,
To magnify the Gallic bully;
Who lately put a senseless banter
Upon the world, with Hind and Panther,
Making the beasts and birds o' th' wood
Debate, what he ne'er understood,

[1] *Old Squab.* Dryden. Shallow contempt, in their own day or after it, little affects the reputation earned by a man of genius who has dealt faithfully, according to his light, with the essentials of his time. Dryden is Dryden, though the author of this doggrel called him "Old Squab," and supposed him to have written wretched poetry. Wordsworth is Wordsworth, and the master poet of our century, though Byron found a clever way of writing him down an idiot, and the author of the second Peter Bell gave him for epitaph—

"Here lies W. W., who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

Deepest verses in philosophy.
And mysteries in theology.
All sung in wretched poetry:
Which rumbling prose is as much fitter all
As his true mirror, the Rehearsal:
For which he has been worthily hang'd.
But ha' n't his just reward, till hang'd.
Now you have seen all that is here,
Have patience till another year.

Another year. This rhymer knew the end to be at hand. Next year the Revolution.

CHAPTER XV.

From the English Revolution to the Death of George I. Defoe, Addison, Pope, and Others. Allan Ramsay, Thomson, Dyer.—A.D. 1689 to A.D. 1727.

There was no great wealth of English poetry in the reign of William III. (1689—1702). What is called the modern comedy of manners—and they are not very good manners—dating from the plays produced by William Wycherley in Charles II.'s reign, was maintained by the wit of William Congreve, Jonathan Swift's schoolfellow and college friend. All Congreve's comedies, as well as his one tragedy, were written in the days of William III. There is little of life's music in the comedy of manners, although Congreve does open his tragedy, the "Mourning Bride," with the much-quoted lines—

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound."

But when Congreve's Valentine in "Love for Love" says, "I would have music.—Sing me the song that I like," this is the strain:—

CHANGE.

I tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I should my earliest offering give;
I know, my eyes would lead my heart to you,
And I should all my vows and oaths renew:
But, to be plain, I never would be true.

For by our weak and weary truth I find,
Love hates to centre in a point assign'd,
But runs with joy the circle of the mind;
Then never let us chain what should be free,
But for relief of either sex agree:
Since women love to change, and so do we.

Such singing indicates a change of fashion since the Restoration, change that struck at the true life in which lies the strength of song. John Vanbrugh and George Farquhar began also in King William's reign to write their comedies, and finished under Anne. There was too much truth in Vanbrugh's satire when, after a song in the "Provoked Wife" not here quotable, he made Sir John Brute say, "I would not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence." Thomas Southerne is among the dramatists of William III.'s reign, and we have the beginning of the careers of Rowe and Colley Cibber. But at the close of the seventeenth century there is one sign of wholesome reaction in the controversy raised by Jeremy Collier's "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage." There was gross writing by small poets whose ephemeral fame has come down to us with their books; and there was a stifling fog of French-classical criticism, in which none but the most vigorous wit could draw breath heartily.

But the native vigour was there also to assert itself. With Daniel Defoe, who had written pamphlets in the time of James II., and who became conspicuous in literature through his rhymes of "The True Born Englishman" in the latter days of William III., our stream of literature took a new bend in its course, and began to broaden into the great expanse now about us. The French-classical influence long weakened the tone of current criticism, and formed the style of courtly fastidious second-rate writers, who looked only on the polite world for their public. But with Defoe we begin the renewal of a race of greater men who dealt with essentials of life, as all true thinkers do. They spoke straight home to the main body of the people, created by degrees a more national audience, and wrote under influence of a sense that they had to touch the minds and hearts of Englishmen at large. Their matter rose in worth, their manner became more direct, and there was gradual paling of French-classical moonshine in the dawn of what may be called an English Popular Influence. It was, indeed, such influence of the people at large upon its writers that had helped to give power to the Elizabethan drama. Successive stages of this change will be observed more readily in illustrations of our prose literature. Steele and Addison were becoming young men during William III.'s reign, and each at the end of this reign was upon the threshold of his literary life; Steele was then ready to follow De Foe's lead, and help his friend Addison into the work by which he served his countrymen and won his fame.

Daniel Foe, a Dissenter's son, was born in 1661, and after training at a good school for Dissenters became a factor in the hosiery trade. He was distinguished from his father, who lived long, by constant use of his Christian name or its initial, and it has been reasonably suggested that a playful impulse led to the transformation of D. Foe into De Foe. From the first, De Foe cared intensely for the issue of the contest that led to the Revolution of 1688. He joined Monmouth in insurrection, he wrote pamphlets upon vital questions in the reign of James II., he was heart and soul with the Revolution, and when, towards the close of William III.'s reign, a poem called the "Foreigners" echoed the cry then common against the King, who for men like Defoe and young Steele personified the blessing of the Revolution, Defoe replied in 1701 with his satire called "The True Born Englishman." Of this many thousands

were sold in the streets, and it turned the guns of the adverse satirists with steady aim upon themselves. Defoe, though a great master in prose, achieved in verse no more than the best doggrel in the world, sprinkled with lines instinct with the vigour of a man of genius who deals with realities and gives his whole mind to them. The opening of "The True Born Englishman" is thoroughly characteristic:—

FIRST LINES OF "THE TRUE BORN ENGLISHMAN."

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there:
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation;
For ever since he first debauched the mind,
He made a perfect conquest of mankind.
With uniformity of service, he
Reigns with a general aristocracy.
No nonconforming sects disturb his reign,
For of his yoke there's very few complain;
He knows the genius and the inclination,
And matches proper sins for ev'ry nation.
He needs no standing army government;
He always rules us by our own consent;
His laws are easy, and his gentle sway
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
The list of his vice-gerents and commanders
Outdoes your Cæsars or your Alexanders;
They never fail of his infernal aid,
And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.
Thro' all the world they spread his vast command,
And Death's eternal empire is maintain'

Dryden's career had just closed when "The True Born Englishman" was written. He translated Virgil in William's reign, and at the close of his life, in his "Fables," showed the light of his genius undimmed. Though true to the fallen cause, he was recognised in the first years after our Revolution as beyond question the great English poet of that time. Pope was born when the Stuarts were dethroned, in 1688, and was a boy who wrote verse and worshipped Dryden. When at school in London, he is said to have gone where he might see John Dryden before he passed away. Doctor Richard Blackmore, a physician, who became Sir Richard in 1697, wrote an epic of "Prince Arthur" in 1695, and an epic of "King Arthur" in 1697, besides other verse, in which he made creditable endeavours to restore the tone of literature. We may, therefore, respect his good intentions. A much better poet was John Pomfret, a clergyman, who was born in 1667, and died in 1703. Pomfret's "Choice," first published in 1699, was accounted one of the best poems of its day, and remained very popular throughout the eighteenth century. It is here given, as corrected by the author—who is said only to be "By a Person of Quality"—for the fourth edition, published in 1701, a pamphlet of six leaves. Peculiarities of spelling, punctuation, and initial capitals are retained for illustration of the printed English of that time.[1]

[1] Emphatic words as well as nouns begin with capitals: sometimes the capital is omitted accidentally where due. Punctuation is usually bad during the period of French influence upon our literature: there are too many large stops in the reader's way. This fault seems to have come of contact with the style of many French writers who think they are pithy if they speak in jerks.

THE CHOICE.

I.

IF Heav'n the grateful Liberty wou'd give,
That I might chuse my Method how to live:
And All those Hours propitious Fate shou'd lend,
In blissful Ease and Satisfaction spend.

II.

Near some fair Town I'd have a private Seat,
Built uniform, not little nor too great.
Better, if on a rising Ground it stood,
Fields on this side, on that a Neighb'ring Wood.
It shou'd within no other Things contain,
But what are Useful, Necessary, Plain:
Methinks, 'tis Nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless Pomp of gawdy Furniture:
A little Garden, grateful to the Eye,
And a cool Rivulet run Murmuring by:
On whose delicious Banks a stately Row
Of shady Lymes, or Sycamores, shou'd grow.
At th' end of which a silent Study plac'd,
Shou'd with the noblest Authors there be grac'd.
Horace and *Virgil*, in whose mighty Lines,
Immortal Wit, and solid Learning Shines.
Sharp *Juvenal*, and am'rous *Ovid* too,
Who all the turns of Loves soft Passion knew:
He, that with Judgment reads his charming Lines,
In which strong Art, with stronger Nature joyns,
Must grant, his Fancy do's the best Excel:
His Thoughts so tender, and exprest so well;
With all those Moderns, Men of steady Sense,
Esteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence:
In some of These, as Fancy shou'd advise,
I'd always take my Morning Exercise.
For sure, no Minutes bring us more Content,
Than those in pleasing useful Studies spent.

III.

I'd have a Clear and Competent Estate,
That I might live Genteelly, but not Great.
As much as I could moderately spend,
A little more sometimes t' oblige a Friend.
Nor shou'd the Sons of Poverty Repine
Too much at Fortune, they shou'd taste of Mine;
And all that Objects of true Pity were,
Shou'd be reliev'd with what my Wants cou'd spare;
For what our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Shou'd be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal Plenty shou'd my Table spread,
With healthful, not luxurious Dishes, fed:
Enough to satisfy, and something more
To feed the Stranger, and the Neighb'ring Poor.
Strong Meat indulges Vice, and pampering Food
Creates Diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make Nature Strong,
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
I'd freely take, and as I did possess
The bounteous Author of my Plenty bless.

IV.

I'd have a little Cellar, Cool, and Neat,
With Humming Ale, and Virgin Wine Repleat.

Wine whets the Wit, improves its Native Force,
And gives a pleasant Flavour to Discourse;
By making all our Spirits Debonair,
Throws off the Lees, the Sedement of Care.
But as the greatest Blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble Ends;
So, but too oft, the Grapes refreshing Juice,
Does many mischievous Effects produce,
My House, shou'd no such rude Disorders know,
As from high Drinking consequently flow.
Nor wou'd I use what was so kindly giv'n,
To the dishonour of Indulgent Heav'n.
If any Neighbour came he shou'd be free,
Us'd with respect, and not Uneasy be,
In my Retreat, or to himself, or me.
What Freedom, Prudence, and Right Reason give,
All Men, may with Impunity receive:
But the least swerving from their Rules too much;
For what's forbidden Us, 'tis Death to touch.
That Life might be more comfortable yet,
And all my Joys refin'd, sincere and great,
I'd chuse two Friends, whose Company wou'd be
A great Advance to my Felicity.
Well born, of Humours suited to my own;
Discreet, and Men as well as Books have known.
Brave, Gen'rous, Witty, and exactly free
From loose Behaviour, or Formality.
Airy, and Prudent, Merry, but not Light,
Quick in discerning; and in Judging Right;
Secret they shou'd be, faithful to their Trust,
In Reasoning Cool, Strong, Temperate and Just.
Obliging, Open, without huffing, Brave;
Brisk in gay Talking, and in sober Grave.
Close in Dispute, but not tenacious, try'd
By solid Reason, and let that decide;
Not prone to Lust, Revenge, or envious Hate;
Nor busy Medlers with Intrigues of State.
Strangers to Slander, and sworn Foes to Spight,
Not Quarrelsome, but Stout enough to Fight:
Loyal and Pious, Friends to *Cæsar* true,
As dying Martyrs to their Maker too.
In their Society I cou'd not miss,
A permanent, sincere, substantial Bliss.

V.

Wou'd bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd chuse
(For, who wou'd so much Satisfaction lose,
As Witty Nymphs in Conversation give)
Near some obliging Modest-Fair to live;
For there's that sweetness in a Female Mind,
Which in a Man's we cannot find;
That by a secret, but a pow'rful Art,
Winds up the Spring of Life, and do's impart
Fresh Vital Heat to the transported Heart.
I'd have her Reason, and her Passions sway,
Easy in Company, in private Gay.
Coy to a Fop, to the Deserving free,
Still constant to her self, and just to me.
She shou'd a Soul have for great Actions fit,
Prudence, and Wisdom to direct her Wit.
Courage to look bold danger in the Face;
Not Fear, but only to be proud, or base:
Quick to advise by an Emergence prest,
To give good Counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' Expressions of her Thoughts be such,
She might not seem Reserv'd, nor talk too much;
That shows a want of Judgment and of Sense:
More than enough, is but Impertinence.
Her Conduct Regular, her Mirth Refin'd,
Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind.
Averse to Vanity, Revenge, and Pride,
In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her Friend, and good to all,
No Censure might upon her Actions fall.
Then wou'd e'en Envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of Womankind astray.
To this fair Creature I'd sometimes retire,
Her Conversation wou'd new Joys inspire,
Give Life an Edge so keen, no surly Care
Wou'd venture to assault my Soul, or dare
Near my Retreat to hide one secret Snare.
But so Divine, so noble a Repast,
I'd seldom, and with Moderation taste.
For highest Cordials all their Virtue lose,
By a too frequent, and too bold an use;
And what would cheer the Spirits in distress,
Ruins our Health when taken to Excess.

VI.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious Jarr,
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular:
Whate'er Assistance I had pow'r to bring
T' oblige my Country, or to serve my King.
Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford,
My Tongue, my Pen, my Counsel, or my Sword.
Law Suits I'd shun with as much Studious Care,
As I wou'd Dens, where hungry Lyons are;
And rather put up Injuries, than be
A Plague to him, who'd be a Plague to me.
I value Quiet, at a Price too great,
To give for my Revenge so dear a Rate:
For what do we by all our Bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real Pain?

VII.

If Heav'n a date of many years wou'd give,
Thus I'd in Pleasure, Ease, and Plenty live.
And as I near approach the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife)
Shou'd take upon him all my Worldly Care,
While I did for a better State prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vext,
Nor have the Evening of my Days perplext.
But by a silent, and a peaceful Death,
Without a Sigh, Resign my Aged Breath:
And when committed to the Dust, I'd have
Few Tears, but Friendly dropt into my Grave.
Then wou'd my Exit so propitious be,
All Men would wish to live and dye like me.

As Pomfret's ideal of happy life excluded a wife there was a companion piece published by another writer, called "The Virtuous Wife. A Poem. In Answer to the Choice, That would have no Wife. Containing, I. The Virtuous Wive's Character. II. Her Person. III. Her Parts. IV. Her Religion. V. Her Temper. VI. Her Conduct. VII. Her Conversation." This answer was advertised on the back of the last leaf of this fourth edition of "The Choice."

Garth's "Dispensary," published in 1699, will be described among the longer English poems, and the

place of Steele and Addison is among prose-writers, who will be illustrated in another volume. Addison wrote verse, and had received from the Lord Keeper Somers and from Charles Montague a pension to enable him to prepare himself for political service when, in 1701, he addressed to Charles Montague a "Letter from Italy," of which Dr. Johnson said that it "has been always praised, but has never been praised beyond its merit. It is more correct with less appearance of labour, and more elegant with less appearance of ornament, than any other of his poems."

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

To the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax.

While you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For her advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flowr'y meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalis'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry),
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source,
Yet, sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys:
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd,
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,[1]
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh, could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride,
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid;
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires,
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown,
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.
How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,

[1] Halifax's poem was a somewhat ambitious one in the form of "An Epistle to the Right Honourable Charles, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, occasioned by his Majesty's Victory in Ireland."

> "See, see, upon the banks of Boyne he stands,
> By his own view adjusting his commands;
> Calm and serene the armèd coast surveys,
> And in cool thoughts the diff'rent chances weighs.
> Then, fired with Fame, and eager of renown,
> Resolves to end the War and fix the Throne."

With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of Nature, and the charms of Art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
O Liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

Matthew Prior, eight years older than Addison, who had begun his career in literature by joining Montague in ridicule of Dryden's "Hind and Panther," was also being provided for in diplomatic life, and secured high fame as a poet in the reign of Queen Anne, to which we may now pass. Prior had been made a gentleman of the bedchamber to King William, and employed by him as secretary to more than one embassy. It is said that when in Paris Le Brun's pictures of the victories of Louis XIV. were shown to him, and he was asked whether the King of England's palace had the like to show. Prior's answer was, "The monuments of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house." Prior became also a Commissioner of Trade, and in 1701 entered Parliament as member for East Grinstead. Under Queen Anne Prior was poet and politician. Acting with the Tories, he was sent to Paris in 1711 on a secret mission to arrange preliminaries for the peace of Utrecht. With the history of this peace his name is associated. He rose with the Tories at the end of Anne's reign, and was for the last year virtually her ambassador at Paris.

MATTHEW PRIOR.
From his "Poems" (1725).

After Anne's death Prior fell with the Tories, and spent the rest of his life till 1721 in retirement, with no fixed income except from the fellowship of his college, which he had retained with a sense that days might come when he would have to live on it. Among Prior's poems is this clever epitome of life slipped through, its time unused:—

AN EPITAPH.

Interred beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires rose or fell;
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walked and ate, good folks: what then?
Why then they walked and ate again:
They soundly slept the night away:
They did just nothing all the day:
And having buried children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.

Nor sister either had, nor brother;
They seemed just tally'd for each other.
Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded:
They neither punished nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footmen did:
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:
So every servant took his course,
And bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder filled his stable;
And sluttish plenty decked her table.
Their beer was strong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant-meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate;
And took, but read not the receipt:
For which they claimed their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never raised themselves a friend.
Nor cherished they relations poor:
That might decrease their present store;
Nor barn nor house did they repair:
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If asked, they ne'er denied their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crowned.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise.
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led——a kind of——as it were;
Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried:
And so they lived; and so they died.

Prior's transposition of "The Nut-brown Maid" into the sort of poem that our age does not agree with his in thinking beautiful, is too long to be given as an example of the tediousness of verse bewigged. The fresh vigour of "The Nut-brown Maid" is not in Prior's "Henry and Emma." Henry of the "Augustan age of English literature" wore a wig, no doubt, in the imagination of his poet, and Emma's eyebrows may have been of mouse-skin. Prior has several epigrams on that part of a lady's dress:—

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

From her own native France as old Alison past,
She reproached English Nell with neglect or with malice,
That the slattern had left, in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

Her eyebrow-box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oftenest crossed)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,
Her careless but afflicted maid;
"Put me to bed then, wretched Jane!
Alas! when shall I rise again?
I can behold no mortal now:
For what's an eye without a brow?"

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

In a dark corner of the house
Poor Helen sits, and sobs and cries;
She will not see her loving spouse,
Nor her more dear picquet-allies:
Unless she finds her eyebrows,
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

Helen was just slipt into bed,
Her eyebrows on the toilet lay,
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.
For this misfortune careless Jane,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated:
And madam getting up again,
With her own hand the Mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as sages write,
Depends our human joy or sorrow:
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
Alas! no eyebrows for to-morrow.

Queen Anne's time in literature is rightly called Augustan, inasmuch as one of its characteristics was much talk about Augustus. Under French-classical influence it professed to take the Latin writers of the Augustan age for models, began to affect strongly the Latin side of English, and to look on homeliness as "low." There were great writers in Queen Anne's day, chiefly prose writers, but they were all men who were strong enough to break bounds—Defoe, Swift, Steele, Addison, though Addison was only drawn by the strong arm of his friend Steele into the path by which he found his way to our affections. Yet he to the last yielded so much to the fashion of the time that when he sought to win goodwill to "Chevy Chase" and the "Babes in the Wood," and justify his admiration of those ballads, he sought to do it by finding parallels for lines in them from Virgil and Horace.

There had been attention paid by several poets to the lines of the Emperor Adrian which had suggested Flatman's "Thought of Death" already quoted. Prior tried his hand at the same subject:—

ADRIANI MORIENTIS.

AD ANIMAM SUAM.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes Comesque Corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

BY MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

Ma petite Ame, ma Mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma Fille, et Dieu sçaçhe où Tu vas
Tu pars seulette, nuë, et tremblotante, Helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

IMITATED BY PRIOR.

Poor little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
  Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
  To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly
  Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
  Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

Young Pope followed suit, contributed a letter about Adrian's lines to the *Spectator* for November 10th, 1712, and presently afterwards made this metrical version of his own :—

Ah, fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,
  That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire
  No more a pleasing, cheerful guest?
Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
  To what dark, undiscover'd shore?
Thou see'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
  And Wit and Humour are no more.

After a private note or two on this subject had passed, Steele, then about to drop the *Spectator* and set up the *Guardian*, wrote to Pope on the 4th of December, "This is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful, dying spirit; that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music." Pope replied with the three stanzas known as

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

Pope sent this to Steele, with a note, saying, "I do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desired of me. You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning. Yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment Sappho, &c." Here we must take "&c." to be Pope's *alias* for Thomas Flatman.[1]

Alexander Pope was born in May, 1688, only child of a London linendraper, who retired from business after the boy's birth, and lived at Binfield, on the borders of Windsor Forest, and about nine miles from Windsor. Pope's father and mother were Roman Catholics. He was a child of delicate health and precocious genius, taught at home by a priest who lived with the family, and for a short time at two small Roman Catholic schools—one at Twyford, the other in London. He came home from the second of these schools a boy of twelve or thirteen, in forwardness another Cowley, with already a developed skill in verse. These lines, the earliest we have of his, are said to have been written when he was a boy of twelve :—

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Happy the man whose wish and care
  A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
    In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
  Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
    In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
  Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
    Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
  Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
    With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
  Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
    Tell where I lie.

Pope worked at home in his own way, teaching himself, and his father encouraged him in writing verse. He imitated in verse ancient and modern poets, learning the mechanism of his art from his predecessors; as the young poet, not less than the young blacksmith, must. His "Pastorals," written in 1704, at the age of sixteen, were published in May, 1709, at the age of twenty-one, in Tonson's "Miscellany." In the same volume was his version, from Homer, of the "Episode of Sarpedon;" and his "January and May," which modernised a tale of Chaucer's, in imitation of Dryden, who, at the close of his life, published modernised tales from Chaucer in his "Fables." In 1711, at the age of twenty-three, Pope published his "Essay on Criticism," writing about the writing about writing, as the taste of the time impelled. Weaknesses of expre-

[1] See page 341.

sion in the first edition of this poem were afterwards expunged, but at its weakest it surpassed Boileau, from whom Pope had the chief impulse to that form of thought. In 1712, when Pope's age was twenty-four, appeared his "Rape of the Lock" in its first form, in two cantos, without any "machinery" of sylphs. It was then published in Lintot's "Miscellany," which also contained translations of his from Statius and Ovid. In its second form—as we now have it—expanded into five cantos, the "Rape of the Lock" appeared in 1714 as a separate publication. The "Essay on Criticism" and the "Rape of the Lock" will be illustrated in the volume set apart for larger works. These and the other pieces named, with the "Messiah," contributed in 1712 to No. 378 of the *Spectator*, "Windsor Forest," published early in 1713, and another poem, derived from Chaucer, "The Temple of Fame," form the main part of Pope's work in the first of the three periods of his literary

ALEXANDER POPE.
From the Portrait engraved by Vertue.

life, that which falls within Queen Anne's reign. The second period corresponds pretty closely with the reign of George I., in which Pope made money by his translations of Homer, and found it less profitable to edit Shakespeare. In the reign of George II., until Pope's death in 1744, we have the third period of his poetry, with riper character and deeper thought, that accords not only with growth of his own mind, but also with the advancing movement of thought in the eighteenth century. To that we shall come presently, when a little more has been shown of the verse literature of Queen Anne's reign, to which we may now join that of the reign of George I., from 1714 to 1727.

Jonathan Swift, over twenty years old when Pope was born, and in later life one of Pope's best friends, wrote vigorous verse, although his fame rests on his prose: we reserve, therefore, the fuller illustration of his genius. One short poem of his, written in Queen Anne's reign, "Baucis and Philemon," may serve to illustrate not only his skill, but the power that could take a friend's weak counsel gracefully in what was no more to him than pleasant trifling. Swift's "Baucis and Philemon," as it has come down to us, is good; but his biographer, John Forster,[1] having found a copy of the poem as Swift wrote it, shows how much better it was before he assented to his friend Addison's suggestions for its improvement. Addison's suggestions, in accordance with that weaker tone of criticism in his time from which, as we have seen, he could not wholly free himself, aimed generally at the French polishing of his friend's work. Good as the following poem is, it is worth any one's while to turn to the published volume of John Forster's "Life of Swift," where he may see, now first recovered for us, the unaltered work. Of the lines of this, said Swift, with a touch of pride in his critical friend, "Mr. Addison made me blot out fourscore, add fourscore, and alter fourscore." As Forster wrote, "In the poem printed as it was altered for Addison, the story is very succinctly told, with completeness as of an epigram; . . . as originally written, the narrative is not so terse or close, but has more detail and a greater wealth of humour." This is the poem as Swift, after dealing with it in accordance with his friend's advice, let it go forth to the world:—

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.[2]

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happened on a winter's night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguised in tattered habits, went
To a small village down in Kent,
Where, in the stroller's canting strain,
They begged from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.[3]
Our wand'ring saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,

[1] Died 1876. It is not Swift only who has lost in John Forster his best friend. The wise, warm-hearted writer, the true scholar rich in human sympathies, the firmest and the tenderest of friends, speaks to us henceforth only in the labours of his noble life.

[2] *Baucis and Philemon.* The original tale here playfully modernised is in the Eighth Book of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," where Jove and Mercury are the originals of the two brother hermits. Finding hospitality only in the thatched cottage of the poor old couple, Baucis and Philemon, the gods, after their entertainment, took the old couple to the top of a hill, whence they saw the houses and lands of their uncharitable neighbours all swallowed in a lake. Only their little home remained, which expanded to a temple. In this they served as the priests of Jove, until they were changed into companion trees, hung ever with fresh garlands by their worshippers.

[3] From Forster's "Life of Swift," in which the original draught is now first given, I quote its opening for comparison of Swift's free,

To a small cottage came at last
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Called in the neighbourhood Philemon,
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night.
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepped aside to fetch 'em drink,
Filled a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they ne'er had touched a drop!
The good old couple were amazed
And often on each other gazed;
For both were frightened to the heart,
And just began to cry, "What art?"
Then softly turned aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on 't,
Told 'em their calling and their errant:
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours;
But for that pack of churlish boors,

---

racy humour, as it came fresh from his mind, with the result of Addison's advice about it:—

"It happened on a winter's night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Came to a village hard by Rixham,
Ragged, and not a groat betwixt 'em.
It rained as hard as it could pour,
Yet they were forced to walk an hour
From house to house, wet to the skin
Before one soul would let 'em in.
They called at every door—'Good people!
My comrade's blind, and I'm a creeple!
Here we lie starving in the street,
'Twould grieve a body's heart to see 't.
No Christian would turn out a beast
In such a dreadful night at least!
Give us but straw, and let us lie
In yonder barn to keep us dry!'
Thus, in the strollers' usual cant
They begged relief, which none would grant.
No creature valued what they said.
One family was gone to bed:
The master bawled out, half asleep,
'You fellows, what a noise you keep!
So many beggars pass this way
We can't be quiet, night nor day;
We cannot serve you every one:
Pray take your answer, and be gone!'
One swore he'd send 'em to the stocks:
A third could not forbear his mocks,
But bawled as loud as he could roar,
'You're on the wrong side of the door!'
One surly clown looked out and said,
'I'll fling a brickbat on your head!
You shan't come here, nor get a sous!
You look like folks would rob a house.
Can't you go work, or serve the king?
You blind and lame? 'Tis no such thing!
That's but a counterfeit sore leg!
For shame! Two sturdy rascals beg!
If I come down, I'll spoil your trick,
And cure you both with a good stick!'"

Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise
And grow a church before your eyes."
They scarce had spoke when, fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall rose slowly after.
The chimney widened and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist;
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below;
In vain, for a superior force,
Applied at bottom, stops its course;
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost, by disuse, the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels;
And what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flyer, tho 't had leaden feet,
Turned round so quick, you scarce could see 't,
But slackened by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney near allied,
Had never left each other's side;
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But up against the steeple reared,
Became a clock, and still adhered;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning chair began to crawl
Like a huge snail along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view
And with small change a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high and made a glitt'ring show,
To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seemed to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter;
And high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber, many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused awhile,
Returned 'em thanks in homely style,

Then said, "My house has grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine:
I'm old, and fain would live at ease,
Make me the parson, if you please."

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But being old, continued just
As threadbare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues;
He smoked his pipe and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamped in the preface and the text;
At christ'nings could well act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wished women might have children fast
And thought whose sow had farrowed last;
Against Dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine;
Found his head filled with many a system,
But classic authors—he ne'er miss'd 'em.
Thus having furbished up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they played their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs were seen
Good pinners edged with Colberteen[1];
Her petticoat transformed apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down,
'Twas Madam in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amazed to see her look so trim;
And she admired as much at him.

Thus, happy in their change of life,
Were several years this man and wife,
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance amidst their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out,
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"
"Sprout," quoth the man, "what's this you tell us;
I hope you don't believe me jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really, yours is budding too.
Nay, now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they both were turned to yews.

Old Goodman Dobson of the Green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight.
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew.
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it.

[1] *Colberteen*, or Colbertain. "A kind of lace mentioned in Holme's 'Academy of Armory,' 1688." ("Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaic Provincial Words.")

Dr. Thomas Parnell, an Irish divine, who, in 1705, at the age of six-and-twenty, became Archdeacon of Clogher, died in 1717 at the age of thirty-eight. He numbered the best wits and poets of Queen Anne's reign among his friends, and after his death Pope collected and published his poems, dedicating them in 1721 to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, who had been his friend. "Such were the notes," said Pope in this dedication—

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.
O just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

The best of Parnell's poems is this modern version of a mediæval tale from the "Gesta Romanorum[2]:"—

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose:
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,

[2] *Gesta Romanorum* was the name of a mediæval collection of Latin tales, moralised for the use of preachers, each tale having a religious "Application" fitted to it. Here, for example, is one of its short stories, with the application in the usual form:—"Saint Augustine tells that by an ancient custom emperors, after death, were laid on a funeral pile and burnt, and their ashes placed in an urn. But it happened that one of them died whose heart the fire could not touch. This caused astonishment, and all the wise men were summoned to council. The question was put to them, and they said, 'This emperor died intoxicated, and because of a latent poison his heart cannot burn.' When this was understood, they drew the heart from the fire and covered it with theriac [see Note 11, page 21], and at once the poison was expelled. The heart, being put back into the flames, was immediately reduced to ashes. *Application:* My beloved, men are thus in a spiritual sense. The heart is poisoned, and then the fire of the Holy Ghost will not touch it. The theriac is Repentance, which removes all sins."

Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass:
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A Youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried:
And "Hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose.
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home,
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liv'ried servants wait:
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall,
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,
So seemed the sire when far upon the road
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds,
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew:
The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but call or knock in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair.
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,[1]
(Each hardly granted) served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit viewed
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrou
With all the travail of uncertain thought.
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:

[1] *Eager wine.* French "aigre," sharp, acid.—"With eager co pounds we our palate urge" (Shakespeare, Sonnet 118).

It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,'
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world renewed by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues. The country lay
Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way.
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before.
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The Youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in.
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!" but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man.
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
The voice of music ravished as he spoke.

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the Throne.
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the Truth of Government Divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that World He made.
In this the Right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred Majesty through all depends
On using second means to work His ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts His attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon his head:
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back?
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind. This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha, when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done."
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

Another of Pope's friends was John Gay, who was of his own age, born in 1688, at Barnstaple, in Devon. He began active life in the shop of a silk mercer, but published poetry in 1711—"Rural Sports"—and dedicated his verse to young Pope. The friendship then began. Gay was taken from the shop, and became Secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth. Afterwards he was taken care of by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. When Pope was annoyed at some attentions paid to the "Pastorals" of Ambrose Philips that were withheld from his own, though both appeared in the same Miscellany,[1] he suggested to his friend Gay that Philips's "Pastorals" might be caricatured. Philips had looked for his inspiration to Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" instead of Theocritus or Virgil. This was to be accounted "low," and the attempt at an English rustic homeliness was thought open to ridicule. Modern critics would say that Ambrose Philips's "Pastorals" were written upon a better principle than Pope's; but the difference between the poets made what Philips wrote as a man weaker than what Pope wrote as a boy. Gay, however, had poetry in him, and a sense of natural life under his outward assent to critical myths, so that his caricature of homeliness had touches that went home to many readers, and his "Shepherd's Week," published in 1714, was very popular. This is one of its eclogues, inwoven playfully with superstitions of the country folk :—

THURSDAY; OR, THE SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

Hobnelia, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehearsed her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.

"I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doffed my shoe, and by my troth I swear,
Therein I spied this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hempseed brought;
I scattered round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried:
'This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.'
I straight looked back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do);
Thee first I spied; and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take;
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last May-day fair I searched to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal:
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
(For always snails near sweetest fruit abound).
I seized the vermin, whom I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawled the snail, and, if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes marked a curious L.
Oh may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest colour blazed.
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow;
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As peasecods once I plucked, I chanced to see,
One that was closely filled with three times three,
Which when I cropped I safely home conveyed,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
My wheel I turned, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch moved up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person, Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surprised the sight to see;
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I joined it with my wonted sleight:
So may again his love with mine unite!

[1] The Miscellany was sixth in a series begun by Dryden—"Poetical Miscellanies: the Sixth Part, containing a Collection of Original Poems, with several new Translations by the most Eminent Hands. London: Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Gray's Inn Gate, next Gray's Inn Lane, 1709, where you may have the Five former Parts." The volume opened with "Pastorals, by Mr. Philips. Printed in the year 1708;" and it closed with "Pastorals, by Mr. Alexander Pope. Printed in the year 1709."

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
'Fly, lady-bird, north, south, or east, or west;
Fly where the man is found that I love best.'
He leaves my hand; see! to the west he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect L is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen
Than what the paring makes upon the green.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This pippin shall another trial make;
See from the core two kernels brown I take.
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Boobyclod on t'other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last:
Oh were his lips to mine but joined so fast!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee.
He wist not when the hempen string I drew,
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle[1] blue.
Together fast I tie the garters twain;
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:
'Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!'

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudged last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserved in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy and my basket light.
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent.
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

But hold! our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewrayed,
Nor shall she, crowned with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown:
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!"

[1] "*Inkle.* Inferior tape. See Florio, p. 124. Harrison, p. 222." ("Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words.")

Gay's "Beggar's Opera" was a success of a like kind. He was a poet with natural tastes, and his simplicity in caricature was real. His "Fables" proposed to amuse and edify the young Prince William, Duke of Cumberland. This is one of them:—

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships: who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare who in a civil way
Complied with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round:
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight!
To friendship every burden's light."
The Horse replied, "Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately Bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow:
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."
The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye.
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained.
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
"For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."
She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!

Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu,
For see the hounds are just in view."

Hymns of Isaac Watts belong to the days of Queen Anne and George I., but these will be represented in the volume of this Library that illustrates English Religion.

A much better poet than Ambrose Philips, who is by no means to be confounded with him, was John Philips. Addison, comrade of Ambrose Philips, praised all that he wrote, and praised highly his translation from Sappho. His skill was perhaps at his best in the following

FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

Blessed as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung;

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

JOHN PHILIPS.
From the Portrait prefixed to his Collected Works (1720).

John Philips, son of an Archdeacon of Salop, was born in 1676 in the parsonage at Bampton, Oxfordshire. He was consumptive and precocious, went to Winchester School, and as a boy there acquired enthusiasm for Milton. He went from Winchester School to Christ Church, Oxford, a good scholar and still an enthusiast for Milton. He won his reputation by the "Splendid Shilling," a playful imitation of the poet he loved, in warning to a college friend who had not learnt the value of a shilling in the pocket. The reference in it to the tobacco-pipe came naturally from a student of Christ Church when Dean Aldrich was its head and set a great example to the college. A young student once laid a wager that if he called on the doctor at ten o'clock in the morning, he should find him smoking. He went to the good-humoured dean in his study, and told why he had come. "Ah," said the Dean, "then your bet is lost; for I am not smoking, but filling my pipe."

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town-hall repairs,
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe, or Philips, he, each circling glass,
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corps sustain;
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent.
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwalador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares or at th' Arvonian mart
Or Maridunum,[1] or the ancient town
Yclip'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men!
To my aërial citadel ascends.
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly

[1] Maridunum, Caermarthen; Brechinia, Brecknock; Vaga, the Wye; Ariconium, Hereford.

Of woodhole. Straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech,
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; ye gods avert
Such plagues from righteous men! Behind him stalks
Another monster not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the Gods
With force incredible and magic charms
First have endued. If he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, as whilom knights were wont,
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till in form
Of money Pallas sets the captive free.
  Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect! Oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils,
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
  So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelope, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; distress'd, forlorn.
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind, or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave, my parchéd throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
  Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins[1] that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued, (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclose with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,[2]
Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
Long sail'd secure or thro' th' Ægean deep
Or the Ionian till, cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea: in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners, death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray:
Vain efforts! still the batt'ring waves rush in,
Implacable till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

The credit earned by this piece caused Robert Harley and Henry St. John to befriend the young poet. He came to London, lived much in St. John's house, was invited to write on Blenheim, wrote also an excellent little poem in two books on "Cyder," and died young in 1708.

We come now to three poets who at the end of the reign of George I. represent the revival of a sense of beauty in the outside world that blended with their interest in man. These were Allan Ramsay, John Dyer, and James Thomson. Allan Ramsay was fifteen years older than Dyer and Thomson, who were both born in the year 1700.

Ramsay was the son of a poor worker in Lord Hopetoun's lead mines among the hills between Clydesdale and Annandale. He washed ore as a child, then was apprenticed to a barber, then his delight in the old songs of his country and his skill in making new songs gave him love for books. He began in a small way as a bookseller, and won friends by his genial nature and the pleasant uses to which he put his wit. In 1720 appeared the following eclogue, which is the first thought afterwards

[1] *Galligaskins*, loose trousers.

[2] The Cronian Sea, called also Concrete or Congealed, was a Northern Sea, said to be called Cronian because under Kronos or Saturn, whose star was said by astrologers to be of cold nature, and to govern things that were cold and slow of motion.

developed into his five-act pastoral play, the "Gentle Shepherd," produced in 1725:—

PATIE AND ROGER.

Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,[1]
Where a clear spring did healsome water yield,
Twa youthfou shepherds on the gowans[2] lay,
Tenting[3] their flocks ae bonny morn of May:
Poor Roger gran'd till hollow echoes rang,
While merry Patie humm'd himsel a sang:
Then turning to his friend in blithesome mood,
Quoth he, "How does this sunshine cheer my blood!
How heartsome is't to see the rising plants!
To hear the birds chirm[4] o'er their morning rants![5]
Haw tosie[6] is't to snuff the cauller[7] air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?[8]
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain."

Roger.

I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart[9] fate!
I'm born to strive with hardships dire and great;
Tempests may cease to jaw[10] the rowan flood,[11]
Corbies and tods to grein[12] for lambkins' blood:
But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie.

The bees shall loathe the flower and quit the hive,
The saughs[13] on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfou queans,[14] or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger.

Sae might I say; but it's nae easy done
By ane wha's saul is sadly out o' tune:
You have sae saft a voice and slid[15] a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle[16] at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syn up their leglens cleek,[17]
And jeer me hameward frae the loan[18] or bught,[19]
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well-shap'd as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lassie's eye:
For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane might think, come farer ben.[20]

Patie.

But ablins,[21] nibour, ye have not a heart,
Nor downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:[22]
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit[23] never wants some care.

Roger.

My byar[24] tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd.
In winter last my cares were very sma,
Tho' scores of wedders perish'd in the sna.[26]

Patie.

Were your bein[27] rooms as thinly stock'd as mir
Less you wad loss, and less you wad repine:
He wha has just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.[28]

Roger.

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole[29] the pangs of frequent los
O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty[30] wench,
Wha ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench,[31]
'Til, birs'd[32] beneath the burden, thou cry dool,[33]
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie.

Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka cloot[34]
At the West Port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles[35] round,
A dainty whistle wi' a pleasant sound;
I'll be mair canty[36] wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you with a' your gear, ye dowie[37] fool.

Roger.

Na, Patie, na, I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some ither things lie heavier at my breast;
I dream'd a dreery dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Patie.

Now to your friend how silly 's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens;
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-seen love, and dorty[38] Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Roger.

O Patie, ye have guest indeed o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
To speak but till[39] her I dare hardly mint;[40]
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bumbas'd and unco' blate;[41]
But yesterday I met her yont a know,[42]
She fled as frae a shellycoat[43] or kow:
She Bauldy loo's, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell o' tar.

---

[1] *Bield* and *beild*, shelter.
[2] *Gowans*, daisies.
[3] *Tenting*, watching.
[4] *Chirm*, warble.
[5] *Rants*, cheerful songs. A "rant" in Scottish dialect is a frolic, a merry meeting with dancing, or a lively song.
[6] *Tosie*, enlivening, intoxicating.
[7] *Cauller*, cool.
[8] *Gars thee grane*, makes thee groan.
[9] *Thrawcart*, perverse.
[10] *To jaw*, to dash. "Jaw" a wave.
[11] *The rowan flood*, the rushing flood.
[12] *Corbies and tods to grein*, ravens and foxes to long.
[13] *Saughs*, willows.
[14] *Queans*, young women.
[15] *Slid*, smooth.
[16] *Ettle*, aim at, attempt.
[17] They stop their ears, then snatch up their milk-pails.
[18] *Loan*, an opening between the corn-fields for milking cows or driving home the cattle.
[19] *Bught*, the pen in which cows are milked.
[20] *Come ben*, come to the inner part of the house; whence to be "far ben" is to be intimate, and "farer ben" more intimate.
[21] *Ablins*, perhaps.
[22] Do not easily part with your coins.
[23] *Scrimpit*, narrow, niggardly.
[24] *Byar*, cow-hou
[25] Oxen were smothered.
[26] Wethers perished in t
[27] *Bein*, rich.
[28] What is beyond their needs gives folk the mere tr keeping it.
[29] *Thole*, suffer.
[30] Paughty, h
[31] Who never will stoop to quench your flaming thirst.
[32] *Birs'd*, bruised.
[33] *Cry dool*, lament.
[34] Clo
[35] *Virles*, rings.
[36] *Canty*, cheerful.
[37] Dow
[38] *Dorty*, pettish, saucy.
[39] *Till*, to.
[40] Mint, a
[41] Dazed and very bashful.
[42] *Yont a know*, on the other side of a knoll.
[43] *Shellycoat*, water-sprite.

Patie.

But Bauldy loo's nae her, right well I wat,
He sighs for Neps:—Sae that may stand for that.

Roger.

I wish I cou'd na loo her—but in vain,
I still maun dote and thole her proud disdain.
My Bauty is a cur I dearly like,
Till he youl'd sair, she strak the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a cauldrife[1] scorn:
Last time I play'd, ye never saw sic spite,
O'er Bogie was the spring[2] and her delyte,
Yet tauntingly she at her nibour speer'd
Gin she cou'd tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna care;
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie.

E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebeins[3] she be sic a thrawn-gabet[4] chuck;
Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint a' hope,[5]
Gae till't ye'r ways, and take the lover's loup.

Roger.

I need na make sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrand death come soon enough a will.

Patie.

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whindging way,
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Last morning I was unco' airly out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd and glowr'd about;
I saw my Meg come linkan[6] o'er the lee,
I saw my Meg, but Meggie saw nae me:
For yet the sun was wading throw the mist,
And she was closs upon me e'er she wist.
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, which whiter were than snaw:
Her cokernony[7] snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet locks[8] hung waving on her cheek:
Her cheek sae ruddy! and her een sae clear!
And oh! her mouth's like ony hinny[9] pear.
Neat, neat she was in bustin[10] waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blithesome I cried, "My bonny Meg, come here,
I fairly[11] wherefore ye're sae soon asteer:
But now I guess ye'er gawn to gather dew."
She scour'd awa, and said, "What's that to you?"
"Then fare ye well, Meg Dorts,[12] and e'en's ye like,"
I careless cried, and lap[13] in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack
With a right thieveless[14] errand she came back;
Miscau'd me[15] first—then bade me hound my dog
To weer up three waff[16] ews were on the bog.
I leugh, and sae did she, then wi' great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth[17]
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowan mouth:
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flete[18] wi' me 'tween ilka smak,
But well I kend she mean'd na as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb;
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.[19]

Roger.

Kind Patie, now fair faw your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae kedgie,[20] and ha'e sic an art
To hearten ane:—for now as clean's a leek
Ye've cherisht me since ye began to speak:
Sae for your pains I'll make you a propine,[21]
My mither, honest wife, has made it fine;
A tartan plaid, spun of good hauslock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,
With spraings like gou'd and siller, cross'd wi' black,
I never had it yet upon my back.
Well are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
Redd up[22] my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie.

Well, had ye[23] there, and since ye've frankly made
A present to me of your bra[24] new plaid,
My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice
Shall come a will, if you'll take my advice.

Roger.

As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't,
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't;
Now take it out, and gi'es a bonny spring,
For I'm in tift[25] to hear you play or sing.

Patie.

But first we'll take a turn up to the hight,
And see gin a' our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks and a shave of cheese
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please our laird, gin he were but sae wise
To season meat wi' health instead of spice:
When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysel.

Allan Ramsay's homely wit and wisdom are well represented in his fable of

THE CLOCK AND DIAL.

Ae day a Clock wad brag a Dial,
And put his qualities to trial;
Spake to him thus, "My neighbour, pray,
Can'st tell me what's the time of day?"

---

[1] *Cauldrife*, chill.
[2] *Spring*, a quick cheerful tune, that might be danced to.
[3] *Saebeins* (so being), since.
[4] *Thrawn-gabet* (twisted mouthed), ill-tempered.
[5] *Tint a' hope*, lost all hope. Go your ways to it, and take the lover's leap.
[6] *Linkan*, tripping.
[7] *Cockernony*, the lump of hair gathered up by a band or snood.
[8] *Haffet locks*, side curls.
[9] *Hinny*, honey.
[10] *Bustin*, fustian.
[11] *Fairly*, marvel.
[12] *Dort*, sullen, pettish.
[13] *Lap*, leapt.
[14] *Thieveless*, make believe, useless.
[15] *Miscau'd me*, called me names.
[16] *Waff*, strayed.
[17] *Fouth*, plenty.
[18] *Flete*, scolded.
[19] *Wood*, mad.
[20] *Kedgie*, cheerful.
[21] *Propine*, present.
[22] *Redd up*, disentangled, put into order.
[23] *Had ye*, hold ye.
[24] *Bra* and *brave*, brave, handsome
[25] *Tift*, condition.

The Dial said, "I dinna ken."—
"Alake! what stand ye there for then?"—
"I wait here till the sun shines bright,
For nought I ken but by his light:"
"Wait on," quoth Clock, "I scorn his help,
Baith night and day my lane[1] I skelp.[2]
Wind up my weights but anes a week,
Without him I can gang and speak;
Nor like an useless sumph I stand,
But constantly wheel round my hand:
Hark, hark, I strike just now the hour;
And I am right, ane—twa—three—four."
Whilst thus the Clock was boasting loud,
The bleezing sun brak throw a cloud;
The Dial, faithfu' to his guide,
Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride.
"Ye see," said he, "I've dung you fair,
'Tis four hours and three quarters mair."
"My friend," he added, "count again,
And learn a wee to be less vain:
Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,
And that you answers never want;
For you're not ay to be believ'd:
Wha trust to you may be deceiv'd.
Be counsell'd to behave like me;
For when I dinna clearly see,
I always own I dinna ken,
And that's the way of wisest men."

This piece, too, is characteristic:—

THE POET'S WISH.

Frae great Apollo, Poet, say,
What is thy wish, what wadst thou hae,
When thou bows at his shrine?
Not Carse o' Gowrie's fertile field,
Nor a' the flocks the Grampians yield,
That are baith sleek and fine;
Not costly things brought frae afar,
As ivory, pearl, and gems;
Nor those fair straths that water'd are
With Tay and Tweed's smooth streams,
Which gentily and daintily
Eat down the flow'ry braes,
As greatly and quietly
They wimple to the seas.

Whatever by his canny fate
Is master of a good estate,
That can ilk thing afford,
Let him enjoy 't withoutten care,
And with the wale[3] of curious fare
Cover his ample board.
Much dawted[4] by the gods is he,
Wha to the Indian plain
Successfu' ploughs the wally[5] sea,
And safe returns again,
With riches that hitches
Him high aboon the rest
Of sma' fowk, and a' fowk
That are with poortith[6] prest.

[1] *My lane*, by myself.
[2] *Skelp*, beat, as a clock does.
[3] *Wale*, choice.
[4] *Dawted*, caressed.
[5] *Wally*, billowy.
[6] *Poortith*, poverty.

For me, I can be well content
To eat my bannock on the bent,[7]
And kitchen't wi' fresh air;
Of lang-kail I can make a feast,
And cantily haud up my crest,
And laugh at dishes rare.
Nought frae Apollo I demand,
But throw a lengthen'd life
My outer fabric firm may stand,
And saul clear without strife.
May he then but gie then
Those blessings for my skair,[8]
I'll fairly and squairly
Quite a' and seek nae mair.

ALLAN RAMSAY.
From his "Poems" (1761).

James Thomson began with "Winter" in M
1726, the work being completed in 1728 with th

HYMN OF THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks—
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,

[7] My oat-cake on the grass of the hillside.
[8] *Skair*, sha

Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.
  Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth:
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
  Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky
In adoration join, and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes!
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise—whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him—whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day, best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise!
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise: for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise!
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base,
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute—my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
  Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song—where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles—'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

Thomson wrote the Latin-English then in favour, and delighted in the resonance of thought in triplets. Snow-flakes "fall (1) broad and (2) white and (3) fast;" the red-breast (1) "pecks and (2) starts and (3) wonders where he is." The hare is beset "by death in various forms, (1) dark snares, and (2) dogs, and (3) more unpitying men;" the man in a snow-drift dies, (1) "his wife, (2) his children, and (3) his friends unseen;" and of such things, "Ah! little think the (1) gay, (2) licentious, (3) proud, whom (1) pleasure, (2) power, and (3) affluence surround;" there is distress even where wisdom dwells in the vale "with (1) friendship, (2) peace, and (3) contemplation joined,"—life being "one scene of (1) toil, of (2) suffering, and of (3) fate." Thomson's rhetoric in "The Seasons" is not unlike Johnson's in "The Rambler," and reflects one of the passing faults that came of French influence on our literature. But in this style the words, though chosen too exclusively from the Latin side of English, are well chosen; each is used in its true sense, and under a form of rhetoric now obsolete there is a love of nature that has grown from minute observation, and will for ever be as fresh as it is true.

In John Dyer there was the sense of nature expressed without any of the affectations of false dignity then held by the critics to be as necessary as the wigs they wore. Thomson, putting his fresh thought into the form of language that the "understanding age" thought good, could win at once a wide popularity that was not conceded to John

Dyer's "Grongar Hill," which appeared in the same year as "Winter," and at the time when Pope was busy on the "Dunciad." But from the nineteenth century we look back upon the natural music of this poem as the simplest and the sweetest strain that has come down to us from the days of the first Georges. It is wonderful that in the age of the "Dunciad" there should have been one who could blend depths of human thought with an expression of a poet's sense of nature simple and true as Wordsworth's. This true singer passed almost into oblivion, but when Wordsworth came upon his poems, no wonder that they stirred his fellow feeling and caused him to dedicate a sonnet to John Dyer's memory. Dyer was a young Welshman, son of a prosperous attorney. He was born at Aberglasney, educated at Westminster School, gave up his father's profession for the love of art, hoped at first to be a painter, and went to Rome to study. But he gave up the profession in which he found he could not rise to his ideal, took orders, and became a quiet country clergyman. Grongar Hill was near his birthplace in Carmarthenshire, and he sang of it at the age of six-and-twenty. A longer poem on "The Ruins of Rome" was published in 1740, and his "Fleece," which in four books traces the wool from the sheep in the fields to the loom, appeared just before his death in 1758.

GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale,
Come with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now while Phœbus riding high
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly-musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And vistoes shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal;
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow,
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love,
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye:
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below,
Whose rugged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps,
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds
Concealed in ruins, moss and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of fate.
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift and sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep.
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;

Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm;
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem:
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass,
As yon summits soft and fair
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid:
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul;
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie,
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky;
Now, even now, my joys run high!
Be full, ye courts, be great who will,
Search for Peace with all your skill,
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

CHAPTER XVI.

REIGN OF GEORGE II.: POPE, JOHNSON, GRAY, COLLINS, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1727 TO A.D. 1760.

THE reign of Louis XIV. in France ended just after the close of the reign of Queen Anne in England. Anne died on the 1st of August, 1714, Louis on the 1st of September, 1715. Louis XV. came to the throne a child of five, and France was under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, a man of corrupt life, until 1726. The young King of France had just come of age, and begun to govern in his own right, at the time when George II. became King of England. Voltaire was then a young man, thirty-one years old, and Jean Jacques Rousseau a boy of fifteen. That movement of thought which, by the end of George II.'s reign, would bring Voltaire and Rousseau to the front as leaders, each in his own way, of a reaction against formalism had been slowly gathering strength, in France and elsewhere, since the date of the English Revolution. From the English Revolution of 1688-9 to the French Revolution of 1788-9 is a period of just a hundred years, full of significance for students of the present age. The essence of the eighteenth century does not lie in the fact that it was an age of shams and windy sentimentalism. There were many shams and there was much windy sentimentalism; but the work of the century is to be studied in the rise of protest against shams, the ever-growing sense that human society had fallen into a way of life unworthy of the aims and powers of true men. Corrupt forms of truth stood for the truth itself. Religion rested on authority of men who sought church offices corruptly, and disgraced them by their lives. Liberty in France rested upon the will of a sovereign with a seraglio in the Parc aux Cerfs, and whose whole machinery of government showed the political system to be rotten to the core. At the same time there had been developed in France a thriving middle class that became bold of thought, and the audacity of French speculation carried many on into a desire to act the multiplying dreams of their best thinkers. Of the rising of this tide of opinion there is abundant indication in the later poetry of Pope. His "Dunciad," published in its first form in three books at the beginning of George II.'s reign in 1728, was still writing about writing. It did for the petty critics and poets of that time what Boileau had done for their fraternity in France by his satires begun in the year 1660. Lewis Theobald was made the hero of the "Dunciad" in this its first form because he had dealt cavalierly with Pope's editing of Shakespeare. But with the "Dunciad" Pope swept from himself the world of petty writing upon petty themes, and turned to essentials of life, to poems that represented the advancing tide of thought, which occupied all the rest of his life as a poet; except that in 1741—three years before his death—the "Dunciad" was re-issued in a second form, with Colley Cibber substituted for Theobald in the place of hero, and a fourth book added.

In 1697 Pierre Bayle first published at Rotterdam his "Historical and Critical Dictionary." Its discussions raised grave doubts of the justice of God's rule in human affairs, if indeed God ruled at all. The book was able and rich in interest; bold questioning was taken up by others, who saw church authority too commonly represented by the mandates of ignorant self-seeking men, in whom there was not the spirit of religion. Bayle's Dictionary was

translated into English in 1710, and the religious Addison made constant use of it, delighting in the stores of information it contained. In the same year (1710) the philosopher Leibnitz published in Paris and in French a book called "Theodicée" (from two Greek words meaning God's justice), in which his purpose was to confront the doubts of Bayle. Bayle, he said (for he was then dead), is now in heaven, and sees Truth at its source. What was dark to him here is clear to him there: and Leibnitz argued that wherever God's ways seem unequal and ours equal, it is because our field of view is too limited to take in the whole design of God in His creation. If we saw all we should understand all, and know that, as Milton expressed it, "All is best, though we oft doubt what the unsearchable dispose of Highest Wisdom brings about, and ever best found in the close," or as Pope more weakly worded it, in accord with the adopted French method of phrase-making, "Whatever is, is right." Pope meant only what Milton meant, and what Leibnitz, from whom he took his reasoning, had said; but he suffered for his fault of style the penalty of a complete misconstruction of his meaning. The chief religious doubts of Pope's day were not, as in Milton's, upon the consonance of Calvinistic or other tenets of theology with God's goodness and justice. The question was whether Man and Nature were not evidences against the justice or against the very existence of a Supreme Being. Parnell we have seen touching it in the "Hermit;" Thomson referred to it often in his "Seasons." In Pope's "Satires," "Moral Essays," and "Essay on Man," produced between 1731 and 1738, there is continued dwelling upon social questions, with incidental vindications of Divine justice in pieces not written, like the "Essay on Man," for the direct purpose of meeting doubt. It is a significant fact that Pope, then the chief living English poet, was from 1732 to 1734 publishing the four epistles of his "Essay on Man" to meet, according to the measure of his knowledge and his skill, the same form of doubt which in 1736 the ablest English divine of the day, Joseph Butler, sought to meet in his "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature." Let us follow Pope's argument on the relation of man to society in

THE THIRD EPISTLE OF THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

Here then we rest: "The Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present if we preach or pray.
  Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign: Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
  Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
  Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
  Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learnéd hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before:
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er!
  To each unthinking being Heav'n, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best,
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.

Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long:
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as Demoivre,[1] without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness,
So from the first, eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest and the love;
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn,
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn,
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those;
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think, in Nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God.
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's attribute was Universal Care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.
See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aerial on the waving tree.
Learn each small People's genius, policies,
The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And Anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
And, for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.

Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made.
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.

[1] Abraham De Moivre was living when this poem was written. He was a French Protestant driven to England by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; a mathematician; and a friend of Newton. He died in 1754.

Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
Till common int'rest placed the sway in one.
'Twas Virtue only or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms;
The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son:
The Worker from the Work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one.
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right,
To Virtue in the paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
This was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid;
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made.
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they;
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust,
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride;
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore;
Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel,
How shall he keep,—what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follower of God or friend of human-kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
The Faith and Moral Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the World's great harmony, that springs
From Order, Union, full Consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,—
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest,—
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All must be false that thwart this One great End;
And all of God that bless Mankind or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun:
So two consistent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

Montesquieu, born in the year when William III. came to the English throne, was in England when, in 1733, this "Third Epistle of the Essay on Man" was published. He was studying English institutions, looking to reforms at home, and dwelling on the needs of his own country. He went home in 1734, and wrote a book on "The Causes of the Grandeur and Declension of the Romans," then set himself to fourteen years' work at his book on the "Spirit of the Laws," based on his studies of the foundations of English liberty. This book, published in 1748, was followed in 1751 by the first volume of the famous French Encyclopédie, planned by Denis Diderot, who was born towards the close of Queen Anne's reign in 1712. This work was in course of production during the next fourteen years, and was still in course of issue at the close of George II.'s reign. It dealt with the whole round of knowledge in the boldest way, and marked the surging of the

tide of thought during the rise of the great storm then gathering.

The Rev. William Broome, of St. John's College, Cambridge, who became vicar of Eye, in Suffolk, and died in 1745, shared with Elijah Fenton half the work of the translation of the "Odyssey," produced by Pope in 1725 and 1726. Broome, who had contributed notes to the "Iliad," translated the 2nd, 6th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 18th, and 23rd books of the "Odyssey," and compiled the notes. He was a fair poet, and some of his verse bears witness to warm friendship between him and Fenton. These lines are by William Broome :—

COURAGE IN LOVE.

"My eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
My bosom heaves with constant woe;
Those eyes, which thy unkindness swells,
That bosom, where thy image dwells.
How could I hope so weak a flame
Could ever warm that matchless dame,
When none Elysium must behold,
Without a radiant bough of gold?
'Tis hers, in distant spheres to shine,
At distance to admire, is mine:
Doom'd, like the enamour'd youth, to groan
For a new goddess form'd of stone."
While thus I spoke, Love's gentle power
Descended from th' ethereal bower;
A quiver at his shoulder hung,
A shaft he grasp'd, and bow unstrung.
All nature own'd the genial god,
And the spring flourish'd where he trod:
My heart, no stranger to the guest,
Flutter'd, and labour'd in my breast;
When, with a smile that kindles joy
Ev'n in the gods, began the boy:
"How vain these tears! Is man decreed,
By being abject, to succeed?
Hop'st thou by meagre looks to move?
Are women frighten'd into love?
He most prevails who nobly dares,
In love a hero, as in wars:
Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,
But 'tis when Mars disputes the field.
Sent from a daring hand my dart
Strikes deep into the fair one's heart:
To winds and waves thy cares bequeath,
A sigh is but a waste of breath.
What though gay youth, and every grace
That beauty boasts, adorn her face,
Yet goddesses have deign'd to wed,
And take a mortal to their bed:
And heaven, when gifts of incense rise,
Accepts it, though it cloud their skies.
Mark! how this marigold conceals
Her beauty, and her bosom veils,
How from the dull embrace she flies
Of Phœbus, when his beams arise:
But when his glory he displays,
And darts around his fiercer rays,
Her charms she opens, and receives
The vigorous god into her leaves."

The books of the "Odyssey" translated by Fenton were the 1st, 4th, 19th, and 20th, but Pope revised the work of his fellow-labourers. Pope paid his fellow-translators £700 or £800, and took for his own share about £3,700, since it was his reputation that produced the large sale of the work. Few readers have been critical enough to observe in Pope's "Odyssey" when they are reading Broome or Fenton and when Pope.

Another minor poet of those days, like Broome a clergyman, was Christopher Pitt, a man of high character, with natural good taste, who held the living of Pimperne, in Dorsetshire. He published in 1740 a good translation of Virgil's "Æneid," and he translated also the "Art of Poetry," written in Latin by the Italian poet Girolamo Vida, in the days of Leo X. Pitt was prompted to this translation by Pope's reference to Vida in his "Essay on Criticism." Among Pitt's original poems is an unfinished imitation of Horace that applies half playfully to the art of writing sermons, in which he took a professional interest, the art of writing about writing, in which he was interested as a poet of his time :—

ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

Should some fam'd hand, in this fantastic age,
Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the stage,
With all his postures, in one motley plan,
The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man;
Here o'er his head high brandishing a leg,
And there just hatch'd, and breaking from his egg;
While monster crowds on monster through the piece,
Who could help laughing at a sight like this?
Or as a drunkard's dream together brings
A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings;
Such is a sermon, where, confus'dly dark,
Join Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and Clarke.
So eggs of different parishes will run
To batter, when you beat six yolks to one;
So six bright chemic liquors if you mix,
In one dark shadow vanish all the six.
This license priests and painters ever had,
To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;
For those can't reconcile God's grace to sin,
Nor these paint tigers in an ass's skin;
No common dauber in one piece would join
A fox and goose,—unless upon a sign.
Some steal a page of sense from Tillotson,
And then conclude divinely with their own;
Like oil on water mounts the prelate up,
His grace is always sure to be at top;
That vein of mercury its beams will spread,
And shine more strongly through a mine of lead.
With such low arts your hearers never bilk,
For who can bear a fustian lined with silk?
Sooner than preach such stuff, I'd walk the town,
Without my scarf, in Whiston's draggled gown;
Ply at the Chapter, and at Child's, to read
For pence, and bury for a groat a head.
Some easy subject choose, within your power,
Or you will ne'er hold out for half an hour.
Still to your hearers all your sermons sort;
Who'd preach against corruption at a court?
Against church power at visitations bawl?
Or talk about damnation at Whitehall?

Harangue the Horse Guards on a cure of souls?
Condemn the quirks of Chancery at the Rolls?
Or rail at hoods and organs at St. Paul's?
Or be, like David Jones, so indiscreet,
To rave at usurers in Lombard Street?
Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
Set out in this high prancing stumbling style:
"Whoever with a piercing eye can see
Through the past records of futurity?"
All gape, no meaning:—the puffed orator
Talks much, and says just nothing for an hour.
Truth and the text he labours to display,
Till both are quite interpreted away:
So frugal dames insipid water pour,
Till green, bohea, or coffee, are no more.
His arguments in giddy circles run
Still round and round, and end where they begun:
So the poor turnspit, as the wheel runs round,
The more he gains, the more he loses ground.
No parts distinct or general scheme we find,
But one wild shapeless monster of the mind:
So when old Bruin teems, her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head, or tail;
Nay, though she licks the ruins, all her cares
Scarce mend the lumps, and bring them but to bears.
Ye country vicars, when you preach in town
A turn at Paul's, to pay your journey down,
If you would shun the sneer of every prig,
Lay by the little band, and rusty wig:
But yet be sure, your proper language know,
Nor talk as born within the sound of Bow.
Speak not the phrase that Drury Lane affords,
Nor from 'Change Alley steal a cant of words.
Coachmen will criticise your style; nay further,
Porters will bring it in for wilful murther;
The dregs of the canaille will look askew,
To hear the language of the town from you;
Nay, my lord mayor, with merriment possest,
Will break his nap, and laugh among the rest,
And jog the aldermen to hear the jest.

The taste for these imitations of Horace's "Art of Poetry" gave rise, in 1709, to a playful "Art of Cookery," by a witty lawyer, William King, LL.D., who was born in 1663, and educated at Westminster School and Christchurch. His wit drew him away from opportunities of solid gain. His "Art of Cookery" begins with the flavour of Horace, in this fashion:—

Ingenious Lister, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like brawn;
With wings of turkey, and with feet of calf,
Though drawn by Kneller, it would make you laugh!
Such is, good sir, the figure of a feast,
By some rich farmer's wife and sister drest;
Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
That syllabubs come first, and soups the last.
Not but that cooks and poets still were free,
To use their power in nice variety;
Hence mackerel seem delightful to the eyes,
Though dressed with incoherent gooseberries.
Crabs, salmon, lobsters, are with fennel spread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;
Yet no man lards salt pork with orange-peel,
Or garnishes his lamb with spitchcock'd eel.

But as this poem is too long to be given complete, le it be represented by a finished work in praise of

APPLE-PIE.

Of all the delicates which Britons try,
To please the palate, or delight the eye;
Of all the several kinds of sumptuous fare,
There's none that can with apple-pie compare,
For costly flavour or substantial paste,
For outward beauty or for inward taste.
When first this infant-dish in fashion came,
Th' ingredients were but coarse, and rude the frame;
As yet unpolish'd in the modern arts,
Our fathers ate brown bread instead of tarts:
Pies were but indigested lumps of dough,
Till time and just expense improv'd them so.
King Cole (as ancient British annals tell)
Renown'd for fiddling and for eating well,
Pippins in homely cakes with honey stew'd,
"Just as he bak'd," the proverb says, "he brew'd!"
Their greater art succeeding princes show'd,
And modelled paste into a neater mode;
Invention now grew lively, palate nice,
And sugar pointed out the way to spice.
But here for ages unimprov'd we stood,
And apple-pie was still but homely food;
When god-like Edgar, of the Saxon line,
Polite of taste, and studious to refine,
In the dessert perfuming quinces cast,
And perfected with cream the rich repast.
Hence we proceed the outward parts to trim,
With crinkumcranks adorn the polish'd brim,
And each fresh pie the pleas'd spectator greets
With virgin-fancies, and with new conceits.
Dear Nelly, learn with care the pastry art,
And mind the easy precepts I impart:
Draw out your dough elaborately thin,
And cease not to fatigue your rolling-pin:
Of eggs and butter see you mix enough:
For then the paste will swell into a puff,
Which will, in crumpling sounds, your praise report,
And eat, as housewives speak, "exceeding short."
Rang'd in thick order let your quinces lie;
They give a charming relish to the pie.
If you are wise, you'll not brown sugar slight,
The browner (if I form my judgment right)
A deep vermilion tincture will dispense,
And make your pippin redder than the quince.
When this is done, there will be wanting still,
The just reserve of cloves and candied peel;
Nor can I blame you, if a drop you take
Of orange-water, for perfuming-sake.
But here the nicety of art is such,
There must not be too little nor too much:
If with discretion you these costs employ,
They quicken appetite; if not, they cloy.
Next, in your mind this maxim firmly root,
"Never o'ercharge your pie with costly fruit:"
Oft let your bodkin through the lid be sent,
To give the kind imprison'd treasure vent;
Lest the fermenting liquor, closely press'd,
Insensibly, by constant fretting, waste,
And o'er-inform your tenement of paste.

To choose your baker, think, and think again
(You'll scarce one honest baker find in ten):
Adust and bruis'd, I've often seen a pie,
In rich disguise and costly ruin lie,
While pensive crust beheld its form o'erthrown,
Exhausted apples griev'd, their moisture flown,
And syrup from the sides ran trickling down.
Oh be not, be not tempted, lovely Nell,
While the hot-piping odours strongly smell,
While the delicious fume creates a gust,
To lick th' o'erflowing juice, or bite the crust.
You'll rather stay (if my advice may rule)
Until the hot's corrected by the cool;
Till you've infused the luscious store of cream,
And chang'd the purple for a silver stream;
Till that smooth viand its mild force produce,
And give a softness to the tarter juice.
Then shalt thou, pleas'd, the noble fabric view,
And have a slice into the bargain too;
Honour and fame alike we will partake,
So well I'll eat what you so richly make.

Christopher Pitt's natural good taste did not hinder him from living a man's life in the world, and doing his duty till his death in 1748. William Shenstone looked upon his good taste as something by which he was overweighted in the race of life. He had a form of genius that, with more vigour of character, would have won him a place with Allan Ramsay, Thomson, and Dyer, as one of the few poets of his day for whom there was a real world out of town. But Shenstone's sense of nature hardly rose above the glories of an artificial garden. His father, a gentleman farmer, left him an estate, the Leasowes, near

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.
From the Portrait prefixed to his Works (1764).

Hales Owen, which would be worth £300 a year to him if he farmed it as his forefathers had done. But Shenstone had been to college, picked up French-classical notions about taste and refinement, and, by way of improving his little good, he wasted his whole substance in transforming it into an ornamental garden, with temples, inscriptions, and so forth. It did not concern him if the rain came in through the roof of his house. All his concern was for its watering his garden. Perhaps he had been disappointed in love; and if so, we may give a personal turn to the "Pastoral Ballad" which is one of his best pieces of verse:—

A PASTORAL BALLAD, IN FOUR PARTS.

I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I:—
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:—
I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As——she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;—
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel[1] tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold?
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at their triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a show'r?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."

[1] Shenstone shows his reading of Spenser by use of the name Paridel, a character in the "Faerie Queene" (bk. iii., canto x.), th suits the person he is painting:—

"And otherwhile with amorous delights
And pleasing toys he would her entertain;
Now singing sweetly to surprise her sprights,
Now making lays of love and lovers' pain,
Braunles, ballads, virelays, and verses vain," &c.

Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do, but to stray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

There was a glancing back into Elizabeth's reign in these days, with a faint revival of interest in Spenser that may, perhaps, be associated with the signs of a returning sense of what is beautiful in the great world of which we are a part. Ambrose Philips had imitated Spenser's "Pastorals;" Shenstone's "Schoolmistress" attempted to describe a village dame-school in Spenserian stanzas, with some efforts at an imitation of Spenserian English, that by no means rose to the level of John Philips's imitation of Milton in "The Splendid Shilling," or of the best of all work formed on the manner of Spenser, one of the longer poems produced in the time of George II., Thomson's "Castle of Indolence."

Great indeed was the contrast between Shenstone's elegant weakness and the healthy battle of brave, tender-hearted Samuel Johnson with the ills of life. Among the prose writers Johnson will be spoken of more fully, but he was a poet and he lived a poem. He had two worlds to conquer: that within was disputed against his resolute religious will by a disease that threatened at times even to deprive him of his reason; while in the outer world poverty strove in vain to lay him low. Disease could make him ungainly, seam his face, twitch his arms, strip him of all physical attributes of dignity; poverty could close against him all the conventional ways to social rank: but he won all that a true man most prizes by the sterling worth that made Samuel Johnson, even in his poverty, the backbone of the literature of his time. He was born in Queen Anne's reign, in 1709, and as a young child was touched by Queen Anne for his scrofula, when touching for "King's Evil" was revived as a side suggestion of Right Divine in kings. In 1738, after a preceding life of struggle, Johnson began his career in London with a poem upon "London" that attracted Pope's attention. It was based on the third satire of Juvenal, but the strength and tenderness of his own nature gave it life. For ten years more he battled on, and then, in 1749, when he was forty years old, published an imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal—

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life:
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely Reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of Nature, and each grace of Art:

With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of Gold;
Wide-wasting pest, that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind!
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy:
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley Life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where Want enchain'd Caprice,
Toil crush'd Conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where Wealth unlov'd without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by Pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldly state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause:
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive Truth and Nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and Insult mocks their end;
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more.
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies;
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;

From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold:
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings:
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the Church, the Realm, their pow'rs consi
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r,
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly:
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace re
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thin
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath Misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyd
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame:
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;

Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;[1]
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's[2] life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes;
See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds tho' smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent,
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till Fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles[3] decide.
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky!"
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, not want and cold his course delay:—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god:
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway:
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The Queen, the Beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
And all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in Honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days,"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy;
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r:
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,

[1] In these lines there is a touching reference to his own suffering.

[2] Thomas Lydiat, born in 1572, and educated at Winchester School and New College, was cosmographer to Prince Henry, son of James I. He was a great scholar, at one time, at Dublin, under Usher. Made answerable for debts of a friend, he suffered imprisonment and want; petitioned in vain to travel into Turkey, Abyssinia, and Ethiopia, in search of manuscripts; suffered afterwards greatly as a Royalist in the Civil Wars; and died poor in 1646.

[3] Charles XII. of Sweden, defeated at the battle of Pultowa, in July, 1709, was shot at Fredericksball, on the coast of Norway, in December, 1718.

His mother, left a widow, had gone to live with Miss Antrobus, her unmarried sister, and a married sister, Mrs. Rogers, also left a widow. The three sisters lived in a house left to Mrs. Rogers at Stoke Pogis, near Windsor. This was Gray's home when he was not at Cambridge, and so it happened to be the churchyard at Stoke Pogis that suggested to him the writing of his famous "Elegy." Gray was a fine scholar, with sensitive taste, who found pleasure in science as well as in poetry. In his Odes he raised into true poetry the feeble classicism of the time. Comparison of John Sheffield's "Ode to Brutus" with Gray's "Ode to Adversity" shows all the difference between a poetaster and a poet:—

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless Power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best,
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend,
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," as first written, was not clear of reference to Tully and Cæsar. But Gray's true feeling as a poet caused him to labour for a simplicity of truth that should suit his theme, though, in his day, men were astray from the knowledge that high thinking of whatever kind gains power by an unaffected utterance. And so it came to pass that the poem from which, for a particular reason, Gray removed whatever interfered with a direct simplicity in the expression of his thought, touches the hearts of men in aftertime more surely than any of his odes.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.[1]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And[2] drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as wand'ring[3] near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient[4] solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet[5] sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,[6]
The[7] swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,[8]
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied[9] kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;

[1] There is a MS. in Gray's handwriting of this poem as it stood before it had received the final polish. The variations indicated in the following notes show what was struck out or corrected, and will enable the reader to see how Gray gave the last touches to a work that underwent many revisions before it attained to the full beauty of the form in which it lives.

[2] "Or."

[3] "Stray too" written over "wand'ring," as for consideration.

[4] "And pry into" written, in like manner, over "Molest her ancient."

[5] "Village" erased, "hamlet" written over.

[6] "For ever sleep, the breezy call of Morn."

[7] "Or."

[8] "Or chanticleer so shrill, or echoing horn."

[9] "Envied" written over "coming" for consideration, and, as we see, preferred.

How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely[1] joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,[2]
If Memory o'er their tomb[3] no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke[4] the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod[5] of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.[6]

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd[7] their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden,[8] that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton,[9] here may rest,
Some Cromwell[10] guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot[11] forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing[12] virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad[13] to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.[14]

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless[15] tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes[16] and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy[17] supply:
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.[18]

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,[19]

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[1] "Rustic."
[2] "Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault."
[3] "If Memory to these."
[4] "Awake" underlined for consideration.
[5] "Reins."
[6] After this stanza came that now beginning "Some village Hampden," and figures at the side indicate that it was to be carried down into its present place.
[7] "Had damp'd," and over this "depress'd, repress'd" written for consideration.
[8] The original word has been almost obliterated, as this line falls on a fold of the paper; it seems to have been "Gracchus."
[9] "Tully."
[10] "Cæsar."
[11] "Fate" with "lot" written over.
[12] "Struggling" with "growing" written over.
[13] "Forbid."

[14] "And at the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
Burn incense hallowed in the Muse's flame."

"Crown" written over "at," and "with" over "burn," "by" written over "in," and "kindled at" then written underneath. Between this stanza and that beginning "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," came, in Gray's earlier MS. draft, these four stanzas marked at the side for omission, of which one is used, in an altered form, lower down:—

"The thoughtless World to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave and idolise success,
But more to Innocence their safety owe
Than Power and Genius e'er conspired to bless.

"And thou who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate
By Night and lonely Contemplation led
To linger in the gloomy walks of Fate,

"Hark how the sacred calm that broods around
Bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

"No more, with Reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But thro' the cool, sequester'd vale of life,
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom."

[15] "Silent," "noiseless" written over.
[16] "Rhyme."
[17] "Epitaph."
[18] "And buried ashes glow with social fires."
[19] This is a modification of the second stanza in the omitted passage given in Note 14 in this page. The following are the four lines in the MS. for which this stanza was substituted:—

"If chance that e'er some pensive spirit more
By sympathetic musings here delay'd,
With vain tho' kind enquiry shall explore
Thy much-loved haunt, this long-deserted shade."

Haply some hoary-headed swain may[1] say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps[2] the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.[3]

"There at the foot[4] of yonder nodding[5] beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood,[6] now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies[7] he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan,[8] like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I[9] missed him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;[10]
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due[11] in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on[12] the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul[13] sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.[14]

[1] "Shall."
[2] "With hasty footsteps brush."
[3] "On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn."
[4] "Oft at the foot." Before this stanza the MS. has one that Gray afterwards omitted:—

"Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labours done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."

[5] "Hoary," with "spreading" written over.
[6] "With gestures quaint."
[7] "Fond conceits," with "wayward fancies" written over. In next words "wont to rove" first written, "wont" erased, "loved" written over, also erased, and "would lie" written beside it.
[8] "Now woeful wan he drooped," corrected by erasure and transposition of "drooped."
[9] "We."
[10] "By the heath side and at his fav'rite tree," with corrections to the present form of the line.
[11] "Meet."
[12] "There on" with "grav'd" and "carv'd" written over. This stanza is followed in the MS. by one that Gray had begun to write before it, then erased before completing the first line and placed after it:—

"There scatter'd oft the earliest of the year
By hands unseen are frequent violets found;
The robin loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

"Showers of" is written over "frequent," and "redbreast" over "robin:" but, as we see, Gray did not retain the stanza.
[13] "Heart."
[14] The closing stanza runs thus in the MS., with "think" written over "seek:"—

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor seek to draw them from their dread abode,
(His frailties there in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

This "Elegy" was first printed in 1751, and Gray died in 1771, the year after the birth of Wordsworth.

William Collins, who was about four years younger than Gray, died insane at the age of thirty-nine, in 1759. He was the son of a hatter at Chichester; was educated at Winchester and Oxford; showed his genius as a poet when only a Winchester boy, in Persian Eclogues; and came from Oxford to London with rare genius, wild impulse, and high ambition, but without the steadiness of industry by which a man of genius may hope to win what is seldom otherwise attainable. His Odes were published in 1747; in 1750 his reason began to fail, and in 1754 he had become hopelessly insane. In earlier defects of character there may have been foreshadowings of the disease that was to end his career in mid-life, but there was judgment as well as genius in the poet who could follow Dryden in his highest lyric flight with this

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song;

And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in thunder, down;
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of Peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best;
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.—
Oh bid our vain endeavours cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

We pass out of the reign of George II. without paying much attention to the minor poets of that reign. Of Mark Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination" something will have to be said in another volume. As published when he was a youth of about one-and-twenty, it was full of promise. Instead of leaving that behind him and advancing with the years, Akenside spent much of his after life in stuffing his first successful poem with intellectual horsehair; he became a physician, and, over-mastered by his wig, struggled to live up to the full dignity of that incumbrance upon nature. Akenside died in 1770, the year of Wordsworth's birth. That which Akenside represented was then going out, and that which Wordsworth was to represent was slowly coming in. Akenside was Smollett's original for the pedantic doctor who gave a dinner after the manner of the ancients to Peregrine Pickle. The doctor's dishes of meat are like many dishes of verse that were dressed, in his time and before it, according to the classical receipts imposed on us by the French cooks of literature. His attempt at the salacacabia of the ancients was matched by many a small poet's attempt at the Pindaric Ode. But Akenside was a poet, though a small one. Thus he sang

TO THE MUSE.

Queen of my songs, harmonious maid!
Ah, why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah, why forsaken thus my breast
With inauspicious damps oppress'd?

Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which thy bosom wont to beat?
Where all the bright mysterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?

Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid th' Elysian train,
The soul of Milton shall I gain,
To win thee back with some celestial strain?

O powerful strain! O sacred soul!
His numbers every sense control:
And now again my bosom burns;
The Muse, the Muse herself returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confess'd,
I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
When first she seal'd me for her own,
Made all her blissful treasures known,
And bade me swear to follow her alone.

To the reign of George II. belongs the masque, "Alfred," produced before the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Clifden, on the 1st of August, 1740. Frederick, Prince of Wales, was then thirty-three years old, had been four years married, and for the last three years had been living in open opposition to his father, gathering poets and wits to a court of his own, and advocating Liberty in the tone that caused Bolingbroke to write his "Patriot King," with Frederick in mind. In October, 1739, war with Spain was forced upon Walpole. In November, Admiral Vernon took Porto Bello, in the Isthmus of Darien; and in 1740, when "Rule, Britannia" was written, a great armament of 115 ships, carrying 15,000 sailors and 12,000 troops, was assembled at Jamaica, and another squadron was being made ready, which set out in September, 1740, under Anson, to go round Cape Horn and attack Peru. The results of the two armaments were Vernon's failure to take Carthagena, and Anson's return in 1744, with one remaining ship, after his memorable voyage round the world. The patriotic masque of "Arthur" was written by James Thomson and his friend, David Malloch, a clever fellow-student of Thomson's at Edinburgh, who had found his way a little earlier to London, and had changed his name of Malloch into Mallet for euphony. Which of the authors of this masque contributed to it the ode now become national as "Rule, Britannia," cannot be determined. We must be content to say that either Thomson or Mallet was its author. The scene of "Alfred" "represents a plain, surrounded with woods. On one side a cottage, on the other flocks and herds in distant prospect. A hermit's cave is in full view, overhung with trees, wild and grotesque." The king is here, at Athelney, in habit of a peasant, living with the shepherd Corin and Corin's wife, Emma. The Danes hold Chippenham; the English have deserted their king; all seems to be lost. The Earl of Devon, finding his sovereign in his seclusion, rouses his slumbering virtue. Spirits of the air then call to Alfred:—

SONG.

First Spirit.

Hear, Alfred, father of the state,
Thy genius Heaven's high will declare!
What proves the hero truly great,
Is never, never, to despair,
Is never to despair.

Second Spirit.

Thy hope awake, thy heart expand
With all its vigour, all its fires.
Arise! and save a sinking land!
Thy country calls, and Heaven inspires.

Both Spirits.

Earth calls, and Heaven inspires

Then the Hermit comes out of his cave, welcomes the king to his cell, tells a vision of the future power of England, and teaches fortitude with a high aim for the future of his country. Next enters Alfred's queen, Eltruda, with his young children. Minds are exercised, and the Hermit shows the blessings of affliction. The genius of England appears in her radiant charms, and summons visions of Edward III. and the Black Prince; of Elizabeth; and of William III.; on each of which the Hermit delivers a short patriotic lecture. Then comes the Earl of Devon with men whom he has gathered, and who have already fleshed their weapons on the Danes. The spirit of their ancestors is up. Alfred resumes his royalty, and, leaving Eltruda with the shepherd's wife, is setting out "to pay the debt of honour to the public," with his wife's encouragement to do so; whereupon thus the piece ends with

RULE BRITANNIA.

Alfred.

Matchless woman!
Love, at thy voice, is kindled to ambition.
Be this my dearest triumph, to approve me
A husband worthy of the best Eltruda!

Hermit.

Behold, my lord, our venerable bard,
Aged and blind, him whom the Muses favour.
Yet ere you go, in our lov'd country's praise,
That noblest theme, hear what his rapture breathes.

AN ODE.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main;
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall:
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

Hermit.

Alfred, go forth! lead on the radiant years,
To thee reveal'd in vision.—Lo! they rise!
Lo! patriots, heroes, sages, crowd to birth:
And bards to sing them in immortal verse!
I see thy commerce, Britain, grasp the world:
All nations serve thee; every foreign flood,
Subjected, pays its tribute to the Thames.
Thither the golden South obedient pours
His sunny treasures: thither the soft East
Her spices, delicacies, gentle gifts:
And thither his rough trade the stormy North.
See, where beyond the vast Atlantic surge,
By boldest keels untouched, a dreadful space!
Shores, yet unfound, arise! in youthful prime,
With towering forests, mighty rivers crown'd:
These stoop to Britain's thunder. This new world,
Shook to its centre, trembles at her name:
And there her sons, with aim exalted, sow
The seeds of rising empire, arts, and arms.

Britons, proceed, the subject deep command,
Awe with your navies every hostile land.
Vain are their threats, their armies all are vain:
They rule the balanced world who rule the main.

Upon the death of the prince for whom "Alfred" was produced, Thomas Warton wrote this elegy:—

ON THE DEATH OF FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.
March 20, 1751.

Oh for the warblings of the Doric ote,[1]
That wept the youth[2] deep-whelm'd in ocean's tide!
Or Mulla's muse,[3] who changed her magic note
To chant how dear the laurelled Sidney[4] died!
Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
And with due cypress-crown thy hearse, O Frederick, hung.

But though my novice hands are all too weak
To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskilled
The tuneful phrase of poesy to speak,
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild:

[1] Milton's. [2] Lycidas. [3] Spenser's. [4] Astrophel.

A nation's tears shall teach my song to trace
The prince that decked his crown with every milder grace.

How well he knew to shun false flattery's shrine,
To spurn the sweeping pall of sceptered pride;
Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
And rural walks on Isis' tufted side:
To rove at large amid the landscapes still,
Where Contemplation sate on Clifden's beech-clad hill.

How, locked in pure affection's golden band,
Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
With even step he walked, and constant hand,
His temples binding with domestic bays:[5]
Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,
Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot!

How with discerning choice, to nature true,
He cropped the simple flowers, or violet
Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue
The banks of silver Helicon beset:
Nor seldom waked the muse's living lyre
To sounds that called around Aonia's listening quire.

How to the few, with sparks ethereal stored,
He never barr'd his castle's genial gate,
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly board,
Soothing with verse divine the toil of state:
Hence fired, the bard forsook the flowery plain,
And decked the regal mask, and tried the tragic strain.[6]

"Rule, Britannia" has perhaps more affinity to the verse of Mallet than to that of Thomson. There was a turn in Mallet for the simplicity of the ballad: witness his "William and Margaret," which he said was suggested by a snatch of a ballad sung by Old Merrythought in Beaumont and Fletcher's burlesque play of the "Knight of the Burning Pestle:"—

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

But Mallet's piece looks like a version of the older ballad of "Sweet William's Ghost," given by Allan Ramsay in his "Tea Table Miscellany." As in all the English ballad making or mending of this time, the charm of simplicity is not thoroughly felt, and the work suffers accordingly. It is the same with Shenstone's "Billy Dawson," an original ballad really less pathetic than the short newspaper paragraph upon which it was founded. Still the production of such poems must be added to other indications of a coming change of taste, and we have a good illustration of their form in Mallet's

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

[5] He left seven children, and an eighth soon to be born.

[6] *The regal mask*, "Alfred." *The tragic strain*, "Edward and Eleonora," produced the year before "Alfred," and supposed to imply glorification of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the expense of the king, for which reason its public representation was forbidden.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair;
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay:
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more.

To Richard Savage, natural son of Earl Rivers and the Countess of Macclesfield, life was made painful by the cruelty of his mother and the ills he brought upon himself. He died in gaol in 1743, and Samuel Johnson told the story of his life with pity for his sufferings, and a wise comment that comes nobly from the strong heart which had borne also its own share of bitter trial without failing under it as Savage failed. "Those," observed Johnson, "are no proper judges of his conduct who have slumbered away their time on the down of plenty; nor will any wise man presume to say, 'Had I been in Savage's condition, I should have lived or written better than Savage.'" This is one of his poems:—

THE GENTLEMAN.

A decent mien, an elegance of dress,
Words which at ease each winning grace express;
A life where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
Where wisdom's self again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust,
Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
To social manners and the heart humane,
A nature ever great, and never vain;
A wit that no licentious pertness knows,
The sense that unassuming candour shows;
Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too,
Thence taste, thence truth, which will from taste ensue;
Unwilling censure, though a judgment clear,
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;
An humble, though an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind:
If these esteem and admiration raise,
Give true delight and gain unflattering praise,
In one wish'd view th' accomplish'd man we see:
These graces all are thine, and thou art he.

Edward Young will be represented by reference to his "Night Thoughts" in another volume; but here are lines in which he dedicates some of his verse to Voltaire:—

DEDICATION TO VOLTAIRE.

My muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen climes to milder skies;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour, here denied;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

To dive full deep in ancient days,
The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
And monarch's aggrandize;—the glory, thine;
Thine is the drama, how renown'd!
Thine, Epic's loftier trump to sound;—
But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine.

But where's his dolphin? Know'st thou where?
May that be found in thee, Voltaire?
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song! Mere mortal lays
So patronis'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

"Tell me," say'st thou, "who courts my smile?
What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?"—
No stranger, Sir! tho' born in foreign climes.
On Dorset downs, when Milton's page,
With Sin and Death, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with gentle rhymes?

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to descry
Sound Judgment giving law to Fancy strong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That Milton's blindness lay not in his song?

But such debates long since are flown;
For ever set the suns that shone
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey:
How shortly shall we both forget,
To thee my patron, I, my debt,
And thou to thine, for Prussia's golden key.

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great;
High-flush'd success, and pale defeat;
The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay;
O friend! as deaf as rapid, they:
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!
Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing strikes the listening ear;
Time groans his last! ETERNAL loudly calls!

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
Far other counsels and desires
Than once prevail'd. We stand on higher ground.
What scenes we see!—Exalted aim!
With ardours new our spirits flame:
Ambition bless'd, with more than laurels crown'd.

When these lines were written, François Marie Arouet, who called himself Voltaire, had produced his "Œdipe" and published his "Henriade" in 1728—his age then being thirty-four—during a residence in England, which had made him personally known to Young. He had produced two plays, his "Pucelle" and his "History of Charles XII.;" but when Edward Young paid homage to his genius his name was not yet associated with the battle-cries of a day then near at hand. The day was then so near that Young in this poem truly expressed a sense of human life advancing by "far other counsels and desires than once prevailed." It hoped at least to "stand on higher ground."

CHAPTER XVII.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: GOLDSMITH, COWPER, BURNS, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1760 TO A.D. 1800.

IT was in 1750 that Jean Jacques Rousseau, then thirty-eight years old, obtained the prize offered by the Academy of Dijon for an essay showing the origin of inequality among men, and whether it was authorised by the laws of nature—in short, whether man was the better for civilisation. Rousseau argued that he was not; and Voltaire, in complimenting him upon his success, said, "Really, the reading of your work makes one anxious to go on all-fours." They are in the wrong, said Rousseau, who call man by nature cruel, and say that he needs government control; "when there is nothing so gentle as he in his primitive state, because, placed by nature at equal distances from the stupidity of the brutes and the baleful lights of the civilised man, and led equally by instinct and reason to avert the harm that threatens him, he is withheld by natural pity from doing harm himself to any one, with nothing to lead him to it, not even the suffering of hurt. For, according to the axiom of the wise Locke, there can be no wrong where there is no property." This is a whimsical perversion of the doctrine of the fifth chapter of the really wise Locke's "Essay concerning the True Original Extent and End of Civil Government." Rousseau dealt as fancifully with the principles of the English Constitution and of the Dutch Declaration of Independence when he published, in 1762, his famous treatise on the social contract, "Du Contrat Social, ou Principes du Droit Politique." This book was the source of much of the active sentiment that shaped afterwards the course of the French Revolution. Resistance against despotisms, great and small, was gathering wild force, and vague aspirations were being blended with the growing sense that man was not all that he should be to his fellow. Imagined merits of the noble savage were contrasted with the known demerits of the bewigged formalist who lived a life of shams, and many hearts in many lands were throbbing with desire for the recovery or the attainment of an innocence and love and truth. Never before in the history of the world had sense of wrongs and tyrannies led to the wide diffusion of an energetic wish to place humanity above the reach of wars and tyrannies, of lust and greed, and raise the standard of life to such a level as it would attain if all men ruled their actions by the Sermon on the Mount. Wild theories, impossible schemes for the sudden elevation of the race of men, associated sometimes with an abjuration of religion, had yet in their first impulses a yearning such as this.

While thought is taking wider range and dealing

more with the essentials of life, there is more and more of the truth of nature in our poems. William Falconer's "Shipwreck," published in 1762, is faithful work to be remembered when we speak of Longer Poems. The author himself perished by shipwreck seven years later. In the same year, 1762, James Macpherson published "Fingal," called an "Epic," and other poems, which he ascribed to Oisin or Ossian. Macpherson had published in 1758, when he was twenty years old, a poem called the "Highlander," which he had not ascribed to anybody but himself. Two years later, when he was private tutor in a gentleman's family, he published "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language." A subscription was raised to enable Macpherson to leave his employment and discover other remains; whereupon he "discovered" "Fingal," and having produced that "Epic" at the age of four-and-twenty, followed it up with another epic next year, also ascribed to Ossian, and he called this "Temora." Fragments of ancient poetry there are among the Celts of Scotland and Ireland—possibly here and there tradition has preserved with more or less of change some snatches of the songs of Oisin—but such remains as we have of old Gaelic poetry[1] differ utterly in tone and colour from the rhapsodies of Macpherson, steeped as these are in eighteenth century sentiment. Macpherson's Ossian is an eighteenth-century sentimentalist a-weary of his wig—melancholy, as many of his neighbours were, with utter dreariness of civilised routine; mistily dreaming of the nobility of a more savage life, totally destitute of the vivid energy of young life, to be found in the old Gaelic fragments, and of the bright fancy that, instead of rolling among mists, fetches up even a ghost in all the colours of the rainbow. "Fingal," in fact, is such a work as a young man of four-and-twenty might well produce in the year when it was produced, 1762, the year of Rousseau's "Social Contract" and "Emile." It was the work of an Ossian almost as unlike any possible Ossian of old as Chatterton's Rowley poems, produced a few years later, were unlike anything that could have been written by a contemporary of John Lydgate. But Macpherson had strains of the old songs in his mind, and sometimes worked scraps of them into his rhapsodies of poetic prose, which were so thoroughly accordant with the tone of their own time that they were read eagerly abroad as at home, and fastened upon with delight in Germany by young men of genius, impatient of the restraints of what they called "the *à la mode* age" of French influence. This is one of them. The notes to it are those given with early editions of the poem:—

DAR-THULA.

Daughter of heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant! Thou comest forth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue course in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon! They brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee in heaven, light of the silent night? The stars are ashamed in thy presence. They turn away their sparkling eyes. Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows? Hast thou thy hall, like Ossian? Dwellest thou in the shadow of grief? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who rejoiced with thee at night, no more? Yes! they have fallen, fair light! and thou dost often retire to mourn. But thou thyself shalt fail, one night; and leave thy blue path in heaven. The stars will then lift their heads: they, who were ashamed in thy presence, will rejoice. Thou art now clothed with thy brightness. Look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the cloud, O wind! that the daughter of night may look forth, that the shaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its white waves in light.

Nathos[2] is on the deep, and Althos, that beam of youth. Ardan is near his brothers. They move in the gloom of their course. The sons of Usnoth move in darkness, from the wrath of Cairbar[3] of Erin. Who is that dim by their side? The night has covered her beauty! Her hair sighs on ocean's wind. Her robe streams in dusky wreaths. She is like the fair spirit of heaven in the midst of his shadowy mist. Who is it but Dar-thula,[4] the first of Erin's maids? She has fled from the love of Cairbar, with blue-shielded Nathos. But the winds deceive thee, O Dar-thula! They deny the woody Etha to thy sails. These are not the mountains of Nathos; nor is that the roar of his climbing waves. The halls of Cairbar are near: the towers of the foe lift their heads! Erin stretches its green head into the sea: Tura's bay receives the ship. Where have ye been, ye southern winds! when the sons of my love were deceived? But ye have been sporting on plains, pursuing the thistle's beard.—O that ye had been rustling in the sails of Nathos, till the hills of Etha arose; till they arose in their clouds, and saw their returning chief! Long hast thou been absent, Nathos! The day of thy return is past.

But the land of strangers saw thee, lovely! thou wast lovely in the eyes of Dar-thula. Thy face was like the light of the morning. Thy hair like the raven's wing. Thy soul was generous and mild, like the hour of the setting sun. Thy words were the gale of the reeds; the gliding stream of Lora! But when the rage of battle rose, thou wast a sea in a storm. The clang of thy arms was terrible: the host vanished at the sound of thy course. It was then Dar-thula beheld thee, from the top of her mossy tower: from the tower of Selama,[5] where her fathers dwelt.

"Lovely art thou, O stranger!" she said, for her trembling soul arose. "Fair art thou in thy battles, friend of the fallen Cormac.[6] Why dost thou rush on, in thy valour, youth of the ruddy look? Few are thy hands in fight, against the dark-browed Cairbar! O that I might be freed from his love,[7] that I might rejoice in the presence of Nathos! Blest are the rocks of Etha! they will behold his steps at the chase! they will see his white bosom, when the winds lift his

[1] See page 4.

[2] *Nathos* signifies youthful, *Althos* exquisite beauty, *Ardan* pride.

[3] Cairbar, who murdered Cormac, king of Ireland, and usurped the throne. He was afterwards killed by Oscar, the son of Ossian, in a single combat. The poet, upon other occasions, gives him the epithet of "red-haired."

[4] *Darthula*, or *Dart-'huile*, a woman with fine eyes. She was the most famous beauty of antiquity. To this day, when a woman is praised for her beauty, the common phrase is, that *she is lovely as Dar-thula*.

[5] The word signifies either *beautiful to behold*, or a place *with a pleasant or wide prospect*. In early times, they built their houses upon eminences, to command a view of the country, and to prevent their being surprised: many of them, on that account, were called Selama. The famous Selma of Fingal is derived from the same root.

[6] Cormac, the young king of Ireland, who was privately murdered by Cairbar.

[7] That is, the love of Cairbar.

flowing hair!" Such were thy words, Dar-thula, in Selama's mossy towers.—But, now, the night is around thee. The winds have deceived thy sails. The winds have deceived thy sails, Dar-thula! Their blustering sound is high. Cease a little while, O north wind! Let me hear the voice of the lovely. Thy voice is lovely, Dar-thula, between the rustling blasts!

"Are these the rocks of Nathos?" she said, "this the roar of his mountain streams? Comes that beam of light from Usnoth's nightly hall? The mist spreads around; the beam is feeble, and distant far. But the light of Dar-thula's soul dwells in the chief of Etha! Son of the generous Usnoth, why that broken sigh? Are we in the land of strangers, chief of echoing Etha?"

"These are not the rocks of Nathos," he replied, "nor this the roar of his streams. No light comes from Etha's halls, for they are distant far. We are in the land of strangers—in the land of cruel Cairbar. The winds have deceived us, Dar-thula! Erin lifts here her hills. Go towards the north, Althos: be thy steps, Ardan, along the coast; that the foe may not come in darkness, and our hopes of Etha fail. I will go towards that mossy tower, to see who dwells about the beam. Rest, Dar-thula, on the shore! rest in peace, thou lovely light! the sword of Nathos is around thee, like the lightning of heaven!"

He went. She sat alone; she heard the rolling of the wave. The big tear is in her eye. She looks for returning Nathos. Her soul trembles at the blast. She turns her ear towards the tread of his feet. The tread of his feet is not heard. "Where art thou, son of my love? The roar of the blast is around me. Dark is the cloudy night. But Nathos does not return. What detains thee, chief of Etha? Have the foes met the hero in the strife of the night?"

He returned, but his face was dark. He had seen his departed friend! It was the wall of Tura. The ghost of Cuthullin stalked there alone: the sighing of his breast was frequent. The decayed flame of his eyes was terrible. His spear was a column of mist. The stars looked dim through his form. His voice was like hollow wind in a cave: his eye a light seen afar. He told the tale of grief. The soul of Nathos was sad, like the sun in the day of mist, when his face is watery and dim.

"Why art thou sad, O Nathos?" said the lovely daughter of Colla. "Thou art a pillar of light to Dar-thula. The joy of her eyes is in Etha's chief. Where is my friend, but Nathos? My father, my brother is fallen! Silence dwells on Selama. Sadness spreads on the blue streams of my land. My friends have fallen with Cormac. The mighty were slain in the battles of Erin. Hear, son of Usnoth! hear, O Nathos! my tale of grief:—

"Evening darkened on the plain. The blue streams failed before my eyes. The unfrequent blast came rustling in the tops of Selama's groves. My seat was beneath a tree, on the walls of my fathers. Truthil passed before my soul: the brother of my love: he that was absent in battle, against the haughty Cairbar! Bending on his spear, the gray-haired Colla came. His downcast face is dark, and sorrow dwells in his soul. His sword is on the side of the hero: the helmet of his fathers on his head. The battle grows in his breast. He strives to hide the tear.

"'Dar-thula, my daughter,' he said, 'thou art the last of Colla's race! Truthil is fallen in battle. The chief of Selama is no more! Cairbar comes, with his thousands, towards Selama's walls. Colla will meet his pride, and revenge his son. But where shall I find thy safety, Dar-thula with the dark-brown hair? thou art lovely as the sunbeam of heaven, and thy friends are low!' Is the son of battle fallen, I said, with a bursting sigh! Ceased the generous soul of Truthil to lighten through the field! My safety, Colla, is in that bow. I have learned to pierce the deer. Is not Cairbar like the hart of the desert, father of fallen Truthil?

"The face of age brightened with joy. The crowded tears of his eyes poured down. The lips of Colla trembled. His gray beard whistled in the blast. 'Thou art the sister of Truthil,' he said, 'thou burnest in the fire of his soul. Take, Dar-thula, take that spear, that brazen shield, that burnished helm: they are the spoils of a warrior, a son of early youth. When the light rises on Selama, we go to meet the car-borne Cairbar. But keep thou near the arm of Colla—beneath the shadow of my shield. Thy father, Dar-thula, could once defend thee; but age is trembling on his hand. The strength of his arm has failed. His soul is darkened with grief.'

"We passed the night in sorrow. The light of morning rose. I shone in the arms of battle. The gray-haired hero moved before. The sons of Selama convened around the sounding shield of Colla. But few were they in the plain, and their locks were gray. The youths had fallen with Truthil, in the battle of car-borne Cormac. 'Friends of my youth!' said Colla, 'it was not thus you have seen me in arms. It was not thus I strode to battle, when the great Confaden fell. But ye are laden with grief. The darkness of age comes like the mist of the desert. My shield is worn with years! my sword is fixed[1] in its place! I said to my soul, thy evening shall be calm: thy departure like a fading light. But the storm has returned. I bend like an aged oak. My boughs are fallen on Selama. I tremble in my place. Where art thou, with thy fallen heroes, O my beloved Truthil? Thou answerest not from thy rushing blast. The soul of thy father is sad. But I will be sad no more—Cairbar or Colla must fall! I feel the returning strength of my arm. My heart leaps at the sound of war.'

"The hero drew his sword. The gleaming blades of his people rose. They moved along the plain. Their gray hair streamed in the wind. Cairbar sat at the feast, in the silent plain of Lona.[2] He saw the coming of the heroes. He called his chiefs to war. Why should I tell to Nathos, how the strife of battle grew![3] I have seen thee, in the midst of thousands, like the beam of heaven's fire. It is beautiful, but terrible; the people fall in its dreadful course. The spear of Colla flew. He remembered the battles of his youth. An arrow came with its sound: it pierced the hero's side. He fell on his echoing shield. My soul started with fear. I stretched my buckler over him; but my heaving breast was seen. Cairbar came, with his spear. He beheld Selama's maid. Joy rose on his dark-brown face. He stayed the lifted steel. He raised the tomb of Colla. He brought me, weeping, to Selama. He spoke the words of love, but my soul was sad. I saw the shields of my fathers; the sword of car-borne Truthil. I saw the arms of the dead; the tear was on my cheek! Then thou didst come, O Nathos! and gloomy Cairbar fled. He fled like the ghost of the desert before the

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[1] It was the custom of ancient times that every warrior, at a certain age, or when he became unfit for the field, fixed his arms in the great hall, where the tribe feasted upon joyful occasions. He was afterwards never to appear in battle; and this stage of life was called *the time of fixing of the arms*.

[2] *Lona*, a marshy plain. Cairbar had just provided an entertainment for his army, upon the defeat of Truthil, the son of Colla, and the rest of the party of Cormac, when Colla and his aged warriors arrived to give him battle.

[3] The poet, by an artifice, avoids the description of the battle of Lona, as it would be improper in the mouth of a woman, and could have nothing new, after the numerous descriptions of that kind in the rest of the poems. He at the same time gives an opportunity to Dar-thula to pass a fine compliment on her lover.

morning's beam. His host was not near; and feeble was his arm against thy steel! Why art thou sad, O Nathos?" said the lovely daughter of Colla.

"I have met," replied the hero, "the battle in my youth. My arm could not lift the spear, when danger first arose. My soul brightened in the presence of war, as the green narrow vale, when the sun pours his streamy beams, before he hides his head in a storm. The lonely traveller feels a mournful joy. He sees the darkness, that slowly comes. My soul brightened in danger before I saw Selama's fair; before I saw thee, like a star, that shines on the hill, at night: the cloud advances and threatens the lovely light! We are in the land of foes. The winds have deceived us, Dar-thula! The strength of our friends is not near, nor the mountains of Etha. Where shall I find thy peace, daughter of mighty Colla? The brothers of Nathos are brave! and his own sword has shone in fight. But what are the sons of Usnoth to the host of dark-browed Cairbar! O that the winds had brought thy sails, Oscar,[1] king of men! Thou didst promise to come to the battles of fallen Cormac! Then would my hand be strong, as the flaming arm of death. Cairbar would tremble in his halls, and peace dwell round the lovely Dar-thula. But why dost thou fall, my soul? The sons of Usnoth may prevail!"

"And they will prevail, O Nathos!" said the rising soul of the maid. "Never shall Dar-thula behold the halls of gloomy Cairbar. Give me those arms of brass, that glitter to the passing meteor. I see them dimly in the dark-bosomed ship. Dar-thula will enter the battle of steel. Ghost of the noble Colla, do I behold thee on that cloud? Who is that dim beside thee? Is it the car-borne Truthil? Shall I behold the halls of him that slew Selama's chief? No: I will not behold them, spirits of my love!"

Joy rose in the face of Nathos, when he heard the white-bosomed maid. "Daughter of Selama! thou shinest along my soul. Come, with thy thousands, Cairbar! The strength of Nathos is returned! Thou, O aged Usnoth! shalt not hear that thy son has fled. I remember thy words on Etha, when my sails began to rise—when I spread them towards Erin—towards the mossy walls of Tura! 'Thou goest,' he said, 'O Nathos! to the king of shields. Thou goest to Cuthullin, chief of men, who never fled from danger. Let not thine arm be feeble; neither be thy thoughts of flight, lest the son of Semo should say, that Etha's race are weak. His words may come to Usnoth, and sadden his soul in the hall.' The tear was on my father's cheek. He gave this shining sword!

"I came to Tura's bay; but the halls of Tura were silent. I looked around, and there was none to tell of the son of generous Semo. I went to the hall of shells, where the arms of his fathers hung. But the arms were gone, and aged Lamhor[2] sat in tears. 'Whence are the arms of steel?' said the rising Lamhor. 'The light of the spear has long been absent from Tura's dusky walls. Come ye from the rolling sea? Or from Temora's[3] mournful halls?'

"We come from the sea," I said, "from Usnoth's rising towers. We are the sons of Slisama,[4] the daughter of car-borne Semo. Where is Tura's chief, son of the silent hall? But why should Nathos ask! for I behold thy tears. How did the mighty fall, son of the lonely Tura! 'He fell not,' Lamhor replied, 'like the silent star of night, when it flies through darkness, and is no more. But he was like a meteor that shoots into a distant land. Death attends its dreary course. Itself is the sign of wars. Mournful are the banks of Lego, and the roar of streamy Lara! There the hero fell, son of the noble Usnoth!' The hero fell in the midst of slaughter, I said with a bursting sigh. His hand was strong in war. Death dimly sat behind his sword.

"We came to Lego's sounding banks. We found his rising tomb. His friends in battle are there: his bards of many songs. Three days we mourned over the hero: on the fourth, I struck the shield of Caithbat. The heroes gathered around with joy, and shook their beamy spears. Corlath was near with his host, the friend of car-borne Cairbar. We came like a stream by night. His heroes fell before us. When the people of the valley rose, they saw their blood with morning's light. But we rolled away, like wreaths of mist to Cormac's echoing hall. Our swords rose to defend the king. But Temora's halls were empty. Cormac had fallen in his youth. The king of Erin was no more.

"Sadness seized the sons of Erin. They slowly, gloomily retired; like clouds that long having threatened rain, vanish behind the hills. The sons of Usnoth moved in their grief, towards Tura's sounding bay. We passed by Selama. Cairbar retired like Lano's mist, when driven before the winds. It was then I beheld thee, O Dar-thula! like the light of Etha's sun. Lovely is that beam! I said. The crowded sigh of my bosom rose. Thou camest in thy beauty, Dar-thula, to Etha's mournful chief. But the winds have deceived us, daughter of Colla, and the foe is near."

"Yes, the foe is near," said the rushing strength of Althos.[5] "I heard their clanging arms on the coast. I saw the dark wreaths of Erin's standard. Distinct is the voice of Cairbar.[6] Loud as Cromla's falling stream. He had seen the dark ship on the sea, before the dusky night came down. His people watch on Lena's plain. They lift ten thousand swords." "And let them lift ten thousand swords," said Nathos, with a smile. "The sons of car-borne Usnoth will never tremble in danger! Why dost thou roll with all thy foam, thou roaring sea of Erin? Why do ye rustle, on your dark wings, ye whistling storms of the sky? Do ye think, ye storms, that you keep Nathos on the coast? No: his soul detains him, children of the night! Althos! bring my father's arms: Thou seest them beaming to the stars. Bring the spear of Semo.[7] It stands in the dark-bosomed ship!"

He brought the arms. Nathos covered his limbs, in all their shining steel. The stride of the chief is lovely. The joy of his eyes was terrible. He looks towards the coming of Cairbar. The wind is rustling in his hair. Dar-thula is silent at his side. Her look is fixed on the chief. She strives to hide the rising sigh. Two tears swell in her radiant eyes!

"Althos!" said the chief of Etha, "I see a cave in that

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[1] Oscar, the son of Ossian, had long resolved on the expedition into Ireland, against Cairbar, who had assassinated his friend Cathol, the son of Moran, an Irishman of noble extraction, and in the interest of the family of Cormac.

[2] *Lamh-mhor*, mighty hand.

[3] Temora was the residence of the supreme kings of Ireland. It is here called mournful, on account of the death of Cormac, who was murdered there by Cairbar, who usurped his throne.

[4] *Slis-seamha*, soft bosom. She was the wife of Usnoth, and daughter of Semo, the chief of the *isle of mist*.

[5] Althos had just returned from viewing the coast of Lena, whither he had been sent by Nathos, the beginning of the night.

[6] Cairbar had gathered an army to the coast of Ulster, in order to oppose Fingal, who prepared for an expedition into Ireland to re-establish the house of Cormac on the throne which Cairbar had usurped. Between the wings of Cairbar's army was the bay of Tura, into which the ship of the sons of Usnoth was driven; so that there was no possibility of their escaping.

[7] Semo was grandfather to Nathos by the mother's side. The spear mentioned here was given to Usnoth on his marriage, it being the custom then for the father of the lady to give his arms to his son-in-law.

rock. Place Dar-thula there. Let thy arm, my brother, be strong. Ardan! we meet the foe; call to battle gloomy Cairbar. O that he came in his sounding steel, to meet the son of Usnoth! Dar-thula! if thou shalt escape, look not on the fallen Nathos! Lift thy sails, O Althos! towards the echoing groves of my land.

"Tell the chief,[1] that his son fell with fame; that my sword did not shun the fight. Tell him I fell in the midst of thousands. Let the joy of his grief be great. Daughter of Colla! call the maids to Etha's echoing hall! Let their songs arise for Nathos, when shadowy autumn returns. O that the voice of Cona, that Ossian, might be heard in my praise! then would my spirit rejoice in the midst of the rushing winds." And my voice shall praise thee, Nathos, chief of the woody Etha! The voice of Ossian shall rise in thy praise, son of the generous Usnoth! Why was I not on Lena, when the battle rose? Then would the sword of Ossian defend thee; or himself fall low!

We sat, that night, in Selma, round the strength of the shell. The wind was abroad in the oaks. The spirit of the mountain[2] roared. The blast came rustling through the hall, and gently touched my harp. The sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb. Fingal heard it the first. The crowded sighs of his bosom rose. "Some of my heroes are low," said the gray-haired king of Morven! "I hear the sound of death on the harp. Ossian, touch the trembling string. Bid the sorrow rise; that their spirits may fly, with joy, to Morven's woody hills!" I touched the harp before the king, the sound was mournful and low. "Bend forward from your clouds," I said, "ghosts of my fathers! bend! Lay by the red terror of your course. Receive the falling chief; whether he comes from a distant land, or rises from the rolling sea. Let his robe of mist be near his spear that is formed of a cloud. Place an half-extinguished meteor by his side, in the form of the hero's sword. And, oh! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his presence. Bend from your clouds," I said, "ghosts of my fathers! bend!"

Such was my song, in Selma, to the lightly-trembling harp. But Nathos was on Erin's shore, surrounded by the night. He heard the voice of the foe, amidst the roar of tumbling waves. Silent he heard their voice, and rested on his spear! Morning rose, with its beams. The sons of Erin appear, like gray rocks, with all their trees, they spread along the coast. Cairbar stood in the midst. He grimly smiled when he saw the foe. Nathos rushed forward, in his strength; nor could Dar-thula stay behind. She came with the hero, lifting her shining spear. And who are these, in their armour, in the pride of youth? Who but the sons of Usnoth, Althos, and dark-haired Arden?

"Come," said Nathos, "come! chief of high Temora! Let our battle be on the coast, for the white-bosomed maid. His people are not with Nathos; they are behind these rolling seas. Why dost thou bring thy thousands against the chief of Etha? Thou didst fly[3] from him in battle, when his friends were around his spear." "Youth of the heart of pride, shall Erin's king fight with thee? Thy fathers were not among the renowned, nor of the kings of men. Are the arms of foes in their halls? Or the shields of other times? Cairbar is renowned in Temora, nor does he fight with feeble men."

The roar started from car-borne Nathos. He turned his eyes to his brothers. Their spears flew at once. Three heroes lay on earth. Then the light of their swords gleamed on high. The ranks of Erin yield; as a ridge of dark clouds before a blast of wind! Then Cairbar ordered his people, and they drew a thousand bows. A thousand arrows flew. The sons of Usnoth fell in blood. They fell like three young oaks, which stood alone on the hill: the traveller saw the lovely trees, and wondered how they grew so lonely: the blast of the desert came, by night, and laid their green heads low; next day he returned, but they were withered, and the heath was bare!

Dar-thula stood in silent grief, and beheld their fall. No tear is in her eye. But her look is wildly sad. Pale was her cheek. Her trembling lips broke short an half-formed word. Her dark hair flew on wind. The gloomy Cairbar came. "Where is thy lover now, the car-borne chief of Etha? Hast thou beheld the halls of Usnoth? Or the dark-brown hills of Fingal? My battle would have roared on Morven, had not the winds met Dar-thula. Fingal himself would have been low, and sorrow dwelling in Selma!" Her shield fell from Dar-thula's arm. Her breast of snow appeared. It appeared; but it was stained with blood. An arrow was fixed in her side. She fell on the fallen Nathos, like a wreath of snow! Her hair spreads wide on his face. Their blood is mixing round.

"Daughter of Colla! thou art low!" said Cairbar's hundred bards. "Silence is at the blue streams of Selama. Truthil's[4] race have failed. When wilt thou rise in thy beauty, first of Erin's maids? Thy sleep is long in the tomb. The morning distant far. The sun shall not come to thy bed, and say, 'Awake, Dar-thula! awake, thou first of women! The wind of spring is abroad. The flowers shake their heads on the green hills. The woods wave their growing leaves.' Retire, O sun! the daughter of Colla is asleep. She will not come forth in her beauty. She will not move in the steps of her loveliness!"

Such was the song of the bards, when they raised the tomb. I sung over the grave, when the king of Morven came: when he came to green Erin to fight with car-borne Cairbar!

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[1] Usnoth.

[2] By the spirit of the mountain is meant that deep and melancholy sound which precedes a storm, well known to those who live in a high country.

[3] He alludes to the flight of Cairbar from Selama.

Thomas Chatterton, born at Bristol, in 1752, son of the sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, learned old handwriting as clerk to an attorney, and used some of his real and precocious genius in manufacturing mock ancient poems, which he ascribed to an old monk of Bristol, whom he called Thomas Rowley, and placed in the times of Lydgate. Chatterton came, he said, of a family of hereditary sextons of Redcliffe Church, where, in an old chest, these MSS. had been found. He had real genius, and seeking, with the inexperience of youth, prompt recognition of it, went to London at the age of seventeen. A year later, being unrecognised, he poisoned himself. A volume of the "Poems supposed to have been written at Bristol by Thomas Rowley and others in the fifteenth century," appeared in 1777, and this specimen is taken from it:—

TO JOHNE LADGATE.

(*Sent with the following Songe to Ella.*)

Well thanne, goode Johne, sythe yttt must needes be soe,
That thou & I a bowtynge matche must have,
Lette yttt ne breakynge of coulde friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the coulde all-a-boone I crave.

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[4] Truthil was the founder of Dar-thula's family.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne Johne Clarkynge, one of myckle lore,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE TO ÆLLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage bé,
As everlastynge to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde hue
Lyche kynge-cuppes brastynge wythe the morning due,
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore:
Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thousandes of Dacyanns went;
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre
The dysmall crye of warre,
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of sleyne;

Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres;
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the Castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
Lette Brystowe stylle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & consumynge fyre;
Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytte rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

The underwritten Lines were composed by JOHN LADGATE, a Priest in London, and sent to ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding *Songe of Ælla*.

Havynge wythe mouche attentyonn redde
Whatt you dydd to mee sende,
Admyre the varses mouche I dydd,
And thus an answerr lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A Poett mouche renownde,
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inspyration,
And Afled to the Sexonne menne
Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,
Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes
Lendes owte hys sheenynge lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

Another young poet, less famous than Chatterton, but of great interest, since he was the forerunner of Burns, is Robert Fergusson. He was born in one of the alleys of Edinburgh, in 1750, third son of a linendraper's clerk, who kept a family of five on twenty pounds a year. He was educated in the High School of Edinburgh, and then (by presentation to a bursary for the maintenance and education of two poor male children of the name of Fergusson), in the Grammar School of Dundee, and College of St. Andrews. He was rather a wild student, but a quick scholar, and when he left St. Andrews for Edinburgh, in 1768—a year after his father's death—there was the same tendency to wildness while

ROBERT FERGUSSON. (*From a Portrait given by him to Ruddiman, his Publisher.*)[1]

earning scanty means as extracting-clerk in the Commissary Clerk's Office, and by copying law-papers for bread. In 1771 Fergusson began to publish poems in Ruddiman's "Weekly Magazine." They

[1] This portrait is engraved in a very good edition of Robert Fergusson's Poems, edited by A. B. G., and published in 1851 by A. Fullarton and Co. An appearance of bad drawing tempts to correction, but this would involve sacrifice of character. And there is no accounting for any turn that a man's nose may take.

won local fame, and the publisher gave for them small but regular payment, with two suits of clothes a year. Allan Ramsay, said one, seemed to have come again :—

Is Ailan risen frae the deid,
Wha aft has tun'd the aiten reed,
And by the Muses was decreed
To grace the thistle?
Na; Fergusson's come in his stead
To blaw the whistle.

In 1773 his pieces were collected into a small volume of "Poems by R. Fergusson." This is one of them:—

BRAID CLAITH.

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote in the bonny book of fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim
To laurel'd wreath,
But hap ye[1] weel, baith back and wame,[2]
In gude Braid Claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
An' slae black hat on pow[3] like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree[4] awa',
Wi' a' this graith,[5]
Whan beinly[6] clad wi' shell fu' braw
O' gude Braid Claith.

Waesuck[7] for him wha has nae fek[8] o't!
For he's a gowk[9] they're sure to geck[10] at,
A chield that ne'er will be respekit
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
Whan he has done wi' scrapin wark
Wi' siller broachie[11] in his sark,[12]
Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadows or the Park,
In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits[13] bare,
Or curl an' sleek a pickle hair,[14]
Wud be right laith,
Whan pacing wi' a gawsy[15] air
In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettled stirrah grein[16]
For favour frae a lady's ein,
He mauna care for being seen
Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
O' gude Braid Claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat threed-bare,
A feg for him she winna care,
But crook her bony mou' fu' sair,
An' scald him baith.
Wooers shou'd ay their travel spare
Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends fouk an unco heese,[17]
Makes mony kail-worms butter-flees,
Gies mony a doctor his degrees
For little skaith:[18]
In short, you may be what you please
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For thof ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment fouk wud hae a doubt on,
I'll tak' my aith,
Till they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on
O' gude Braid Claith.

Other pieces followed rapidly in "Ruddiman's Magazine" during the few months left of the poet's life. One of them was that poem of Fergusson's which suggested to Burns his higher flight in "The Cottar's Saturday Night:"—

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

Whan gloming grey out o'er the welkin keeks,
Whan Batie ca's his owsen to the byre,[19]
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung,[20] his barn-door steeks,[21]
And lusty lasses at the dighting[22] tire:
What bangs[23] frae' leal the e'enings coming cauld,
And gars[24] snaw-tapit winter freeze in vain:
Gars dowie[25] mortals look baith blyth and bauld,
Nor fley'd[26] wi' a' the poortith[27] o' the plain;
Begin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
Wi' divets theekit[28] frae the weet and drift,
Sods, peats, and heath'ry trufs the chimley fill,
And gar their thick'ning smeek[29] salute the lift;[30]
The gudeman, new come hame, is blyth to find,
Whan he out o'er the halland[31] flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind,
That a' his housie looks sae cosh[32] and clean;
For cleanly house looes[33] he, tho' e'er sae mean.

[1] *Hap ye*, wrap yourselves.
[2] *Wame*, belly.
[3] *Pow*, poll, head.
[4] *Gree*, pre-eminence.
[5] *Graith*, furniture.
[6] *Beinly*, comfortably, as one who is well-to-do.
[7] *Waesuck*, alas!
[8] *Fek*, plenty. (First-English "fsec," space, width.)
[9] *Gowk*, fool.
[10] *Geck*, jibe.
[11] *Broachie*, shaving-pot.
[12] *Sark*, shirt.
[13] *Haffits*, cheeks.
[14] *A pickle hair*, a small quantity, a thin wisp of hair.
[15] *Gawsy*, jolly.
[16] *Stirrah*, a stout boy, a young fellow.—*Grein*, long.
[17] *Lends a heese*, gives a lift.
[18] *Skaith*, damage, trouble.
[19] *Byre*, cow-house.
[20] *Dung*, overcome with fatigue.
[21] *Steeks*, shuts.
[22] *Dighting*, winnowing.
[23] *Bangs*, gets mastery of.
[24] *Gars*, makes.
[25] *Dowie*, benumbed.
[26] *Fley'd*, frightened.
[27] *Poortith*, poverty.
[28] *Direts theekit*, turfs thatched.
[29] *Smeek*, smoke.
[30] *Lift*, upper air.
[31] *Halland*, an inner wall built in old cottages as a screen between the fire-place and the door. (Icelandic "hallandi," a slope; "halla," to lean or turn sideways.)
[32] *Cosh*, snug, well-fenced.
[33] *Looes*, loves.

Weel kens the gudewife[1] that the pleughs require
A heartsome meltith, and refreshing synd
O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire:
Sair wark and poortith douna weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle[2] reeks,
I' the far nook[3] the bowie briskly reams;
The readied kail stand by the chimley cheeks,
And had the riggin het wi' welcome steams,
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

Frae this lat gentler gabs[4] a lesson lear;
Wad they to labouring lend an eidant[5] hand,
They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day,
At night in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound,
Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,[6]
Nor drogs their noddle and their sense confound,
Till death slip sleely on, and gi'e the hindmost wound.

On sicken[7] food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
By this did mony wight fu' weirlike bleed
In brulzies[8] frae the dawn to set o' sun:
'Twas this that brac'd their gardies,[9] stiff and strang,
That bent the deidly yew in antient days,
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird[10] alang,
Gar'd Scottish thistles bang the Roman bays;
For near our crest their heads they doughtna raise.

The couthy cracks[11] begin whan supper's o'er,
The cheering bicker[12] gars them glibly gash
O' simmer's showery blinks and winters sour,
Whase floods did erst their mailins[13] produce hash:[14]
'Bout kirk and market eke their tales gae on,
How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride,
And there how Marion, for a bastard son,
Upo' the cutty-stool was forced to ride,
The waefu' scald o' our Mess John[15] to bide.

The fient a chiep's amang the bairnies[16] now;
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:
Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin mou',
Grumble and greet, and make an unco mane.
In rangles[17] round before the ingle's low,
Frae gudame's mouth auld warld tale they hear,
O' warlocks, louping round the wirrikow,[18]
O' ghaists that win in glen and kirk-yard drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shak wi' fear.

For weel she rows[19] that fiends and fairies be
Sent frae the de'il to fleetch[20] us to our ill;
That ky hae tint[21] their milk-wi' evil eie,
And corn been scowder'd[22] on the glowing kill.[23]
O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn,
Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear,
Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear;
The mind's ay cradled whan the grave is near.

Yet thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,
Tho' age her sair dow'd[24] front wi' runcles[25] wave,
Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays,
Her e'enin stent[26] reels she as weel's the lave.[27]
On some feast-day, the wee-things buskit braw
Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,
Fu' cadgie that her head was up and saw
Her ain spun cleething on a darling oy,[28]
Careless tho' death should make the feast her foy.[29]

In its auld lerroch[30] yet the deas[31] remains,
Whare the gudeman aft streeks him at his ease,
A warm and canny lean for weary banes,
O' lab'rers doil'd upo' the wintry leas.
Round him will badrins[32] and the colly[33] come,
To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' eie
To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
O' kebbock whang'd, and dainty fadge to prie;[34]
This a' the boon they crave, and a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their morning counsel tak,
What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to till,
How big a birn[35] maun lie on bassie's[36] back,
For meal and multure[37] to the thirling[38] mill.
Niest[39] the gudewife her hireling damsels bids
Glowr[40] thro' the byre, and see the hawkies[41] bound,
Take tent case Crummy tak her wonted tids,[42]
And ca'[43] the laiglen's treasure on the ground,
Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to grein,[44]
Their joints to slack frae industry a while;
The leaden god fa's heavy on their ein,
And hafflins steeks[45] them frae their daily toil;

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[1] The "gudeman" is the master of the "gude," or holding; the "gudewife," its mistress. She "knows well that the ploughmen require a cheery meal and a refreshing drink of strong liquor."

[2] *Girdle*, a round iron plate for toasting cakes over the fire.

[3] In the far corner the little beer barrel creams richly, the kail made ready stand by the side of the fire, and all the roof steams hot with welcome.

[4] *Gabs*, mouths. [5] *Eidant*, diligent.

[6] *Spae*, see into the future of. [7] *Sicken*, such like.

[8] *Brulzies*, frays. [9] *Gardies*, arms. [10] *Yird*, earth.

[11] *Couthy cracks*, familiar talks.

[12] *Bicker*, the wooden drinking bowl.

[13] *Mailins*, farms. [14] *Hash*, spoil.

[15] *Mess John*, the minister. In the Scottish Church offenders stood forward to be publicly admonished from the pulpit.

[16] *Bairnies*, children. [17] *Rangles*, heaps, as heaps of stones.

[18] *Wirrikow*, bugbear, devil.

[19] *Rows*, rolls (the tale). [20] *Fleetch*, flatter.

[21] *Tint*, lost. [22] *Scowder'd*, scorched. [23] *Kill*, kiln.

[24] *Sair dow'd*, sore faded. [25] *Runcles*, wrinkles.

[26] *Her e'enin stent*, the quantity allotted to be done in an evening.

[27] *As weel's the lave*, as well as the rest.

[28] *Oy*, grandson.

[29] *Foy*, an entertainment given to one about to change home, or go on a far journey.

[30] *Lerroch*, site.

[31] *Deas*, the turf seat outside a cottage.

[32] *Badrins*, the cat. [33] *Colly*, the dog.

[34] Of cheese cut in large slices, and dainty bannock to taste.

[35] *Birn*, burden. [36] *Bassie*, an old horse.

[37] *Multure*, the fee for grinding grain.

[38] *Thirling*, with turning sails. [39] *Niest*, next.

[40] *Glowr*, look intently.

[41] *Hawkies*, cows.

[42] *Tak her wonted tids*, be seized with her usual perverse humour.

[43] *Ca'*, drive; *laiglen*, milk-pail. Take heed lest Crummy (one of the cows) be in her usual tantrums and upset the milk-pail, whereby we may lose a nice cheese or a pound of butter.

[44] *Grein*, long. [45] *Hafflins steeks*, half shuts.

The cruizy[1] too can only blink and bleer,
The restit ingle's[2] done the maist it dow;
Tacksman and cottar[3] eke to bed maun steer,
Upo' the cod[4] to clear their drumly pow,[5]
Till wauken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman and a' his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year;
Lang may his sock and couter[6] turn the gleyb,
And bauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear.
May Scotia's simmers ay look gay and green,
Her yellow har'sts frae scowry blasts decreed;
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien,
Frae the hard grip of ails and poortith freed,
And a lang lasting train o' peaceful hours succeed.

One night a cat slipping into his bed-room killed a favourite starling of the poet's. He was awakened by its cries too late to save it, and remained awake torturing himself with sense of the suddenness of death. The words haunted him, "I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee." He turned from society, lapsed into religious gloom, and his mind was failing when a fall upon the head caused frenzy, and Fergusson was taken to the public lunatic asylum, in which he died. He died in October, 1774, when only twenty-four years old.

Oliver Goldsmith had died in the same year, 1774, on the 4th of April, and, at the age of forty-two, had published in 1770, the year of the birth of Wordsworth, his "Deserted Village." It appeared on the 26th of May, and was in a fifth edition on the 16th of August. That sense of the unequal lots of men which had been the theme of Rousseau's essay for the Academy of Dijon prompted the poem. Destruction of small holdings to enlarge the great estates was an old grievance set forth in Lord Bacon's "History of Henry VII." as one cause of the distress of the people in that reign; small households which the plough maintained having to yield place for the extension of large sheep-farms. But in the latter half of the eighteenth century there was a surging of thought which gathered into itself even the soft music of Goldsmith, and gave a tone sometimes to his speech and poetry that caused one who knew him in her youth—the daughter of his friend, Lord Clare—to describe him in her old age as a man who "was a strong republican in principle, and would have been a very dangerous writer if he had lived to the times of the French Revolution." Goldsmith was no violent politician, but he was a poet with deep feeling and quick sensibility, that would have impelled him to share any generous emotion of his time; and the delight with which, in Germany, Goethe—then a youth of one-and-twenty—hailed "The Deserted Village" was due in great part to its harmony in style and substance with the new spirit of reaction against despotic forms in literature and in life. The verse is the rhymed couplet, but its conventional air is gone; indeed, it moves again with easy grace, and is once more a homely English measure; the words also are living English words, all apt and true, without a trace of artificial diction; and the thoughts, all warm with a poet's sense of the essentials of life, swell the rising note of lament for "what man has made of man."

As essayist, as dramatist, as novelist, Goldsmith will have a place in other volumes of this Library. Here he speaks only through his "Deserted Village," a poem which had been foreshadowed in 1764 by these lines of his "Prospect of Society" ("The Traveller"):—

Have we not seen round Britain's peopled shore
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
* * * * *
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long frequented Village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main?

The picture in "The Deserted Village" of the Village Preacher, Goldsmith probably sketched in June, 1768, shortly after the death of his brother Henry, whose character it paints with so much tenderness. The village supposed to have been

THE PARSONAGE AT LISSOY.

chiefly in Goldsmith's mind was Lissoy, the old home of his childhood, in the county of Westmeath; but Goldsmith told Sir Joshua Reynolds that, four or five years before the poem was published, he had

[1] *Cruizy*, small iron lamp.
[2] *Ingle*. The word is allied to "ignis," fire.
[3] *Tacksman* is a leaseholding farmer, a superior tenant; *cottar* is one who lives in a cottage dependent on the farm.
[4] *Cod*, pillow. [5] *Drumly pow*, confused head.
[6] *Sock and couter*, ploughshare and coulter.

satisfied himself of the truth of his complaint by country excursions into several parts of England. "Some of my friends," he said, "think this depopulation of villages does not exist; but I am myself satisfied of the fact. I remember it in my own country, and have seen it in this."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd,
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn!
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And Desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy grassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:
For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green,—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares, that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep,
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way,
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year:
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow guilt and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Now lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place:
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail:
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds.
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:—
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits its fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise,
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies his sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train,
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain;
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds begin to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

vicar was non-resident, and the curate, Mr. Newton, was an energetic man who had once commanded a vessel in the slave-trade, and after a life full of adventure had become intensely religious, in a form that would tend to increase rather than lighten the innocent and cheerful Cowper's tendency to a disease in which the faith that was the stay and blessing of his life became a source of terrors. Cowper helped Mr. Newton in the composition of a volume of "Olney Hymns." In 1773 he had another attack of insanity, and, as he had done at the accession of the first attack, attempted suicide. In 1779 Mr. Newton left Olney, and the "Olney Hymns" were published. Mrs. Unwin suggested, by way of pleasantly engaging Cowper's mind, that he should make a book of verse. Mr. Newton found a publisher, and in 1782, Cowper, then fifty years old, produced his "Table Talk," and other pieces, his first volume of poems. A new friendship had then been formed with Lady Austen, who, when visiting her sister, a clergyman's wife, near Olney, made her way into the good-will of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. Lady Austen found herself a summer home at the vicarage, which was to let, and of which the garden joined the garden of Mrs. Unwin's house—Cowper's house—in

COWPER'S HOUSE AT OLNEY.

the market-place. The new friends were much together. They read together in the evening, and talked cheerfully of their reading. One evening, Lady Austen advised Cowper, whose book had been written in rhyming couplets, to try blank verse. He doubted, she persuaded. "On what subject?" he asked. "Oh," she replied, "you can write on anything. Take the sofa." That was his "Task." It was begun in the summer of 1783, finished in 1784, and published in 1785, four years before the fall of the Bastille. The poem will be described among longer works, but it will serve to illustrate the tendency of thought if we here take from it a passage showing how keenly even Cowper in his retirement felt what the world outside was feeling.

THE BASTILLE.

Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts,
Ye dungeons, and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to age
With music such as suits their sovereign ears,
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fallen at last; to know
That even our enemies, so oft employed
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
For he who values Liberty confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
Immured though unaccused, condemned untried,
Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.
There, like the visionary emblem seen
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
Still lives, though all its pleasant boughs are gone.
To count the hour-bell, and expect no change;
And ever as the sullen sound is heard,
Still to reflect, that though a joyless note
To him whose moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
Account it music; that it summons some
To theatre or jocund feast or ball;
The wearied hireling finds it a release
From labour; and the lover, who has chid
Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight:
To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements as ingenious Woe
Contrives, hard shifting and without her tools:
To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own:
To turn purveyor to an overgorged
And bloated spider, till the pampered pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend:
To wear out time in numbering to and fro
The studs that thick emboss his iron door,
Then downward, and then upward, then aslant,
And then alternate, with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish, till the sum exactly found
In all directions, he begins again:—
O comfortless existence! hemmed around
With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
That man should thus encroach on fellow-man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him, for perhaps a heedless word,
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
Moves indignation, makes the name of King
(Of King whom such prerogative can please)
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.

It was the same kindly and lively Lady Austen who one evening told Cowper the story of "John

Gilpin," which, as told by her, tickled his fancy so much that he was kept awake by fits of laughter during great part of the night after hearing it, and must needs turn it into a ballad when he got up. Mrs. Unwin's son sent it to the *Public Advertiser*, where it appeared without an author's name. John Henderson, an actor from Bath, who took the London playgoers by storm in the year 1777, as Shylock, Hamlet, and Falstaff, was then giving readings at the Freemason's Tavern. He had succeeded almost to Garrick's fame. His feeling was so true, his voice so flexible, that Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble often went to hear him read. Henderson, finding "John Gilpin" in print, but not yet famous, chose it for recitation. Mrs. Siddons heard it with delight, and in the spring of 1785 its success was the event of the season. It was reprinted in many forms, and talked of in all circles; prints of "John Gilpin" were familiar in shop-windows; and Cowper, who was finishing the "Task," felt that his more serious work would be helped if it were published with this "John Gilpin," as an avowed piece by the same author. Thus he wrote on the 30th of April, 1785, to Mrs. Unwin's son:—

"I return you thanks for a letter so warm with the intelligence of the celebrity of 'John Gilpin.' I little thought, when I mounted him upon my Pegasus, that he would become so famous. I have learned also, from Mr. Newton, that he is equally renowned in Scotland, and that a lady there had undertaken to write a second part, on the subject of Mrs. Gilpin's return to London, but not succeeding in it as she wished, she dropped it. He tells me likewise, that the head-master of St. Paul's school (who he is I know not) has conceived, in consequence of the entertainment that John has afforded him, a vehement desire to write to me. Let us hope he will alter his mind; for should we even exchange civilities on the occasion, Tirocinium[1] will spoil all. The great estimation, however, in which this knight of the stone-bottles is held, may turn out a circumstance propitious to the volume of which his history will make a part. Those events that prove the prelude to our greatest success are often apparently trivial in themselves, and such as seemed to promise nothing. The disappointment that Horace mentioned is reversed—We design a mug, and it proves a hogshead. It is a little hard, that I alone should be unfurnished with a printed copy of this facetious story. When you visit London next, you must buy the most elegant impression of it, and bring it with you.

JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the 'Bell' at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought.
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheel
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs.
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me.
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

[1] In "Tirocinium" Cowper had expressed his objection to public schools.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcóny spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the "Bell,"
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain:
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

Mrs. Unwin became jealous of Lady Austen's cheerful influence over her friend, and, to please her, Cowper had to ask Lady Austen not to return to Olney. But an older friendship had been actively revived. His cousin Theodora had remained unmarried, and her sister, Lady Hesketh, was much about Cowper, showering kindnesses upon him, of which Theodora may have known more mysteries than Cowper suspected, when he wrote in playful tenderness the lines entitled "Gratitude." How a gift in later life touched Cowper's heart with memories of childhood, these pathetic verses tell:—

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
The art that battles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers, Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!

But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learnt at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tost,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

Cowper's last work was on his translation of Homer into blank verse, and there was then another battle with insanity before him. He died in 1800.

George Crabbe, born in 1754, began his work as a faithful painter of the miseries and trials of the poor, when, in 1783, he gave in his "Village" this view of "the cold charities of man to man:"—

THE VILLAGE POOR.

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his—that drooping weary sire,
Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand!
Nor yet can Time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease;
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except its own engage;
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.
He once was chief in all the rustic trade;
His steady hand the straightest furrow made;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs:
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich disdain him; nay, the poor disdain:
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand,
And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.
Oft may you see him, when he tends the sheep,
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep;

Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks and bury them in snow,
When, rous'd by rage and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn:—
"Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free?
Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
I, like yon wither'd leaf remain behind,
Nipt by the frost, and shivering in the wind;
There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone;
Then from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.
These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words:
Wants of their own demand their care; and who
Feels his own want and succours others too?
A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help, and none relieve my woe;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid."
Thus groan the old, till by disease oppress'd,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.
Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;—
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there!
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and—far the happiest they!—
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say, ye, opprest by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope, till sickness wears a smile.
But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go,
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye:
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy Bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where Misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door.
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.
But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears, which "bold bad" men despise;
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above.
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich, with forty pounds a year?"
Ah! no; a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock:
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;
None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer them or to chide:
A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
And, skill'd at whist, devotes the night to play:
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?
Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now; the bitter hour is o'er,
The man of many sorrows sighs no more.—
Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below.
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee.
No more, O Death! thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer;
No more the farmer claims his humble bow:
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!
Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend:

For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch ruled their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand,
Silent and sad, and gazing hand in hand,
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relicts of the parish poor.
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound;
The busy priest, detained by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
And, waiting long, the crowd retire distrest,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest.

Crabbe had himself seen and felt distress of poverty. He was the son of a poor and ill-tempered but not ill-educated warehouse-keeper and collector of salt duties at Aldborough, then a dreary, squalid village on the coast of Suffolk, now a polite watering-place. He struggled up in life, tried to become a country doctor, next plunged into London with his poems, and was nearly sinking in the flood of life when Edmund Burke heard the faint cry for help to which other ears had been deaf, and held out the firm hand that lifted Crabbe out of despair, caused him to take orders in the Church, and set him on the road to ease and happiness.

Robert Burns, born on the 25th of January, 1759, was about five years younger than Crabbe. His father was a gentleman's gardener, who, by help of £100 lent by his employer, set up a farm of his own at Mount Oliphant, when Robert was six or seven years old. It was not a profitable undertaking, but William Burness—the name shortened into Burns—maintained an honest home: he valued knowledge, as the poor Scot usually does, and did what he could for the education of his sons Robert and Gilbert. When old enough they helped to work on the poor farm. At nineteen Robert went to learn mensuration at Kirkoswald that he might be qualified to take a place in the Excise, and he went afterwards to Tarbolton to learn flax-dressing, with a hope that flax-growing might be made a source of better profit. At the end of 1783—three months before their father's death—the two young men took the farm of Mossgiel, in the parish of Mauchline. There they sought to maintain themselves and their mother, but still they ploughed and sowed, and reaped little but bitterness. At this time the genius of Burns—the greatest lyric poet who has ever lived—was pouring itself out in song, coloured with every mood of his rich sympathetic nature. Religious depths and moods of recklessness, wild snatches of mirth born of melancholy, scorn of hypocrisy; love-singing, gay, idle, earnest, tender; the new spirit of defiance for authority; the rising claims on behalf of human fellowship and freedom and the dignity of man; with touching utterances from the depths of a soul beset by dangers, and looking out into the darkness that shrouds all its future path, are in the songs of Burns, that rose within him as he went to and fro about his daily work, or followed his plough over the unfruitful field. While he poured scorn upon the hypocrite in "Holy Willie's Prayer," this was his own "Prayer in Prospect of Death:"—

PRAYER IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formêd me
With passions wild and strong;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-good! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

At Mossgiel, when he was half-resolved on abandoning the struggle here, and going to the West Indies as manager of a plantation, common incidents of the plough-field caused him to blend the cares of his own life with tender regard for the humblest of God's creatures. This was shaped during his work, after his plough had broken its way through the little nest of a field-mouse:—

TO A MOUSE.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle![1]
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle![2]

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which maks thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker[3] in a thrave[4]
's a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,[5]
And never miss 't!

[1] *Brattle*, the noise of rapid motion.
[2] *Pattle*, the stick used to clear earth from the plough.
[3] *Daimen*, rarely. *Daimen icker*, an ear of corn now and then. First-English, "æcher," an ear of corn.
[4] *Thrave*, twenty-four sheaves, including two shocks. The word also means a considerable number.
[5] *Lave*, rest.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
And nacthing now to big[1] a new ane
O' foggage green!
And bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Hast cost thee mony a weary nibble;
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But[2] house or hauld,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch[3] cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,[4]
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,[5]
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my ee
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear.

And this is of like strain :—

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flower,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure[6]
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,[7]
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet,
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield
But thou, beneath the random bield[8]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie[9] stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise:
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven,
To misery's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

To enable him to leave the country, Burns l
that he might earn a few pounds by publishing
poems. They appeared at Kilmarnock in the au
of 1786, and among them—Fergusson's "Far
Ingle" having suggested the theme, and sacred m
ries of his own father giving it dignity—was

THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

My loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways:
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I w

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;[10]
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:

[1] *Big*, build.
[2] *But*, without.
[3] *Cranreuch*, hoar-frost.
[4] *Thy lane*, alone by thyself.
[5] *A-gley*, off the right line. To "gley" is to squint.
[6] *Stoure*, dust.
[7] *Weet*, rain, wetness.
[8] *Bield*, shelter.
[9] *Histie*, dry.
[10] *Sugh*, whish

The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And, weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher[1] through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin'[2] noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle,[3] blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve,[4] the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, among the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin[5]
A canny errand to a neibor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,
Or déposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:[6]
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed, fleet;
Each tells the uncos[7] that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new—
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warnéd to obey;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent[8] hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek,
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name.
While Jenny hafflins[9] is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it 's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;[10]
A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and lathefu',[11] scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn 's respected like the lave.[12]

O happy love!—where love like this is found!—
O heart-felt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!
I 've pacéd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food:
The soupe their only hawkie[13] does afford,
That 'yont the hallan[14] snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,[15]
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.[16]

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets[17] wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[18] a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beets[19] the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny:

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[1] *Stacher*, stagger.
[2] *Flichterin'*, fluttering; specially applied to the gleeful running of children towards those to whom they are much attached.
[3] *Ingle*, fire.
[4] *Belyve*, quickly.
[5] *Tentie rin*, attentively run.
[6] *Spiers*, asks.
[7] *Uncos*, strange things.
[8] *Eydent* (or "ithand"), diligent.
[9] *Hafflins*, half.
[10] *Ben*, within the house.
[11] *Blate and lathefu'*, bashful and shy.
[12] *The lave*, the rest.
[13] *Hawkie*, cow.
[14] *Hallan*, inner wall between the fire-place and door. See Note 31, page 392.
[15] *Her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell*, her well-saved stinging cheese.
[16] A twelvemonth old since flax was in flower.
[17] *Lyart haffets*, gray temples.
[18] *Wales*, chooses.
[19] *Beets*, adds fuel to.

Twelve thousand came to follow the great poet to the grave.

In old days Burns had exchanged Bibles with a Mary Campbell, who died suddenly when they were about to marry. On the third anniversary of her death, sad memories had prompted this poem to one whom Burns was now to meet again :—

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingéd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Many a tender home-feeling has found its utterance in Burns's

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent.[1]
But now your brow is beld,[2] John,
Your locks are like the snow:
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty[3] day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

[1] *Brent*, smooth.
[2] *Beld*, bald.
[3] *Canty*, cheerful.

And here is from Burns again the vigorous expression of that main thought of his time, which we have seen uttered in many forms by many writers :—

A MAN 'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that:
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray,[1] and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that:
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie,[2] ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof[3] for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree,[4] and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

[1] *Hodden gray*, cloth worn by the peasantry of the natural colour of the wool.
[2] *Birkie*, brisk young fellow.
[3] *Coof*, simpleton.
[4] *Gree*, pre-eminence.

Coleridge was influenced in early years by the sonnets of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, and in his "Biographia Literaria" he gave to Bowles a share in the praise due to Cowper, as a writer of natural English verse in days of "diction." But there was Goldsmith before Cowper, and before

Wordsworth there was also Burns. The return of the sonnet—which had taken its flight from our shores on the establishment of French influence—was at the close of the last century one of the pleasant signs of a new spring for literature, and the first of the new sonnet writers were Charlotte Smith and W. L. Bowles. Of the sonnets also of Charlotte Smith, Coleridge had grateful recollection. Her life was a sad one, and its griefs intensified in all her verse the gloom that was in fashion. She was born in 1749, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Turner, of Stoke House, Surrey, and Bignor Park, Sussex. Her mother died when she was four years old. She was ill-educated at a fashionable school in Kensington till twelve years old, then brought into society, and married at fifteen to the stupid and dissipated son of a West India merchant, who took her to a dull house in the City. Her husband found his way into prison, where she spent seven months with him; she suffered poverty, she wrote for bread; parted from her husband, she worked for her family, and saw all her children die as they came to maturity. She was hasty, generous, romantic, and still patient in duty, writing sonnets in the character of Werter, whose sentimental sorrows represented faithfully the sickness of the time, and writing novels to support her children while they lived. In 1806 she followed all she had loved to the grave. She addressed one of her sonnets

TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

Mute is thy wild harp now, O bard sublime!
Whom amid Scotia's mountain solitude
Great Nature taught to "build the lofty rhyme;"
And even beneath the daily pressure, rude,
Of labouring poverty, thy generous blood
Fired with the love of freedom, not subdued
Wert thou by thy low fortune. But a time
Like this we live in, when the abject chime
Of echoing parasite is best approved,
Was not for thee. Indignantly is fled
Thy noble spirit, and, no longer moved
By all the ills o'er which thine heart has bled,
Associate worthy of the illustrious dead,
Enjoys with them "the liberty it loved."

Many in those days apostrophised the moon, but the plaint in the next sonnet—conventional as it may look—came from the writer's heart:—

TO THE MOON.

Queen of the silver bow!—by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest:
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere;
And the sad children of Despair and Woe
Forget in thee their cup of sorrow here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim, in this toiling scene!

Let us add this:—

TO FORTITUDE.

Nymph of the rock! whose dauntless spirit brave
The beating storm, and bitter winds that howl
Round thy cold breast; and hear'st the bursting
And the deep thunder with unshaken soul;
Oh come! and show how vain the cares that prey
On my weak bosom, and how little worth
Is the false fleeting meteor, Happiness,
That still misleads the wanderers of the earth!
Strengthen'd by thee, this heart shall cease to me
O'er ills that poor Humanity must bear;
Nor friends estranged or ties dissolved be felt
To leave regret and fruitless anguish there:
And when at length it heaves its latest sigh,
Thou and mild Hope shall teach me how to die!

This echoes other feelings of the time:—

TO A YOUNG MAN ENTERING THE WORLD.

Go now, ingenuous youth!—The trying hour
Is come: the world demands that thou shouldst
To active life; there titles, wealth, and power
May all be purchased; yet I joy to know
Thou wilt not pay their price. The base control
Of petty despots in their pedant reign
Already hast thou felt; and high disdain
Of tyrants is imprinted on thy soul—
Not where mistaken Glory in the field
Rears her red banner be thou ever found;
But against proud Oppression raise the shield
Of patriot daring. So shalt thou renowned
For the best virtues live; or that denied,
May'st die, as Hampden or as Sidney died!

William Lisle Bowles, son of the vicar of E Sutton, in Northamptonshire, was born in His sonnets were first published in 1789, and Coleridge felt his young genius quickened by their author was a curate in Wiltshire. He obt in 1833 a canonry in Salisbury Cathedral, and afterwards became rector of Bremhill, in Wilt So he remained until his death in 1850. The four of his sonnets:—

AT DOVER CLIFFS.

On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wand'rer has stood;
And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must lea
To-morrow; of the friends he lov'd most dear;
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part:
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide—
The world his country, and his God his guide.

THE TOUCH OF TIME.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on Sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away;

On Thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient show'r
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

HOPE.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watch'd the ling'ring night, and heard
Heartless the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bath'd with slow-ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head
In varying forms fantastic wander white;
Or turns his ear to every random song,
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steep'd in still delight:
With such delight, o'er all my heart I feel,
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal!

DEATH IN THE HOME.

How blest with thee the path could I have trod
Of quiet life, above cold want's hard fate,
(And little wishing more) nor of the great
Envious, or their proud name! but it pleas'd God
To take thee to His mercy: thou didst go
In youth and beauty, go to thy death-bed;
Ev'n whilst on dreams of bliss we fondly fed,
Of years to come of comfort!—Be it so.
Ere this I have felt sorrow; and ev'n now
(Tho' sometimes the unbidden thought must start,
And half unman the miserable heart)
The cold dew I shall wipe from my sad brow,
And say, since hopes of bliss on earth are vain,
"Best friend, farewell, till we do meet again!"

The tone of sadness here also is partly reflected from the time, although it is the unaffected tone of a true voice that can blend hope with its sorrow. Let us compare with it the artificial verse of sentimentalists who think themselves sincere, and doubtless are so, but wanting power for deep thought or feeling, cut worthless thought into the patterns they admire as honest followers of fashion. There was a Mr. Merry, who wrote verse in a newspaper called *The World*, published by John Bell, Librarian to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He called himself Della Crusca. There was a Countess Cowper, who metrically adored Della Crusca through that journal, and was in like manner adored by him. She called herself Anna Matilda. There was Mr. Parsons, who called himself Arley; Mr. Greathead, who called himself Bertie; Mr. Adney, who turned his name upside down, and was Yenda; Mr. Williams, who was Pasquin; Mrs. Robinson lisped verse with them as Julia, and all these people deluged *The World* with sentimental poems which the fashionable world of London greatly praised. They were collected by Mr. Bell, in 1790, into two volumes, as "The British Album." Young Goethe's "Sorrows of the Young Werter," published in 1774, and young Schiller's "Robbers," published in 1781, were not without influence upon the feelings of these ladies and gentlemen. In *The World* of the 26th of July, 1787, Della Crusca produced this

ELEGY

Written after reading the Sorrows of Werter.

Alas, poor Werter! to himself a prey,
The heart's excessive workings could not bear;
But sought his native heaven the nearest way,
And fled from grief, from anguish, and despair.

The joys of prejudice he scorned to own,
He pitied pride, and avarice, and power;
But oft on some rude rock at random thrown,
He welcomed midnight's melancholy hour.

To view the moon's pale glimpse illume the wave,
To list the sweeping blasts that sadly blow;
Down the rough steep, to hear the cat'racts rave;
Such were the pleasures of this man of woe.

An isolated being here he stood,
His strong sensations with how few could blend!
The wise, the great, the gay, perhaps the good,
They knew him not—they could not comprehend.

Charlotte alone, by nature was designed
To fill the vacuum of his generous breast;
He loved her beauty, he admired her mind;
He lost that Charlotte, and he sought for rest!

Sure he was right, for if th' Almighty hand,
That gave his pulse to throb, his sense to glow,
Gave him not strength his passions to withstand,
Ah! who shall blame him? he was forced to go.

For when the heart from every hope is torn,
When in another's arms the fair one lies;
While virtue goads with unrelenting thorn,
The frantic lover bears it not, but dies.

And since there are, amid this wond'rous world,
Some of a class distinct, of ardent mind,
Through woe's wild waves, by keen emotions hurled
As the tossed barks before the boist'rous wind;

Th' Eternal Power, to whom all thoughts arise,
Who every secret sentiment can view,
Melts at their flowing tears, their swelling sighs,
Then gives them force to bid the world adieu.

Anna Matilda had said to Della Crusca—

"O! seize again thy golden quill,
And with its point my bosom thrill."

By such invitations he was roused as much as an idle sentimentalist can be roused. This is, if I may so entitle the lines—

DELLA CRUSCA ROUSED.

On the sea-shore with folded arms I stood,
The sun just sinking shot a level ray,
Luxuriant crimson glowed upon the flood,
And the curled surf was tinged with golden spray.

Far off I faintly tracked the feathery sail;
When thy sweet numbers caught my yielded ear,
Borne on the bosom of the fluttering gale,
They struck my heart, and roused me to a tear.

These are lines of Anna Matilda

TO DELLA CRUSCA.

I hate the tardy elegiac lay—
Choose me a measure jocund as the day!
Such days as near the ides of June
Meet the lark's elab'rate tune,
When his downy fringed breast
Ambitious on a cloud to rest,
He soars aloft; and from his gurgling throat
Darts to the earth the piercing note—
Which softly falling with the dews of morn
(That bless the scented pink and snowy thorn)
Expands upon the zephyr's wing,
And wakes the burnished finch and linnet sweet to sing.

And be thy lines irregular and free,
Poetic chains should fall before such bards as thee,
Scorn the dull laws that pinch thee round,
Raising about thy verse a mound,
O'er which thy Muse, so lofty! dares not bound.
Bid her in verse meand'ring sport;
Her footsteps quick, or long, or short,
Just as her various impulse wills—
Scorning the frigid square, which her fine fervour chills.

And in thy verse meand'ring wild,
Thou, who art Fancy's favourite child,
May'st sweetly paint the long past hour,
When, the slave of Cupid's power,
Thou couldst the tear of rapture weep,
And feed on agony, and banish sleep.

The quantity of agony taken at a meal by this favourite child of Fancy is grievous. Perhaps it might dispose some sympathetic reader to aim a third drop at the sod—if still to be found—on which Anna Matilda took much pains to hit with a tear of her own the same bit of dust that was wetted by a tear of Della Crusca's, as herein set forth:—

O Sympathy, of birth divine,
Descend, and round my heart-strings twine!
Touch the fine nerve whene'er I breathe
Where Della Crusca dropt his wreath!
Lead me the sacred way of Rome,
Lead me to kneel at Virgil's tomb,
Where he th' enduring marble round
With fresh-wove laurels, graceful bound.
Then guide where still with sweeter note
Than flowed from Petrarch's tuneful throat,
On Laura's grave he poured the lay
Amidst the sighs of sinking day:
Then point where on the sod his tear
Fell from its crystal source so clear,
That there my mingling tear may sink,
And the same dust its moisture drink.

There is a beautiful frankness in this fragment from lines of Della Crusca

TO ANNA MATILDA.

Canst thou, so keen of feeling! urge my fate,
And bid me mourn thee, yes, and mourn to [illegible]
O rash severe decree! my madd'ning brain
Cannot the pond'rous agony sustain,
But forth I rush, as varying Frenzy leads,
To cavern'd lakes, or to the diamond meads,
O'er which the sultry noon-beams wide diffuse,
And slake their eager thirst with ling'ring [illegible]
Or to yon sullen slope that shuns the light,
Where the black forest weaves meridian night.
Disorder'd, lost, from hill to plain I run,
And with my mind's thick gloom obscure the [illegible]

There was fog enough in his mind for that.

One piece in "The British Album" has surv[illegible] the song of "Wapping Old Stairs," by Mr. Parsons, attempt at the simplicity of nature, though artl[illegible] has given it currency. The harmless, necessary duly appears in the third stanza, and the days French Revolution show in the last stanza the side of their reaction against ceremony.

CHARACTERISTIC SONG.

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco-box—mark'd with my name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with
Did I e'er give a buss, Tom, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind to my Thomas I staid,
For his trowsers I wash'd, and his bumbo I made.

Though you threaten'd last Sunday to walk in the
With Susan from Deptford, and Billingsgate Sal,
In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.

Still faithful and fond from the first of my life,
Tho' I boast not the name, I've the truth of a wife;
For falsehood in wedlock too often is priz'd,
And the heart that is constant should not be desp[illegible]

Floods of such sentiment provoked the ridicu[illegible] men who were in no sympathy with even the dreams of the revolutionary time, and dwelt on the dangers that might come of them than the hopes of which they came. William Gifford made his mark in literature by attack upon the of "The British Album."

Gifford was born at Ashburton in 1757, of parents, and at thirteen was a penniless whom his godfather first sent to sea as cabin coasting vessel, then apprenticed to a shoem[illegible] his native town. He was a boy of eager int[illegible] with a taste for verse and also for mathem[illegible] that, since paper was dear, he gratified by problems with an awl upon waste scraps of Mr. Cookesley, a surgeon of the town, becam[illegible] active helper, freed him from his indentures, him at school, and got him, when already two or twenty-three, to Exeter College, Oxford. chance reading of a letter made Earl Gr[illegible]

ford's friend. He was brought into Lord Gros-ior's house, and entrusted with the education of Marquis of Westminster. This was his position en he acquired fame as a satirist by publishing, in 91, the following satire upon the false sentiment of Bell's whole choir:"—

THE BAVIAD.[1]

P. When I look round on man, and find how vain
His passions——
F. Save us from this canting strain!
Why, who will read it?
P. Say'st thou this to me?
F. None, by my life.
P. What, none? Nay, two or three——
F. No, no; not one. 'Tis sad; but——
P. "Sad; but"—Why?
Pity is insult here. I care not, I,
Tho' Boswell, of a song and supper vain,
And Bell's whole choir (an ever-jingling train),
In splay-foot madrigals their pow'rs combine,
To praise Miles Andrews' verse, and censure mine—
No, not a jot. Let the besotted town
Bestow, as fashion prompts, the laurel crown;
But do not Thou, who mak'st a fair pretence
To that best boon of Heaven, common sense,
Resign thy judgment to the rout, and pay
Knee-worship to the idol of the day:
For all are——
F. What? Speak freely; let me know.
P. Oh, might I! durst I! Then——but let it go.
Yet, when I view the follies that engage
The full-grown children of this piping age;
See snivelling Jerningham at fifty weep
O'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep;
(See Cowley frisk it to one ding-dong chime,
And weekly cuckold her poor spouse in rhyme;)
See Thrale's grey widow with a satchel roam,
And bring in pomp her labour'd nothings home;
See Robinson forget her state, and move
On crutches tow'rds the grave, to "Light o' Love;"
See Parsons, while all sound advice he scorns,
Mistake two soft excrescences for horns;
And butting all he meets, with awkward pains,
Lay bare his forehead and expose his brains:
I scarce can rule my spleen——
F. Forbear, forbear:
And what the great delight in learn to spare.
P. It must not, cannot be; for I was born
To brand obtrusive ignorance with scorn;
On bloated pedantry to pour my rage,
And hiss preposterous fustian from the stage.
Lo, Della Crusca! In his closet pent,
He toils to give the crude conception vent.
Abortive thoughts that right and wrong confound,
Truth sacrific'd to letters, sense to sound,
False glare, incongruous images, combine;
And noise and nonsense clatter through the line,
'Tis done. Her house the generous Piozzi lends,
And thither summons her blue-stocking friends;
The summons her blue-stocking friends obey,
Lur'd by the love of Poetry—and tea.
The bard steps forth in birthday splendour drest,
His right hand graceful waving o'er his breast;
His left extending, so that all may see,
A roll inscrib'd "The Wreath of Liberty."[2]
So forth he steps, and with complacent air,
Bows round the circle, and assumes the chair:
With lemonade he gargles first his throat,
Then sweetly preludes to the liquid note:
And now 'tis silence all. "Genius or Muse"—
Thus while the flow'ry subject he pursues,

[1] The name of Bavius for a dunce is taken from Virgil's line—
"Qui Bavium non odit amet tua carmina Mævi."

[2] Note 3, page 325. Gifford's poem is an imitation of the first satire Persius.

[2] The "Baviad" was published with amusing notes by the author, of which one is the following criticism on "The Wreath of Liberty:"—"Of this poem no reader (provided he can read) is at this time ignorant; but as there are various opinions concerning it, and as I do not choose perhaps to dispute with a lady of Mrs. Robinson's critical abilities, I shall select a few passages from it, and leave the world to judge how truly its author can be said to be

——'gifted with the sacred lyre,
Whose sounds can more than mortal thoughts inspire.'

"This supernatural effort of genius, then, is chiefly distinguished by three very prominent features—1. Downright nonsense. 2. Downright frigidity. 3. Downright doggrel. Of each of these in its turn; and first of the first.

'Hang o'er his eye the gossamery tear.'
'Wreath round her airy harp the tim'rous joy.'
'Recumbent eve rock the reposing tide.'
'A web-work of despair, a mass of woes.'
'And o'er my lids the scalding tumour roll.'

"'Tumour, a morbid swelling.' (Johnson.) An excellent thing to roll over an eye, especially if it happen to be hot and hot, as in the present case.

——'summer-tints begemm'd the scene,
And silky ocean slept in glossy green.'
'While air's nocturnal ghost, in paly shroud,
Glances with grisly glare from cloud to cloud.'
'And gauzy zephyrs, flutt'ring o'er the plain,
On twilight's bosom drop their filmy rain.'

"Unus instar omnium! This couplet staggered me. I should be loth to be found correcting a madman; and yet mere folly seems unequal to the production of such exquisite nonsense.

"2do.

——'the explosion came
And burst the o'ercharg'd culverin of shame.'
——'days of old,
Their perish'd, proudest, pageantry unfold.'
——'nothing I descry,
But the bare boast of barren heraldry.'
——'The huntress queen,
Showers her shafts of silver o'er the scene.'

"To these add 'moody monarchs,' 'turgid tyrants,' 'pampered popes,' 'radiant rivers,' 'cooling cataracts,' 'lazy Loires' (of which, by-the-by, there are none), 'gay Garonnes,' 'gloomy glass,' 'mingling murder,' 'dauntless day,' 'lettered lightnings,' 'delicious dilatings,' 'sinking sorrows,' 'blissful blessings,' 'rich reasonings,' 'meliorating mercies,' 'vicious venalities,' 'sublunary suns,' 'dewy vapours damp, that sweep the silent swamp,' and a world of others, to be found in the compass of half-a-dozen pages.

"3tio.

'In phosphor blaze of genealogic line.'

"N.B.—Written to 'the turning of a brazen candlestick.'

'O better were it ever to be lost
In black negation's sea, than reach the coast.'

"This couplet may be placed to advantage under the first head.

'Should the zeal of parliament be empty words.'
——'turn to France, and see
Four million men in arms for liberty.'
——'doom for a breath
A hundred reasoning hecatombs to death.'

"A hecatomb is a sacrifice of a hundred head of oxen. Where did this gentleman hear of their *reasoning?*

'Awhile I'll ruminate on time and fate;
And the most probable event of things'——

Euge, magne poeta! Well may Laura Maria say—

'That Genius glows in every classic line,
And Nature dictates—every thing that's thine.'

A wild delirium round th' assembly flies;
Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes;
Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands;
And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.
O wretched man! And dost thou toil to please,
At this late hour, such prurient ears as these?
Is thy poor pride contented to receive
Such transitory fame as fools can give?
Fools who, unconscious of the critics' laws,
Rain in such show'rs their indistinct applause.
That thou, even thou, who liv'st upon renown,
And with eternal puffs insult'st the town,
Art forc'd at length to check the idiot roar,
And cry, "For heaven's sweet sake, no more, no more!"
"But why (thou say'st), why am I learn'd, why fraught
With all the priest and all the sage have taught,
If the huge mass, within my bosom pent,
Must struggle there, despairing of a vent?"
Thou learn'd? Alas, for Learning! She is sped.
And hast thou dimm'd thy eyes, and rack'd thy head,
And broke thy rest for this, for this alone?
And is thy knowledge nothing if not known?
O fool, fool, fool! But still thou criest, 'tis sweet
To hear "That's he!" from every one we meet;
That's he, whom critic Bell declares divine,
For whom the fair diurnal laurels twine;
Whom magazines, reviews, conspire to praise,
And Greathead calls the Homer of our days.
F. And is it nothing, then, to hear our name
Thus blazoned by the general voice of fame?
P. Nay, it were everything, did that dispense
The sober verdict found by taste and sense.
But mark our jury. O'er the flowing bowl,
When wine has drown'd all energy of soul,
Ere Faro comes (a dreary interval!)
For some fond fashionable lay they call.
Here the spruce ensign, tottering on his chair,
With lisping accent, and affected air,
Recounts the wayward fate of that poor poet,
Who born for anguish, and dispos'd to shew it,
Did yet so awkwardly his means employ,
That gaping fiends mistook his grief for joy.
Lost in amaze at language so divine,
The audience hiccup, and exclaim, "Damn'd fine!"
And are not now the author's ashes blest?
Now lies the turf not lightly on his breast?
Do not sweet violets now around him bloom?
Laurels now burst spontaneous from his tomb?——
F. This is mere mockery: and (in your ear)
Reason is ill refuted by a sneer.
Is praise an evil? Is there to be found
One so indifferent to its soothing sound,
As not to wish hereafter to be known,
And make a long futurity his own,
Rather than——
P. With 'Squire Jerningham descend
To pastry-cooks and moths, "and there an end!"
O thou that deign'st this homely scene to share,
Thou know'st, when chance (tho' this indeed be rare)
With random gleams of wit has grac'd my lays,
Thou know'st too well how I have relish'd praise.
Not mine the soul that pants not after fame—
Ambitious of a poet's envied name,
I haunt the sacred fount, athirst to prove
The grateful influence of the stream I love.
And yet, my friend (though still at praise bestow'd
Mine eye has glisten'd, and my cheek has glow'd),
Yet when I prostitute the lyre to gain
The eulogies that wait each modish strain,
May the sweet Muse my grovelling hopes withstand,
And tear the strings indignant from my hand;
Nor think that, while my verse too much I prize,
Too much th' applause of fashion I despise;
For mark to what 'tis given, and then declare,
Mean tho' I am, if it be worth my care.
Is it not given to Este's unmeaning dash,
To Topham's fustian, Reynolds' flippant trash,
To Andrews' doggrel, where three wits combine,
To Morton's catch-word, Greathead's idiot line,
And Holcroft's Shug-lane cant, and Merry's Moo
fields whine.
Skill'd in one useful science at the least,
The great man comes, and spreads a sumptuous feast:
Then when his guests behold the prize at stake,
And thirst and hunger only are awake,
My friends, he cries, what do the galleries say,
And what the boxes, of my last new play?
Speak freely, tell me all—come, be sincere;
For truth, you know, is music to my ear.
They speak? Alas, they cannot! But shall I—
I, who receive no bribe, who dare not lie?
This then—"that worse was never writ before,
Nor worse will be—till thou shalt write once more."
Blest be "two-headed Janus!" tho' inclin'd,
No waggish stork can peck at him behind;
He no wry mouth, no lolling tongue can fear,
Nor the brisk twinkling of an ass's ear.
But you, ye St. Johns, curs'd with one poor head,
Alas! what mockeries have not ye to dread!
Hear now our guests:—"The critics, Sir," they cry—
"Merit like yours the critics may defy;"
But this, indeed, they say—"Your varied rhymes,
At once the boast and envy of the times,
In every page, song, sonnet, what you will,
Show boundless genius, and uurivall'd skill.
If comedy be yours, the searching strain
Gives a sweet pleasure, so chastis'd by pain,
That e'en the guilty at their sufferings smile,
And bless the lancet, tho' they bleed the while.
If tragedy, th' impassion'd numbers flow
In all the sad variety of woe,
With such a liquid lapse, that they betray
The breast unwares, and steal the soul away."
Thus fool'd, the moon-struck tribe, whose best essay
Sunk in acrostics and in roundelays,
To loftier labours now pretend a call,
And bustle in heroics, one and all.
E'en Bertie burns of gods and chiefs to sing—
Bertie who lately twitter'd to the string
His namby-pamby madrigals of love,
In the dark dingles of a glittering grove,
Where airy lays, wove by the hand of morn,
Were hung to dry upon a cobweb thorn!!!
Happy the soil where bards like mushrooms rise,
And ask no culture but what Byshe supplies!
Happier the bards who, write whate'er they will,
Find gentle readers to admire them still!
Some love the verse that like Maria's flows,
No rubs to stagger, and no sense to pose;
Which read, and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
And gravely wonder what it is about.
These fancy "Bell's Poetics" only sweet

And intercept his hawkers in the street;
There smoking hot, inhale Mit Yenda's strains,
And the rank fume of Tony Pasquin's brains.
Others, like Kemble, on black-letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore;
Buy at vast sums the *trash* of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praise.
These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
Has bless'd them with "*The Boke of good advice*,"
For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek,
And live upon a *whilome* for a week.
And can we, when such mope-eyed dolts are plac'd
By thoughtless fashion on the throne of taste—
Say, can we wonder whence this jargon flows,
This motley fustian, neither verse nor prose,
This old, new, language that defiles our page;
The refuse and the scum of every age?
Lo, Beaufoy tells of Afric's barren sand
In all the flow'ry phrase of fairy land:
There Fezzan's thrum-capp'd tribes, Turks, Christians, Jews,
Accommodate, ye gods! their feet with shoes.
There *meagre* shrubs *inveterate* mountains grace,
And *brushwood* breaks the *amplitude of space*.
Perplex'd with terms so vague and undefin'd,
I blunder on; till wilder'd, giddy, blind,
Where'er I turn, on clouds I seem to tread;
And call for Mandeville to ease my head.
Oh for the good old times! When all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber, and of rocks of gold:
Full of their theme, they spurn'd all idle art:
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves;
Less to display our subject than ourselves:
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flow'r, a bird,
Heavens! how we sweat, laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk, and uncouth sound,
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war!
Is not this sad?

F. "'Tis pitiful, God knows,
'Tis wond'rous pitiful." E'en take the prose,
But for the poetry—oh, that my friend,
I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend.
You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse;
We want their *strength*: agreed. But we atone
For that, and more, by *sweetness* all our own.
For instance—"Hasten to the lawny vale,
Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale,
And bathes the landscape——"

P. Pshaw! I have it here:
"A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear:
Wond'ring I gaze; when lo! methought afar,
More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,
A godlike form advances."

F. You suppose
These lines perhaps too turgid; what of those?
"The mighty mother——"

P. Now 'tis plain you sneer,
For Weston's self could find no semblance here.
Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite,
And, envying the fair fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
Reptile accurs'd! O memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song,
O injur'd bard! accept the grateful strain,
That I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay:
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage!
While canker'd Weston, and his loathsome rhymes,
Stink in the nose of all succeeding times!
Enough. But where (for these, you seem to say,
Are samples of the high, heroic lay)
Where are the soft, the tender strains, that call
For the moist eye, bow'd head, and lengthen'd drawl?
Lo! here—"Canst thou, Matilda, urge my fate,
And bid me mourn thee?—yes, and mourn too late!
O rash, severe decree! my maddening brain
Cannot the ponderous agony sustain;
But forth I rush, from vale to mountain run,
And with my mind's thick gloom obscure the sun."
Heavens! if our ancient vigour were not fled,
Could verse like this be written, or be read?
Verse! that's the mellow fruit of toil intense,
Inspir'd by genius, and inform'd by sense;
This, the abortive progeny of Pride
And Dulness, gentle pair, for aye allied;
Begotten without thought, born without pains,
The ropy drivel of rheumatic brains.

F. So let it be: and yet, methinks, my friend,
Silence were wise, where satire will not mend.
Why wound the feelings of our noble youth,
And grate their tender ears with odious truth?
They cherish Arno, and his flux of song,
And hate the man who tells 'em they are wrong.
Your fate already I foresee. My Lord
With cold respect will freeze you from his board;
And his Grace cry, "Hence with your sapient sneer!
Hence! we desire no currish critic here."

P. Enough. Thank heaven! my error now I see,
And all shall be divine, henceforth, for me:
Yes, Andrews' doggrel, Greathead's idiot line,
And Morton's catch-word, all, forsooth, divine!

F. 'Tis well. Here let th' indignant stricture cease,
And Leeds at length enjoy his fool in peace.

P. Come then, around their works a circle draw,
And near it plant the dragons of the law;
With labels writ, "Critics far hence remove,
Nor dare to censure what the great approve."
I go. Yet Hall could lash with noble rage
The purblind patron of a former age,
And laugh to scorn th' eternal sonnetteer,
Who made goose-pinions and white rags so dear.
Yet Oldham, in his rude, unpolish'd strain,
Could hiss the clamorous, and deride the vain,
Who bawl'd their rhymes incessant thro' the town,
Or brib'd the hawkers for a day's renown.
Whate'er the theme, with honest warmth they wrote,
Nor car'd what Mutius of their freedom thought:
Yet prose was venial in that happy time,
And life had other business than to rhyme.
And may not I—now this pernicious pest,
This metromania creeps thro' every breast;
Now fools and children void their brains by loads,
And itching grandams spawl lascivious odes;
Now lords and dukes, curs'd with a sickly taste,

While Burns' pure healthful nurture runs to waste,
Lick up the spittle of the bed-rid muse,
And riot on the sweepings of the stews;
Say, may not I expose——
F. No—'tis unsafe.
Prudence, my friend.
P. What! not deride, not laugh?
Well! thought at least is free——
F. Oh, yet forbear.
P. Nay, then, I'll dig a pit, and bury there
The dreadful truth that so alarms thy fears:
The town, the town, good pit, has asses' ears!
Thou think'st perhaps, this wayward fancy strange;
So think thou still; yet would not I exchange
The secret humour of this simple hit
For all the Albums that were ever writ.
Of this no more. O thou (if yet there be
One bosom from this vile infection free),
Thou who canst thrill with joy, or glow with ire,
As the great masters of the song inspire,
Canst bend enraptur'd o'er the magic page,
Where desperate ladies desperate lords engage,
Gnomes, sylphs, and gods, the fierce contention share,
And heaven and earth hang trembling on a hair;
Canst quake with horror while Emilia's charms
Against a brother point a brother's arms,
And trace the fortune of the varying fray,
While hour on hour flits unperceiv'd away—
Approach: 'twixt hope and fear I wait. Oh deign
To cast a glance on this incondite strain:
Here, if thou find one thought but well exprest,
One sentence higher finish'd than the rest,
Such as may win thee to proceed awhile,
And smooth thy forehead with a gracious smile,
I ask no more. But far from me the throng,
Who fancy fire in Laura's vapid song,
Who Anna's Bedlam-rant for sense can take,
And over Edwin's mewlings keep awake;
Yes, far from me, whate'r their birth or place,
These long-ear'd judges of the Phrygian race,
Their censure and their praise alike I scorn,
And hate the laurel by their followers worn!
Let such, a task congenial to their powers,
At sales and auctions waste the morning hours,
While the dull noon away in Christie's fane,
And snore the evening out at Drury Lane;
Lull'd by the twang of Bensley's nasal note,
And the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat.

Let us turn now to a piece of true sentiment above the reach of satire. Lady Anne Barnard, eldest of eleven children of James Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres, was born in 1750. The sister next her in age, Margaret, married at eighteen, and left Anne missing her company; wherefore she wrote much for a time to amuse herself, and among other things she wrote "Auld Robin Gray." Robin Gray chanced to be the name of a shepherd at Balcarres. While she was writing this ballad, a little sister Elizabeth, aged about nine, looked in on her. "What more shall I do," Anne asked, "to trouble a poor girl? I've sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm made her mother ill, and given her an old man for a lover. There's room in the four lines for one sorrow more. What shall it be?" "Steal the cow, sister Anne." Accordingly, the cow was stolen. It was not [illegible] she was forty years old that Lady Anne [illegible] married Mr. Andrew Barnard, son to the [illegible] Limerick, and she went with him in 1797. [illegible] attended Lord Macartney to the Cape of Good [illegible] as his private secretary. There, as always, she [illegible] a happy wife, and she went up Table Mountain [illegible] pair of her husband's trousers. She lived [illegible] 1825, and found, the year before her death, a [illegible] from the second part of her "Auld Robin Gray" [illegible] quoted in Scott's "Pirate." Scott praised the [illegible] known then to very few, and named her as the [illegible] of it. The second part she had written to [illegible] her mother, who often asked "how that [illegible] business of Jeanie and Jamie ended."

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

FIRST PART.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye [illegible]
hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for [illegible]
bride,
But saving a crown he had naething else beside:
To mak the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for [illegible]

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day
When my father brake his arm, and the cow was [illegible]
away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, my mother couldna spin.
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win.
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in [illegible]
e'e,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back.
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack.
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why am I spared to cry, Woe is me?

My father urged me sair—my mother didna speak.
But she looket in my face till my heart was like to
break;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee."

Oh! sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say o' a'.
I gi'ed him ae kiss and bade him gang awa'.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee.
For tho' my heart is broken, I'm young, woe is me.

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin.
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For oh! Robin Gray he is kind to me.

SECOND PART.

The winter was come, 'twas simmer nae mair,
And, trembling, the leaves were fleeing thro' th' air;
"O winter," says Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
For the sun he looks wae when he shines upon me."

Nae longer she mourned, her tears were a' spent,
Despair it was come, and she thought it content—
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she bent like a lily broke down by the gale.

Her father and mother observed her decay;
"What ails ye, my bairn?" they ofttimes would say;
"Ye turn round your wheel, but you come little speed,
For feeble's your hand and silly's your thread."

She smiled when she heard them, to banish their fear,
But wae looks the smile that is seen through a tear,
And bitter's the tear that is forced by a love
Which honour and virtue can never approve.

Her father was vexed and her mother was wae,
But pensive and silent was auld Robin Gray;
He wandered his lane, and his face it grew lean,
Like the side of a brae where the torrent has been.

Nae questions he spiered[1] her concerning her health,
He looked at her often, but aye 'twas by stealth;
When his heart it grew grit,[2] and often he feigned
To gang to the door to see if it rained.

He took to his bed—nae physic he sought,
But ordered his friends all around to be brought;
While Jeanie supported his head in its place,
Her tears trickled down, and they fell on his face.

"Oh, greet nae mair, Jeanie," said he wi' a groan,
"I'm no worth your sorrow—the truth maun be known;
Send round for your neighbours, my hour it draws near,
And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear.

"I've wrong'd her," he said, "but I kent[3] it ower late;
I've wronged her, and sorrow is speeding my date;
But a' for the best, since my death will soon free
A faithfu' young heart that was ill matched wi' me.

"I lo'ed and I courted her mony a day,
The auld folks were for me, but still she said nay;
I kentna o' Jamie, nor yet of her vow,
In mercy forgive me—'twas I stole the cow.

"I cared not for Crummie, I thought but o' thee—
I thought it was Crummie stood 'twixt you and me;
While she fed your parents, oh, did you not say
You never would marry wi' auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness at hame and want at the door—
You gied me your hand, while your heart it was sore;
I saw it was sore,—why took I her hand?
Oh, that was a deed to my shame o'er the land!

"How truth soon or late comes to open daylight!
For Jamie cam' back, and your cheek it grew white—
White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me—
Ay, Jeanie, I'm thankfu'—I'm thankfu' to dee.

"Is Jamie come here yet?"—and Jamie they saw—
"I've injured you sair, lad, so leave you my a';
Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be;
Waste nae time, my dauties,[4] in mourning for me."

They kissed his cauld hands, and a smile o'er his face
Seemed hopefu' of being accepted by grace;
"Oh, doubtna," said Jamie, "forgi'en he will be—
Wha wouldna be tempted, my love, to win thee?"

* * * * *

The first days were dowie[5] while time slipt awa',
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie o' a'
Was thinkin' she couldna be honest and right,
Wi' tears in her e'e while her heart was sae light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
The wife of her Jamie, the tear couldna stay;
A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
Oh, now she has a' that her heart can desire.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were young in the latter years of the eighteenth century, sharing its hopes and its emotions. Wordsworth was born

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
From an Early Portrait painted for Southey.[6]

on the 7th of April, 1770, Coleridge on the 21st of October, 1772, and Southey on the 12th of August, 1774. Wordsworth's father lived at Cockermouth, and was law-agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale. His mother died when he

[1] *Spiered*, asked. First-English "spór," a track; "spirian," to track out, inquire.

[2] *Grit*, great, swollen. "The heart is said to be grit when one is ready to cry." (Jamieson.)

[3] *Kent*, knew.

[4] *Dauties*, darlings.

[5] *Dowie*, doleful.

[6] I am indebted to the Rev. A. B. Grosart for permission to copy this portrait of Wordsworth in early manhood from a steel engraving of it in the subscription copies of his most valuable edition of the Prose Works of Wordsworth. The original is in the possession of Mrs. Stanger, Fieldside, Keswick. The finer shade of expression reproduced in Mr. Grosart's steel plate cannot be wholly represented by a wood engraving.

was eight years of age his father when he was thirteen and a schoolboy at Hawkshead, in the vale of Esthwaite. He went to St. John's College, Cambridge, in October, 1787, and was a student at Cambridge, aged nineteen, at the time of the Fall of the Bastille. What he felt in those days, he paints when he represents the lost hopes of the Solitary in "The Excursion."

> For lo! the dread Bastile,
> With all the chambers in its horrid towers,
> Fell to the ground; by violence overthrown
> Of indignation and with shouts that drowned
> The crash it made in falling! From the wreck
> A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,
> The appointed seat of equitable law
> And mild paternal sway. The potent shock
> I felt: the transformation I perceived,
> As marvellously seized as in that moment
> When, from the blind mist issuing, I beheld
> Glory, beyond all glory ever seen,
> Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
> Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic harps
> In every grove were ringing "War shall cease;
> Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
> Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers to deck
> The tree of Liberty." My heart rebounded;
> My melancholy voice the chorus joined—
> "Be joyful all ye nations, in all lands
> Ye that are capable of joy be glad!
> Henceforth, whate'er is wanting in yourselves
> In others ye shall promptly find; and all,
> Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
> Shall with one heart honour their common kind."

In the following year, 1790, Wordsworth and his college friend, Robert Jones, took their holiday in France, where they saw the exulting hopes of the people after the first anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille, and how glad a face is worn

> "When joy of one
> Is joy for tens of millions."

In 1791 Wordsworth graduated, and having abandoned the thought of entering the Church, since literature was not a recognised career, he agreed to try law. But in November he was in France again, and remained there for more than a year, sympathising strongly with the aspirations that, to minds like his, the French Revolution was still representing. The sympathy was such as he has uttered in this little poem:—

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

> Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
> For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
> Upon our side, we who were strong in love.
> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven!—Oh! times
> In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
> Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
> The attraction of a country in romance;
> When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
> When most intent on making of herself
> A prime Enchantress—to assist the work
> Which then was going forward in her name!
> Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth
> The beauty wore of promise, that which sets
> (As at some moment might not be unfelt
> Among the bowers of paradise itself)
> The budding rose above the rose full blown.
> What temper at the prospect did not wake
> To happiness unthought of? The inert
> Were roused, and lively natures rapt away.
> They who had fed their childhood upon dreams
> The playfellows of fancy, who had made
> All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength
> Their ministers, who in lordly wise had stirred
> Among the grandest objects of the sense,
> And dealt with whatsoever they found there
> As if they had within some lurking right
> To wield it;—they, too, who, of gentle mood,
> Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
> Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,
> And in the region of their peaceful selves;—
> Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
> Did both find, helpers to their heart's desire,
> And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish;
> Were called upon to exercise their skill,
> Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
> Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where,
> But in the very world which is the world
> Of all of us,—the place where in the end
> We find our happiness or not at all.

Wordsworth was in Paris a month after the September massacre, and felt that hope was failing because the better minds could not secure the mastery over the passions of a people set suddenly free after centuries of degradation. His desire was to use his knowledge of French by throwing in his lot with the men who were seeking to direct the storm; he would have written, spoken, and acted with the thoughtful section of the Revolutionists. But his friends wisely compelled his return to England. Soon after his return there was the execution of the king on the 21st of January, 1793, and on the 1st of the next month began the war against the Revolution, which lasted until the Peace of Amiens on the 27th of March, 1802. The spirit of Wordsworth rebelled strongly against the war; England seemed to him to be leagued with the despotic powers of Europe for extinction of what ever chance was left of good to come from the great effort that had stirred so many hopes.

At Christmas, in 1794, Wordsworth was at Penrith by the bedside of a young friend, Raisley Calvert, like himself the son of a law agent, and fatherless. Calvert died in January, 1795. He had £900 to leave, and left them to his friend Wordsworth to enable him to give up vain labour towards other ends than that for which he seemed to have been born, and be a poet free to shape his own career. With frugality Wordsworth could make £900 last long; he did, in fact, with aid of a little that came to him from other sources, make it last nearly eight years. Within that time he found his place in life; and then there was the long-delayed payment of a debt due to his father, that was all the father had to leave, and William and his brothers and his sister Dorothy received about £1,800 each. After Raisley

Calvert's death Wordsworth called his sister Dorothy —one year younger than himself—to his side, to be with him thenceforth, and so they lived together until death, for a short time, divided them. They first settled near Crewkerne, in a quiet place where the post only came in once a week, and then Wordsworth began to prepare himself for the fulfilment of whatever he might find to be his highest duty as a poet, with a religious earnestness like that of Milton when he said, with his life yet before him—

> "All is, if I have grace to use it so,
> As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

To Wordsworth and Dorothy in their quiet home at Racedown, near Crewkerne, suddenly there entered Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born in October, 1772, was the youngest of thirteen children—ten being by the second wife—of the Rev. John Coleridge, vicar of Ottery, in Devonshire, and head-master of the Grammar School there, known as the King's School, or Henry VIII.'s Free Grammar School. Before Coleridge had reached his seventh year the father, whose health was delicate, died at the age of sixty-two. Judge Buller, who had been one of his father's pupils, obtained the child a presentation to Christ's Hospital, and thither he was sent in July, 1782. There he had Charles Lamb for a schoolfellow, and the friendship between Lamb and Coleridge was begun. In February, 1791, Coleridge, in his nineteenth year, entered at Jesus College, Cambridge. In his school days he had been stirred by the hopes of the time. The Bastille fell when he was a youth of seventeen, and in his first year at Cambridge he obtained the prize for a Greek Ode on the subject of "The Slave Trade." But in his first year also, by passive want of discretion in management of affairs, rather than by any active imprudence, he slipped into debt to the amount of about a hundred pounds. With this load on his conscience he went home in the summer of 1793, and it was then that "The Songs of the Pixies" came of one day's holiday that gave a lighter heart. When he returned to Cambridge he had so changed his religious opinions that he could neither enter the Church nor hope for a college fellowship. Resolving, therefore, to give all up and be no more a burden on his family, he left Cambridge and enlisted, as Silas Titus Cumberbatch, in the 15th Light Dragoons. After some months he was discovered and returned to Cambridge; but as there still seemed to be no career before him there, and as he heard of the fame of Citizen Southey at Oxford, he resolved to take counsel with that young sage.

Robert Southey, born in August, 1774, was the son of a linen-draper at Bristol. The father was unprosperous, and the child was educated chiefly under the care of a maiden aunt, Miss Tyler, who was a half-sister of his mother's. A brother of his mother's, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon, joined Aunt Tyler in sending Southey to Westminster School. When near the end of his time there—in his eighteenth year—Southey was expelled from Westminster School by Dr. Vincent, the head-master, for a youthful jest upon the despotism of the rod. In the little world of school, as in the great world, the upholders of constituted authority believed it necessary to crush out revolutionary sentiment. Uncle Hill resolved that his nephew's career should not be stayed by a boyish indiscretion, and sent Southey to Oxford, where he was refused at Christ Church, but admitted at Balliol early in 1793. Here he soon showed his revolutionary tendencies by refusing to have his hair cut, or to use hair-powder, and he wrote to a friend: "Would you think it possible that the wise founders of an English University should forbid us to wear boots? What matters it whether I study in shoes or boots? To me it is a matter of indifference; but folly so ridiculous puts me out of conceit with the whole." With Southey and other congenial spirits at Oxford, Coleridge presently developed the plan of an escape from the forms of an old society, hopelessly corrupt. They would go—a band of pure spirits—across the Atlantic, and, on freer ground, would found a Pantisocracy (an All-Equal-Government) on the banks of the Susquehanna. Robert Lovell, George Bennett, and others enrolled themselves as Pantisocrats. Some of them went with Southey to Bristol, where of the four daughters of a small tradesman of the place, the three who were marriageable became the chosen brides of three poets, who were to be among the founders of the new and happy commonwealth. Robert Lovell was to marry and did marry Miss Fricker, who was an actress in a small way. He wrote verse with promise in it, and died young, leaving a widow and infant, who owed much to Southey's kindness. Southey was to marry and did marry Edith Fricker, who kept a small day-school; and Coleridge married Sarah Fricker, who was a mantua-maker. Southey, invited by his Uncle Hill to go with him for a few months to Lisbon, married before he left, and came home to acknowledge his wife, and work hard for his living. Divers difficulties, to say nothing of the main difficulty of finding passage-money to the Susquehanna, put an end to the Pantisocracy, and Coleridge lectured for a time on revolutionary history. He was living at Clevedon when, in 1795, he published his "Conciones ad Populum," and said in the preface, "The two following addresses were delivered in the month of February, 1795, and were followed by six others in defence of natural and revealed religion. 'There is a time to keep silence,' saith King Solomon; but when I proceeded to the first verse of the fourth chapter of the Ecclesiastes, 'and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of the oppressors there was power,' I concluded this was *not* the 'time to keep silence,' for truth should be spoken at all times, but more especially at those times when to speak truth is dangerous." To be near a generous friend, Mr. Thomas Poole, of Nether Stowey, Coleridge had settled in Nether Stowey, by the Bristol Channel, when he heard that Wordsworth, author of "The Descriptive Sketches," which he had read and liked when a Blue-Coat boy, was living not far off. Therefore, he went to see him at Racedown, and close friendship was

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
Dreams that made her moan and leap,
As on her bed she lay in sleep;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The breezes they were still also;
And nought was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak-tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady leaps up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek;—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare;
And the jewels disordered in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!"
Said Christabel, "and who art thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
"Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness."
"Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear,"
Said Christabel, "how camest thou here?"
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—
"My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white:
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain in fits I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand," thus ended she,
"And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine:
And saying that she should command
The service of Sir Leoline,
And straight be convoyed, free from thrall,
Back to her noble father's hall.

So up she rose: and forth they passed
With hurrying steps, yet nothing fast;
Her lucky stars the lady blest,
And Christabel she sweetly said—
"All our household are at rest,
Each one sleeping in his bed;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
So to my room we'll creep in stealth,
And you to-night must sleep with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
"Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!"
"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,
"I cannot speak for weariness."
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.

The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
"Oh, softly tread," said Christabel,
"My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet she bares,
And they are creeping up the stairs;
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answered, "Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

But soon with altered voice, said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?

Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'Tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake:
"All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.
But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side——
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
And she is to sleep by Christabel!

She took two paces, and a stride,
And lay down by the maiden's side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah! well-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
"In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night and wilt know to-morrow
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow.
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,

And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air."

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I.

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak-tree.
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair, not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah! woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak-tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will! by tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere?
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

PART II.

"Each matin bell," the Baron saith,
"Knells us back to a world of death."
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say,
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Said Bracy the Bard, "So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between."
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borodale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
"Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side—
Oh, rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak-tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
"Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel,
"Now Heaven be praised if all be well!"
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,

She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.
The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom,
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,
A dreary sea now flows between,—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

Oh then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
He would proclaim it far and wide
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy!
"And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court—that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!"
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.

Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—
(Ah! woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)
Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,
"What ails then my beloved child?"
The Baron said. His daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he who saw this Geraldine
Had deemed her sure a thing divine,
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed,
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.

"Nay!
Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy! the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.
And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
'Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array
And take thy lovely daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array;
White with their panting palfreys' foam:

And by mine honour! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!
For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.'"

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing!—
"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me;
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline! I saw the same
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wondered what might ail the bird;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

"And in my dream methought I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck,
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I woke; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self-same day,
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
"Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!"
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine, in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And crouched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel——
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she looked askance!—
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind;
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate!
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view—
As far as such a look could be,
In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
"By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!"
She said: and more she could not say:
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died!
Oh, by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!
And wouldst then wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild.
Dishonoured thus in his old age;
Dishonoured by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To th' insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end;—
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere—
"Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

CONCLUSION TO PART II.

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Come seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

Coleridge's friend, Mr. Gillman, with whom he spent much of the latter part of his life, and who began his biography, tells us that

"The following relation was to have occupied a third and fourth canto, and to have closed the tale.

"Over the mountains, the Bard, as directed by Sir Leoline, 'hastes' with his disciple; but in consequence of one of those inundations supposed to be common to this country, the spot only where the castle once stood is discovered—the edifice being washed away. He determines to return. Geraldine being acquainted with all that is passing, like the Weird Sisters in Macbeth, vanishes. Re-appearing, however, she waits the return of the Bard, exciting in the meantime, by her wily arts, all the anger she could rouse in the Baron's breast, as well as that jealousy of which he is described to have been susceptible. The old Bard and the youth at length arrive, and therefore she can no longer personate the character of Geraldine, the daughter of Lord Roland de Vaux, but changes her appearance to that of the accepted though absent lover of Christabel. In a courtship most distressing to Christabel, who knows not why—great disgust for her once favour This coldness is very painful to the Baron, who has conception than herself of the supernatural She at last yields to her father's entreaties, and approach the altar with this hated suitor. The returning, enters at this moment, and produces which she had once given him in sign of her Thus defeated, the supernatural being, Geraldine, pears. As predicted, the castle bell tolls, the is heard, and to the exceeding great joy of the the rightful marriage takes place, after which a reconciliation and explanation between the daughter."

These musical lines are by Coleridge:—

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the
The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
And singing, and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

And here is a piece of his playfulness:—

AN ODE TO THE RAIN.

Composed before Day-light, on the Morning after the Departure of a very worthy, but not very pl Visitor; whom it was feared the Rain might det

I.

I know it is dark; and though I have lain
Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain,
I have not once opened the lids of my eyes
But I lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.
O Rain! that I lie listening to,
You're but a doleful sound at best:
I owe you little thanks, 'tis true,
For breaking thus my needful rest!
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight.
I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,
Though sick and sore for want of sleep:
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

II.

O Rain! with your dull twofold sound.
The clash hard by, and the murmur all
You know, if you know aught, that we,
Both night and day, but ill agree:
For days, and months, and almost years,
Have limped on through this vale of tears
Since body of mine, and rainy weather,
Have lived on easy terms together.
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,

Though you should come again to-morrow,
And bring with you both pain and sorrow;
Though stomach should sicken, and knees should swell—
I'll nothing speak of you but well.
But only now for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

III.

Dear Rain! I ne'er refused to say
You're a good creature in your way.
Nay, I could write a book myself,
Would fit a parson's lower shelf,
Shewing, how very good you are—
What then? sometimes it must be fair!
And if sometimes, why not to-day?
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

IV.

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,
Take no offence! I'll tell you, why.
A dear old Friend e'en now is here,
And with him came my sister dear;
After long absence now first met,
Long months by pain and grief beset—
We three dear friends! in truth, we groan
Impatiently to be alone.
We three, you mark! and not one more!
The strong wish makes my spirit sore.
We have so much to talk about,
So many sad things to let out;
So many tears in our eye-corners,
Sitting like little Jacky Horners—
In short, as soon as it is day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

V.

And this I'll swear to you, dear Rain!
Whenever you shall come again,
Be you as dull as e'er you could
(And by the bye 'tis understood,
You're not so pleasant, as you're good),
Yet, knowing well your worth and place,
I'll welcome you with cheerful face;
And though you stayed a week or more,
Were ten times duller than before,
Yet with kind heart, and right good will,
I'll sit and listen to you still;
Nor should you go away, dear Rain!
Uninvited to remain.
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

When Wordsworth and Coleridge were at work on "Lyrical Ballads," Wordsworth one day, being at ther Stowey, produced the poem known as "We Seven," all but the first stanza, in a little wood r by. It was based on actual talk with a child t when he had visited Goodrich Castle some years ore, the dialogue yielding fit matter for a poem e it involved suggestion of the natural instinct of nortality. When Wordsworth repeated what he murmured out to himself in the open air (the nner of producing nine-tenths of his poems), and was written down, he said that it wanted an ning verse, and he should sit down to tea more comfortably if that were first supplied. "I'll give it you," said Coleridge, and gave at once the first stanza which—as addressed to a friend, James Tobin, with whom they were on terms of playful familiarity—he began, "A little child, dear brother Jim." So the poem was printed in the earlier editions, until it occurred to Wordsworth that the original rhyme to "limb" might be struck out; since there was grace of its own in an opening half line with pause on the words "A simple child:"—

WE ARE SEVEN.

—— A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said:
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"—
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we!
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Saw ye the vegetable ocean
Roll its green billows to the April gale?
The ripening gold with multitudinous motion
Sway o'er the summer vale?

It flows thro' alder banks along
Beneath the copse that hides the hill;
The gentle stream you cannot see,
You only hear its melody,
The stream that turns the mill.
Pass on, a little way pass on,
And you shall catch its gleam anon;
And hark! the loud and agonising groan
That makes its anguish known,
Where tortur'd by the tyrant lord of meal
The brook is broken on the wheel!

Blow fair, blow fair, thou orient gale!
On the white bosom of the sail
Ye winds enamour'd, lingering lie!
Ye waves of ocean spare the bark!
Ye tempests of the sky!
From distant realms she comes to bring
The sugar for my pie.
For this on Gambia's arid side
The vulture's feet are scaled with blood,
And Beelzebub beholds with pride
His darling planter brood.

First in the spring thy leaves were seen,
Thou beauteous bush, so early green!
Soon ceas'd thy blossom's little life of love.
Oh, safer than the Alcides-conquer'd tree
That grew the pride of that Hesperian grove—
No dragon does there need for thee
With quintessential sting to work alarms,
And guard thy fruit so fine,
Thou vegetable porcupine!
And didst thou scratch thy tender arms,
O Jane, that I should dine!

The flour, the sugar, and the fruit,
Commingled well, how well they suit,
And they were well bestow'd.
O Jane, with truth I praise your pie,
And will not you in just reply
Praise my Pindaric ode?

Southey could blend also jest with earnest, as in this piece, which was first printed in his "British Anthology" for the year 1800:—

ST. ROMAULD.

One day, it matters not to know
How many hundred years ago,
A Spaniard stopt at a posada door:
The landlord came to welcome him, and chat
Of this and that,
For he had seen the traveller there before.

"Does holy Romauld dwell
Still in his cell?"
The traveller ask'd, "or is the old man dead?"
"No, he has left his loving flock, and we
So good a Christian never more shall see,"
The landlord answer'd, and he shook his head.

"Ah, sir! we knew his worth.
If ever there did live a saint on earth!
Why, sir, he always used to wear a shirt
For thirty days, all seasons, day and night:
Good man, he knew it was not right
For dust and ashes to fall out with dirt:
And then he only hung it out in the rain,
And put it on again.

"There used to be rare work
With him and the devil there in yonder cell,
For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.
There they would sometimes fight
All through a winter's night,
From sunset until morn,
He with a cross, the devil with his horn,
The devil spitting fire with might and main
Enough to make St. Michael half afraid,
He splashing holy water till he made
His red hide hiss again,
And the hot vapour fill'd the little cell.
This was so common that his face became
All black and yellow with the brimstone flame,
And then he smelt—O Lord! how he did smell!

"Then, sir! to see how he would mortify
The flesh. If any one had dainty fare,
Good man he would come there,
And look at all the delicate things, and cry,
'O belly, belly!
You would be gormandising now I know.
But it shall not be so,
Home to your bread and water—home I tell ye!'"

"But," quoth the traveller, "wherefore did he leave
A flock that knew his saintly worth so well?"
"Why," said the landlord, "sir, it so befell
He heard unluckily of our intent
To do him a great honour, and you know
He was not covetous of fame below,
And so by stealth one night away he went."

"What was this honour then?" the traveller cried;
"Why, sir," the host replied,
"We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us,
And then should strangers have
The good man's grave,
A loss like that would naturally grieve us,
For he'll be made a saint of to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might;
And so we meant to strangle him one night."

George Canning, who was of the same age as Wordsworth, started in November, 1797, *The Anti-Jacobin*, to attack by argument and ridicule what he and others looked upon as the false logic and false sentiment of English sympathisers with the French Revolution. William Gifford, who had made his reputation as author of the "Baviad" and "Mæviad," was appointed editor, and among the writers who, with Canning, shone in verse caricature, were John Hookham Frere and George Ellis. The poetry of the

Anti-Jacobin became so famous that it was collected in 1800 into a handsome quarto volume. Southey

WILLIAM GIFFORD.
From the Portrait by Hoppner, prefixed to his "Juvenal" (1802).

was one of the writers caricatured. He had written this "Inscription" for the prison of Marten :—

INSCRIPTION

For the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years.

For thirty years secluded from mankind
Here Marten linger'd. Often have these walls
Echoed his fotsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison; not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yon high bars he pour'd a sad
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime?
He had rebell'd against the king, and sat
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams! but such
As Plato loved; such as with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes! a while
From man withheld, even to the latter days
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfill'd!

It was thus wittily parodied, Canning, Frere, and Ellis each having a hand in the burlesque :—

INSCRIPTION

For the Door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the Prentice-cide, was confined previous to her Execution.

For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She scream'd for fresh geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand,
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole; for her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But time
come,
When France shall reign, and laws be all repeal'd!

Southey, in 1795, had expressed in this poem
miseries of war :—

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Dactylics.

Weary way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,
Travelling painfully over the rugged road,
Wild-visaged wanderer! ah, for thy heavy chance!

Sorely thy little one drags by thee bare-footed,
Cold is the baby that hangs at thy bending back,
Meagre and livid and screaming its wretchedness.

Woe-begone mother, half anger, half agony,
As over thy shoulder thou lookest to hush the babe,
Bleakly the blinding snow beats in thy haggard face.

Thy husband will never return from the war again.
Cold is thy hopeless heart, even as Charity!—
Cold are thy famished babes. God help thee, widowed

Thus ridiculed by Gifford :—

QUINTESSENCE OF ALL THE DACTYLICS.

Wearisome sonnetteer, feeble and querulous,
Painfully dragging out thy demo-cratic lays—
Moon-stricken sonnetteer, "ah! for thy heavy

Sorely thy dactylics lag on uneven feet:
Slow is the syllable which thou would'st urge to
Lame and o'erburthen'd, and "screaming its
ness!"

Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling-
Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy
Dactylics, call'st thou 'em?—"God help thee,

Southey, in 1796, had expressed also in this
his sense of the miseries of war :—

THE WIDOW.

Cold was the night wind, drifting fast the
Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked,
When a poor wanderer struggled on her
Weary and way-sore.

Dreary were the downs, more dreary her
Cold was the night-wind, colder was her
She had no home, the world was all before
She had no shelter.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by her,
"Pity me!" feebly cried the lonely wanderer.
"Pity me, strangers! lest with cold and hunger
Here I should perish.

"Once I had friends, but they have all forsook me!
Once I had parents—they are now in heaven!
I had a home once—I had once a husband—
Pity me, strangers!

"I had a home once—I had once a husband—
I am a widow poor and broken-hearted!"
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining,
On drove the chariot.

Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her;
She heard a horseman—"Pity me!" she groaned out;
Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining,
On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil and cold and hunger,
Down sunk the wanderer, sleep had seized her senses
There did the traveller find her in the morning;
God had released her.

Thus ridiculed by Canning and Frere in

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

Friend of Humanity.

"Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

"Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
-road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, "Knives and
Scissars to grind, O!"

"Tell me, knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

Knife-grinder.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
-Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

Friend of Humanity.

"*I* give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

[*Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

The sentimental drama, with its head-quarters in Germany, will be described in another of these volumes; but the caricature of it in the *Anti-Jacobin* (levelled at Schiller's "Robbers" and Goethe's "Stella,") called "The Rovers; or, the Double Arrangement," includes a lyric that may be given in its original setting. The soliloquy is by Frere, the song by Canning and Ellis:—

SCENE FROM "THE ROVERS."

Scene changes to a subterraneous vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh; with coffins, 'scutcheons, Death's heads and cross-bones.—Toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage.—Rogero appears in chains, in a suit of rusty armour, with his beard grown, and a cap of a grotesque form upon his head.—Beside him a crock, or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the caverns.—Rogero rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.

Rog. Eleven years! it is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchre—the cruelty of a minister—the perfidy of a monk—yes, Matilda! for thy sake—alive amidst the dead—chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converse of my fellow-men. Soft!—what have we here? [*Stumbles over a bundle of sticks.*] This cavern is so dark that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh! —the register of my captivity—Let me see, how stands the account? [*Takes up the sticks, and turns them over with a melancholy air; then stands silent for a few moments, as if absorbed in calculation.*] Eleven years and fifteen days!—Ha! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of my Matilda. It was a summer evening—her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine, as I pressed it to my bosom—some demon whispered me that I should never see her more. I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away for ever. The tears were petrified under my eyelids. My heart was crystallized with agony. Anon, I looked along the road. The diligence seemed to diminish every instant. I felt my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it. My soul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels. A long trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust—it was the emanation of divinity, luminous with love and beauty—like the splendour of the setting sun—but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk for ever. Yes, here in the depths of an eternal dungeon—in the nursing cradle of hell—the suburbs of perdition—in a

nest of demons, where despair, in vain, sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where agony wooes the embrace of death; where patience, beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilities:—yet even *here* to behold her, to embrace her—yes, Matilda, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a royal palace, amidst the more loathsome reptiles of a Court, would be indifferent to me. Angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads—while fiends would envy the eternity of suffering love. . . . . Soft, what air was that? it seemed a sound of more than human warblings. Again [*listens attentively for some minutes*]. Only the wind. It is well, however—it reminds me of that melancholy air, which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity. Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar. [*Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air, with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra:—*

[Air, *Lanterna Magica.*]

SONG, BY ROGERO.

I.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*

II.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! Matilda *then* was true!—
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.*]

III.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languish'd at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

IV.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I enter'd at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

V.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu—
—tor, Law Professor at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

VI.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doom'd to starve on water gru—
—el, never shall I see the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

[*During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play, till it is wholly fallen.*]

But the young English writers, who delighted in wild German imaginings, and, among other things, dealt much like Matthew Gregory Lewis, in "Tales of Terror," and "Tales of Wonder," could jest at their own fancies as cheerfully as any satirist. M. G. Lewis's "Tales of Terror," in 1799, fascinated Walter Scott, and caused him to make his first venture with original song as a contributor to the succeeding "Tales of Wonder." But thus its editor played with his own legend of the "Cloud King," as Southey parodied his own ballad of the "Old Woman of Berkeley:"—

GRIM, KING OF THE GHOSTS.

"Why, how now, old sexton? why shake you with dread?
Why haunt you this street, where you're sure to catch cold?
Full warm is your blanket, full snug is your bed:
And long since, by the steeple-chimes, twelve has been told."—

"Tom Tap, on this night my retreat you'll approve.
For my church-yard will swarm with its shroud-cover'd hosts;
Who will tell, with loud shriek, that resentment and love,
Still nip the cold heart of Grim, King of the Ghosts.

"One eve, as the fiend wander'd through the thick gloom,
Towards my newly-tiled cot he directed his sight:
And, casting a glance in my little back room,
Gazed on Nancy, my daughter, with wanton delight.

"Yet Nancy was proud, and disdainful was she,
In affection's fond speech she'd no pleasure or joy:
And vainly he sued, though he knelt at her knee,
Bob Brisket, so comely, the young butcher's boy!

"'For you, dearest Nancy, I've oft been a thief,
Yet my theft it was venial, a theft if it be;
For who could have eyes, and not see you loved beef?
Or who see a steak, and not steal it for thee?

"'Remember, dear beauty, dead flesh cannot feel,
With frowns you my heart and its passion requite;
Yet oft have I seen you when hungry at meal,
On a dead bullock's heart gaze with tender delight.

"'When you dress it for dinner, so hard and so tough,
I wish the employ your stern breast would improve;
And the dead bullock's heart while with onions you stuff,
You would stuff your own heart, cruel virgin, with love.'—

"'Young rascal! presum'st thou, with butcher-like phrase,
To foul stinking onions my love to compare;
Who have set Wick, the candle-man, all in a blaze,
And Alderman Paunch, who has since been the Mayor?

"'You bid me remember dead flesh cannot feel,
Then I vow by my father's old pick-axe and spade,
Till some prince from the tombs shall behave so genteel
As to ask me to wed, I'll continue a maid!

"'Nor him will I wed till (these terms must he own)
Of my two first commands the performance he boasts.'—
Straight, instead of a footman, a deep-pealing groan,
Announced the approach of Grim, King of the Ghosts!

"No flesh had the spectre, his skeleton skull
Was loosely wrapp'd round with a brown, shrivell'd skin;
His bones, 'stead of marrow, of maggots were full,
And the worms they crawled out, and the worms they crawled in.

"His shoes they were coffins, his dim eye reveal'd
The gleam of a grave-lamp with vapours oppress'd;
And a dark crimson necklace of blood-drops congeal'd
Reflected each bone that jagg'd out of his breast.

"In a hoarse hollow whisper—'Thy beauties,' he cried,
'Have drawn up a spirit to give thee a kiss;
No butcher shall call thee, proud Nancy, his bride;
The grim King of Spectres demands thee for his.

"'My name frightens infants, my word raises ghosts,
My tread wakes the echoes which breathe through the aisle;
And lo! here stands the Prince of the Church-yard, who boasts
The will to perform thy commands for a smile.'

"He said, and he kiss'd her: she pack'd up her clothes,
And straight they eloped through the window with joy;
Yet long in her ears rang the curses and oaths,
Which growl'd at his rival the gruff butcher's boy.

"At the charnel-house palace soon Nancy arrived,
When the fiend with a grin which her soul did appal,
Exclaim'd—'I must warn my pale subjects I'm wived,
And bid them prepare a grand supper and ball!'

"Thrice swifter than thought on his heel round he turns,
Three capers he cut, and then motionless stood;
Then on cards made of dead men's skins, Nancy discerns
His lank fingers to scrawl invitations in blood.

"His quill was a wind-pipe, his ink-horn a skull,
A blade-bone his pen-knife, a tooth was his seal;
Soon he order'd the cards, in a voice deep and dull,
To haste and invite all his friends to the meal.

"Away flew the cards to the south and the north,
Away flew the cards to the east and the west;
Straight with groans from their tombs the pale spectres stalk'd forth,
In deadly apparel and shrouding sheets dress'd.

"And quickly scar'd Nancy, with anxious affright,
Hears the tramp of a steed and a knock at the gate;
On a hell-horse so gaunt, 'twas a grim ghastly sprite,
On a pillion behind a she-skeleton sate!

"The poor maiden she thought 'twas a dream or a trance,
While the guests they assembled gigantic and tall;
Each sprite asked a skeleton lady to dance,
And King Grim with fair Nancy now open'd the ball.

"Pale spectres send music from dark vaults above,
Wither'd legs, 'stead of drum-sticks, they brandish on high;
Grinning ghosts, sheeted spirits, skipping skeletons move,
While hoarse whispers and rattling of bones shake the sky.

"With their pliable joints the Scotch steps they do well,
Nancy's hand with their cold clammy fingers they squeeze;
Now sudden appalled, the maid hears a death-bell,
And straight, dark and dismal, the supper she sees!

"A tomb was the table: now each took his seat,
Every sprite next his partner so pale and so wan.
Soon as ceased was the rattling of skeleton feet,
The clattering of jaw-bones directly began!

"Of dead aldermen's fat the mould candles were made,
Stuck in sockets of bone they gleam'd dimly and blue;
Their dishes were scutcheons, and corses decay'd
Were the viands that glutted this ravenous crew!

"Through the nostrils of skulls their blood-liquor they pour,
The black draught in the heads of young infants they quaff;
The vice-president rose, with his jaws dripping gore,
And address'd the pale damsel with horrible laugh.

"'Feast, Queen of the Ghosts, the repast do not scorn;
Feast, Queen of the Ghosts, I perceive thou hast food;
To-morrow again shall we feast, for at noon
Shall we feast on thy flesh, and drink of thy blood.'

"Then cold as a cucumber Nancy she grew,
Her proud stomach came down, and she blared, and she cried,
'Oh, tell me, dear Grim, does that spectre speak true,
And will you not save from his clutches your bride?'—

"'Vain your grief, silly maid, when the matin bells ring,
The bond becomes due, which long since did I sign;
For she, who at night weds the grizzly Ghost King,
Next morn must be dress'd for his subjects to dine.'—

"'In silks and in satins for you I'll be dress'd,
My soft tender limbs let their fangs never crunch.'—
'Fair Nancy, yon ghosts, should I grant your request,
Instead of at dinner, would eat you at lunch!'—

" 'But vain, ghostly King, is your cunning and guile,
That bond must be void which you never can pay;
Lo! I ne'er will be yours, till, to purchase my smile,
My two first commands (as you swore) you obey.'—

" 'Well say'st thou, fair Nancy, thy wishes impart,
But think not to puzzle Grim, King of the Ghosts.'
Straight she turns o'er each difficult task in her heart,
And—'I've found out a poser,' exultingly boasts.

"'You vow'd that no butcher should call me his bride,
That this vow you fulfil my first asking shall be;
And since so many maids in your clutches have died,
Than yourself show a [butcher more] butcher,' said she.

"Then shrill scream the spectres; the charnel-house gloom
Swift lightnings disperse, and the palace destroy;
Again Nancy stood—in the little back room,
And again at her knee knelt the young butcher's boy!

" 'I'll have done with dead husbands,' she Brisket bespeaks,
'I'll now take a live one, so fetch me a ring!'
And when press'd to her lips were his red beefin cheeks,
She loved him much more than the shrivell'd Ghost King.

"No longer his steaks and his cutlets she spurns,
No longer he fears his grim rival's pale band;
Yet still when the famed first of April returns,
The sprites rise in squadrons, and Nancy demand.

"This informs you, Tom Tap, why to-night I remove,
For I dread the approach of the shroud-cover'd hosts!
Who tell, with loud shriek, that resentment and love
Still nip the cold heart of Grim, King of the Ghosts!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

First Quarter of the Nineteenth Century.—Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and others.—A.D. 1800 to A.D. 1825.

The deaths of Keats in 1821, Shelley in 1822, and Byron in 1824, bring to a natural close the first quarter of the nineteenth century. This was one of the great periods of English poetry, and it owed its grandeur to a stirring of the depths of life. Whenever the condition of society brings men to feel deeply and to think habitually and intently upon questions that touch it to the quick, the soul of a nation rises to the highest utterance, in action and in song. The eighteenth century closed with a noble aspiration. Its voice was in young Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," the master poem of a youth of two-and-twenty, published in the last year of the last century. Such hope as was there painted was our century's inheritance; and how to realise it became the first problem of our time. During the first quarter of this century, while Byron's passionate genius came to express much of the new tumult of thought; full of defiance of old forms, full also of impulsive sympathies and generous impatience for the freedom of nations; and while Shelley [illegible] give shapes of beauty and sometimes of grandeur [illegible] vague yearning for all that was high and pure in [illegible] first dream of the Revolution, William Wordsworth quietly passed with the same ideal from the [illegible] of dreams into the world of fact, and already in [illegible] had set down in his then unpublished poem, "The Prelude," the conviction on which all his after-work was based. He gathered from the failure of the French Revolution not despair, but faith. By the daily influences to which his heart was open, he was taught trust in the great processes of nature, in the providence of God. "What man has made of man did not become to him a less present evil; but he learnt, and made it his life's work as a poet to teach others into, the one way towards the ideal that was still before him, on which his mind was fixed more calmly, but only the more intently,—the day of "the crowning race" when, human degradation seen to more at every turn of life, all shall become what only a few now can be. It is not for us by violent and sudden change in constitution of the State that this end is to be achieved; the way to it is by looking to each Individual, each atom in the mass. Let every child be taught; let the worth of a man be felt, and as far as may be, every help given to those who are low to rise; take away hindrances; secure as far as possible that every mind in the social mass shall become sounder and larger. In that way, and in that way only—having once obtained enough of civil liberty to lay such a way open—can we show the nations

"To what end
The powers of civil polity are given."

Thus Wordsworth, while the revolutionary storm was still about him, and few heeded his quiet voice, marked out the lines along which in the England of to-day action and thought are alike travelling. Such movements of thought will be most readily observed in the volume of this Library that illustrates the substance of our larger works; for upon Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," upon Wordsworth's "Prelude" and "Excursion," upon Byron's "Childe Harold," upon Shelley's "Prometheus Bound," and upon other poems of like range, this is not the place to dwell.

Success of his "Pleasures of Hope" brought Thomas Campbell to London, and in June, 1800, twenty-three years old, he started on a trip to Germany, where he saw scenes of war that painfully recurred to him in after years when he was feverish and ill. He sent from Germany some strains of patriotic song to the *Morning Chronicle*. One of them, written at Altona, in the winter of 1800, was signed "Amator Patriæ," and entitled "Alteration of the Old Ballad 'Ye Gentlemen of England,' composed on the Prospect of a Russian War:"—

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas:
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!

And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

During his tour in Germany, Campbell saw a battle from a convent near Ratisbon, and he saw the field of Ingolstadt after a battle. From such experiences he derived his poem on the battle in which the French defeated the Austrians at Hohenlinden, on the 3rd of December, 1800. Ten thousand Austrians were killed or wounded, and as many were made prisoners.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainéd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Wordsworth produced his first sonnets in 1801, after hearing sonnets of Milton read to him by his sister Dorothy. One of them was on Napoleon. In 1797 Bonaparte had said, "What the French want is Glory, and to have their vanity gratified. As to Liberty, they don't know what to do with it." In 1800 he made himself First Consul for ten years with two shadows, a second and third Consul with consultative powers, Cambacérès and Lebrun. Thus Wordsworth wrote of him in 1801:—

NAPOLEON.

I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
Of that Man's mind—what can it be? what food
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could he gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

In 1802, the year of his marriage with Mary Hutchinson, Wordsworth, after the Peace of Amiens, visited France. That peace was signed on the 27th of March, 1802. On the 2nd of August, it was declared by three and a half millions of votes that France had chosen Napoleon Bonaparte Consul for life. Whereon Wordsworth wrote, at Calais,

AUGUST 15, 1802.

Festivals have I seen that were not names:
This is young Buonaparte's natal day,
And his is henceforth an established sway—
Consul for life. With worship France proclaims
Her approbation, and with pomps and games.
Heaven grant that other cities may be gay!
Calais is not: and I have bent my way
To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames

His business as he likes. Far other show
My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time;
The senselessness of joy was then sublime!
Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

But Wordsworth expressed then also his sense of England's need, if she was to rise to her full height for the impending struggle:—

SONNETS WRITTEN IN 1802.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handywork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry: and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Great men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:
The later Sidney, Marvell, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour: what strength was that would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British Freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

On the 13th of May, 1803, strife was resumed between England and France. Then began the war against Napoleon which ended with the battle of Waterloo, and with which Wordsworth was in patriotic sympathy.

In May, 1804, France was declared an empire. On the 2nd of the following December, Napoleon was crowned Emperor. In May, 1805, he was crowned King of Italy in Milan. On the 14th of October, 1806, followed the battle of Jena, after which Napoleon entered Berlin in triumph. From Berlin he issued, on the 21st of November, his famous decrees against England. To these last events Wordsworth referred in the sonnet dated

NOVEMBER, 1806.

Another year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty empire overthrown!
And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

In April of the year 1802—the year of his marriage—Wordsworth wrote his poem of "The Daffodils." That poem gives words to a feeling expressed by his sister Dorothy, and the two best lines in it—

"They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,"

were contributed by Mary Hutchinson, then about to become the poet's wife, herself the subject of the lines beginning "She was a phantom of delight," of the lines written in 1824, "Oh, dearer far than light and life are dear," and of the lines "To a Painter," written after six-and-thirty years of marriage.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

Of the five children of the marriage, two died in 1812. Their health had been a cause of care. One of them (Catherine) died in June, when the family was living in the Grasmere Parsonage. The other (Thomas), a boy of six, who made it his care in the autumn to sweep fallen leaves from his little sister's grave, followed her in December. The mother could not remain in the Parsonage, with the little graves always in view, and a removal to some short distance from Grasmere seemed best. Therefore it was that, in the spring of 1813, the household was transferred to Rydal Mount, which became thenceforth Wordsworth's home until his death, in 1850.

RYDAL MOUNT.

In 1801 Walter Scott contributed "The Fire King," "Glenfinlas," "The Eve of St. John," and other short pieces, to M. G. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder." His first great success as a poet was won in 1805, by his first long romance—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—in a measure suggested to him, by having heard John Stoddart read Coleridge's "Christabel." Scott's place is an important one in other volumes of this Library, but he must be represented here by one or two short poems. This was written in 1815:—

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

Oh, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

Oh, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

This was written in 1816:—

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

The next is from Scott's novel of "The Monastery," published in 1820:—

BORDER BALLAD.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels[1] are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order,
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

Robert Bloomfield, whose "Farmer's Boy" came as song to his lips while he was among journeymen shoemakers in a London alley, and was published in 1800, thus described fashion at Ranelagh rejoicing in the peace of 1802:—

RANELAGH.

To Ranelagh, once in my life,
By good-natur'd force I was driven;
The nations had ceas'd their long strife,
And Peace beam'd her radiance from heaven.
What wonders were there to be found
That a clown might enjoy or disdain?
First we trac'd the gay ring all around,
Aye—and then we went round it again.

A thousand feet rustled on mats,
A carpet that once had been green;
Men bow'd with their outlandish hats,
With corners so fearfully keen!
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean, as slowly they pac'd,
And then—walk'd round and swept it again.

The music was truly enchanting!
Right glad was I when I came near it;
But in fashion I found I was wanting—
'Twas the fashion to walk and not hear it!
A fine youth, as beauty beset him,
Look'd smilingly round on the train;
"The king's nephew," they cried, as they met him:
Then—we went round and met him again.

Huge paintings of heroes and Peace
Seem'd to smile at the sound of the fiddle,
Proud to fill up each tall shining space
Round the lanthorn that stood in the middle.
And George's head too; Heaven screen him!
May he finish in peace his long reign!
And what did we when we had seen him?
Why—went round and saw him again.

A bell rang, announcing new pleasures,
A crowd in an instant prest hard,
Feathers nodded, perfumes shed their treasures,
Round a door that led into the yard.
'Twas peopled all o'er in a minute,
As a white flock would cover a plain!
We had seen every soul that was in it,
Then we went round and saw them again.

But now came a scene worth the showing,
The fireworks! midst laughs and huzzas,
With explosions the sky was all glowing,
Then down stream'd a million of stars;
With a rush the bright rockets ascended,
Wheels spurted blue fires like a rain;
We turn'd with regret when 'twas ended,
Then star'd at each other again.

There thousands of gay lamps aspired
To the tops of the trees and beyond;
And, what was most hugely admired,
They look'd all upside-down in a pond!
The blaze scarce an eagle could bear;
And an owl had most surely been slain;
We return'd to the circle, and there—
And there we went round it again.

'Tis not wisdom to love without reason,
Or to censure without knowing why:
I had witness'd no crime, nor no treason,
"O Life, 'tis thy picture," said I.
'Tis just thus we saunter along,
Months and years bring their pleasures or pain;
We sigh 'midst the right and the wrong,
And then we go round them again!

And here Bloomfield is telling a true story of

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

The lawns were dry in Euston Park;
(Here Truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

[1] flocks of sheep.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But follow'd faster still
And echo'd to the darksome copse
That whisper'd on the hill;

Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,
Bespoke a peopled shade,
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
And hov'ring circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind:—
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

She turn'd; it stopt!—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame:
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same!
She mutter'd many a pray'r.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do;
When through the cheating glooms of night,
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It follow'd down the plain!
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped: and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That ghost and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack:
For much she fear'd the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before:—
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surpris'd;
Out came her daughter dear:
Good-natur'd souls! all unadvis'd
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierc'd through the night,
Some short space o'er the green;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious Park;
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

No goblin he; no imp of sin:
No crimes had ever known.
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor:
The matron learn'd to love the sound
That frighten'd her before.

A favourite the ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he liv'd and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale;
And some conviction too:
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

Here we find place for one of the sea songs of Charles Dibdin, who was bred for the Church, but took to music and the stage, gave entertainments at which he sang his own songs, and died in 1814, aged about seventy :—

POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
And it ain't to a little I'll strike:
Though the tempest topgallant-masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouze everything tight,
And under reef'd fore-sail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For, they say, there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day,
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why, 'twas all one to me as High Dutch:
But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things, that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'lling and piping your eye?
Why, what a [young] fool you must be!

Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
  Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to Old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
  Why, you never will hear of me more:
What then? all's a hazard—come, don't be so soft,
  Perhaps I may, laughing, come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
  To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
  All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
  From the moment the anchor's a-trip;
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends
  Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
  And as for my life, 'tis the King's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
  As for grief to be taken aback:
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft,
  Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

James Grahame, the author of longer poems on "The Sabbath" and "The Birds of Scotland," gave up practice at the bar for the service of the Church, and died in 1811 curate of Sedgfield, near Durham. His friend John Wilson (Christopher North, of *Blackwood's Magazine*) honoured his memory with an elegy that far outweighs the sneer of Byron at "sepulchral Grahame." Thus Grahame wrote of the thanksgiving of the fleet after the battle of Trafalgar, in October, 1805:—

THE THANKSGIVING OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR.

Upon the high, yet gently rolling wave,
The floating tomb that heaves above the brave,
Soft sighs the gale, that late tremendous roared,
Whelming the wretched remnants of the sword.
And now the cannon's peaceful summons calls
The victor bands to mount their wooden walls,
And from the ramparts, where their comrades fell,
The mingled strain of joy and grief to swell:
Fast they ascend, from stem to stern they spread,
And crowd the engines whence the lightnings sped:
The white-robed priest his upraised hands extends,
Hushed is each voice, attention leaning bends;
Then from each prow the grand hosannas rise,
Float o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.
Heaven fills each heart; yet Home will oft intrude,
And tears of love celestial joys exclude.
The wounded man, who hears the soaring strain,
Lifts his pale visage, and forgets his pain;
While parting spirits, mingling with the lay,
On hallelujahs wing their heavenward way.

James Montgomery, born in 1771, son of a Moravian missionary in Ayrshire, was at a school in Yorkshire when both his parents died in the East Indies. He began life as assistant in a village shop, but found his way into the service of a Sheffield bookseller, who printed a newspaper which, in the days of the French Revolution, brought on him Government prosecution for its freedom of speech. Montgomery afterwards edited it, and suffered also for the love of freedom that in his later life blended with healthy religion in a series of longer poems. This is one of James Montgomery's shorter pieces:—

TO AGNES.

Time will not check his eager flight,
  Though gentle Agnes scold,
For 'tis the sage's dear delight
  To make young ladies old.

Then listen, Agnes, friendship sings;
  Seize fast his forelock grey,
And pluck from his careering wings
  A feather every day.

Adorn'd with these, defy his rage,
  And bid him plough your face,
For every furrow of old age
  Shall be a line of grace.

Start not; old age is Virtue's prime;
  Most lovely she appears,
Clad in the spoils of vanquish'd Time,
  Down in the vale of years.

Beyond that vale, in boundless bloom,
  The eternal mountains rise;
Virtue descends not to the tomb,
  Her rest is in the skies.

The James Montgomery who wrote poetry is not to be confounded with a Robert of like name who wrote verse.

"The Remains of Henry Kirke White," who died in 1806, aged twenty-one, were published, with a memoir, by kindly Robert Southey, who had been first to collect Chatterton's poems.

Kirke White was the son of a butcher at Nottingham, and was placed in early boyhood at a stocking-loom, with the hope of getting him some day into a hosier's warehouse. But he yearned for "something to occupy his brain," and, at fifteen, was placed in the office of a respectable firm of attorneys at Nottingham. At seventeen he issued, in 1802, a little book of verse. A cruel review of it caused Southey to befriend him. Strong convictions of religion very soon afterwards led him to give up the law, and hope for entrance in some way to one of the universities. With an unsound constitution, he worked as no healthy youth should work. "He now allowed himself," says Southey, "no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, or three o'clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a 'larum which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never laid down at all." That sort of life means death. Means were found, by the aid of many friends, to enable Kirke White to go to St. John's College, Cambridge, and there he finished killing

himself by over-work for examination. Such a life gives pathos to this poem of his :—

TO MY LYRE.

Thou simple Lyre!—Thy music wild
  Has serv'd to charm the weary hour,
And many a lonely night has 'guil'd,
When even pain has own'd and smil'd,
  Its fascinating power.

Yet, oh my Lyre! the busy crowd
  Will little heed thy simple tones:
Them, mightier minstrels harping loud
Engross; and thou, and I, must shroud
  Where dark oblivion 'thrones.

No hand, thy diapason o'er,
  Well skill'd, I throw with sweep sublime;
For me, no academic lore
Has taught the solemn strain to pour,
  Or build the polish'd rhyme.

Yet thou to sylvan themes canst soar;
  Thou know'st to charm the woodland train:
The rustic swains believe thy power
Can hush the wild winds when they roar,
  And still the billowy main.

These honours, Lyre, we yet may keep;
  I, still unknown, may live with thee;
And gentle zephyr's wing will sweep
Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,
  Beneath the alder-tree.

This little dirge will please me more
  Than the full requiem's swelling peal;
I'd rather than that crowds should sigh
For me, that from some kindred eye
  The trickling tear should steal.

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,
  Perhaps from me debarr'd;
And dear to me the classic zone,
Which snatch'd from learning's labour'd throne,
  Adorns the accepted bard.

And oh! if yet 'twere mine to dwell
  Where Cam or Isis winds along,
Perchance, inspir'd with ardour chaste,
I yet might call the ear of taste
  To listen to my song.

Oh! then, my little friend, thy style
  I'd change to happier lays,
Oh! then, the cloister'd glooms should smile,
And through the long the fretted aisle
  Should swell the note of praise.

Leigh Hunt, a year older than Kirke White, was a theatrical critic when Kirke White died. In 1808, he joined his brother John in founding and editing the *Examiner* newspaper, became the friend of many of the chief poets of the day, and was imprisoned in 1812 for being unable to conceal his opinion of the person who, as Prince Regent, was then entitled to his little term of worship. Leigh Hunt became dear to John Keats, went to Italy, and was there a friend of Shelley and Byron, and afterwards lived on to the year 1859, working throughout his long and active career, in all that he wrote of prose or verse, with the temper of a poet. This is verse of his :—

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Byron in 1800 was a boy of twelve, and Walter Scott a man of nine-and-twenty. Byron was born on the 22nd of January, 1788—the son of a dissolute father and a foolish mother, who parted from each other not very long after his birth. The mother had been a Scotch heiress, but her fortune was squandered, and she went back, with the scrap of income that had been beyond her husband's reach, to live cheaply at Aberdeen. The old lord at Newstead, whose heir the boy became after his father's death, took no notice of mother or son. When George Gordon, whose mother had cast off even his father's name, became Lord Byron at the age of ten, there was a sudden change from poverty to wealth. Then followed education: preparation for Harrow; Harrow; Cambridge. At nineteen, when still a student at Cambridge, Byron published his exercises in verse as "Hours of Idleness." A touch of lordly conceit at the close of the preface to this little book caused the *Edinburgh Review* to laugh at it. Byron felt this, and it fetched out of him the first evidence of his power in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." In September, 1808, he had left Cambridge, and taken up his residence at Newstead, where he was preparing this piece of retaliation. In January, 1809, he came of age; on the 13th of March following he took his seat in the House of Lords; and three days afterwards his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" made its appearance. Nothing of its kind could be cleverer, although it was full of opinions that Byron's after knowledge caused him to retract. That does not matter to us. We should all be sorry to miss the lines that so ingeniously write down Wordsworth an idiot, and Coleridge an ass. Ridicule is without power to abase

the sovereignty of true genius and faithful work. It may even be that the more we appreciate Wordsworth, the more we enjoy those lively harmless jokes once made at his expense by men of all degrees, from Byron down to the author of the second Peter Bell, with his

"Here lies W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

His debts caused Byron to leave England a few months after he had come of age. He left England in June, 1809, for Lisbon, Seville, and Greece. His impressions of Spain and Greece, at a time when all

LORD BYRON.
From a Portrait by W. E. West.

eyes were towards those countries, are in the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," begun in October, 1809, and finished at the end of March, 1810. They were written, in fact, at the age of two-and-twenty. In 1810 and the beginning of 1811 Byron was in and about Greece, deepening impressions soon to be reproduced in a series of metrical romances. It was at this time that he wrote his

MAID OF ATHENS.

Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest![1]
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

[1] See Suckling's "Two Hearts," on page 300. The Greek line, *Zoë mou, sas agapo*, means, "My life, I love you."

In February, 1811, when staying at the Franciscan convent in Athens, Byron expressed the deep feeling of his sympathy with the new hopes of the nations in this

TRANSLATION OF A FAMOUS GREEK WAR-SONG.

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

Chorus.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellénes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh, join with me!
And the seven-hill'd city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.
Sons of Greeks, &c.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free,
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.
Sons of Greeks, &c.

Lord Byron returned to England in July, 1811, but just in time to see his mother die. In 1812, on

the 27th of February, he made his first speech in the House of Lords, and two days afterwards the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" were published. These made him famous. Of "Childe Harold," and of Byron's longer poems, something will be said in another volume. The success of "Childe Harold" was followed up by poem after poem. In March, 1813, "The Waltz;" in May, "The Giaour;" in December, "The Bride of Abydos;" and in the second half of that month there was "The Corsair" written. That was soon followed by "Lara." Then it was that Scott put aside his verse-writing, and published "Waverley." In January, 1815, Byron married Miss Milbanke. His daughter, Augusta Ada, was born on the 10th of the following December, and two months afterwards, in February, 1816, his wife parted from him. There is no reason for imagining any mysterious grounds of separation. Byron was full of generous feeling, and among his impulses was many an emotional sense of a higher life than he could touch; but a nature that had in its childhood needed tender and wise home care had suffered more than a mere deprivation of it. His father had been called "Mad Jack" by his companions, and the great uncle, from whom Newstead was inherited, had in his latter days been scarcely sane. Byron was passionate and fitful; he was painfully conscious of himself, affected fantastic moods, and tried, perhaps, to live a sort of poem in the eyes of men by setting himself up, at times, as one of the wretched creatures of the Werther breed; a sickly breed which was then thought, in sentimental fiction, to have been improved by a cross with some interesting monster, who had on his dear dark soul murder and other crimes not to be mentioned. That was all very unreal, and lay upon the surface of a weak personal character alive with genius and passion. There was a nobler life within; a vigorous wit that Byron could have brought to the attack of his own weakness, a real hatred of tyranny, a real sympathy with the reviving hopes of many a people long oppressed. But if there was any woman who could have discovered how to draw such a life out of the death that lay about it, how to feed the true impulses and starve the false, it was not Miss Milbanke. He was a wise friend who counselled separation. Byron fed publicly on agony in the newspapers. He felt and he affected feeling. About two months after the separation he left England, in April, 1816, never to return. He went first to Switzerland, where he wrote in the same year the third canto of "Childe Harold," and "The Prisoner of Chillon." He also began "Manfred," designed as a play into which he might put his impressions of Swiss scenery. Also in July, 1816, he compared his luckless marriage with another that might have been in

THE DREAM.

Our life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality.
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like Sibyls of the future: they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow?—What are they?
Creations of the mind?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill,[1] a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him: he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects:—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:

[1] Miss Mary Anne Chaworth, heiress of Annesley, close to Newstead, was of the family of that Mr. Chaworth whom his neighbour, the last Lord Byron, had killed in an after-dinner duel. In 1804, when Byron was a Harrow boy, between sixteen and seventeen years old, he spent his summer holidays in lodgings with his mother at Nottingham, Newstead being let. He was then for six weeks much in the company of Miss Chaworth, whom he called *his* Mary Anne. She was two years older than himself, and was married in August, 1805, to Mr. John Musters, who took for a time the name of Chaworth. It was when Byron saw her again, not long before her marriage he took leave of her upon the hill near Annesley.

Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed[1]
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:
Within an antique Oratory[2] stood
The Boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion—then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears,
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,
The lady of his love re-entered there;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects;[3] he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love was wed with One
Who did not love her better:—in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty,—but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.[4]

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand
Before an Altar—with a gentle bride;[5]
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny,—came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love;—Oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise

[1] On the race-ground at Nottingham.

[2] The old hall at Annesley. As Byron had ridden thither to make a call, his "steed caparisoned" (which is pathetic for a "saddle-horse") stood at the door.

[3] Byron was "girt with" these "aspects" when, aged twenty-two, he was in Greece, and visiting Smyrna and Constantinople.

[4] Mrs. John Musters' grief was that was she of a weakly constitution. She suffered bad health for years before her death, in 18[illegible] which was hastened by terror and exposure to cold when taking refuge with her daughter in a shrubbery from the violence of Nottingham rioters.

[5] Miss Milbanke, January 2, 1815

Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,[1]
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains:[2] with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

In November, 1816, Byron went to Venice, and from this time he was chiefly in Italy, until towards the close of his life, when he went to Greece again, to aid the Greeks in a vain struggle for independence. There he was hoping to die on the battle-field, and he did shed his life-blood for the cause. He got wet, had fever, and was bled to death, according to the heroic custom of the medical profession, in that year, 1824. These are among his lyrics :—

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

And this piece, worked to a pattern for which Byron kept alive a taste that might have expired with the fame of Della Crusca:—

THERE'S NOT A JOY, &C.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

[1] Mithridates. See Note 1, p. 344.
[2] Written in Switzerland.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, was born at Field Place, near Horsham, on the 4th of August, 1792. He was educated at home until ten years old, then at Brentford until thirteen, and then was at Eton until sixteen, that is to say, from 1805 to 1808. He was a poet keenly sensitive, who yearned towards the highest spiritual beauty. From all the tyrannies against which war had been declared by the idealists of the French Revolution, and from all bitterness of dogmatism that went abroad in the mask of religion, he flinched as with actual pain. As a schoolboy, his heart revolted from the despotisms of school life, and the cruelties of flogging and fagging. In the dedication to his "Revolt of Islam," he afterwards wrote:—

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear Friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep; a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I knew not why, until there rose
From the near school-room voices, that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around,
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground;
So without shame I spake:—"I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
Without reproach or check." I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore,
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linkéd armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind;
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

It was thirst, not to be quenched in this world, for a life of love in fulfilment of the true Christian ideal; although Shelley, confounding the mask of religion with its essence, the God made by harsh men after their own image with the God of Christ's own Gospel, argued in 1811, the year after he had entered University College, Oxford, for "the Necessity of Atheism." He was not reasoned with, but expelled. At home also there was the harsh and grating strife of a mere tyranny of opinion, that raised in him only the keener opposition. Thirst for love then drove him, as a youth of nineteen, into unwise marriage. He was banished from home, but with an allowance for his support. All that was pure and beautiful in the ideal of the French Revolution he sought passionately, and enshrined in poems throbbing with a sense of God. At one-and-twenty he parted from the wife hastily married. She took with her his two children, and in 1816, when Shelley's age was twenty-four, she drowned herself. To this great grief was added the withholding of his children from him, because he was in the eyes of the law an atheist. In Mary Godwin, whom he then married, he found a congenial life-companion. In that year, 1816, he published "Alastor," and visited Switzerland, where he first met Lord Byron, then newly parted from his wife and from his country. There were points enough of strong sympathy on which to base a friendship; but the steadfast longing of Shelley for truth and love, and such a world as this would be if all men lived up to the standard of the Sermon on the Mount, was not in Byron. In Shelley's poetry it yearns through every page, so that, atheist as he thought himself, he is perhaps most loved by the most essentially religious. In 1818 Shelley published "The Revolt of Islam," and in March left England for Italy. It was in 1818 that he wrote "Prometheus Unbound" (which was not published until 1821), and in 1819 he published the "Cenci." His characteristics are best illustrated by such longer poems as these, which have no place in the present volume. His "Julian and Maddalo," written in Venice in 1820, represents dialogue with Byron. In 1821 Shelley wrote his "Epipsychidion," his "Hellas" on the struggle begun by the Greeks for liberty, and his "Adonais" on the death of Keats. The next year, 1822, was the last of his own life. He had ended his lament for Keats with a foreboding—"What Adonais is, why fear we to become?"

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colour'd glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,

Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart? 10
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten hither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

storm approaching, was drowned in the squall, and washed ashore with one hand within the bosom of his dress, still holding a volume of Keats's poems open at the "Eve of St. Agnes."

Surely the spirit then had risen to the unveiled brightness of the love it sought. Its upward striving, everywhere felt in Shelley's verse, makes no small part of the beauty we all find in his song of

THE SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

THE DEAD SHELLEY. *From the Monument by H. Weekes, R.A., at Christchurch, Hants.*

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move, 20
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng 30
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Shelley wintered at Pisa; in spring was at Lerici, in the Gulf of Spezia; in summer went to Leghorn to welcome Leigh Hunt, and on the 8th of July embarked to return, against advice of those who saw a

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race has just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight. 20

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not:
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard,
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphant chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind, what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measure
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasure
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

This is another of Shelley's shorter poems:—

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In the noon-day dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that awaken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.
The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes
And his burning plumes outspread,

Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead:
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
While an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings·
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,

Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.
That orbéd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanos are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores:
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

In his latter days, while, blinded by excess of light, he was still impatient for a sudden transformation of the race of man, Shelley could little understand the change that came over Wordsworth's tone, when in Wordsworth like enthusiasms had been sobered by hard experience and schooled by riper thought into a clear perception of the need of doing highest work in life by help both of the far sight and the near. Does a man really care less for the glory of the distant hills because he has ceased from sighing after angel's wings, and takes the sure and simple way of travelling towards them at the pace of human feet? Shelley in this sonnet supposed Wordsworth to be a deserter from the cause for which he spent his life, doubted him at the very time when he became its truest leader:

TO WORDSWORTH.

Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know
That things depart which never may return!
Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine
Which thou too feel'st; yet I alone deplore.
Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude.
In honour'd poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—
Deserting these, thou leavest me grieve,
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

The tumult of the revolution was in Byron; its purest aspirations were in Shelley. Wordsworth survived the tumult, retained throughout life the aspirations, and learnt the one way to their fulfilment. In John Keats there was a non-combatant's delicious sense of all beauty that lies around, above, below the battle-field of life. He was born in October, 1795, son of a stableman, who had married his master's daughter and so become himself master of the Swan and Hoop Livery Stables, No. 28, Pavement, Moorfields. In 1810 the four children of the family were left fatherless and motherless, with about £8,000 of property to divide among them. John Keats, who had been to school at Enfield, was apprenticed by his guardian to a surgeon at Enfield, but his mind turned more and more to poetry. He read, and tells how he felt

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Keats came from Edmonton to lodge in London, that he might attend hospital practice, and he published, in 1817, a small volume of poems. In April of that year he was in the Isle of Wight, delighting

his imagination with pursuit of beauty in his longer poem of "Endymion," which opens with the familiar and characteristic line, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." "Endymion" was published in 1818, and in the spring of that year John Keats was with a brother who was dying, at Teignmouth, of consumption. He was himself to die early in life of the same disease, and not of the savage review of "Endymion" in the *Quarterly*. Keats was known to be a devoted friend of Leigh Hunt's. Leigh Hunt wrote politics to which it became good Tory journals to show no mercy; and according to the common custom of that day, men known to be of the "set" of an obnoxious politician were, as occasion offered, unceremoniously cried down by his opponent. Keats was thus sacrificed to the customs of the country in the two chief Tory journals, the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*. If he had been in a Tory set, then he would have been hunted and scalped by Whigs. Men of the time are much the same sort of beings, from whatever camp they may chance to sound their war-cries. Keats did not write politics, but he had a friend who did. He suffered less than Shelley supposed from censure that he knew to be unjust, but modestly admitted to himself and others the shortcomings of his early work. "I have written," he said, "independently without judgment. I may write independently and with judgment hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man." It was at the end of this year, 1818, that spitting of blood indicated the advance of a more deadly peril. Life was slowly ebbing away, when some of his most beautiful verse was written.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high piléd books, in charact'ry,
Hold like full garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And feel that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

In 1820 Keats published "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and other poems; and in the September of that year he left England for Italy, where he died in February, 1821, aged twenty-five years and four months.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

St. Agnes' Eve! Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead, on each side seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor:
But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carvéd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere;
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort

Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes.
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there 's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there 's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his grey hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,
We 're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He follow'd through a lowly archèd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he;
"O tell me Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I 've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painéd heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

'I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be storéd there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with agéd eyes aghast

From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ringdove fray'd and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No utter'd syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathéd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warméd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothéd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray:
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fa
slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
Oh for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchéd linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spicéd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathéd silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retiréd quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ach

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervéd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight char
Impossible to melt as iceéd stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasie

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderes
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mu
In Provence call'd "La belle dame sans m
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft m
He ceased—she panted quick—and sudde
Her blue affrayéd eyes wide open shone
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sc

Her eyes were open, but she still behe
Now wide awake, the vision of her sle
There was a painful change, that nigh
The blisses of her dream so pure and

At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joinéd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the icéd gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivéd thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unprunéd wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The floated wassailers will never heed:—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

There was a hopeless love in Keats's life. A letter came when he was dying, that he wished placed in his coffin, with a purse and an unopened letter of his sister's. "Keats knew from the first little drop of blood that he must die," wrote a friend who was watching his last hours in Rome. In his short life there had been more than promise of one of the great poets of England. The fragment of his longer poem of "Hyperion," attempted in blank verse, drew from the despair of the Titans who gave place to the new race of gods a lesson of the world's growth towards higher beauty, that accorded with the aspiration of his time. And Keats lives yet to speed the change with poems wedded to all loveliness of the surrounding world. We may almost apply to him his own

FAERY SONG.

Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! Oh, weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! Oh, dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, adieu!

Among lesser writers of the first quarter of the nineteenth century were James and Horace Smith, sons of a London solicitor. James, born in 1775, followed his father's profession; Horace, who was nearly five years younger, prospered as stockbroker. Drury Lane Theatre having been burnt down, was

rebuilt, and re-opened in October, 1812. In the preceding August this advertisement appeared in most of the daily papers :—

Rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre.

"The Committee are desirous of promoting a free and fair competition for an Address to be spoken upon the opening of the Theatre, which will take place on the 10th of October next. They have therefore thought fit to announce to the public, that they will be glad to receive any such compositions, addressed to their Secretary, at the Treasury-office, in Drury Lane, on or before the 10th of September, sealed up, with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, on the cover, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper containing the name of the author, which will not be opened, unless containing the name of the successful candidate."

Hereupon James and Horace Smith amused themselves with mock Addresses, in the style of the chief poets of the time, which appeared in a little book under the name of "Rejected Addresses; or, the New Theatrum Poetarum." The following caricature of the style of Byron, in the measure of "Childe Harold," is—except the first stanza—by Horace Smith :—

CUI BONO?

By Lord B.

Sated with home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam:
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home;
Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
There growls and curses like a deadly Gnome,
Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the Nine.

Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way,
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
Woe 's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb.
Man's heart the mournful urn o'er which they wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

Has life so little store of real woes,
That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?
Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,
Ye court the lying drama for relief?
Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief,
Or if one tolerable page appears
In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,
Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
And, raising pleasant mirth, makes glad his future years.

Albeit how like young Betty doth he flee!
Like as the mote that danceth in the beam,
He liveth only in man's present e'e,
His life a flash, his memory a dream,
Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's stream;
Yet what are they, the learned and the great?
Awhile of longer wonderment the theme;
Who shall presume to prophesy *their* date,
Where nought is certain, save the uncertainty of fate.

This goodly pile, upheav'd by Wyatt's toil,
Perchance than Holland's edifice more fleet,
Again red Lemnos' artisan may spoil;
The fire alarm and midnight drum may beat,
And all be strew'd ysmoking at your feet.
Start ye? Perchance Death's angel may be sent
Ere from the flaming temple ye retreat,
And ye who met on revel idlesse bent
May find in pleasure's fane your grave and monument.

Your debts mount high—ye plunge in deeper waste;
The tradesman calls—no warning voice ye hear;
The plaintiff sues—to public shows ye haste,
The bailiff threats—ye feel no idle fear.
Who can arrest your prodigal career?
Who can keep down the levity of youth?
What sound can startle age's stubborn ear?
Who can redeem from wretchedness and ruth
Men true to falsehood's voice, false to the voice of truth.

To thee, blest saint! who doff'd thy skin to make
The Smithfield rabble leap from theirs with joy,
We dedicate the pile, arise! awake!—
Knock down the Muses, wit and sense destroy,
Clear our new stage from reason's dull alloy,
Charm hobbling age, and tickle capering youth
With cleaver, marrow-bone, and Tunbridge toy;
While, vibrating in unbelieving tooth,
Harps twang in Drury's walls, and make her boards a booth.

For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla, Cupid steeped in starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl.
Shakespeare, how true thine adage, "fair is foul;"
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought.

Sons of Parnassus! whom I view above,
Not laurel-crown'd, but clad in rusty black,
Not spurring Pegasus through Tempè's grove,
But pacing Grub-street on a jaded hack,
What reams of foolscap, while your brains ye rack,
Ye mar to make again! for sure, ere long,
Condemned to tread the bard's time-sanctioned track,
Ye all shall join the bailiff-haunted throng,
And reproduce in rags the rags ye blot in song.

So fares the follower in the Muses' train,
He toils to starve, and only lives in death;
We slight him till our patronage is vain,
Then round his skeleton a garland wreathe,
And o'er his bones an empty requiem breathe—
Oh! with what tragic horror would he start
(Could he be conjured from the grave beneath)
To find the stage again a Thespian cart,
And elephants and colts down-trampling Shakespeare's art.

Hence, pedant Nature! with thy Grecian rules!
Centaurs (not fabulous) those rules efface;
Back, sister Muses, to your native schools;
Here booted grooms usurp Apollo's place,
Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick used to grace,
The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit;
Man yields the drama to the Houyhnhnm race,
His prompter spurs, his licenser the bit,
The stage a stable-yard, a jockey-club the pit.

Is it for these ye rear this proud abode?
Is it for these your superstition seeks
To build a temple worthy of a god,
To laud a monkey, or to worship leeks?
Then be the stage, to recompense your freaks,
A motley chaos, jumbling age and ranks,
Where Punch, the lignum vitæ Roscius, squeaks,
And Wisdom weeps, and Folly plays his pranks,
And moody Madness laughs, and hugs the chain he clanks.

Thomas Moore was born in May, 1779, son of the keeper of a small wine-store in Dublin. He was a quick child, and rhymed and recited early. A careful mother secured him the best education she could get. By 1800 he had graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and acquired much social repute as a singer to his own accompaniment at the piano. He arrived in London with a free translation of "Anacreon," to which there were classical-convivial notes expatiating upon wine and kisses. It was dedicated to the Prince Regent, and followed by original poems of like humour entitled "The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little." In 1803 Moore went to a post in Bermuda, which Lord Moira had obtained for him, but left it in charge of a deputy, whose misconduct afterwards gave him trouble. He came home; wrote lively Whig satire; became a diner out, much in request at Holland House, and with the world of fashion, for his singing of his own songs to his own accompaniment. He was kindly and emotional; he loved his mother and he loved his wife, whom he married in 1813, and he loved Ireland; but dining out did not deepen his character. His satire and his sentiment played equally upon the surface of things. He won by his "Irish Melodies," which began to appear in 1807, reputation enough to induce a publisher to give 3,000 guineas for his long poem, "Lalla Rookh," published in 1817. "Lalla Rookh" gratified the public of its day, though, beside poems that rank with the powers of Nature, it looks like an Oriental sugar-candy temple of such confectioner's work as was also fashionable in the days when "Lalla Rookh" was read. Moore was at his best in his "Irish Melodies," which required him to use all the powers through which he could excel, and made the least demand on qualities in which he was deficient. Dainty poetical thoughts are not wanting, though some even of these pieces will not bear reading with close attention, and they are all inseparable from the melodies to which their author wedded them. As a lyric poet, Thomas Moore was above all things a musician—one of the best writers we have ever had of "words for music." Such as these will always be familiar songs of his:—

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled:
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells:
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:—
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day
Were to change by to-morrow and fleet in my arms
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name.

No! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's wingéd dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

A lyric poet of Scotland not to be overlooked is James Hogg, who was born in 1770, in a cottage at Ettrick Hall. His mother had good humour and rich store of song. His father was a shepherd, who took a farm after his marriage and failed in it so utterly that the family lost all and was for a time homeless when James was a child of six. Then Robert, the father, became shepherd once more, and James, after a fair share of schooling, began to qualify for the higher grade of a shepherd by herding ewes. An enthusiastic love of music caused him when he was fourteen, and had saved five shillings, to give them for an old fiddle. Upon this he worked at Scottish tunes in the cow-shed. Once there was a dance at the farm-house in which he was employed, and a fiddler had been brought from a distance. Young Hogg was among the farm-servants looking on. When the feast was over, and the fiddler went out into the night, soon afterwards he heard in the air all his tunes murdered, as if the fiends were mocking him. The shepherd-boy had retired to his cow-shed, and as the fiddler looked in vain for any other fiddle than his own, he took to his heels in extreme terror. At sixteen James Hogg attained the object of his ambition, and assumed the shepherd's plaid, with charge over a full flock. His first publication was in 1801, about sixty pages of "Scottish Pastorals, Poems, Songs, &c." Not long afterwards, Walter Scott made his acquaintance, and helped greatly to advance the literary fortunes of the Ettrick Shepherd. Scott aided the publication of Hogg's "Mountain Bard," and this put into the shepherd's pocket £300, wherewith he bought for himself three years' misery in farming speculation. It was in 1810 that Hogg ceased to be either shepherd or farmer by the hill-side, and went to Edinburgh to get his living as the Ettrick Shepherd of Literature. He wrote much in prose and verse, and in his longer poems, like the "Queen's Wake," wisely relied upon his lyric power. The "Queen's Wake" is only a device for introducing a series of Scottish songs and short ballad romances. Queen Mary, having returned from France, is welcomed by a minstrel, whose song, she is told, can be surpassed by Highland bards. So she proclaims a royal wake, at which Highland and Lowland minstrels are to compete in Scottish song, a harp being the prize. Two or three of his lyrics may here illustrate the Ettrick Shepherd's skill. There was a Scottish strathspey, known as "Athol Cummers,"[1] at which, says Hogg, he was one winter evening "sawing away on the fiddle with great energy and elevation." His mother asked whether there were any words to that tune. "No that ever I heard, mother." "O man, it's a shame to hear sic a good tune, an' nae words till't. Gae awa' ben the house, like a good lad, and mak' me a verse till't." He set to work at once and produced

ATHOL CUMMERS.

Duncan, lad, blaw the cummers,
Play me round the Athol cummers;

[1] *Cummers*, maidens.

A' the din o' a' the drummers
Canna rouse like Athol cummers.
When I'm dowie,[1] wet or weary,
Soon my heart grows light an' cheery,
When I hear the sprightly nummers
O' my dear, my Athol cummers!

When the fickle lasses vex me,
When the cares o' life perplex me,
When I'm fley'd[2] wi' frightfu' rumours,
Then I lilt[3] o' Athol cummers.
'Tis my cure for a' disasters,
Kebbit[4] ewes an' crabbit masters,
Drifty[5] nights an' dripping summers—
A' my joy is Athol cummers!

Ettrick banks an' braes are bonnie,
Yarrow hills as green as ony;
But in my heart nae beauty nummers
Wi' my dear, my Athol cummers.
Lomond's beauty nought surpasses,
Save Breadalbane's bonnie lasses;
But deep within my spirit slummers
Something sweet of Athol cummers.

These are two more of the Ettrick Shepherd's songs :—

THE LAST CRADLE SONG.

Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawlililu,
Light be thy care and cumber;
Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawlililu,
Oh, sweet be thy sinless slumber.
Ere thou wert born my youthful heart
Yearned o'er my babe with sorrow;
Long is the night-noon that we must part,
But bright shall arise the morrow.

Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawlililu,
Here no more will I see thee;
Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawlililu,
Oh, sair is my heart to lea' thee.
But far within yon sky so blue,
In love that fail shall never,
In valleys beyond the land of the dew,
I'll sing to my baby for ever.

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day:
Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
A waefu' wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dee;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
An' learnin' fast to pray:
And oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine,
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say:
But oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high;
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay:
An' hey! what a day will be
When Maggy gangs away!

The banker poet Samuel Rogers was born in 1762 to a fortune very unlike that of the Ettrick Shepherd. His father was a banker, and he himself entered the banking-house, in which he remained a partner until his death in 1855. Rogers had literary and artistic tastes that he could afford to indulge freely. What reputation he had as a poet was made by his "Pleasures of Memory," published in 1792. In 1812, he produced the "Voyage of Columbus" as a fragment; in 1814, "Jacqueline, a Tale," which was printed in the same volume with Byron's "Lara;" in 1819, "Human Life;" and in 1822, a blank verse poem on "Italy." Here is one from a collection of Rogers's short poems, included in an edition of the "Pleasures of Memory" published in 1810, with wood engravings from designs by Thomas Stothard, R.A. It is here set between the sketch Stothard designed for it and that with which he closed the little volume :—

CUPIDS IN A BOWER.

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill
With many a fall shall linger near.

[1] *Dowie*, sad.
[2] *Fley'd*, frightened.
[3] *Lilt*, sing cheerfully.
[4] *Kebbit*. "A ewe is said to keb when she has abandoned her lamb, or lost it by death, or in any other way." (Jamieson.)
[5] *Drifty*, blowing snow-drifts.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were giv'n,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heav'n.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SECOND QUARTER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: WORDSWORTH, TENNYSON, BROWNING, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1825 TO A.D. 1850.

IN the quarter of a century between the death of Byron (1824) and the death of Wordsworth (1850), the stream of English Literature, that had passed the rapids, broadened and flowed on with less grandeur of impatient force. The number of writers began greatly to multiply, and the best of them still faithfully expressed, each in his own way, the highest aspirations of the time. It was during these years that the two writers who next took foremost place among the poets of their day—Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning—first won recognition. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and Browning's "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," both appeared in the year of Wordsworth's death.

When Wordsworth, in 1821, was visiting Sir George Beaumont, at Coleorton, he found his old friend busy over the building of a church on his estate. That led to many conversations on church history, and of these came the design of the series of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," tracing the course of English religion. The third book of the series opened with a sonnet describing a real dream of his beloved daughter Dora, which caused a dread that, in the next sonnet, he likened to such dread as belonged to any thought of the decay of England:—

A DREAM.

I saw the figure of a lovely Maid
Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
Whose fondly-overhanging canopy
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
No Spirit was she; *that* my heart betrayed,
For she was one I loved exceedingly;
But while I gazed in tender reverie
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)
The bright corporeal presence—form and face—
Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist;—at length the golden hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace
Each with the other in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.

Wordsworth's children had been—John, born in 1803; Dora, born in 1804, on her mother's birthday, the 16th of August; Thomas, born in 1806; Catherine, in 1808; and William, in 1810. When, in 1812, Thomas and Catherine died, there remained only two sons and Dora.

In 1827 Sir George Beaumont died, and bequeathed to his friend Wordsworth £100 a year to defray the expenses of a yearly summer tour. Lady Beaumont died in 1829, and Wordsworth's "Elegiac Musings in the Grounds of Coleorton," written in 1830, expressed the poet's sense of what had passed, with them, out of his life. In that year his eldest son, who had become rector of Moresby, married. In the autumn of 1831 Wordsworth went with his daughter to see Sir Walter Scott before his departure for Italy. Broken down by five years of heroic struggle that had made his life a poem, Scott was about to seek in Italy some faint renewal of health utterly spent in fulfilment of resolve that the burden of debt heaped on him when his fortunes fell, in a year of much commercial disaster, should be lifted only by his labours for the honest payment of it all. Wordsworth found Scott, in 1831, far other than he had been when he once said playfully, in Patterdale, "I mean to live till I am eighty, and write as long as I live." Scott went with his friends to Newark Castle, on the Yarrow. Upon their return the Tweed had to be crossed opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of their carriage grated on the pebbles of the river-bed; there was a purple light upon the hills; and Wordsworth's heart was full, as he thought that this might be the last time Scott would ever cross that stream. Then it was that in the trouble of his mind he began the sonnet

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD FOR NAPLES.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power, departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might

Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

Both this sonnet and the "Yarrow Revisited," written during the same visit to Scotland, were sent to Scott before his departure on the journey from which he hurried back only to die in 1832. In 1834 Coleridge died. In 1836 Wordsworth's old house companion, his wife's sister, Sarah Hutchinson, died. In 1841 Wordsworth's daughter Dora married Edward Quillinan. In 1843 Southey died, and Wordsworth, then seventy-three years old, succeeded him as poet laureate. Southey was thirty when he settled down at Greta Hall, near Keswick, in the year 1804, and there his home was fixed until his death. In a pleasant home by Skiddaw, upon vantage-ground that gave him a broad view of the scenery of Derwentwater, he worked steadily day by day, gathering a large library about him, while he wrote reviews for aid to housekeeping expenses, and in books that sometimes failed to benefit the housekeeping account, he added treasures of his own mind to the libraries of others. But of such work, when he knew that it would be ill-paid, Southey wrote to Coleridge, that £10,000 would not induce him to forego it, "for twice the sum could not purchase me half the enjoyment." In one of Miss Seward's letters we read that the first year's balance in Southey's favour on the sale of his "Madoc" was £3 17s. 1d. Southey had friends able to help him in two of his old Westminster schoolfellows, Charles Wynn and Grosvenor Bedford. In 1807, when Charles Wynn became an Under-Secretary of State, he obtained for Southey a pension of £200, which became £144 by official deductions. In 1813, upon the death of Mr. Pye, the office of Poet Laureate was declined by Sir Walter Scott, at whose suggestion it was accepted by Southey. Considering what small poets had lately made of it, the office was so fallen in esteem that it conferred no credit until Southey honoured it by his acceptance, and a greater poet became his successor. In 1816, Southey lost his only son Herbert, a boy of ten. Two years later another son, his last child, was born to him. The death of his youngest daughter and the marriage of his eldest preceded the last illness of his wife. He had made his home for many years the home of his wife's sisters, Mrs. Lovell and Mrs. Coleridge. In 1829, Mrs. Coleridge went to live with her daughter, who then married. Soon afterwards Mrs. Southey was afflicted with mental disease, and had to be placed in an asylum. "I have been parted from my wife," wrote Southey, "by something worse than death; forty years she has been the life of my life." Her death followed in 1837. "During more than two-thirds of my life," he wrote, "she has been the chief object of my thoughts, and I of hers. No man had a truer helpmate; no children a more careful mother." Southey went abroad for a time to recover health, and came back with dread of the failure of his own mind. Another daughter had married, only one remained at home, and his son was at Oxford. In June, 1839, he married again, taking for his wife a poetess, Miss Caroline Bowles. But the malady he had dreaded came upon him. He still hovered lovingly about the books of his library, and talked of work, and planned times for beginning. But there was to be no renewal of his powers till he had put off the failing body that was buried in Crosthwaite churchyard, in March, 1843.

GRETA HALL.

Wordsworth then, seventy-three years old, succeeded his friend as poet laureate, and held that

office for the last seven years of his life. In 1847 his only daughter, Dora, died. "Our sorrow," said the father—"our sorrow, I feel, is for life; but God's will be done." In 1850, on the 10th of March, Wordsworth attended service at Rydal Chapel for the last time. Between four and five in the evening he set out to walk to Grasmere in a keen north-east wind, lightly clad, and looking feeble. He was about during the next two days in cold, bright weather, called at a cottage, and sat down on the stone seat of the porch to watch the setting sun. Then came pain in the side, with severe inflammation of the chest and throat, and his strength sank. The 7th of April was his birthday; he was eighty years old, and prayed for in Rydal Chapel. About the 20th his wife whispered to him that death was near, in the tenderest words she could use to him, "William, you are going to Dora." On the 23rd he died, and he was buried in Grasmere churchyard. In a volume published in 1838 Wordsworth had parted from his reader with a sonnet, of which the last line will have its answer ever from more hearts while England stands:—

VALEDICTORY SONNET.

Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here
Disposed some cultured flowerets (drawn from spots
Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),
Each kind in several beds of one parterre;
Both to allure the casual loiterer,
And that, so placed, my nurslings may requite
Studious regard with opportune delight,
Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,
Reader, farewell! My last words let them be—
If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
If simple Nature trained by careful Art
Through it have won a passage to thy heart;
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

In November, 1820, appeared the first number of "The Etonian," a school magazine, which had for chief founder, editor, and contributor, Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Walter Blunt was Praed's fellow-editor, and other writers in "The Etonian," whose names afterwards became known to the world, were John Moultrie, Henry Nelson Coleridge, William Sidney Walker. In 1821, Praed left Eton for Trinity College, Cambridge. Charles Knight, son of the bookseller at Windsor who had printed "The Etonian," was then establishing himself in London, full of the young energy that, as it ripened, gave him power to take a front place for himself among those who found means for the better culture of each unit among the masses of the people. To young Charles Knight, at the end of 1822, young Praed—become a Brown's medallist for the Greek ode and for epigrams—suggested the continuance from Cambridge of the old pleasant magazine work; accordingly, "Knight's Quarterly Magazine" began to appear in the year 1823. Praed wrote in it as Peregrine Courtenay and Vyvyan Joyeuse, John Moultrie as Gerard Montgomery, Henry Nelson Coleridge as Joseph Haller, Derwent Coleridge as Davenant Cecil, W. Sidney Walker as Edward Haselfoot, Henry Malden as Hamilton Murray, and to these was joined Thomas Babington Macaulay, who signed himself Tristram Merton. Among Praed's contributions to the magazine were these two charades. Their answers are "Good Night" and "Death Watch."

CHARADES.

I.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt;
Sooth, 'twas an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The rufflers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer:

My First to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun:
My Next, with her cold and quiet cloud,
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day's be done:
And both together to all blue eyes,
That weep when a warrior nobly dies.

II.

On the casement frame the wind beat high;
Never a star was in the sky;
All Kenneth Hold was wrapt in gloom,
And Sir Everard slept in the Haunted Room.

I sat and sang beside his bed;—
Never a single word I said,
Yet did I scare his slumber;
And a fitful light in his eyeball glistened,
And his cheek grew pale as he lay and listened,
For he thought or dreamt that Fiends and Fays
Were reckoning o'er his fleeting days
And telling out their number.
Was it my Second's ceaseless tone?
On my Second's hand he laid his own;
The hand that trembled in his grasp
Was crushed by his convulsive clasp.

Sir Everard did not fear my First;—
He had seen it in shapes that men deem worst,
In many a field and flood;
Yet in the darkness of that dread
His tongue was parched and his reason fled,
And he watched, as the lamp burned low and dim,
To see some phantom, gaunt and grim,
Come dabbled o'er with blood.

Sir Everard kneeled, and strove to pray;
He prayed for light, and he prayed for day,
Till terror checked his prayer;
And ever I muttered clear and well
"Click, click," like a tolling bell,
Till, bound by Fancy's magic spell,
Sir Everard fainted there.

And oft, from that remembered night,
Around the taper's flickering light

The wrinkled beldames told,
Sir Everard had knowledge won
Of many a murder darkly done,
Of fearful sights, and fearful sounds,
And Ghosts that walk their midnight rounds
In the Tower of Kenneth Hold!

In the collected poems of W. M. Praed we have some of the best modern examples of those light occasional pieces which the French call *vers de societé;* but their English character is marked by tenderness of domestic feeling, and the blending of much earnest thought with their playfulness. Macaulay, as Tristram Merton, delighted his fellow-contributors to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine" in 1824, by giving them such pieces as "Moncontour," "Ivry," the "Cavalier's March to London," and this of

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

By Obadiah Bind-their-Kings-in-Chains-and-their-Nobles-with-Links-of-Iron, Serjeant in Ireton's Regiment.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church, for the Laws!
For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:
Hark! hark!—What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar:
And he—he turns, he flies:—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the Pope;
There is woe in Oxford Halls; there is wail in Durham's Stalls:
The Jesuit smites his bosom: the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.

In 1824, when this appeared, Macaulay's age was four-and-twenty. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" appeared when its author was but two-and-twenty. Keats at four-and-twenty wrote the "Eve of St. Agnes" and the "Pot of Basil," had written "Endymion," and was writing "Hyperion." There were no depths of thought in Macaulay's lively verse rhetoric, but there was some forecast of the brilliant success to be achieved by him hereafter as a prose historian who could fascinate the many and the few.

Thomas Hood was but about a year older than Macaulay. He was born in 1799, and died in 1845. Thomas Hood—whom we may distinguish as the elder, from a clever son, now also passed away—made

his mark first as a writer in 1825, by joining John Hamilton Reynolds, whose sister he had lately married, in a playful little volume of "Odes and Addresses to Great People:"—such as Graham, the aëronaut; M'Adam, the improver of roads; and W. Kitchiner, M.D., author of "The Cook's Oracle," "Observations on Vocal Music," "The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life," "Practical Observations on Telescopes, Opera-glasses, and Spectacles," "The Housekeeper's Ledger," and "The Pleasure of Making a Will." In 1826 Hood published his first series of "Whims and Oddities," a second series in 1827, and then a volume, "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," with other poems, and among them these:—

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

There was another piece in like strain beginning—

"I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,"

which was written by W. M. Praed in June, 1833. Among other poems in Thomas Hood's volume of 1827 is this, in which his playful humour blends with the serious feeling that gave worth to his wit:—

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Oh, when I was a tiny boy,
My nights and days were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harness'd to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro;—
My archery is all unlearn'd,
And grief against myself has turn'd
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task,
My head's ne'er out of school:
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh:—
On this I will not dwell and hang,—
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene
As then:—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the playground tree!
All things I loved are alter'd so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh for the garb that mark'd the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well ink'd with black and red;
The crownless hat, ne'er deem'd an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh for the riband round the neck!
The careless dogs'-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

Oh for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
That wash'd my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk
That fagg'd me!—worse is now my work—
A fag for all the town!

Oh for the lessons learn'd by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resign'd
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walk'd
In all my dreams, and look'd and talk'd
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The *omne bene*—Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home—
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,
For fame—a deal of empty praise,
Without the silver pen!

Then "home, sweet home!" the crowded coach—
The joyous shout—the loud approach—
The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
The sweetmeats, almost sweeter still,
No "satis" to the "jams!"—

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

Walter Savage Landor, born to substantial means in 1775, and educated at Rugby and Oxford, published his "Gebir" in 1797, at Warwick, as a sixpenny pamphlet. Robert Southey was the first to declare its merit, and it ranks now with those longer poems, as his "Count Julian" ranks with the plays, which will be referred to in another part of this Library. From the edition of his "Gebir," published with "Count Julian" and other poems in 1831, I take a little sigh for the early death of a member of Lord Aylmer's family, who went to India. Charles Lamb wrote of it to Landor in 1832, "Many things I had to say to you which there was not time for. *One*, why should I forget? 'Tis for 'Rose Aylmer,' which has a charm I cannot explain. I lived upon it for weeks."

ROSE AYLMER.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see;
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

This was another of the poems in the volume published in 1831:—

AN ARAB TO HIS MISTRESS.

Against Anger.

Look thou yonder, look and tremble,
Thou whose passion swells so high;
See those ruins that resemble
Flocks of camels as they lie.

'Twas a fair but froward city,
Bidding tribes and chiefs obey,
'Till he came who, deaf to pity,
Tost the imploring arm away.

Spoil'd and prostrate, she lamented
What her pride and folly wrought;
But was ever Pride contented,
Or would Folly e'er be taught?

Strong are cities: Rage o'erthrows 'em;
Rage o'erswells the gallant ship;
Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,
Flaws it not the ruby lip?

All that shields us, all that charms us,
Brow of ivory, tower of stone,
Yield to wrath; another's harms us,
But we perish by our own.

Night may send to rave and ravage
Panther and hyena fell;
But their manners, harsh and savage,
Little suit the mild gazelle.

When the waves of life surround thee,
Quenching oft the light of love,
When the clouds of doubt confound thee,
Drive not from thy breast the dove.

In 1831 there appeared also the "Corn-Law Rhymes" of Ebenezer Elliot, who was born in 1781, son of a commercial clerk in the iron-works at Masborough, near Rotherham. Elliot himself lived to earn success in the iron trade. He died in 1849. His rhymes dealt certainly with an essential of life, when dear bread was their theme, and they strongly illustrate the spirit of the time when the Reform Bill was impending, and from year to year, now quietly, and now through long strife of opinion, way was being made towards the fulfilment of some hopes bequeathed by the eighteenth to the nineteenth century. From Elliot's "Corn-Law Rhymes" let us take a

SONG.

Tune—Robin Adair.

"Child, is thy father dead?"
"Father is gone!"
"Why did they tax his bread?"
"God's will be done!
Mother has sold her bed;—
Better to die than wed;—
Where shall she lay her head?
Home we have none.

"Father clamm'd thrice a week,
God's will be done!
Long for work did he seek,
Work he found none:
Tears on his hollow cheek
Told what no tongue could speak."
"Why did his master break?"
"God's will be done!

"Doctor said, Air was best,
Food we had none;
Father, with panting breast,
Groan'd to be gone.
Now he is with the blest;—
Mother says, Death is best;—
We have no place of rest."—
"Yes, ye have one."

In 1833, a year before his father's death, appeared a volume of poems by Coleridge's eldest son Hartley, who was born at Clevedon, in 1796. Both Hartley Coleridge and Sara his sister inherited a measure of their father's genius. Hartley's youth was passed under the influence of his father and his father's friends at the lakes. He went to Oxford in 1815, became Fellow of Oriel, and lost his fellowship by fault of his own. His after life, until his death at Rydal in 1849, was very sad, and its melancholy tone is in his verse. His verse indicates more than a skill acquired by much communion with poets. He has a delicate strain of his own, which is not the less true for its want of power to compel a wide attention. These are two poems from the volume published by Hartley Coleridge at Leeds, in 1833:—

NIGHT.

The crackling embers on the hearth are dead;
The indoor note of industry is still;
The latch is fast; upon the window-sill
The small birds wait not for their daily bread;
The voiceless flowers—how quietly they shed
Their nightly odours;—and the household rill
Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds that fill
The vacant expectation, and the dread
Of listening Night. And haply now she sleeps;
For all the garrulous noises of the air
Are hush'd in peace; the soft dew silent weeps,
Like hopeless lovers for a maid so fair—
Oh! that I were the happy dream that creeps
To her soft heart, to find my image there.

SONG.

Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good morrow;
But sweeter to hark in the twinkling dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.
O nightingale! What doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.
By night and day she tunes her lay
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

Alfred Tennyson, born in 1809, in the rectory of Somersby, a Lincolnshire village, published in 1827, at Louth in Lincolnshire, with his brother Charles, a little volume entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." Of the two brothers, Charles, who has taken the name of Turner, is known to a fit audience as author of several volumes of verse delicate and true; while Alfred Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth

as poet laureate in the year 1850. Early in 1829 Alfred Tennyson entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Arthur Henry Hallam, born in February, 1811, son of Henry Hallam, the historian, had joined the same college in the preceding term. Arthur Hallam had also the temperament, and, as the "Memorials" published after his death show, no small measure of the skill of a poet, and between Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson a warm friendship arose. They competed, in 1829, for the Chancellor's Gold Medal, each writing a poem on the assigned subject, Timbuctoo. Tennyson won the prize, and "Timbuctoo" was published, with his name upon the title-page, in July, 1829. In 1830 followed a volume entitled "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," which contained fifty-three pieces. Of these only twenty-five are retained, and these are the first twenty-five in the current volume of Tennyson's Poems, including "Claribel," "Lilian," and "Mariana." In one of its pieces is this sense of his calling, as that of one who has hate only for the spirit of hate, scorn only for the spirit of scorn, expressed by a true poet at the opening of his career. When the volume in which it appeared was published, its author's age was only twenty-one.

THE POET.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field flower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire.
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd,
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burning eyes
Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
Sunn'd by those orient skies;
But round about the circles of the globes
Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame
WISDOM, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power—a sacred name.
And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
And as the lightning to the thunder
Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word
She shook the world.

In 1833, or at the end of 1832, when not yet twenty-four, Alfred Tennyson published a second volume of "Poems," which included the "Lady of Shalott," the "Miller's Daughter," the "May Queen" and "New Year's Eve," and the "Lotos Eaters." About a dozen of the pieces in that volume have been since withdrawn, and those allowed to remain follow the pieces that appeared in 1830, from the "Lady of Shalott" to the poem "To J. S.;" except that "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the "Conclusion to the May Queen," and "The Blackbird," all first printed in 1842, are now placed among them.

In September, 1833, Arthur Hallam died, and Alfred Tennyson did not produce another volume for ten years. The lasting monument raised by him over the grave of the dead friend was "In Memoriam," not published until 1850, a poem on Immortality which represents the gradual lifting of the soul from the first mood of grief, when Darkness must needs have her raven gloss, to the highest sense of the future of the individual and of the race. Here we have again the full voice of the time; and labour for the growth of each is recognised as the true way towards the growth of all. The spirit of Wordsworth's question, the vital question of our century,

"What one is,
Why may not millions be?"

reappears in Tennyson's hope for the future of the world, that what Arthur Hallam had been, the millions might in some day of a crowning race become: "I would the great world grew like thee." It is in "In Memoriam" and "Idylls of the King" that the close harmony between Alfred Tennyson's poetry and the main labour of our time is most

manifest, and there will be record of these in another volume. But in his minor poems there is not less true reflection of much that is best in his time. After a pause of ten years there appeared in 1842, "Poems by Alfred Tennyson, in Two Volumes," and from the pieces then first published let us take one as an illustration of the change that has come over our literature since the days of French-classical influence, when writing about writing, in Latin-English, was especially in favour. The chief theme is again human love, the chief interests of life are again love and duty, and the English is such as Wordsworth bade us write, a selection from that really used by men; with preference like Spenser's for short simple words, and frequent use of a musical line in which there is no word more than two syllables long, and sometimes all the words are monosyllables.

DORA.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.
Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son:
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answer'd short:
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again."
But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!"
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.
Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."
And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."
So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:

He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back:
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."
So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch: they peep'd, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him: and the lad stretch d out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in: but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allan sat him down, and Mary said:
"O Father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
Oh, sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife: but, sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."
So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."
Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundredfold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.
So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

Robert Browning, born in 1812, produced in 1835, at the age of three-and-twenty, his poem of "Paracelsus," and in this he at once dealt with a main thought in the life of our own day. Wordsworth had learnt and taught that by wild effort to reach at once the far ideal, society gains less than by the quiet labour of each one to do his daily duty. In accordance with this teaching Robert Browning made poetic use of the troubled life of a self-confident aspirant, who lived in the sixteenth century, and fashioned him into the type of a man yearning with an indefinite sense of power and filled with a hope not unlike that of many a young heart in Europe in the days of the French Revolution. His aspiration, compared with that of others,

——"was so vast
In scope that it included their best flights,
Combined them, and desired to gain one prize
In place of many,—the secret of the world,
Of man, and man's true purpose, path and fate."

Paracelsus said that he

——"seemed to long
At once to trample on, yet save mankind,
To make some unexampled sacrifice
In their behalf, to wring some wondrous good
From heaven or earth for them . . . .
. . . . . .
Once the feat achieved,
I would withdraw from their officious praise,
Would gently put aside their profuse thanks."

With such aspirations he is sitting in a quiet garden with his old college friend Festus and his friend's wife Michal, a pair whose loving hearts are satisfied with faithful doing of the duties they find in a quiet path of life. Festus asks his friend

"How can that course be safe which from the first
Produces carelessness to human love?"

But Paracelsus still aspires only to know, and says,

"Make no more giants, God,
But elevate the race at once! We ask
To put forth just our strength, our human strength,
All starting fairly; all equipped alike,
Gifted alike; all eagle-eyed, true-hearted,—
See if we cannot beat the angels yet!
Such is my task. I go to gather this
The sacred knowledge, here and there dispersed
About the world, long lost or never found."

In the house of a Greek conjuror, bowed by failure, seeking weak encouragement to win him "but one hour of his first energy," he meets the poet Aprile—

"*Paracelsus.*—I am he that aspired to KNOW, and thou?
Aprile.—I would LOVE infinitely, and be loved.
Paracelsus.—Poor slave! I am thy king indeed."

But from Aprile's speech he learns the need of love, and also this:—

"Knowing ourselves, our world, our task so great,
Our time so brief, 'tis clear if we refuse
The means so limited, the tools so rude
To execute our purpose, life will fleet
And we shall fade, and leave our task undone.
We will be wise in time."

Aprile dies in the arms of Paracelsus:—

"*Paracelsus.*—Die not, Aprile! We must never part.
Are we not halves of one dissevered world,
Whom this strange chance unites once more? Part never
Till thou, the Lover, know; and I, the Knower,
Love—until both are saved."

Presently these are Aprile's dying words:—

"Stay, I know,
I know them. Who should know them well as I?
White brows lit up with glory; poets all.
Paracelsus.—Let him but live, and I have my reward.
Aprile.—Yes; I see now. God is the Perfect Poet,
Who in His person acts His own creations.
Had you but told me this at first. Hush! hush!"

Then Paracelsus is with Festus again, and in loving converse tells how he was warned by

—"a man
With aims not mine, and yet pursued like mine,
With the same fervour and no more success,
Perishing in my sight; who summoned me,
As I would shun the ghastly fate I saw,
To serve my race at once; to wait no longer
That God should interfere on my behalf,
But to distrust myself, put pride away,
And give my gains, imperfect as they were,
To men."

He has learnt that he should be with men as their leader and fellow-worker, yet he feels before his age:—

"'Tis in the advance of individual minds
That the slow crowd should ground their expectation,
Eventually to follow."

And he despairs of himself:—

"Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity;
These are its signs, and note and character,
And these I have lost! gone, shut from me for ever,
Like a dead friend safe from unkindness more."

He begins to work with men, through

"A trust in them and a respect—a sort
Of sympathy for them: I must needs begin
To teach them, not amaze them."

But when he speaks out, mean opposition rises, and he feels the dulness of the material on which he has to work. Then, become reckless, Paracelsus will "seek to know and to enjoy at once:"—

"Suppose my labour should seem God's own cause
Once more, as first I dreamed,—it shall not baulk me
Of the meanest, earthliest, sensualest delight
That may be snatched; for every joy is gain,
And gain is gain however small. My soul
Can die then, nor be taunted—'What was gained?'
. . . . . .
The whole plan is a makeshift, but will last
My time."

Yet he sings mournfully—

"The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and withered in their pride."

Michal is dead, and Paracelsus speaks his confused sense of her immortality, "For I believe we do not wholly die." He attains to his own highest earthly knowledge, dying as a madman in the hospital of St. Sebastian, with the love of Festus ministering to him,—

"Festus you loved of old,
Festus you know, you must know!"

When the mists clear from his mind in the hour of death, he says,—

"I would have had one day, one moment's space,
Change man's condition, push each slumbering claim
Of mastery o'er the elemental world
At once to full maturity, then roll
Oblivion o'er the tools, and hide from man
What night had ushered morn. Not so, dear child
Of after days, wilt thou reject the Past,
Big with deep warnings of the proper tenure
By which thou hast the earth; the Present for thee
Shall have distinct and trembling beauty, seen
Beside that Past's own shade whence, in relief,
Its brightness shall stand out: nor on thee yet
Shall burst the Future, as successive zones
Of several wonder open on some spirit
Flying secure and glad from heaven to heaven:
But thou shalt painfully attain to joy,
While hope, and fear, and love shall keep thee man."

In the following poem of "Sordello," published in 1840, Mr. Browning, having taken Dante as the standard of the poet who should be a worker with the men whose thought he helps to shape and raise, makes a representative figure of a poet before Dante, and paints the development of the poetic energy in this direction. Thus dealing from another point of view with human aspiration, he teaches a like lesson:—

"God has conceded two sights to a man—
One of men's whole work, time's completed plan;
The other of the minute's work, man's first
Step to the plan's completion."

In all his subsequent poetry Mr. Browning has been faithful in his maintenance of the true human relation between the far ideal and the near. No conception of a better future for humanity can be too perfect; but the way to the realising is only by patient use of ordinary powers for the sure footing of each day's journey to the distant heights. The longer poems of Robert Browning show how steadily he brings his own individuality to the enforcement of some of the chief truths of his time. Enthusiastic fellow-feeling for the poetry of Shelley, with all its yearning for a higher life in men, is in the mind of Robert Browning, as in the minds of all right readers, consistent with a firm adoption of the principle that gives life to the

poetry of Wordsworth. The reverence for Shelley's memory, expressed in "Sordello," is also in this short poem :—

MEMORABILIA.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

But you were living before that,
And you are living after,
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put inside my breast,
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather—
Well, I forget the rest.

The dramatic form of Mr. Browning's genius will be illustrated in another volume. It enters into his shorter poems, which are rich in studies of human life. Let us take, for example, one of which the pathos lies in a sense of the difference between what is desired and what is done.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

Called "The Perfect Painter."

But do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?
I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear,
Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly?
Oh, I'll content him,—but to-morrow, Love!
I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it seems
As if—forgive now—should you let me sit
Here by the window with your hand in mine,
And look a half-hour forth on Fiesole,
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly, the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
To-morrow how you shall be glad for this!
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's bared breast she curls inside.
Don't count the time lost, either; you must serve
For each of the five pictures we require—
It saves a model. So! keep looking so—
My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!
—How could you ever prick those perfect ears,
Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet—
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls his,
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks—no one's: very dear, no less!
You smile? why, there's my picture ready made.
There's what we painters call our harmony!
A common greyness silvers everything,—
All in a twilight, you and I alike
—You, at the point of your first pride in me
(That's gone you know),—but I, at every point;
My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.
There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
That length of convent-wall across the way
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease
And autumn grows, autumn in everything.
Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be and do,
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange, now, looks the life He makes us lead!
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie!
This chamber for example—turn your head—
All that's behind us! you don't understand
Nor care to understand about my art,
But you can hear at least when people speak;
And that cartoon, the second from the door
—It is the thing, Love! so such things should be—
Behold Madonna, I am bold to say.
I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
Do easily, too—when I say perfectly,
I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge
Who listened to the Legate's talk last week,
And just as much they used to say in France.
At any rate 'tis easy, all of it,
No sketches first, no studies, that's long past—
I do what many dream of all their lives
—Dream? strive to do, and agonise to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
Who strive—you don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,—
Yet do much less, so much less, Someone says,
(I know his name, no matter) so much less!
Well, less is more, Lucrezia! I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
The sudden blood of these men! at a word—
Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.
I, painting from myself and to myself,
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
His hue mistaken—what of that? or else,
Rightly traced and well ordered—what of that?
Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?
Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for? all is silver-grey,
Placid and perfect with my heart—the worse!

I know both what I want and what might gain—
And yet how profitless to know, to sigh,
"Had I been two, another and myself,
Our head would have o'erlooked the world!" No doubt.
Yonder's a work, now, of that famous youth
The Urbinate who died five years ago.
('Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)
Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish him,
Above and through his art—for it gives way;
That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right—that, a child may understand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.
But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
Out of me! out of me! And wherefore out?
Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.
Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—
More than I merit, yes, by many times.
But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
"God and the glory! never care for gain.
The Present by the Future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Angelo—
Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three!"
I might have done it for you. So it seems—
Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.
Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;
The rest avail not. Why do I need you?
What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo?
In this world, who can do a thing, will not—
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power—
And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,
God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.
'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,
That I am something underrated here,
Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.
I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,
For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.
The best is when they pass and look aside;
But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.
Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,
And that long festal year at Fontainebleau!
I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,
Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,
In that humane great monarch's golden look,—
One finger in his beard or twisted curl
Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile,
One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
I painting proudly with his breath on me,
All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,
Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls
Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts,—
And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
This in the background, waiting on my work,
To crown the issue with a last reward!
A good time, was it not, my kingly day?

And had you not grown restless—but I know—
'Tis done and past; 'twas right, my instinct said:
Too live the life grew, golden and not grey,
And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt
Out of the grange whose four walls make his world.
How could it end in any other way?
You called me, and I came home to your heart.
The triumph was, to have ended there; then if
I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,
You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!
"Rafael did this, Andrea painted that—
The Roman's is the better when you pray,
But still the other's Virgin was his wife——"
Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge
Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows
My better fortune, I resolve to think.
For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
Said one day Angelo, his very self,
To Rafael . . . I have known it all these years . .
(When the young man was flaming out his thoughts
Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
Too lifted up in heart because of it)
"Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
Who, were he set to plan and execute
As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!"
To Rafael's!—And indeed the arm is wrong.
I hardly dare—yet, only you to see,
Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should go!
Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!
Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
(What he? why, who but Michael Angelo?
Do you forget already words like those?)
If really there was such a chance, so lost,—
Is, whether you're—not grateful—but more pleased.
Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!
This hour has been an hour! Another smile?
If you would sit thus by me every night
I should work better, do you comprehend?
I mean that I should earn more, give you more.
See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the wall,
The cue-owls speak the name we call them by.
Come from the window, Love,—come in, at last,
Inside the melancholy little house
We built to be so gay with. God is just.
King Francis may forgive me. Oft at nights
When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,
The walls become illumined, brick from brick
Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,
That gold of his I did cement them with!
Let us but love each other. Must you go?
That Cousin here again? he waits outside?
Must see you—you, and not with me? Those loans!
More gaming debts to pay? you smiled for that?
Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to spend?
While hand and eye and something of a heart
Are left me, work 's my ware, and what's it worth?
I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
The grey remainder of the evening out,
Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
How I could paint, were I but back in France,
One picture, just one more—the Virgin's face,
Not yours this time! I want you at my side
To hear them—that is, Michael Angelo—

Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.
Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your friend.
I take the subjects for his corridor,
Finish the portrait out of hand—there, there,
And throw him in another thing or two
If he demurs; the whole should prove enough
To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Beside,
What's better and what's all I care about,
Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff.
Love, does that please you? Ah, but what does he,
The Cousin! what does he to please you more?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.
I regret little, I would change still less.
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
The very wrong to Francis!—it is true
I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
And built this house and sinned, and all is said.
My father and my mother died of want.
Well, had I riches of my own? you see
How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.
They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they died:
And I have laboured somewhat in my time
And not been paid profusely. Some good son
Paint my two hundred pictures—let him try!
No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,
You loved me quite enough, it seems to-night.
This must suffice me here. What would one have?
In Heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me
To cover—the three first without a wife,
While I have mine! So—still they overcome
Because there's still Lucrezia,—as I choose.

Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.

The Englishwoman who stands first among the poetesses of her country closed her career as the wife of Robert Browning. Elizabeth Barrett was born at Hope End, near Ledbury, Herefordshire, in 1809. Her genius became soon manifest. Before the appearance of Robert Browning's "Paracelsus" Elizabeth Barrett had published not only original poems, but also a translation of the grandest of Greek dramas, the "Prometheus Bound of Æschylus." Of her dramatic poem, the "Seraphim," and her longer narrative poem, "Aurora Leigh," published in 1856, we speak in other volumes. The first collected edition of her poems appeared in 1844. One beautiful poem in it, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," had a passage telling how a lover read in Spenser, Petrarch—

"Or at times a modern volume, Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyll,
Howitt's ballad verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,—
Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

In November, 1846, Miss Barrett became Robert Browning's wife and fellow-worker. For health she had been taken to Torquay, and there had received an almost fatal shock by witnessing the drowning of a much-loved brother. Her health had been partly restored, and was maintained after marriage by long residence in Italy. She ended at Florence, in June, 1861, a life that yielded much of its beauty to the uses of the world in poems warm with all womanly sympathies, alive with genius refined by highest culture, and devoted only to the highest aims. In Mrs. Browning's longest poem there is a thought closely akin to that enforced so variously in her husband's verse, that the imaginative and the active life must be wedded to each other for the world's well-being, the highest powers of imagination aiding the most strenuous desire to work out the problem of life, not by words only, but by deeds. Her fine imagination was put to the right use, as a light upon the path of daily life—a friend and guide to all who seek plain living and high thinking, and labour towards fulfilment of the highest aspiration, by life in the spirit of him whose heart "the lowliest duties on herself did lay." Mrs. Browning's verse touches the toil about our doors with an air from heaven, and puts the poet's soul into our sense of it. Her verse is haunted by that sense of the far ideal which often flashes suddenly from passages of Robert Browning's poetry while he seems only to play with a half-grotesque humour about the dullest of realities. They are not only sad hearts that can echo such a poem as this · the happiest, perhaps, feel it most keenly:—

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD.

What's the best thing in the world?
June-rose, by May-dew impearled;
Sweet south-wind, that means no rain;
Truth, not cruel to a friend;
Pleasure, not in haste to end;
Beauty, not self-decked and curled
Till its pride is over-plain;
Light, that never makes you wink;
Memory, that gives no pain;
Love, when, *so*, you're loved again.
What's the best thing in the world?
—Something out of it, I think.

The same tendency of our time to look straight at each stunted human growth, and seek to help all by helping each, which caused Thomas Hood to contribute to *Punch*, in 1843, his "Song of the Shirt," produced from Mrs. Browning this true woman's protest, which helped to quicken legislation for the well-being of factory children, who had been left uncared for and untaught:—

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy;
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old."

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time:
Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her:
Was no room for any work in the close clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, "Get up, little Alice! it is day."
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes:
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud by the kirk-chime.
"It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have:
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground;
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For all day, the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places:
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray;
So the blessed One who blesseth all the others
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,
Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words except 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone:
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.

Go to!" say the children,—"up in heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving:
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom.
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm:
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With their eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

Though supreme, Mrs. Browning was not alone among the poetesses. One of the good signs of the advance of thought has been the number and value of the contributions of women to English literature during the last century. Of the unreal or half real sentiment of the earlier part of the century, Letitia Elizabeth Landon (known by her initials as L. E. L.) gave many graceful reproductions. She was born in 1802, and died in 1838 at Cape Coast Castle four months after her marriage to Mr. Maclean, then governor there. There was a large public for verse of this kind in books and periodicals:—

THE TROUBADOUR.

He raised the golden cup from the board,
It sparkled with purple wealth,
He kissed the brim her lip had prest,
And drank to his ladye's health.

"Ladye, to-night I pledge thy name,
To-morrow thou shalt pledge mine:
Ever the smile of beauty should light
The victor's blood-red wine.

"There are some flowers of brightest bloom
Amid thy beautiful hair;
Give me those roses, they shall be
The favour I will wear.

"For ere their colour is wholly gone,
Or the breath of their sweetness fled,
They shall be placed in thy curls again,
But dyed of a deeper red."

The warrior rode forth in the morning light,
And beside his snow-white plume
Were the roses wet with the sparkling dew,
Like pearls on their crimson bloom.

The maiden stood on her highest tower,
And watch'd her knight depart:
She dash'd her tear aside, but her hand
Might not still her beating heart.

All day she watch'd the distant clouds
Float on the distant air,
A crucifix upon her neck,
And on her lips a prayer.

The sun went down, and twilight came
With her banner of pearlin grey,
And then afar she saw a band
Wind down the vale their way.

They came like victors, for high o'er their ranks
Were their crimson colours borne;
And a stranger pennon droop'd beneath,
But that was bow'd and torn.

But she saw no white steed first in the ranks,
No rider that spurred before;
But the evening shadows were closing fast,
And she could see no more.

She turn'd from her watch on the lonely tower
In haste to reach the hall,
And as she sprang down the winding stair,
She heard the drawbridge fall.

A hundred harps their welcome rung,
Then paused, as if in fear;
The ladye entered the hall, and saw
Her true knight stretch'd on his bier.

But Miss Landon was growing with the time, and more reality of thought was finding its way into her works before she died.

Mrs. Hemans, who died three years before L. E. L., at the age of forty-one, was born in Liverpool, but spent much of her life in Wales, whither her father, after business losses, retired to live in an old house by the sea. Her maiden name was Felicia Dorothea Browne. Gentle as her nature was, her marriage in the year 1812 with Captain Hemans was not happy; and after five boys had been born, husband and wife separated by Captain Hemans's departure to live in Italy. The sadness of her life colours her verse. She had a sense of music, and felt what she wrote; these qualities gave her a chief place among women of her day as a song-writer, and there are little poems of hers that will remain familiar to many who seek no acquaintance with her longer works. Here is one, for example, as well known as any piece written within the present century, based on the story of a boy of thirteen, son of the Admiral of the

Orient, who would not quit his post, though the ship was on fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and who therefore perished when the flames had reached the powder magazine :—

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm—
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud, "Say, father! say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still yet brave depair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea,—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part:—
But the noblest thing which perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart.

The sound of the sea is often in Mrs. Hemans's verse. This song of hers has been felt in many homes :—

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hidest thou in thy treasure caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.—
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have roll'
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.—
Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play:
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.—
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown:
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee:—
Restore the dead, thou sea!

And here is life by the great waters in another mood of thought :—

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea!
For ever and the same;
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee—
Those thunders naught can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hush'd is many a lovely one
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sigh'd of yore
Along the wave, is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill.

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs pour'd
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn that rang
O'er stream and mountain free:
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep!
  Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
  Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
  To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores rejoice
  In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
  The sunset's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight hears the sound,
  Even as first it roll'd.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
  Where sceptred cities rose!
Thou speak'st of One who doth not change—
  So may our hearts repose.

Residence in Wales gave Mrs. Hemans interest in the records of old Cymric poetry, and here are her versions of two of the laments of Llywarch Hen—Llywarch the old—for the ruin brought upon his people and upon his own home by the incoming Saxons :—

THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN.

The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night;
I weep, for the grave has extinguish'd its light;
The beam of the lamp from its summit is o'er,
The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more!

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still,
The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill!
Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene,
Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been!

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,
No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there!
Oh! where are the warriors who circled its board?
—The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup was pour'd!

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,
Since he is departed whose smile made it bright!
I mourn; but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,
The pathway is short to the grave of my chief!

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN.

The bright hours return, and the blue sky is ringing
With song, and the hills are all mantled with bloom;
But fairer than aught which the summer is bringing,
The beauty and youth gone to people the tomb!
Oh! why should I live to hear music resounding,
Which cannot awake ye, my lovely, my brave?
Why smile the waste flowers, my sad footsteps surrounding?
—My sons! they but clothe the green turf of your grave!

Alone on the rocks of the stranger I linger,
My spirit all wrapped in the past as a dream!
Mine ear hath no joy in the voice of the singer,
Mine eye sparkles not to the sunlight's glad beam;
Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken and weeping!
—O grave! why refuse to the aged thy bed,
When valour's high heart on thy bosom is sleeping,
When youth's glorious flower is gone down to the dead!

Fair were ye, my sons! and all kingly your bearing,
As on to the fields of your glory ye trode!
Each prince of my race the bright golden chain wearing,
Each eye glancing fire, shrouded now by the sod!
I weep when the blast of the trumpet is sounding,
Which rouses ye not, O my lovely! my brave!
When warriors and chiefs to their proud steeds are bounding,
I turn from heaven's light, for it smiles on your grave!

Mrs. Hemans dedicated her "Records of Women" to Joanna Baillie, who was eighty-nine years old when she died at Hampstead in 1851. She was born at Bothwell Manse in 1762, and had the famous anatomist, John Hunter, for an uncle. She came to London to live with her brother, Dr. Matthew Baillie, and wrote "Plays on the Passions," of which something may be said in another volume. She did not want humour, and added these, among other pieces, to the lyric poetry of Scotland :—

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

The bride she is winsome and bonny,
  Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithfu' and kind is her Johnny,
  Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
  New pearlins and plenishing too;
The bride that has a' to borrow
  Has e'en right mickle ado.
    Woo'd and married and a'!
    Woo'd and married and a'!
    Isna she very well aff
    To be woo'd and married and a'?

Her mither then hastily spak:
  "The lassie is glaikit wi' pride;
In my pouch I had never a plack
  The day that I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
  And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted, it never
  Will last like the gear that is won.
    Woo'd and married and a'!
    Wi' havins and tocher sae sma'!
    I think ye are very well aff
    To be woo'd and married and a'!"

"Toot! toot!" quo' her grey-headed faither
  "She's less o' a bride than a bairn;
She's ta'en like a cowt frae the heather,
  Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
  As humour inconstantly leans,
The chiel maun be patient and steady
  That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
    A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
    O'er her locks that the wind used to blaw!
    I'm baith like to laugh and to greet
    When I think o' her married at a'!"

Then out spak the wily bridegroom;
Weel waled were his wordies I ween:
"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blink o' your bonny blue e'en.
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
Though thy ruffles and ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the Craft were my bride,
Wi' purples and pearlins enou'.
Dear and dearest of ony!
Ye're woo'd and buiket and a'!
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smiled,
And she lookit sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown,
She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she nippit her boddice sae blue,
Syne blinkit sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a mawkin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!
She thinks hersel' very weel aff
To be woo'd and married and a'!

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

A young gudewife is in my house,
And thrifty means to be;
But aye she's runnin' to the town
Some ferlie there to see.
The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow,
I soothly think ere it be spun
I'll wear a lyart pow.

And when she sets her to the wheel,
To draw the threads wi' care,
In comes the chapman wi' his gear,
And she can spin nae mair.
The weary pund, &c.

And she, like mony merry May,
At fairs maun still be seen;
At kirkyard preachings near the tent,
At dances on the green.
The weary pund, &c.

Her dainty ear a fiddle charms,
A bagpipe's her delight;
But for the croonings o' her wheel
She disna care a mite.
The weary pund, &c.

You spak, my Kate, of snow-white webs,
Made o' your linkum-twine,
But ah! I fear our bonny burn
Will ne'er lave web o' thine.
The weary pund, &c.

Nay, smile again, my winsome Kate!
Sic jibings mean nae ill;
Should I gae sarkless to my grave,
I'll lo'e and bless thee still.
The weary pund, &c.

One of the best of the later additions to the treasury of Scottish song is the "Land o' the Leal," by Lady Nairne, who died at the age of seventy-nine in 1845. She was born in 1766 in the house of the Oliphants of Gask, and while unwilling to lose dignity by being known as a song-writer, made free use of her gift by writing humorous songs, Jacobite and patriotic songs, pathetic songs, before her marriage to her cousin, Captain Nairne, in 1806. After marriage she still wrote. When in 1821 Mr. Purdie, a music-dealer, proposed to bring out as "The Scottish Minstrel" a series of national airs, Mrs. Nairne became an active contributor as "B. B.," Mrs. Bogan of Bogan. In 1824 Major Nairne was restored to a barony that had been granted to his family in the time of Charles I., and his wife became Carolina Baroness Nairne, with full appreciation of the dignity.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And, oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy is comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear 's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! dry your glist'nin' e'e, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal an' true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

These also are songs by Lady Nairne:—

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State;

He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to keep.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well
McClish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha'-Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered and as gude as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue,
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily,
An' rapp'd at the gate o' Claverse-ha'-Lee:
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:
"An' what brings the laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam ben he bowed fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the laird when the lady said "Na,"
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'

Dumfoundered was he, nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare, and rade cannily,
An' aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

CALLER HERRIN'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin';
Buy my caller herrin',
Haul'd thro' wind and rain.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads, and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie;
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin'
At ae word be in yer dealin'—
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth?

A charming song-writer, in the second half of our century, was Bryan Waller Procter, who wrote himself on his title-pages by an anagram of his name, less five of its letters—Barry Cornwall. He was born about 1790, and died in 1874. Quiet, genial, earnest, all moods of his mind were expressed in little poems that had caught some of their grace and melody from loving commune of the singer with the poets of the days before the Commonwealth. Let this song serve for an example:—

SONG IN PRAISE OF SPRING.

When the wind blows
In the sweet rose-tree,
And the cow lows
On the fragrant lea,
And the stream flows
All bright and free,
'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me;
'Tis not for any one here, I trow:
The gentle wind bloweth,
The happy cow loweth,
The merry stream floweth,
For all below!
O the Spring, the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on every thing.

Where come the sheep?
To the rich man's moor.
Where cometh sleep?
To the bed that's poor.
Peasants must weep,
And kings endure;
That is a fate that none can cure:
Yet Spring doeth all she can, I trow:
She bringeth bright hours,
She weaveth sweet flowers,
She dresseth her bowers,
For all below!
O the Spring, &c

Arthur Hugh Clough, born at Liverpool in 1819, died at Florence in 1861. He was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold's influence, and won the affection of that noblest of modern teachers as a foremost pupil. His career at Oxford was distinguished. In 1842 he obtained a Fellowship at Oriel;

and he was one of those who represented in its many forms of thought the deeper life of the University. In 1848, when he was leaving Oxford, Clough published, as a Long Vacation Pastoral, "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," a playful romance in English hexameter of the sayings and doings of an Oxford reading party in the Braes of Lochaber—a poem rich with evidence of his own yearning for the higher truths of life, "wrestlings of thought in the mountains." One feature in this poem of "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" is the idyllic beauty of its painting of the grace, tenderness, and young love of a Highland maid. But most characteristic is its author's sense of the reality of life, and the mixed playfulness and thoughtfulness with which it represents young minds attacking some of its problems. Arthur Hugh Clough felt much as Richard Steele felt, that a man is but as much as he can do, and that whoever does nothing is nothing. His worth is measured by the genuineness of his work. The young men and the tutor of the Highland reading party vary in opinion on divers points, but thus writes the lover of the Highland maid:—

This is a letter written by Philip at Christmas to Adam.
There may be beings, perhaps, whose vocation it is to be idle,
Idle, sumptuous even, luxurious, if it must be:
Only let each man seek to be that for which nature meant him.
If you were meant to plough, Lord Marquis, out with you, and do it;
If you were meant to be idle, O beggar, behold, I will feed you.
If you were born for a groom, and you seem, by your dress, to believe so,
Do it like a man, Sir George, for pay, in a livery stable;
Yes, you may so release that slip of a boy at the corner,
Fingering books at the window, misdoubting the eighth commandment.
Ah, fair Lady Maria, God meant you to live, and be lovely;
Be so then, and I bless you. But ye, ye spurious ware, who
Might be plain women, and can be by no possibility better!
—Ye unhappy statuettes, and miserable trinkets,
Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under glass cases,
Come, in God's name, come down! the very French clock by you
Puts you to shame with ticking; the fire-irons deride you.
You, young girl, who have had such advantages, learnt so quickly,
Can you not teach? O yes, and she likes Sunday school extremely,
Only it's soon in the morning. Away! if to teach be your calling,
It is no play, but a business: off! go teach and be paid for it.
Lady Sophia's so good to the sick, so firm and so gentle.
Is there a nobler sphere than of hospital nurse and matron?
Hast thou for cooking a turn, little Lady Clarissa? in with them,
In with your fingers! their beauty it spoils, but your own it enhances;
For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are meant for.
This was the answer that came from the Tutor, the grave man, Adam.
When the armies are set in array, and the battle beginning,
Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to the leftward
Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall do best service?
There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who arrays our battalions;
Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in our stations.
This was the final retort from the eager, impetuous Philip.
I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me sadly;
Children of Circumstance are we to be? you answer, On no wise!
Where does Circumstance end, and Providence, where begins it?
What are we to resist, and what are we to be friends with?
If there is battle, 'tis battle by night, I stand in the darkness,
Here in the mêlée of men, Ionian and Dorian on both sides,
Signal and password known; which is friend and which is foeman?
Is it a friend? I doubt, though he speak with the voice of a brother.
Still you are right, I suppose; you always are, and will be;
Though I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to the duty of order.
Yet is my feeling rather to ask, where *is* the battle?
Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, notwithstanding my Elspie,
O that the armies indeed were arrayed! O joy of the onset!
Sound thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great Cause, to array us,
King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee.
Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O where is the battle!
Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel,
Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,
Backed by a solemn appeal, "For God's sake do not stir, there!"
Yet you are right, I suppose; if you don't attack my conclusion,
Let us get on as we can, and do the thing we are fit for;
Every one for himself, and the common success for us all, and
Thankful, if not for our own, why then for the triumph of others,
Get along, each as we can, and do the thing we are meant for.
That isn't likely to be by sitting still, eating and drinking.

The shorter poems, published in 1849 under the name of "Ambarvalia," have in them the best feature of English thought in the midst of the nineteenth century, a faithful search for truth. This, for example, upon work as prayer:—

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O only Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-encentered thought,
My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart; 19
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
Can see Thee as Thou art?—

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold
  In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
  In ways unworthy Thee.

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
  In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
And if in work its life it seem to live,
  Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
  Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
  In recognition start.

But, as thou willest, give or e'en forbear
  The beatific supersensual sight,
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
  Approach Thee morn and night.

And in like spirit this:—

When the enemy is near thee,
  Call on us!
In our hands we will upbear thee,
He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,
He shall fly thee and shall fear thee.
  Call on us!

Call when all good friends have left thee,
Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee,
Call when hope and heart are sinking,
When the brain is sick with thinking,
  Help, oh help!
Call, and following close behind thee,
There shall haste and there shall find thee,
  Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,
When necessity seems on thee,
Hope and choice have all foregone thee,
Fate and force are closing o'er thee,
And but one way stands before thee.
  Call on us!

Oh, and if thou dost not call,
Be but faithful, that is all;
Go right on, and close behind thee,
There shall follow still and find thee,
  Help, sure help.

And this, which marks the poet's place in life:—

Come, Poet, come!
A thousand labourers ply their task,
And what it tends to scarcely ask,
And trembling thinkers on the brink
Shiver, and know not how to think.
To tell the purport of their pain,
And what our silly joys contain;
In lasting lineaments portray
The substance of the shadowy day;
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,
And make our meaning clear in verse:
Come, Poet, come! for but in vain
We do the work or feel the pain,
And gather up the seeming gain,
Unless before the end thou come
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come!
To give an utterance to the dumb,
And make vain babblers silent, come;
A thousand dupes point here and there,
Bewildered by the show and glare;
And wise men half have learnt to doubt
Whether we are not best without.
Come, Poet; both but wait to see
Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, Poet, come!
In vain I seem to call. And yet
Think not the living times forget.
Ages of heroes fought and fell
That Homer in the end might tell;
O'er grovelling generations past
Upstood the Doric fane at last;
And countless hearts on countless years
Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears;
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
The pure perfection of her dome.
Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
And (they forgotten and unknown)
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead had sown.[1]

Many works of imagination produced during the second quarter of our century bear witness to its fruitfulness of wholesome thought. In 1827 appeared John Keble's "Christian Year," of which something will have to be said in the next section of this Library, that which illustrates English Religion. In 1828 appeared the third volume of W. S. Landor's "Imaginary Conversations;" in 1829, Mr. Tennyson obtained his University Prize for the poem on Timbuctoo, and in 1830 first appeared his poems. There were produced, in 1831, Ebenezer Elliott's "Corn-Law Rhymes;" in 1832, Barry Cornwall's "English Songs;" in 1833, Elizabeth Barrett's (Mrs. Browning's) translation of "Prometheus Bound," and Robert Browning's earliest verse, "Pauline;" in 1834, Henry (not then Sir Henry) Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde;" and in 1835, Talfourd's "Ion," works to be spoken of in the volume of this series which illustrates English Plays. In 1836, Charles Dickens—a poet in his own way—began his career of success with "Sketches by Boz," and the next year (1837) was the year of "Pickwick," as well as of Robert Browning's tragedy of "Strafford." In 1838 appeared new "Sonnets" by Wordsworth, and Mrs. Browning's "Seraphim" and other poems. Mr. Philip Bailey published, in 1839, his "Festus;" Mr.

[1] Heartiest thanks are due to authors and publishers who have met with unfailing courtesy any request of mine for leave to use their copyrights. In a few cases, for accidental reasons, I have been unable to quote what I wished to quote, but in no case have I found anything but a kind readi ess to make the work of illustrating current literature by pieces extracted from copyright books as little difficult as possible. This makes me confident that if in any case I should inadvertently infringe a right, I shall be pardoned for the unintended oversight.

Browning, in 1840, his "Sordello;" and in 1841 Mr. Westland Marston produced his play of "The Patrician's Daughter." 1842 was the year of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and in that year Mr. Browning began with "Pippa Passes," the publication of cheap shilling parts under the common title of "Bells and Pomegranates," which included a fine series of plays thoroughly poetical, two of them—"Luria" and the "Return of the Druses"—thoroughly actable in any theatre that cares to cater for the educated public. In 1843, Thomas Hood battled against cruelty to starving seamstresses, by contributing to *Punch* his "Song of the Shirt." In 1844, appeared a collection of Mrs. Browning's Poems; in 1845, Robert Browning's "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics;" in 1846, Charles Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy;" and in 1847, Alfred Tennyson's "Princess." Arthur Hugh Clough's "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" appeared in 1848, and his poems under the common name of "Ambarvalia." These were circuits—originally sacrificial circuits—of the cultivated fields. It is not yet hard to trace the bounds of our best civilisation; only our aspirations remain boundless. In 1850, Alfred Tennyson uttered the highest hopes of man in his "In Memoriam;" Robert Browning looked to the highest life in his "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day;" Wordsworth had just closed his years of labour for the bettering of man, and his "Prelude," which is the true key to his life and poetry, and to the life of England in the nineteenth century, was published in that year 1850.

CHAPTER XX.

THE THIRD QUARTER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: TENNYSON AND BROWNING, ALGERNON SWINBURNE, WILLIAM MORRIS, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1850 TO A.D. 1875.

PROBLEMS of society were boldly treated by Charles Kingsley in his novel entitled "Yeast," which appeared in 1851. He was then thirty-two years old, had taken rank as a poet three years before with his "Saint's Tragedy," and united poetical enthusiasm, religious feeling of a kind that deepened human sympathies, and wide-reaching intellectual activity in one of the gentlest and most vigorous of natures. He was born in the vicarage of Holne, on the high ground about Dartmoor, within a walk of a famous chase, and some of the best scenery of Devonshire. He graduated at Cambridge in 1842, taking a first-class in classics, and a senior optime in mathematics; and in the same year he became curate (two years afterwards rector) of Eversley, the parish he held until his death in January, 1875. From 1859 to 1869 Charles Kingsley was Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. In 1869 he was preferred to a Canonry in Chester Cathedral, and transferred in 1873 to a Canonry in Westminster. His "Saint's Tragedy," on the story of Elizabeth of Hungary, places him among dramatists; and as a writer, his lively imagination and his generous feeling gave him a popularity of which he sought advantage only in the power of doing the best day's work to which God enabled him to set his hand.

Of the true-hearted man who went to his rest in the last year of the last quarter of a century, let due praise be spoken, though of living labourers, with whom it is still noon in the harvest-field, the time for such remembrance is not yet. Of Charles Kingsley's lyric power these are examples:—

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter
Turns us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.

Hark! The brave North-easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lover's sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas;
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

THE WORLD'S AGE.

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
Flash, and will flash till the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of Hell.

Still the race of Hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherits—
"Wife, and Child, and Fatherland."
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain:
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the age's gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
One grand, sweet song.

What of the thousand voices of song that expressed the music of our life in the third quarter of the nineteenth century? Master singers were scarce, but there was no lack of good labourers. Increase of population, increase in the proportion of those who had culture enough for such utterance, increase in the facilities of publication, produce increase in the number of the singers. A miscellany which should gather into itself from each living poet the piece making nearest approach to the one song that each man's life may be said to have in it, would surprise many who have not yet learnt how easily the gift of metrical expression is acquired. Many there are who have in our time not only acquired it, but have also good sense or true feeling to express.

The most natural form of this widely-diffused singing was some utterance of the music of our home life; and the great abundance of this in our current verse is surely a sign of strength. There is right feeling in it even where there may be no great power in the thought.

There were the distant wars of a great empire that hardly stirred national feeling. Chief among these, the Crimean War, between April, 1854, and April, 1856, came of a provocation that touched no heart as hearts presently were touched when evidence was drawn from it that Englishmen, good common men content with common lives, could still flash into heroism at the call of duty. Alfred Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" was a short poem on a typical example of that which was the chief glory of our arms in many a distant war during the third quarter of the century. For even in war we Englishmen look now to our army not as a mass, but as a body of single men, to each of whom there are duties owing, and by each of whom there is a duty done.

Perhaps the greatest trial of temper borne by a large mass of the English people was produced by secession of the Southern States of America from the Union in 1860-61. This caused in the year 1862 a disastrous failure of that cotton supply from North America which fed a very large number of English families. The Lancashire cotton famine lasted for three or four years. Where one person in Lancashire had parish relief in September, 1861, four had it in September, 1862, although gifts to the value of a

million sterling had poured in. The silent heroism with which all this suffering was borne from day to day, and month to month, and year to year, will never be forgotten. There was more in it than a moment's stir of the hot blood and a dash through peril at the call of duty. From amidst the fiery trial rose the faithful voice of song. Some of the best songs of the Lancashire famine were, no doubt, like some of the best ballads of old and modern time, written by ladies with warm hearts and cultivated minds; while in some there was the true voice of the sufferers themselves. They were all right-minded as the verse of Edwin Waugh, who may be taken as the type for Lancashire of the man who is of the people and sings for them, uttering their best thoughts, strengthening their best endeavours, helping them to show a manly front to all the dangers that beset them. Such poets battle, in their narrower field, as faithfully as Shakespeare for life's natural ties and duties: home is the great stronghold to be defended by them against desecration, to be cherished with endearing pictures of wife, husband, children, of the affliction that love sanctifies, the toil it sweetens, the peace and the strength it gives. The third quarter of this century of English life is full of such echoes of the music of Robert Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night." The most popular of Edwin Waugh's Lancashire songs is that named from its burden of a wife's love, "Come Whoam to thi Childer an' Me." But here is one upon the trials that beset the poor:—

TICKLE TIMES.

Here's Robin he's terrible gloomy;
  An' Jamie keeps starin' at th' greawnd,
An' thinkin' o' th' table at's empty,
  An' th' little things yammerin' reawnd;
It's true, it looks dark just afore us,—
  But, keep your hearts eawt o' your shoon,—
Though clouds may be thickenin' o'er us,
  There's lots o' blue sky up aboon!

But, when a mon's honestly willin',
  An' never a stroke to be had,
And clemmin' for want ov a shillin',—
  No wonder his heart should be sad;
It troubles him ill to keep seein'
  His little brids feedin' o' th' air;
An' it feels very hard to be deein',
  An' never a mortal to care.

But life's sich a quare little travel,—
  A marlock[1] wi' sun an' wi' shade,—
An' then, on a bowster o' gravel,
  They lay'n us i' bed wi' a spade;
It's no use a peawtin' an' fratchin'—
  As th' whirligig's twirlin' areawnd,
Have at it again; and keep scratchin'
  As lung as your yed's upo' greawnd.

Iv one could but grope i' th' inside on't,
  There's trouble i' every heart;
An' thoose that'n th' biggest o'th' pride on't,
  Oft leeten o'th' keenest o'th' smart:
Whatever may chance to come to us,
  Let's patiently hondle or share,—
For there's mony a fine suit o'clooas
  That covers a murderin' care.

There's danger i' every station,—
  I'th' palace as mich as i'th' cot;
There hanker i' every condition,
  An' canker i' every lot;
There's folk that are weary o' livin'
  That never knew hunger nor cowd;
And there's mony a miserly nowmun
  That's deed ov a surfeit o' gowd.

One feels, neaw at times are so nippin',
  A mon's at a troublesome schoo',
That slaves like a horse for a livin',
  An' flings it away like a foo':
But, as pleasur's sometimes a misfortin',
  An' trouble sometimes a good thing,—
Though we livin o'th' floor same as layrocks,
  We'n go up, like layrocks, to sing!

[1] *Marlock*, a chequered bit (thence also a prank); so in Scottish "a marled plaid" is a chequered plaid, and stockings of mixed colours are "marled stockings."

Domestic feeling was strong in the best of the early poetry of Mr. Gerald Massey; of Mr. Robert Buchanan; in David Gray's chant of the stream by which he was born, the Luggie; in "Wayside Warblings" of Edward Capern, the Devonshire postman; in the verse of John George Watts, and others whom the sweet spirit of song has lifted out of hard surroundings to a higher life. Domestic strains abounded in the popular verses of Eliza Cook, and in the poems of Jean Ingelow. The best poems of Dr. W. C. Bennett dwelt on the love for little ones within the nest. Singers of whom the great public hears little, but in whose small books there is many a chirp of human music, are as many as the song-birds in the wood. Songs of the hen in the nest were humanised and spiritualised in Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House." This diffused singing has gathered strength with the general advance of culture, and is likely to increase. It may well be also that as culture advances there will be more who pay it the attention it deserves.

George Macdonald, who writes prose like a poet, first made his mark in literature with a dramatic poem, "Within and Without." There are readers still for the "Lays of Scottish Cavaliers," first published as a book in 1848, by William Edmonstoune Aytoun (b. 1813, d. 1865), and for his later "Bon Gaultier's Ballads," though of his "Firmilian," published in 1854 as a *jeu d'esprit* on what then was called the spasmodic school of poetry, few have more than a lively and pleasant recollection. Alexander Smith and Sydney Dobell, over whom, as spasmodic poets, critics made merry, while they recognised in the one a sense of beauty, in the other, power, have passed from among us, and are now remembered only for a worth outweighing faults of style. The womanly fervour of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who became known as poetess in 1827, and was at her

best in 1862, when she produced "The Lady of Garaye;" the genial tone of the poems of Charles Mackay, who was born at Perth in 1812, and published among many other works "The Hope of the World" in 1837, and "A Man's Heart" in 1860; the social grace of the verse of Frederick Locker, in whom there lives some of the good spirit of Winthrop Mackworth Praed; Charles Kent's lyrics, and his verse pictures of the poets, Shakespeare at Shottery, Spenser at Kilcolman, Burns at Mossgiel; the good work also of many another; might yield illustrations of the varied charm that is in much verse published between 1850 and 1875.

The chronicler of the last quarter of the nineteenth century will be able to tell which of the better poets of the third quarter attained to the fulfilment of their highest promise. Our best utterances have been produced by highest culture of fit soil. Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning remain, as veterans, pre-eminent among the younger men; but with Algernon Charles Swinburne, William Morris, and others, a new generation of poets has arisen. In England, comparatively peaceful times have kept our writers also idle in camp, polishing their arms. Mr. Swinburne, in whom there is most of the true poet's fire, is yet warm with the hopes of the nations, and blends with his song many a bold word touching the essentials of life. But he is only combatant at times, and rests much in camp, sharing the toil of cultivated writers in our day to win new grace by bringing themselves into close relation with the artist-life of ancient Greece. This is, at any rate, far better for our healths than the old second-hand French-classical worship of Virgil. At one time within this quarter of our century it seemed as if all Englishmen who had learnt Greek were bent upon translating Homer into verse. Matthew Arnold and Francis William Newman argued briskly over the measure proper for translators; Lord Derby gave us "The Iliad" in blank verse, Professor Blackie gave it us in Ballad Measure, Mr. J. H. Dart gave it in Hexameter, and Philip Stanhope Worsley—who wrote very good poems of his own—translated the whole "Odyssey" and half "The Iliad" into excellent Spenserians. All the plays of Sophocles and Æschylus have been translated into English verse by Professor Plumptre, Æschylus also by Miss Anna Swanwick, both of them writers who have contributed to the good original verse of their time; and one of the most successful poems of Robert Browning, produced within this quarter of a century—"Balaustion's Adventure"—was a poet's version of the "Alcestis" of Euripides. Algernon Swinburne's earliest success was an English poem in the form of a Greek play, "Atalanta in Calydon," and at the close of the quarter-century his "Erectheus" was again in the same form. William Morris's large poem, "The Earthly Paradise," consisted of tales that produced in the mind such pictures as an artist might delight to paint of the old world, and chiefly of the old world of Greece; his longest work upon one theme was a poem on "The Life and Death of Jason." Another good poet of this time—Dante Gabriel Rossetti—skilled in the old Italian music, painted much in verse from models furnished to him by the best singers of Italy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

These tendencies in our verse are akin to the concurrent taste for modern-antique houses, with mediæval furniture, old tapestries, old china. Such cultivation of the past began, in part at least, with a desire to make our chairs and tables sincere, and a hope that afterwards we might ourselves become so. Paint, stucco, and veneer were to be put away; the brick of a house, or the wood of a chair, was to be what it seemed. This was a reading into still life of old lessons about Being and Seeming. There was right impulse, and it came from some of our best minds, in accordance with the better spirit of the time, although it set a fashion that, when followed witlessly, became ridiculous enough. We really have to live by all that is true in the past, for the right work of the present and the right hope of the days to come. But what if some of our poets, like some of our unwise householders, take forms of the past without adapting them to present thoughts and present need; what if they reproduce the bounded aspirations of a past age of the world, and say that, for the pleasure given, they seek only to repeat the old effects? If, on the plea that the poet's first duty is to please and not to teach, they choose to write thus, in so choosing they forget how Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, how all English poets who live in the hearts of their countrymen interpreted their art. It is true that the supreme aim of the poet is to please—but to please whom? The scale of pleasure has a range wide as the universe. When in the induction to "The Taming of the Shrew," Christopher Sly is bedded in all luxury, and free to call for that which shall delight him most, his first call is, "For God's sake, a pot of small ale." Even after all his dignities and powers have been fully disclosed to him, his call is for, "Once again, a pot o' the smallest ale." Does the poet, whose aim is to delight, take Christopher Sly's notion of pleasure for his standard? Much higher up the scale are those whose chief delight is in the most refined and intellectual expression of whatever ministers to pleasure of the sense, in pictures, or in statues, or in poems that express the utmost beauty of the flesh. All this is given us to be enjoyed, and more; but is the poet to express this, and no more? The best delight to some is of the spirit wholly; they are happiest, like Milton, in energetic labour to do all as ever in their great Taskmaster's eye. It is granted that the poet's business is to give pleasure—but to whom? Of which of all these sources of enjoyment is it his best privilege to quicken the sense and increase the desire? Christopher Sly has had his poets, whom the world forgets. The best poets, and the best remembered, are those who, without seeming to be didactic, minister only to the nobler sense of pleasure; who draw us, however unconsciously, towards the higher life they make us feel. By so doing they inevitably teach. Every day has its own amusers, but the helpers we need always; they helped us yesterday, and they will help to-morrow as they help to-day, if they touch really the abiding truths of life. The very first piece of good criticism in our literature—Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesy"—defined

the right poets as we find them in all stages of our literature.

One of the poets of this quarter of our century who most perfectly felt the charms of ancient Greece and caught from it a new grace for her own singing, was Mrs. Browning. Her translation of the "Prometheus Bound" has been mentioned, and we have seen how she could put all a woman's heart and poet's force into true work for her own time. From the volume of her "Last Poems," published in 1862, here is a piece, alike scholarly and human, that matches with Theocritus, and yet is of our world, not of his :—

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
  Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
  With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
  From the deep cool bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
  Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
  While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
  To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
  (How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
  In holes, as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
  (Laughed while he sate by the river,)
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
  He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
  Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
  Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
  To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
  As a reed with the reeds in the river.

From Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," in many of which there is a stirring of the depths of life, let us take this

HYMN TO PROSERPINE.

(*After the Proclamation in Rome of the Christian Faith.*)

I have lived long enough, having seen one thing, that love hath an end;
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now and befriend.
Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the seasons that laugh or that weep;
For these give joy and sorrow; but thou, Proserpina, sleep.
Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet the feet of the dove;
But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the grapes or love.
Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring of gold,
A bitter god to follow, a beautiful god to behold?
I am sick of singing: the bays burn deep and chafe: I am fain
To rest a little from praise and grievous pleasure and pain.
For the gods we know not of, who give us our daily breath,
We know they are cruel as love or life, and lovely as death.
O gods dethroned and deceased, cast forth, wiped out in a day!
From your wrath is the world released, redeemed from your chains, men say.
New gods are crowned in the city; their flowers have broken your rods;
They are merciful, clothed with pity, the young compassionate gods.
But for me their new device is barren, the days are bare;
Things long past over suffice, and men forgotten that were.
Time and the gods are at strife; ye dwell in the midst thereof,
Draining a little life from the barren breasts of love.
I say to you, cease, take rest; yea, I say to you all, be at peace,
Till the bitter milk of her breast and the barren bosom shall cease.
Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou shalt not take,
The laurel, the palms and the pæan, the breasts of the nymphs in the brake;
Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble with tenderer breath;
And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy before death;
All the feet of the hours that sound as a single lyre,
Dropped and deep in the flowers, with strings that flicker like fire.
More than these wilt thou give, things fairer than all these things?
Nay, for a little we live, and life hath mutable wings.
A little while, and we die; shall life not thrive as it may?
For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving his day.
And grief is a grievous thing, and a man hath enough of his tears:
Why should he labour, and bring fresh grief to blacken his years?
Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown grey from thy breath;
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death.
Laurel is green for a season, and love is sweet for a day;
But love grows bitter with treason, and laurel outlives not May.

Sleep, shall we sleep after all? for the world is not sweet in the end;
For the old faiths loosen and fall, the new years ruin and rend.
Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is a rock that abides;
But her ears are vexed with the roar and her face with the foam of the tides.
O lips that the live blood faints in, the leavings of racks and rods!
O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted gods!
Though all men abase them before you in spirit, and all knees bend,
I kneel not, neither adore you, but standing, look to the end.
All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast
Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of the past:
Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and between the remote sea-gates,
Waste water washes, and tall ships founder, and deep death waits:
Where, mighty with deepening sides, clad about with the seas as with wings,
And impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of unspeakable things,
White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-toothed and serpentine-curled,
Rolls, under the whitening wind of the future, the wave of the world.
The depths stand naked in sunder behind it, the storms flee away;
In the hollow before it the thunder is taken and snared as a prey;
In its sides is the north-wind bound; and its salt is of all men's tears;
With light of ruin, and sound of changes, and pulse of years:
With travail of day after day, and with trouble of hour upon hour;
And bitter as blood is the spray; and the crests are as fangs that devour:
And its vapour and storm of its steam as the sighing of spirits to be;
And its noise as the noise in a dream; and its depth as the roots of the sea:
And the height of its heads as the height of the utmost stars of the air:
And the ends of the earth at the might thereof tremble, and time is made bare.
Will ye bridle the deep sea with reins, will ye chasten the high sea with rods?
Will ye take her to chain her with chains, who is older than all ye gods?
All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye pass and be past;
Ye are gods, and behold, ye shall die, and the waves be upon you at last.
In the darkness of time, in the deeps of the years, in the changes of things,
Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world shall forget you for kings.
Though the feet of thine high priests tread where thy lords and our forefathers trod,
Though these that were gods are dead, and thou being dead art a god,
Though before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen, and hidden her head,
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead shall go down to thee dead.
Of the maiden thy mother men sing as a goddess with grace clad around;
Thou art throned where another was king; where another was queen she is crowned.
Yea, once we had sight of another: but now she is queen, say these.
Not as thine, not as thine was our mother, a blossom of flowering seas,
Clothed round with the world's desire as with raiment, and fair as the foam,
And fleeter than kindled fire, and a goddess, and mother of Rome.
For thine came pale and a maiden, and sister to sorrow; but ours,
Her deep hair heavily laden with odour and colour of flowers,
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendour, a flame,
Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth grew sweet with her name.
For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves, and rejected; but she
Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot on the sea.
And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless ways,
And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue stream of the bays.
Ye are fallen, our lords, by what token? we wist that ye should not fall.
Ye were all so fair that are broken; and one more fair than ye all.
But I turn to her still, having seen she shall surely abide in the end;
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now and befriend.
O daughter of earth, of my mother, her crown and blossom of birth,
I am also, I also, thy brother; I go as I came unto earth.
In the night where thine eyes are as moons are in heaven, the night where thou art,
Where the silence is more than all tunes, where sleep overflows from the heart,
Where the poppies are sweet as the rose in our world, and the red rose is white,
And the wind falls faint as it blows with the fume of the flowers of the night,
And the murmur of spirits that sleep in the shadow of gods from afar
Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the deep dim soul of a star,
In the sweet low light of thy face, under heavens untrod by the sun,
Let my soul with their souls find place, and forget what is done and undone.
Thou art more than the gods who number the days of our temporal breath;
For these give labour and slumber; but thou, Proserpina, death.
Therefore now at thy feet I abide for a season in silence. I know
I shall die as my fathers died, and sleep as they sleep; even so.
For the glass of the years is brittle wherein we gaze for a span;
A little soul for a little bears up this corpse which is man.

So long I endure, no longer; and laugh not again, neither weep.
For there is no god found stronger than death; and death is a sleep.

And this too :—

ITYLUS.[1]

Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?

O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the south,
The soft south whither thine heart is set?
Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
From tawny body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I the nightingale all spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through till the spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun.

Sister, my sister, O soft light swallow,
Though all things feast in the spring's guest-chamber,
How hast thou heart to be glad thereof yet?
For where thou fliest I shall not follow,
Till life forget and death remember,
Till thou remember and I forget.

Swallow, my sister, O singing swallow,
I know not how thou hast heart to sing.
Hast thou the heart? is it all past over?
Thy lord the summer is good to follow,
And fair the feet of thy lover the spring:
But what wilt thou say to the spring thy lover?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,
My heart in me is a molten ember,
And over my head the waves have met.
But thou wouldst tarry or I would follow,
Could I forget or thou remember,
Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,
The heart's division divideth us.
Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space.
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?
The woven web that was plain to follow.
The small slain body, the flower-like face,
Can I remember if thou forget?

O sister, sister, thy first begotten!
The hands that cling and the feet that follow,
The voice of the child's blood crying yet,
Who hath remembered me? who hath forgotten?
Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget.

When Matthew Arnold, in the year 1858, published his "Merope," he sought by it acceptance for an English play, written upon the strictest lines of the Greek drama; but many a note struck from the deeper life of his own time gives power to his verse. This little poem is his :—

PALLADIUM.

Set where the upper streams of Simois flow
Was the Palladium, high 'mid rock and wood;
And Hector was in Ilium, far below,
And fought, and saw it not, but there it stood.

It stood; and sun and moonshine rain'd their light
On the pure columns of its glen-built hall.
Backward and forward roll'd the waves of fight
Round Troy; but while this stood, Troy could not fall.

So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul.
Mountains surround it, and sweet virgin air;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll;
We visit it by moments, ah! too rare.

Men will renew the battle in the plain
To-morrow; red with blood will Xanthus be;
Hector and Ajax will be there again;
Helen will come upon the wall to see.

Then we shall rust in shade, or shine in strife,
And fluctuate 'twixt blind hopes and blind despairs,
And fancy that we put forth all our life,
And never know how with the soul it fares.

Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness high,
Upon our life a ruling effluence send;
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die;
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

And this sonnet :—

IMMORTALITY.

Foil'd by our fellow-men, depress'd, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And, *Patience! in another life*, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne!

[1] See Note 1, page 185; and the sixth book of Ovid's "Metamorphoses." The child was Itys. Itylus was the only child of Aedon, whom she killed at night by mistake, when she meant to kill one of the sons of Niobe. The gods in pity changed Aedon into a nightingale, for ever to lament her fate. Mr. Swinburne followed Catullus ("Ad Ortalum") in writing Itylus for Itys, having perhaps in his mind the lines—

"Qualis sub densis ramorum concinit umbris
Multas absumpti fata gemens Ityli."

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor, routed leavings; or will they,
Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?
No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

Lord Houghton retains the credit as a poet which he earned as Mr. Monckton Milnes; and characteristic of the culture of our day is the transmission of a power of song from the elder Lord Lytton to his son, a poet of mark, who first wrote under the name of Owen Meredith, but who, at the end of our quarter of a century, collects in his own name his works. One of his first successes was with an English play on the Greek model, "Clytemnestra."

There is no prominent form of the thought of the third quarter of the nineteenth century—religious, social, or political—of which honest and musical expression cannot be found somewhere in our current English verse. But still the influence of Wordsworth quietly extends, and much writing of the better poets of the time seeks, as his did, to elevate the daily life of man, to make us feel the charm of daily sights and sounds, and gather wisdom for our use out of the book of Nature.

That modern English influence which has made William Morris seek to tell old stories, as nearly as he can, in Chaucer's manner—a desire for fresh and true life, let us hope; the best love for a worthy past—is in these lines by another good poet, Aubrey de Vere:—

CHAUCER.

Escaped from the city, its smoke, its glare,
'Tis pleasant (showers over and birds in chorus)
To sit in green alleys and breathe cool air
Which the violet only has breathed before us.

Such healthful solace is ours, forsaking
The glass-growths of modern and modish rhyme
For the music of days when the Muse was breaking
On Chaucer's pleasance in Song's sweet prime.

Hands rubbed together smell still of earth;
The hot-bed verse has a hot-bed taint;
'Tis sense turned sour, its cynical mirth;
'Tis pride, its darkness; its blush, 'tis paint.

His song was a feast where thought and jest
Like monk and franklin alike found place;
Good-will's Round Table! there sat as guest
Shakespearian insight with Spenser's grace.

His England lay laughing in Faith's bright morn;
Life in his eye looked as rosy and round
As the cheek of the huntsman that blows on the horn
When the stag leaps up and loud bays the hound.

King Edward's tourney, fair Blanche's court,
Their clarions, their lutes in his verse live on;
But he loved better the bird's consort
Under oaks of Woodstock while rose the sun.

The cloister, the war-field tented and brave,
The shout of the burghers in hostel or hall,
The embassy grave over ocean's wave,
And Petrarch's converse—he loved them all.

In Spring, when the breast of the lime-grove gathers
Its roseate cloud, when the flushed streams sing,
And the mavis tricks her in gayer feathers,
Read Chaucer then; for Chaucer is spring.

On lonely evenings in dull Novembers,
When streams run choked under skies of lead,
And on forest-hearths the year's last embers,
Wind-heaped and glowing, lie, yellow and red,

Read Chaucer still, in his ivied beaker
With knights and wood-gods and saints embossed,
Spring hides her head till the wintry breaker
Thunders no more on the far-off coast.

There is, in all the poets here quoted, a higher reach of art, as well as genius, than was in any of the minor poets of the reign of Anne.

The next piece is by William Allingham:—

A WIFE.

The wife sat thoughtfully turning over
A book inscribed with the school-girl's name;
A tear, one tear, fell hot on the cover
So quickly closed when her husband came.

He came and he went away, it was nothing;
With commonplace words upon either side;
But, just with the sound of the room-door shutting,
A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love she had read of in sweet romances,
Love that could sorrow, but never fail;
Built her own palace of noble fancies,
All the wide world like a fairy-tale.

Bleak and bitter and utterly doleful
Spread to this woman her map of life:
Hour after hour she look'd in her soul, full
Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in hands, she knelt on the carpet;
The cloud was loosen'd, the storm-rain fell.
Oh! life has so much to wilder and warp it,
One poor heart's day what poet could tell?

The next is a dainty sketch by George Meredith:—

MARIAN.

She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes;
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes.
She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers.

Match her ye across the sea,
Natures fond and fiery;
Ye who zest the turtle's nest
With the eagle's eyrie.

Soft and loving is her soul,
Swift and lofty soaring;
Mixing with its dove-like dole
Passionate adoring.

Such a she who'll match with me?
In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing.
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden:
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden.

Under the name of "Songs of Two Worlds, by a New Writer," a first, second, and third series of poems by Lewis Morris appeared within the last three or four years of the third quarter of the century. They touch the mysteries of time with faith and hope, and bring to common things of life the sympathetic insight of the poet; witness his "Ode on a Fair Spring Morning," and "The Organ Boy." One poem in the second series, called "The New Order," looks boldly on to the fulfilled hope of the nations in a future that is "not for us, who watch to-day and burn." These are among the Songs:—

THE TREASURE OF HOPE.

O fair bird, singing in the woods,
To the rising and the setting sun,
Does ever any throb of pain
Thrill through thee ere thy song be done:
Because the summer fleets so fast;
Because the autumn fades so soon;
Because the deadly winter treads
So closely on the steps of June?

O sweet maid, opening like a rose
In Love's mysterious, honeyed air,
Dost think sometimes the day will come
When thou shalt be no longer fair:
When Love will leave thee and pass on
To younger and to brighter eyes;
And thou shalt live unloved, alone,
A dull life, only dowered with sighs?

O brave youth, panting for the fight,
To conquer wrong and win thee fame,
Dost see thyself grown old and spent,
And thine a still unhonoured name:
When all thy hopes have come to naught,
And all thy fair schemes droop and pine;
And Wrong still lifts her hydra heads
To fall to stronger arms than thine?

Nay; song and love and lofty aims
May never be where faith is not;
Strong souls within the present live;
The future veiled,—the past forgot:
Grasping what is, with hands of steel,
They bend what shall be, to their will;
And blind alike to doubt and dread,
The End, for which they are, fulfil.

DEAR LITTLE HAND.

Dear little hand that clasps my own,
Embrowned with toil and seamed with strife;
Pink little fingers not yet grown
To the poor strength of after-life,—
Dear little hand!

Dear little eyes which smile on mine
With the first peep of morning light;
Now April-wet with tears, or fine
With dews of pity, or laughing bright.
Dear little eyes!

Dear little voice, whose broken speech
All eloquent utterance can transcend;
Sweet childish wisdom strong to reach
A holier deep than love or friend:
Dear little voice!

Dear little life! my care to keep
From every spot and stain of sin;
Sweet soul foredoomed, for joy or pain,
To struggle and—which? to fall or win?
Dread mystical life!

BERLIN, 1871.

The spring day was all of a flutter with flags;
The mad chimes were beating like surf in the air;
The beggars had slunk out of sight with their rags:
And the balconies teemed with the rich and the fair.

And below, on each side, the long vistas were set
In a framework of faces, patient and white,—
Wives, mothers, sweethearts, with full eyes wet,
And sick hearts longing to see the sight.

Till at length, when the evening was waning, there ran
A stir through the crowd, and far-off, like a flame,
The setting sun burned on the helms of the van,
And with trampling of hoofs the proud conquerors came.

And with every step they advanced, you might hear
Women's voices, half-maddened with long-deferred joy:
"Thank God! he is safe. See, my love, we are here!
See! here am I, darling; and this is our boy!"

Or, "Here am I, dearest, still faithful and true;
Your own love as of old!" Or an agonised cry,
As the loved face comes not with the comrades she knew,
And the rough soldiers find not a word to reply.

And pitiful hands lead her softly away,
With a loving heart rent and broken in twain;
And the triumph sweeps onward, in gallant array,—
The life and the hope, the despair and the pain.

Where was it? In Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome?
Ages since, or to-day; in the old world, or new?
Who shall tell? From all time these strange histories come;
And to-day, as of old, the same story is true.

And the long line sweeps past, and the dull world rolls on,
Though the rapture is dead and the sad tears are dry;
And careless of all, till the progress be done,
Life rides like a conqueror triumphing by.

THE BIRTH OF VERSE.

Blind thoughts which occupy the brain,
  Dumb melodies which fill the ear,
Dim perturbations, precious pain,
  A gleam of hope, a chill of fear,—
These seize the poet's soul, and mould
The ore of fancy into gold.

And first no definite thought there is
  In all that affluence of sound,
Like those sweet formless melodies
  Piped to the listening woods around,
By birds which never teacher had
But love and knowledge: they are glad.

Till, when the chambers of the soul
  Are filled with inarticulate airs,
A spirit comes which doth control
  The music, and its end prepares;
And, with a power serene and strong,
Shapes these wild melodies to song.

Or haply, thoughts which glow and burn
  Await long time the fitting strain,
Which, swiftly swelling, seems to turn
  The silence to a load of pain;
And somewhat in him seems to cry,
"I will have utterance, or I die!"

Then of a sudden, full, complete,
  The strong strain bursting into sound,
Words come with rhythmic rush of feet,
  Fit music girds the language round,
And with a sweetness all unsought
Soars up the winged embodied thought.

But howsoever they may rise,
  Fit words and music come to birth;
There soars an angel to the skies,
  There walks a Presence on the earth—
A something which shall yet inspire
Myriads of souls unborn with fire.

And when his voice is hushed and dumb,
  The flame burnt out, the glory dead,
He feels a thrill of wonder come
  At that which his poor tongue has said;
And thinks of each diviner line—
"Only the hand that wrote was mine."

Another of the many singers of our day produced a book of verse to which he gave, by chance, the same title as that of the work just referred to. Yielding the name of "Songs of Two Worlds" to the poet who had then just come before the public, this writer changed the title of his little volume, which is now called "Songs of the Dawn and of the Day." We take from a book thus accidentally suggested, in illustration of the wide diffusion in our time of the musical expression of right earnest thought,

THREE SONNETS ON THE WILL.

I.

Will makes the man; not that fond passing mood
That men call will; of idle fancies born,
Better or worse, as either chance to intrude
Within the precincts of the breast, in scorn
Of wise self-mastery, who, when the horn
Sounds at the portal, giving notice due
Of strange wayfarer, like staid seneschal,
Scans the new-comer from his niche in the wall,
And bids him welcome, or with brief adieu
Thrusts him forth on his way; alas! no more
There stands such valiant warder at the door
Of the soul's council-chamber, to deny
Entrance, save to such thoughts as, pondered o'er,
May steel the inner man to do, or die.

II.

Will makes the man; yea! they are men, that do
E'en as they will; thought lending birth to deed,
And purpose to achievement, as the seed
Is big with th' harvest: "Slowly," say'st thou, "grew
Blade, ear, and spiky cluster; slowly, too,
It ripened;" be it so: the mighty law
Of Nature's subtle process well might awe
Our curious spirits into silence, few
May read aright her marvels, fewer still
May shape themselves to her similitude,
And patient in self-consciousness stand by,
'Mid all the adverse signs of storm and sky,
Secure in that invaluable mood,
Which, daring wisely, dares but to fulfil.

III.

Will makes the man; who carves not time and chance
To his own bidding, until seeming ill
Concur his cherished purpose to fulfil,
Has yet to learn that his inheritance
Lies in himself; who waits on circumstance
Will find that circumstance is only true
To him who dares a noble aim pursue
In her despite; doth Fortune look askance
On thee, she were not Fortune, did she wear
The self-same aspect ever; up and bear
Thyself as of that hidden brotherhood,
Those slips of the true Adam, whose rank life,
Purged by Adversity's sharp pruning-knife,
Becomes prolific of immortal food.

The next poem is by Mrs. Augusta Webster:—

THE GIFT.

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
  O golden-lighted river,
A love-gift has been given me,
  And which of you is giver?

I came upon you something sad,
  Musing a mournful measure,
Now all my heart in me is glad
  With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart
  Half sick of life's vexed story,
And now it grows of you a part,
  Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my heart has crept
  And laughs through all my being,
New joy into my life has leapt,
  A joy of only seeing!

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
  O golden-lighted river,
A love-gift has been given me,
  And which of you is giver?

The next is by Miss Christina Rossetti :—

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come.

The last voice shall be of one who, after a pure life that blossomed into song, has gone to her rest—a poetess, the daughter of a poet, Adelaide Anne Procter :—

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy grief shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armèd band ;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Surrounded by such voices of the living, and the dead who have by some of us been known a loved, we work to-day. Here ends one section the record of our song and talk among the furro of the field we till. The end is yet to come ;

Not this The End : still faithful song
Shall nerve the weak, direct the strong,
And help the weary feet along
A path untravelled yet.
As runs the rill from rock to mere,
As rolls the world, sphere tuned to sphere,
So has each life of labour here
Its course to music set :

And faithfully, from farthest days
When Cædmon gave to God the praise,
Have English hearts in English lays
Still hymned the battle-song
Of Duty, England's champion knight,
Who, daily striving, gathers might,
That shall, at last, assure the right,
And overcome the wrong.

In Chaucer's verse his name was Love ;
Through Gower, as Love's Priest, he strove
With all the sins, and taught and shrove
The Lover who confessed ;
One called him Piers, of heavenly mind,
A Ploughman helping human kind
Its three sure earthly friends to find,—
Do-well, Do-bet, Do-best.

When Spenser sings, true, loving, just,
He turns to dew the highway dust,
Between the stones fresh blossoms thrust
Their buds where all was dry ;
In sweetest Shakespeare is such art
When Duty bids him heal our smart,
That killing care and grief of heart
Are lulled, or hearing, die.

Our Milton whom the truth made free ;
Our Wordsworth asking, What we see
One is, why may not millions be ;
Our singers of like strain
With unlike voices and one soul,
Each with the yearning of the whole,—
Who next shall press towards the goal
Ye sought, and who attain ?

Glad Chaucer of the latest day,
When all who live shall love the lay
That helps them on the upward way
And discords are no more,
What Spensers, Miltons, yet to be,
What other Shakespeare, past for thee,
Shalt thou look back on ere thou see,
In ages long before,

These toilers singing through the night,
These singers toiling with their might
To turn the darkness into light
By cherishing that friend,
Duty, whose armour lights the place
Because he moves with even pace
Full in the light of God's own face,
Our champion to The End.

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(*From North's "Plutarch."*)

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(*From Drayton's "Polyolbion."*)

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 19, line 2 of Note 9, for "jantaculum," read "jentaculum."

Page 29, end of "Sir Cleges." In the fourth volume of "The British Bibliographer," by Sir Egerton Brydges and Joseph Haslewood, these missing stanzas are given as the close of the poem of "Sir Cleges," from a MS. in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford :—

"The Castell of Cardyff also
With all the pourtenas ther to
To hold with pes and grythe.

"Than he made hym hys steuerd
Of all hys landys afterwerd ;
Of water, lond, and frythe ;
A cawpe of gold he gafe hym blythe
To bere to Dame Clarys his wyfe
Tokening of joy and myrthe.

"The Kyng made hys son Squyre
And gafe hym a loler for to were
With a hundryth pownd of rente.
When thei com hom in this manere
Dame Clarys that Lady dere
She thankyd God verament.

"Sche thankyd God of all manere
For sche had both knyght and squyre
Some what to this entente.
Upon the dettys that thei hyght
Thei paid als fast as thei myght
To every man with content.

"A gentyll steward he was hold
All men hym knew yong and old
In lond wher that he wente.
Ther fell to hym so grete rychis
He vansyd hys lyne more and les
The knyght curtas and hende.

"The Lady she lyved many yere
With joy and merri chere,
Tyll God dyde for them sende,
For their godness that thei did here
Their sawlys went to Hevyn clere,
Ther is joy withouten end."

Page 32, for Note 17, read "*So gat wan*, in such way won."

Page 49, line 1132 of poem, for "swowle," read "swolwe."

Page 51, Note 2. The interpretation of "amayed," here given as "accompanied," derives the verb from Old English "make," First-English "maca," Danish "maga," a partner or mate, by softening the *c* or *g* to *y*. Possibly this is right, but I am indebted to the Rev. W. W. Skeat for the following note, which gives, I think, a better explanation of the word. Mr. Skeat says that "amayed" is an example of "a very odd construction in Early English, which no one but myself has ever noted ; and I came on it by collating MSS. It is this :—In A.-S. you can say—'gan on huntothe' = to go a-hunting. Now this odd ending, *-oth*, signifying the verbal noun, was mixed up with the p.p. ending *-ed:* so that you could say, in fourteenth century, 'to go a-hunted' = to go a-hunting. There are two examples even in Chaucer—'to gon a-caterwawed' = to go a-caterwauling ('Wyf of Bathes Tale'); and again, 'to gon a-blakeberyed' = to go a-blackberrying. There are several in Piers Plowman, which was how I found it out : 'they gon a-begged' = they go a-begging ('Piers Plowman,' c. ix., 138), where one MS. (see foot-note) has 'gon a-begg*eth*.' See it all explained in my Preface to 'Piers Plowman'—compare text, p. 87. Why I mention it is because I firmly believe that 'he wolde ride amayed' = he would ride a-Maying—see your p. 51, line 10 (Gower). It was *May*, see four lines above."

Page 53, Note 1, for the second and third sentences substitute, "This old past tense was probably not from 'gan,' but from another verb akin to the Latin 'ire,' Greek εἶμι."

Page 58, Note 3, first line, for "year" read "of old."

Page 61, for Note 15 substitute this—"The four syllables in 'governance' are made by sounding the final *e*, which, although a vowel follows, is saved from elision by its place in the middle pause of the line or cæsura. At this place of pause, as at the close of a line, even an additional syllable might be sometimes inserted. This is not an instance of the full sounding of the *rn*, though Shakespeare has even," &c. Omit last sentence but one—"But perhaps Hoccleve repeated the form 'is be.'"

Page 62, Note 11, for second sentence substitute, "The final *e* in 'nightertale' is saved from elision by its place at the middle pause of the line."

Page 67, Note 11, for "French 'courroucé,'" read "Swedish 'krus,' excitable."

Page 70, col. 1 (in title of illustration), omit "Monkey and" before "Bagpipes."

Page 74, Note 3, for "little Moll, from" read "little Maude, or."

Page 79, Note 6, for "*Thrawart*, athwart, cross (Icelandic, 'thrár,' obstinate, stubborn)," read, "First-English 'thráwan' meant to throw or twist."—For Note 25 substitute "*Thraf cakis*, oat-cakes,' that is, unleavened cakes, from First-English 'theorf' or 'thærf,' unleavened."—To Note 26 add "or stamped bread, *Panis Dominicus*."

Page 83, Note 7, substitute for present note, "*Felaw*, Icelandic 'fé-lagi,' fee-layer, or shareholder, partner, comrade, fellow, member of a society."

Page 85, Note 5, for "allied to the German 'putzen,'" read "Icelandic, 'bua sik,' prepare oneself."

Page 92, Note 1, substitute "*Tray :* First-English 'trégа,' vexation, trouble, grievance. There was the form 'tintrég' for torment."

Page 97, Note 5, line 2, for *y* read *r*.

Page 102, col. 1, line 24, for "in Otterburn," read "an Otterburn."

Page 103, Note 6, for "*Tone* and *tother*" read "*The tone* and *the tother*."

Page 111, Note 12, for "spirit" read "spared."

Page 117, line 86 of poem, insert after "endure" a comma.—Note 1, for "lie" read "conceal (Icelandic 'leyna')."—Note 17, substitute "*Ferd* (férde), fear."—Note 53, insert the dropped *l* in "parellit."

Page 123, Note 7, "*Hairis*, hairs; the grey hairs that come with age."

Page 124, Note 28, dele comma after *accordis*.

Page 135, col. 1, line 445 of Skelton's "Colin Clout," for "gloria laus." read "Gloria, laus," and add to Note 5, "The ancient hymn sung on Palm Sunday as the procession halted before re-entering the church."—Line 478, for "gloria" read "Gloria."

Page 145, Note 15, read "*Splent*, leg armour ;" and in Note 16, to "shoulder" add "or limb ; 'splent on spald' means 'cuisses on thigh.'"

Page 148, Note 22, substitute "*Gore*, thickened effusion, was a name for an ailment. Macreary's tender toes indicate gout ; so named from the French 'goutte,' a drop."

Page 200, in title of illustration, omit "A" before "Martyrdom."

Page 266, line 57 of "The Wife of Auchtermuchty," for "lese" read "lone."

Page 267, col. 1, line 7 from bottom, for "**father-in-law's**" read "stepfather's."

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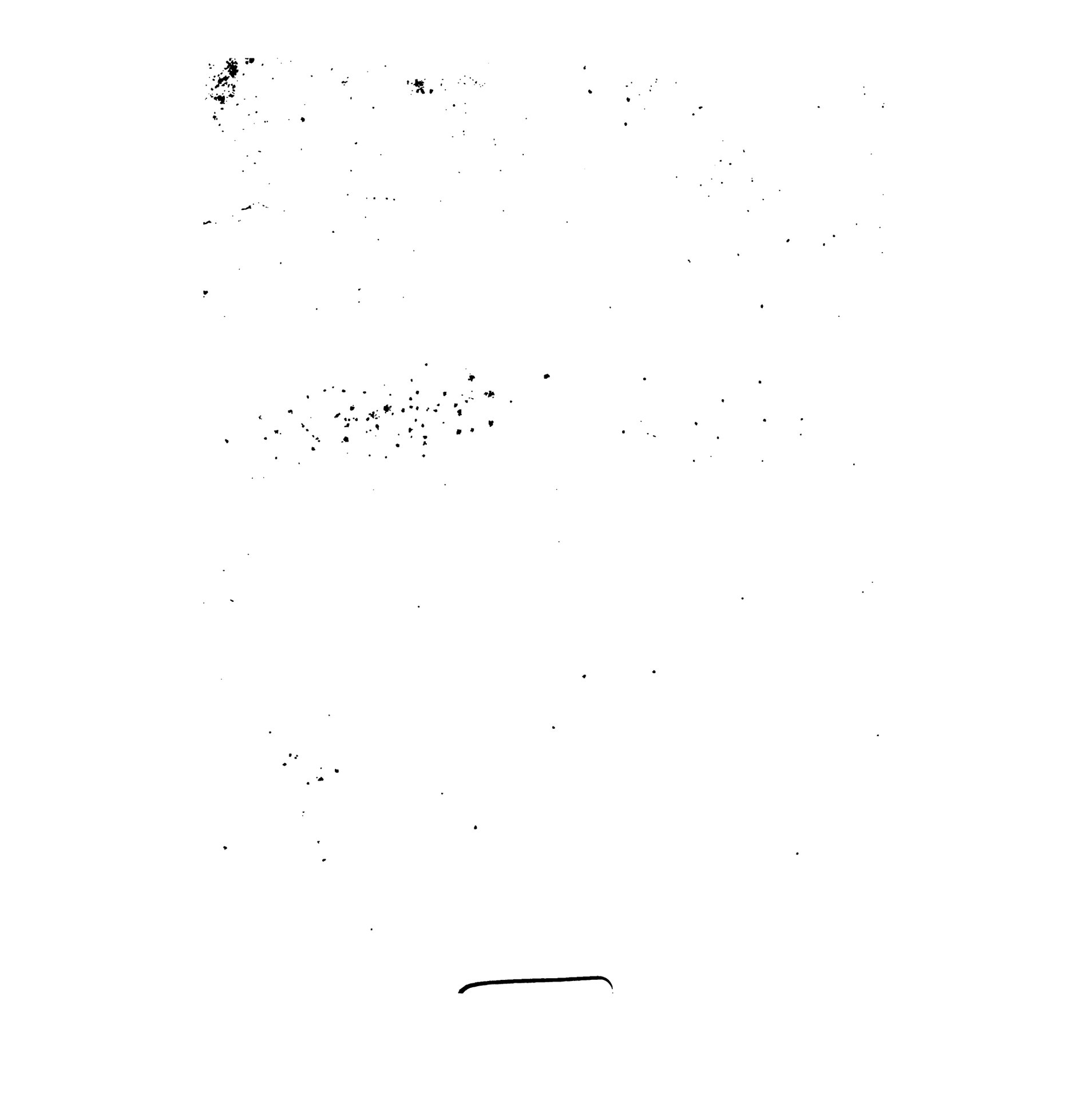
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